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# THE FOREIGN REVIEW.

VOL. I.

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# THE FOREIGN REVIEW,

AND

# CONTINENTAL MISCELLANY.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

BLACK, YOUNG, AND YOUNG, TAVISTOCK-STREET;

AND

BOSSANGE, BARTHÉS, AND LOWELL.

MDCCCXXVIII.

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# THE FOREIGN REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne de la Maison de Valois*, 1364—1477. Par M. De Barante, Pair de France. Quatrième Edition. 12 vols. 1826.

THE literature of France, more than that of any other nation, abounded, in the last century, with historical works of various degrees of merit, from the humble and indiscriminating compilation, to undertakings of the most elaborate and arduous research. There is scarcely any part of the world of which a French history may not be found composed in that age,—the form and number of such books seeming to indicate a greater desire and more general diffusion of such knowledge than would appear to exist in that country at this time, were travellers to form an opinion from what they find in the shops of the provincial booksellers. But it is to be observed that French books obtained a considerable vent in other parts of Europe, indeed wherever there were readers. In England, we had few such works, because there was the Universal History, the most extensive undertaking that had ever then been set on foot as a bookseller's speculation, and still, in point of execution, (though we live in an age of Cyclopedias,) by far the most respectable. But its appalling bulk impeded its circulation, and had made it always regarded as a work rather to be consulted than perused. The French took the field in light duodecimos; and if, in the greater part of them, the spirit is wanting which arises from the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty, no where could a general acquaintance with the outlines and outstanding facts of history be acquired at so easy a cost of time.

Since the revolution, or rather since the re-establishment of the Bourbons, a great impulse has been given to this department of French literature, and the effect of the revolution is perceptible in it. Works of such pith and moment as some of those which appeared in the preceding age have not, indeed, as yet been attempted; but the race of living writers have applied themselves with great diligence and success to elucidate their own history, and that of this nation, with which, to the misfortune and severe cost of both, it has so often been inseparably connected.



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The great collection of their *Mémoires particuliers relatifs à l'Histoire de France* (which, when published just before the revolution, purported to be printed at London) has been carefully re-edited with large and important additions; a second series, relating to later times, is in course of publication; and a third, which will comprise the dreadful records of the Revolution. And a general collection of translated English memoirs has been commenced, and is in a fair way of being completed, before any collective body of the precious originals has been undertaken here. Good use, too, has already been made of the excellent materials which have thus been rendered easily accessible. MM. Villemain, Guizot and Mazures have treated with great ability that most important age of English history which began with the accession of the house of Stuart, and ends with its expulsion. The feeling with which an Englishman approaches that subject is not, of course, neither ought it to be, found in these foreign writers; but it would have been well if some of our contemporary countrymen had learnt from them to treat it, we will not say with an equal impartiality, but with moderation and temper and good faith.

These writers, and M. Thierry also, in his History of the Norman Conquest, have written in the spirit of the age, systematizing and generalizing, and regarding the operation of general causes far more than the influence which individuals of commanding character exercise in directing and controlling the course of events. M. de Barante, in the work before us, has pursued a different course, and is as much opposed, in this respect, to the philosophizing historians, as he is to those who fill their pages with discussions of doubtful or disputed points; against whose method he declares in his motto, '*Scribitur ad narrandum, non ad probandum.*' It is generally admitted, he says, that the historians of his country have not rendered their compilations sufficiently attractive; whereas the contemporary materials which they have followed carry with them a charm, of which all readers are sensible. In these documents the national character predominates; the writers, with a felicitous and shrewd naïvety which is peculiarly their own, conveying, in the very manner of their narration, a sense of the feeling wherewith they regarded themselves as superior to the transactions that they record, contented to amuse themselves with the course of events which they had witnessed. The whole of French literature, he observes, from the Fabliaux and Chronicles down to La Fontaine and Hamilton, is marked with this stamp,—French narrative endeavouring always to present a dramatic picture to the imagination, delighting in life and movement, leaving the reader to form his own inferences,

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ences, and approve or condemn at will, and uniting a sort of gentle irony with a spirit of impartial benevolence. M. de Barante contrasts this with the character of the English historical memoirs which have recently been published in France: there, he says, you are struck with the want of movement in the recital; there, he says, you remark, more than any thing, the single and earnest intention of the writer to give weight to his opinions without displaying himself; to establish his reasoning dispassionately; and to give authority to his judgment by relating the march of events rather than the actions of individuals. It seems as if he wished to decide with all the coldness of posterity, as if he were apprehensive that that liveliness of imagination which paints every thing, should be imputed in him to indifference, and give occasion to suspect some uncertainty in his convictions.—The contrast, however, is not founded wholly upon national character, nor would it have appeared so striking if he had compared the English memoirs with those of the French revolution; for with these it is that they may fitly be compared; not with the earlier writers, who wrote under no influence of passion or strong interest in the events which they were relating, and the cause which they had espoused.

But with such excellent materials for national history, he observes, that the French have hitherto failed in making the right use of them. Some have written in a spirit of servility which has degraded them into official historiographers; others, of a later age, giving way to an opposite predilection, have fallen into a satirical and declamatory tone, dealing perpetually in allusions, rendering history the depository of their actual dislikes, and, in their relations of the past, manifesting a bitterness which regarded the present times. Censuring, then, those who would make history serve directly for political instruction, by applying its examples to support any particular system of opinions, he says that we require from it only its facts; that we desire to regard the past, as we see the present, in its details, in its movements; that these carry with them those lessons which every one may deduce for himself; that nothing is so impartial as the imagination, and that upon this plan he has proceeded in the present work. Accordingly, he has not been afraid of wearying his readers, even in an age when readers are so little favourable to long works, by treating, in twelve volumes, of a dynasty which lasted only for four reigns, and comprised a period of 113 years (1364—1477.) The event has amply justified his expectations, for few works have been so eminently successful. Some sacrifices have been made for the sake of obtaining this popular reception. That light and fashionable readers might not be deterred by any appearance



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pearance of erudition, the text is unaccompanied with notes or illustrations of any kind; the authorities are merely indicated at the bottom of the page, but without any reference by which the corresponding passage may be found. A few pages comprise all the preliminary information which he has thought necessary, and there is nothing retrospective throughout the work. He tells his story circumstantially, livelily, faithfully, investigating nothing, explaining nothing, but selecting every thing characteristic or which to him appears important: he carries on the reader with a busy narrative, which, while it excites a worthier and more abiding interest, is as amusing as a romance, and he never delays him with reflections. The only work in our language which resembles this in the fulness and minuteness of its details, is the history of Edward III. by Joshua Barnes, which is, as it professes to be, 'faithfully and carefully collected from the best and most ancient authors, domestic and foreign, printed books, manuscripts, and records." But excellent as this is, in other respects, Joshua was one of those scholars who wrote better in Greek or Latin than in their mother tongue; M. de Barante, on the contrary, has adapted his style as well as the plan of his history, with perfect judgment, to the public taste.

He has adapted his work also with equal skill to the national feelings of his countrymen, than whom (to their praise be it spoken) no people are more national. It is the history of Burgundy and the Netherlands, under the dukes of the Valois dynasty;—no earlier—no later time is included. But the dukes of Burgundy during that age appear conspicuously in the affairs of France; the former part of this period comprises that portion of French history in which the better qualities of that nation are most brilliantly displayed, and during which, though they suffered one of their most signal and memorable defeats from the English, they nevertheless ultimately obtained their most important successes against that enemy. The latter part exhibits the successful policy of France under the most politic of its kings, in dismembering the estates of a formidable neighbour. The work, therefore, belongs in fact to French history, and precisely to that portion of it which is best calculated, in its details, to excite, and, in its results, to gratify the patriotic feelings of a Frenchman. To say that M. de Barante has been eminently fortunate in his subject would be an insufficient and inappropriate praise: he has been eminently judicious in selecting it.

Philippe de Rovre, duke of Burgundy, died in 1361, in the castle, near Dijon, where he was born, and from which he derived his surname. The estate fell, by succession, to the French king Jean, then a prisoner to the English, but at that time in France on

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on his parole, endeavouring to raise money for his ransom. What Francis I. boasted of in his misfortunes was emphatically true of this king: he preserved his honour, and, with a religious sense of duty, not being able to provide the stipulated sum, returned into captivity. Before his departure, he deposited with the chancellor of Burgundy, letters of donation, by which he separated that duchy from the crown of France, and made it over to his fourth son, Philippe, in perpetuity, to be held by him and his successors, with all the rights belonging to the former dynasty, reserving only that homage, as duke and premier peer of France, which the preceding dukes had been accustomed to pay. The donation was to take effect at his death, which soon occurred. King Jean had reason for thus distinguishing Philippe his favourite son; for, at the battle of Poicters, when the Dauphin, and his brothers, the Dukes of Anjou and Berri, had been persuaded, more discreetly than valiantly, to leave the field 'with clean hands,' Philippe, the youngest of the four, (then only in his sixteenth year,) stood by his father, and emulated his prowess, and was wounded and taken in defending him: 'He exposed himself,' said the king, 'with a good will, to death with me; and, wounded as he was, stood firm and without fear in the battle, and was made prisoner with me, and has never ceased to give me proofs of his constant and filial love.' From this, according to some writers, he was called Philippe the Hardy; which appellation was confirmed to him (if not then first given) upon a characteristic circumstance occurring during his abode at the English court Waiting, with other young nobles of both nations upon the two kings at dinner, he observed that one of them, who was English, served his own sovereign before the stranger; upon which, (the reader shall have it in Joshua Barnes's words,) 'this Philip up with his fist and gave him a wherret on the ear, saying, Dare you serve the King of England first, when the King of France sits at the table?" The offended noble drew his dagger, but Edward loudly forbade him to strike, and with his wonted magnanimity, commending the fearless spirit of the young French prince, said to him, *Vous êtes bien Philippe le Hardi.*'

King Jean soon died, and Philippe did homage to his brother Charles V., and took possession of his estates. The late Duke of Burgundy, who died in boyhood, left a maiden widow, younger than himself, Margaret by name, daughter to Louis de Male, Count of Flanders, and his presumptive heiress. No other woman in that age had the prospect of so rich a dower, and Charles was blamed for not seeking her in marriage for himself; but, preferring love to ambition, he chose for himself a handsomer wife: having done this, he made it his business to secure so desirable

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able a match for Philippe, with whom the want of personal attractions was no objection. Louis de Male had promised her to Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, one of Edward III.'s sons, an alliance to which he was well inclined, and which was earnestly desired by the Flemings, on account of the great trade which they carried on with England, and the mutual good will which a sense of mutual interest had produced between the two nations. But Urban V., being French by birth and at heart, interposed his negation, and refused to grant a dispensation for the remote relationship which existed between the parties. The Count's mother, also, Madame Marguerite of France, took what may more fitly be called a ferocious than a decided part against the English alliance; she went to her son, who, under pretence of illness, had avoided an interview upon this matter with the King of France, and, throwing her robe aside, when her arguments failed to persuade him, she laid bare her bosom, and said, 'Since thou wilt not obey the will of thy king and of thy mother, I will cut off this bosom, which has suckled thee and none but thee, and throw it to the dogs for food! I will disinherit thee also, and thou shalt never have my county of Artois!'—Such a speech may prepare the reader for the atrocious acts which characterize this period of history. Louis de Male yielded, and though the degree of relationship in which the youthful widow stood to Philippe le Hardi was precisely the same as that which was made by the Pope an insuperable bar to her marriage with the English prince, the said Pope, without scruple, granted his dispensation. As this power was one of the most preposterous and contradictory to common sense of any that the Popes exercised, so was it one which contributed, at one time, most effectually to their influence and power, and afterwards became as serviceable to their rapacity, as it had formerly been to their ambition.

This marriage was most important in its results. It connected the Count of Flanders more closely with the royal family of France, and gave him, in his son-in-law, a powerful support, of which he stood in need, against a people who were as turbulent as they had hitherto been free and prosperous. The early history of the Netherlands has never yet been well elucidated; they were in a state of prosperous industry altogether different from any other part of Christendom when we begin to read of them; and it is vain to seek for any satisfactory account of the rise of that prosperity, either in their own writers, or in those of any other country. What can be recovered upon this curious subject, from existing documents of any kind, has been collected by Bilderdijk, the most distinguished man of letters whom Holland has for many generations produced, and inferior to no one in her best ages:—it is

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is not indeed possible to speak too highly of his great and various erudition; his comprehensive and commanding mind, his genius and his moral worth. But evil times, and a more than common share in the calamities of his country, prevented him from arranging his materials in the form which he alone could give them; and now, when the burthen of age and infirmity is upon him, the hope can no longer be entertained of seeing a history of Holland from the person who, of all others, was best qualified, in every way, to have performed that service to literature and to his native land.

There is a precocity to which communities, as well as individual constitutions, are liable, and its effects are not less to be dreaded. Powers (for example) may be acquired by men, when they can only be hurtful to them, because they will certainly be misemployed; this is seen wherever savages have learnt the use of the horse, or have obtained fire-arms. So, also, advances in civilization may be made by one part of the social body, with which the other is not in a situation to keep pace, and thus a principle of disunion is introduced: when this occurs, rash attempts at sudden changes are made,—equally to be lamented whether they succeed or fail; and well-meant endeavours at reformation end but too surely in confirming and aggravating the evils which they were intended to remove. This had taken place in Flanders and the adjacent countries, where manufactures and commerce had, for many generations, been carried on with an intelligence and enterprise not surpassed in subsequent times. A middle class had consequently arisen there,—the aristocracy of trade—who were in that age undoubtedly the best informed and most liberal part of the community. They seem to have arisen as soon as the northern pirates were suppressed; and about the same time the invasion of England by the Normans drew off from those countries the greater part of those turbulent adventurers, who had been almost as great a curse to the land they left, as they proved to that where they established themselves by conquest. Eventual good was produced by the conquest—immediate by the comparative tranquillity which this emigration occasioned in the Low Countries, and that intermission or abatement of internal feuds was prolonged by the crusades. It was improved with surprising industry and success. The Netherlands, at this day, excite the admiration of a foreigner from whatever country he may come; yet five centuries ago they were more populous and more prosperous than they are now; how much greater then must have been their relative superiority and civilization to the rest of Europe! But their progress had been too fast. Part of the Low Countries (and it is that part which has been of most importance

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importance for the influence which it has exercised over other parts of Europe and the world) was inhabited and cultivated, before nature in its slow but certain operation, had prepared it for human inhabitancy. Rivers, which in the course of another millennium might have raised the land to a safe level, were too soon controlled and directed (in some instances erroneously) by man; whole tracts have, in consequence, been drowned; and it is to be feared that more extensive districts will, at no distant time, be in like manner irretrievably lost, unless the new powers which science has disclosed, be, with extraordinary exertion and expense, brought to aid the people in their perpetual endeavours to protect the land against the superincumbent water.

These physical circumstances in some degree resemble what took place in the political history of those countries. As the *too much* and the *too little* in the dispensation of worldly goods, call forth melancholy reflections when we contemplate the condition of individuals, so may the *too early* and the *too late* in the affairs of nations. We see them possessed of means and strength before they have acquired experience and wisdom for employing them well; and they learn what their true policy should have been, when the consequences of having followed an erroneous system are irretrievable. A great commercial body had arisen in the Low Countries before the territorial proprietors were disposed to abate any of those haughty pretensions which they had inherited from a race of conquerors. Between these classes there was no intermixture; they were distinct castes in society, with as proud a feeling, on one side, as exists among the military or the twice-born Bramins in Hindostan, but not with the same abject submission, on the other, for insolent contempt was repaid by a resolute and vindictive hatred. There was nothing in the manners of the age that could tend to mitigate this mutual ill will; and for its religion,—it held out to all parties its dispensations, at a certain rate, for any crimes, however atrocious, which they might be pleased to commit. The troubles which arose from this enmity were not like the insurrection of the Jacquerie in France, or of Wat Tyler in England, or the peasants of a later age in Germany,—cases in all which the servile parts of the community rose in arms against those by whom they were oppressed. Those were sudden and dreadful efforts of despair and rage. But here was the great body of a free people, possessing rights and privileges which they were ready to defend and to abuse. With all the elements for a democratic government, and much disposition for it, they had wealth and intelligence as well as numbers on their side; and if these advantages were counterbalanced by the martial habits of their adversaries, and the chivalrous feeling which was always to

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to be found among them, and the alliances to which the Counts might look for support against rebellious subjects, they, on the other hand, knew that the people of the adjacent countries, regarding them in their hearts as struggling for a common cause, would assist them openly if they dared, secretly if they could do no more; and they depended also upon aid from England. For England was connected with the Netherlands by the Norman conquest (a great proportion of the successful adventurers having come from those parts); by a commercial intercourse which was mutually beneficial to both nations; and by the marriage of Edward III. with a daughter of the house of Hainault, one of the happiest marriages which history has recorded, no queen having ever been worthier of an illustrious husband, or more fortunate in her children.

The name and fortunes of Jacob Van Arteveld, the brewer of Ghent, are generally known by English readers. He was the first great demagogue who figures in modern history; and though few of his class have abused their authority so little, or aimed so consistently and sincerely at promoting the real interests of their country, his eventful story has served, in after times, rather to exemplify the folly and the danger of ambition, and the guilt in which it involves its dupes, however generous the feeling with which they may enter upon their career, than to obtain for him an honourable remembrance. The tragedy of his son is not so familiarly known in England, being not so intimately connected with our own annals, and only with a part of them which we are not accustomed to dwell on in detail. We may select it, therefore, both for the importance of the events which it comprises, and as being peculiarly characteristic of the times, both in their darkest and in their brightest aspects, as well as of the materials of which M. de Barante's history is composed. It is necessary to begin with the troubles which broke out in 1379, ten years after the marriage of Philippe le Hardi with the daughter of the Count of Flanders.

That Count, who, as Marchant says, derived an ill-boding appellation *a* Mala *pago arceque palatina genitale, ominosa*, was unpopular for his shameless profligacy and his ruinous prodigality. He had married a woman as ferocious in her acts as his mother had shown herself in words. Knowing that he had a young mistress who was far advanced in pregnancy, the Countess decoyed her during his absence to the palace at Male, and there had her nose cut off; the poor creature was thrown into premature labour by this atrocity, and died on the sixth day after giving birth to two children, whose lives also were thus destroyed! Had the Count condemned this murderess to perpetual imprisonment in a nunnery,

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nunnery, the punishment would have been lighter than the crime; but such crimes might be committed by such persons with impunity; he seems, however, in consequence, to have separated wholly from her, and afterwards to have become more openly dissolute in his course of life. While he thus forfeited all claim to the good opinion of his subjects, he lost their good will by an unconciliating and supercilious demeanour; yet, for the supply of his profuse expenditure, he continued to make demands upon them sufficient to have put their attachment to the test, even if there had been a strong personal feeling and a rooted principle of loyalty to support it. Three times the states had paid his debts; but when he called upon them again for a large sum on occasion of some feasts to which he had invited the nobles of Flanders, Brabant, Artois, Hainault and Holland, a citizen of Ghent raised his voice in the name of his free city, and declared that they would contribute nothing more for such expenses, having already contributed too much. The Flemings could not be taxed without their consent, and they stood upon their privileges; they were an intelligent and a free people, but even the commons were not united; there existed a rivalry between Ghent and Bruges, then the most flourishing and opulent cities in Europe; and Bruges supplied his present wants by purchasing his permission for opening a canal to the Lys, one of the rivers which runs to Ghent: the object of the Bruges people was to provide themselves thus with better fresh water. But Louis, in selling this permission, acted against the opinion of the nobles, and of his council; Ghent complained that, by this means, a navigation would be opened for vessels which must otherwise have past by that city as they were wont to do, and the discontent thus occasioned was exasperated by one who had been waiting for an opportunity to sow sedition there.

This person, Jan Heyns by name, who was a man of great wealth and influence among the people, had by good and evil acts obtained the Count's favour, and had by him been well rewarded for the wicked service of committing a murder at his instigation. He had been banished for this, but removed no farther than to Douay; and being soon pardoned, as he expected, obtained the office of dean or deacon, as it was called, of the sailors at Ghent, which was that of the greatest dignity and emolument. The office was coveted by a certain Gisbert Mathias, between whom and Heyns there was also an hereditary enmity. Mathias found means of persuading the Count that Heyns might, if he pleased, increase his revenues 20,000 florins a year by an impost which would fall wholly upon his company and the foreign merchants. Accordingly Heyns was commanded to carry this project into effect: Mathias and

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and his brothers, who were also people of great influence, took underhand measures for ensuring its failure; and then making the Count believe that it had failed through the intrigues of Heyns, Heyns was removed from his office and Mathias appointed in his place; and then the impost was carried, through the same interest which had caused its rejection before. One of the Mathiases, knowing that Heyns was not a man who would quietly submit to be thus outwitted and supplanted, proposed to put him out of the way by the customary means of murder; but Gisbert scrupled at this, and would not consent that it should be done. He was deceived by the apparent tranquillity of Heyns, who abstained from offering any opposition to his triumphant rival. The office of which he had been deprived had contented his ambition while he held it; but nothing less than an insurrection of the people against the Count would satisfy his revenge, and for this the time was favourable. For, though the nobles undoubtedly would take part with their lord, there was reason to believe that the people of the other cities and communes would make common cause with those of Ghent: it was not likely that Louis should obtain assistance from the French king, whom he had recently offended by receiving and aiding the Duke of Brittany; but if, through the influence of his son-in-law of Burgundy, the French should support him, there were the English, who had great cause of complaint against the Count, and might be induced to connect themselves with the popular party, as they had done in the days of Jacob Van Arteveld.

Ere long, by artfully fomenting the discontent which the undertaking of the Bruges canal had occasioned, he succeeded in exciting sedition among a most turbulent and licentious populace. The guild or company of watermen, thinking themselves especially injured by the project, looked to him, as their late deacon, for support in their intended opposition; others of the people joined them, and Heyns, accepting the authority which they offered him, persuaded them to resume, as a badge, the white hood of their ancestors, by which their numbers and consequent strength would be made apparent both to themselves and to those whom it was necessary that they should intimidate. Thus encouraged and embodied, they sallied forth, and drove the workmen from the canal. The work, thus forcibly interrupted, was resumed by the Count's people; and the revolters, upon this, slew some of the workmen. The armed force which should have protected them arrived too late, and the further progress of the work was abandoned as impracticable in the present state of popular excitement. The high bailiff of Ghent, Roger de Hauterive, at this time arrested one of the most seditious citizens, and intimated his intention of doing the same to

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to all who wore the white hood. The act was not less imprudent than the threat, for it was contrary to the privileges of the town; and when the deacon of the weavers, at the head of his company, required the release of the prisoner, he affected to ridicule the stir which was made in behalf of a merchant, and declared that, if the man were ten times richer than he was, he would not release him without an order from the Count. Matters had not yet proceeded so far as to throw off all appearance of respect for their lawful lord. They resolved that a deputation should be sent to him, requesting the redress of their grievances, and Heyns took care that Gisbert should be one of the persons appointed to this commission; hoping to place his enemy in this dilemma, that he should either forfeit the Count's favour, by serving faithfully those who deputed him, or incur the displeasure of the people, and perhaps become the victim of their suspicions. The Count conceded every thing which was asked, but he required that the association of the White Hoods should be dissolved. 'Nay,' said Heyns to the people of Ghent, 'these White Hoods have protected your franchises better than Scarlet Bonnets could have done! They have made you feared; and if they are now to be laid aside at the Count's command, your liberties will not be worth three stivers!' There was but too much reason for this advice; for never was there less public honour than in the ages of chivalry. The White Hoods, therefore, were retained; and the Count in anger ordered the bailiff to proceed to Ghent with two hundred horse, and, with the assistance of Gisbert, to arrest Heyns and the other leaders of the sedition, carry them within the castle, and there behead them. But Heyns wanted neither foresight to apprehend his danger, nor resolution for meeting it; and when Hauterive and Gisbert entered the city and occupied the great square with the armed force and the standard of the Count, six hundred of the White Hoods assembled with Heyns, the whole body of the weavers joined them, and they marched against the standard and the bailiff. The standard was torn to pieces, and the bailiff killed. It was reported that he had repeatedly asked where he could collect ropes enough for hanging the rebels of Ghent before their own doors. It is more probable that he would have done this if he had been strong enough, than that he should have said it, and it is by the propagation of such falsehoods that mobs are rendered furious in such times. Gisbert and his brother fled at the first appearance of a multitude, which they saw that it was impossible to resist, and the armed horsemen were driven out of the town.

The magistrates, in the hope of yet restoring tranquillity and order, convoked the people, and prevailed on them, when, having satiated

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satiated their vengeance, they were somewhat cooled, and capable of regarding the consequences of their conduct, to consent that another deputation should be appointed, and go to solicit pardon. Heyns gave his voice publicly for this: secretly, meantime, he was devising means for rendering the breach irreparable; and with that intent, while the deputation were on their way, he mustered ten thousand of his White Hoods, and sacked the castle of Wondelghem, on which the Count had expended not less than 200,000 florins, it being one of his favourite places of abode. He then set fire to it. The flames were visible over all that level country; and for six leagues round the frightful spectacle was repeated, the people every where rising, as at a concerted signal, to plunder and burn the habitations of the nobles. The deputation was still at Bruges when the fires were seen, and the news arrived there. Count Louis, who, having received them with severity at first, had hardly been persuaded by their humble representations to afford them a favourable answer, summoned them again to his presence: 'I had granted you,' said he, 'all your demands, and here your people have burnt for me the castle in the world which I liked best! If it were not for my honour, and that I had given you a safe conduct, I would have all your heads struck off! Begone, and tell your cursed people of Ghent that they shall have no peace, and that I will hearken to no treaty till I have them at my mercy to take off as many heads as I may think proper.' But this was the point to which the demagogues' projects were directed. While, therefore, the Count called upon the knights and nobles of Flanders, and distributed them with some German men-at-arms in his fortresses, Heyns dispatched his emissaries round about, and called upon the people to make common cause with the men of Ghent. War was declared then against the Count; he was elected to the command; and, at the head of some ten thousand men, he entered Bruges, the people admitting him in despite of their magistrates and nobles. The Count was then at Lisle preparing for hostilities. A league between the two cities of Bruges and Ghent was proclaimed in the market-place, and the Ghentese having been entertained there two days with great apparent cordiality, sent two hundred hostages to Ghent, and proceeded to Damme, but there Heyns was cut short in his career. Two days he was feasted there; on the third he was taken suddenly ill, removed on a litter, and died the same evening: his death was imputed to poison, given him, it was said, by a woman of rank. It occurred opportunely for the Count; but though, in that age, such a crime would only have been in the common course of policy, and the account with conscience (if any account were taken of it) easily settled by the help of a confessor, it is not likely

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likely that Louis, or his friends, should have understood the character of the Ghentese so ill, as to suppose that obedience and order would be restored among them, if this master-mover of disaffection were taken off.

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Heyns's body was received at Ghent in procession by the clergy, and all the honours of a public funeral were performed, as they would have been for a personage of the highest rank. The deacons and hundred-men assembled, and elected four captains in his place, by name Raso Van Herselle, Jan Bruyn, Jan Bol, and Pieter Vander Bosch,—the latter had been the most intimate friend and confidant of the deceased. The troubles had now decidedly assumed the character of a struggle between the commons on one part, and the Count, supported by the nobles, on the other; and the whole of Flemish Flanders declared for the popular cause, the towns of Alost, Termonde and Oudenard excepted; into the latter the greater part of the nobles had retired, and by that means cut off the communication of the Ghentese with Tournay by the Scheldt, while the Count, with a body of Germans and Burgundians, took possession of Termonde, to intercept the commerce of the river on that side. The Ghentese, who had now sixty thousand men in arms, well supplied with artillery, both of the ancient and modern kind, besieged the former place, and attempted to take the latter by surprise. They approached it unperceived, and attacked it at once by land and water. Diederich Van Brederode, one of a family whose name often appears in the history of Holland, resisted their first assault, and the Count, roused from his sleep, carried the standard himself to the walls. The affair lasted from day-break till noon, when the assailants retired with considerable loss to the camp before Oudenard. That place was garrisoned by men on whose courage and honour, and fidelity to the cause in which they were engaged, full reliance might be placed; they resisted the resolute and persevering efforts of the besiegers: but they were cut off from supplies; and the Count, therefore, lest they should be compelled by famine to surrender, negociated. He was persuaded to this by his mother and by the Duke of Burgundy, who acted as mediator, and engaged for the Count that a pardon should be granted, without exception of any person, and that the Count should reside in his good city of Ghent. Peace was then made; but wise men perceived with sorrow, that where there was so much resentment on one side, and so much suspicion on the other, it was not likely to be durable. Louis manifested no intention to perform that part of the condition which would place him among the most refractory of his subjects: in this he was influenced, not by any apprehension for his own safety, but by dislike, for which there was sufficient cause, though to his own previous misconduct many

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many of those circumstances which had provoked it might justly be traced. Repeated instances were made by the people of Ghent that he should fulfil his promise: at length, four-and-twenty of the principal citizens were deputed to bring him back with them, and informed that it was useless for them to return unless they were successful; for, if they came without the Count, the gates should be shut against them. The Count yielded so far to prudence, that being apprized of their coming, he met them with his suite between Bruges and Deynse; but he yielded ungraciously, and simply touching his bonnet as he past, rode on without deigning to notice them farther. He consented, however, to give them audience at Deynse, after he had dined: then they knelt before him, and entreated him to return to his good city of Ghent, where his presence was so greatly desired. He replied, with a tone of calm displeasure,—'I doubt not that there are people at Ghent who desire to see me there; but I marvel that there should be so little remembrance of what has past!—They have murdered my bailiff, destroyed the houses of my people, expelled my officers, burnt the castle in the world that I loved best, pillaged my towns, killed my knights, and committed so many evils, that I wish it were possible for me not to remember them, as in spite of myself I do.' 'Ah, sire,' said they, 'never think of this! You have pardoned all.' 'True,' the Count replied, 'nor do I intend by these words to convey any threats for what has past: I mean only to remind you of the cruelties and felonies of the people of Ghent!'

The next day he entered that city; the magistrates received him at the gates and kissed his hand; and every mark of respect was shown him by the people; but he returned their salutes ungraciously, passing through them instantly, and scarcely deigning to incline his head towards them. Presents were brought him, with all humility on the part of those by whom they were offered, and to these persons he said, that his intention was strictly to observe the good peace which had been concluded; but that the association of the White Hoods must be broken up, and that there must be satisfaction for the murder of the bailiff, which the family of the deseased required at his hands. If, by the latter demand, as is probable, pecuniary satisfaction were meant, it might easily have been obtained; but there was a gross imprudence in venturing so soon to measure his strength against the popular party. They took the alarm at this declaration, and on the morrow, when he rode into the market-place, attended by his knights and the principal inhabitants, to harangue the people, the most resolute of the malcontents were there, armed, and wearing the white hood. He spoke to them at considerable length, mildly, kindly, and

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and it is said prudently also, and he was heard in silence: he repeated, that he pardoned all the offences which had been committed against him, and would no more hear them mentioned; but he added, that no more must be committed, and that the white hoods must be laid aside. Murmurs were then heard. He requested them to separate peaceably: the White Hoods remained, they offered him no salute as he passed through them; but he saw, or thought that he saw marks of insult and of defiance. In a few days, therefore, he left the city without taking leave of the magistrates, and went to Lisle. The better part of the citizens were grieved; they saw that the Count was deeply displeased, and that he had as little confidence in the Ghentese as they could have in him; but the White Hoods were masters: the four captains whom they had chosen domineered in the city, and, under their absolute authority, preparations were made for defending it, in the struggle which was now foreseen. The demagogues were as desirous of plunging into this, as the quiet and orderly part of the inhabitants were of remaining in obedience and peace; and the influence of the turbulent party was soon confirmed by an act of outrageous cruelty which the kinsmen of the bailiff perpetrated. They declared war in their own name against the city in this quarrel, and intercepting in the Scheldt forty barges belonging to Ghent, they cut off the ears, noses and fingers of the bargemen, put out their eyes, and sent them in that deplorable state to their townsmen.

While the magistrates endeavoured to make the people perceive that this atrocity was in no degree imputable to the Count, Jan Bruyn got together five thousand men, with whom he surprised Oudenard, which, upon the security of the peace, had been left without garrison; threw down its gates and its walls, and proclaimed, in defiance of the Count, that he did this by authority of the city of Ghent. The magistrates disavowed this violence as promptly and sincerely as the Count condemned the conduct of Hauterive's relations: they banished Bruyn as a disturber of the peace, and Louis also banished the Hauterives. Had there been the same prudence in his advisers, which, under far more difficult circumstances, was observed by these citizens, order might yet have been restored; but they counselled Louis to take vengeance, for which he was but too well disposed: accordingly, having re-fortified Oudenard, he called upon his cousin of Brabant to give up Bruyn who had retired to Ath; and, having got this demagogue into his power, put him to death at Lille, and at the same time executed some of the ringleaders of the popular party at Ypres. All who had any reason to apprehend an inquiry into their conduct, they who, with the best motives, had taken part in the

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the popular cause, as well as those who had been influenced only by the worst, perceived now that they had no mercy to expect if the Count were to become that absolute master which he aimed at being. Pieter Vander Bosch took advantage of an occasion on which the persons best disposed to obedience dared not speak further in support of an opinion against which the Count himself was acting: he declared that there could be no security for them while a single gentleman's house or castle were left standing; and the rabble accordingly went forth to burn and to destroy. Knights and esquires necessarily then took arms in their own defence: the commons in Brabant and Hainault took part with those of Flanders; and a war of castes ensued, the most dreadful of all wars, in which no quarter was given. Louis was in great strength, for the popular feeling, on one side, was in no slight degree counterbalanced by that principle of fidelity towards their lords which prevailed under the feudal system, wherever feudal power was not enormously abused. The nobles and gentry, not of this disturbed province alone, but of Artois and Burgundy, came to his standard, understanding that it was now their common cause: he had reconciled himself unto the king of France, and expected support from thence; and he had gathered also a desperate band of criminals, by proclaiming pardon to all exiles and fugitives who should join him.

It was of great importance that Bruges should declare in his favour. The rapid growth of that city, which, at this time, was the most opulent in Europe, is briefly described by John of Ypres in his Chronicle. Baldwin, the first Count of Flanders, founded, and fortified it against the northern pirates. Settlers established themselves without the gate by the bridge, to supply the garrison; tradesmen came thither with their wares, victuallers and vintners followed for their accommodation, and inns were built for those who could not be lodged within the walls: *erat verbum eorum, vadamus ad pontem: ubi tantum accreverunt habitationes, ut statim fieret villa mayna, quæ adhuc in vulgari suo nomen pontis habet, nempe* Brugghe *in eorum vulgari pontem sonat.* Topographers, however, have differed whether this city derives its name from its many bridges or from this one; but the former is less likely, because the number is much greater at Ghent. There was a rivalry between the two cities, much as they depended upon each other for their prosperity; there was a great difference also in the character of their inhabitants; the merchants residing at Bruges, the manufacturers at Ghent, though Bruges also had its manufactures. Both people were sufficiently turbulent, but Comines distinguishes between them in this respect, marvelling that heaven should have spared the one, which was the well-head of all



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evils to the country, but observing that the destruction of the other would be an irreparable * injury. The Count promised to make Bruges his chief place of abode, if that city would renounce its league with Ghent. The offer was gladly accepted by the better part of the inhabitants, who were numerous and resolute enough here to make head against the democratic party; a struggle ensued, in which the magistrates were successful, some of the most seditious subjects were put to death, and the Count then, with an armed force, entered his good city. These were not times in which justice was administered with mercy; there was neither virtue nor magnanimity enough on either side to try that course; every day of the Count's residence was marked by executions, till some five hundred of the disaffected had suffered. The worst men would probably hesitate before they began upon a system of terror, if they apprehended the extent to which, when once begun, they must, for self-preservation, carry it, and how little likely it is that, by carrying it to the utmost, that object can at last be attained. No sooner had Louis departed for the purpose of laying siege to Ypres, than the weavers of Bruges called their brethren of Ghent to their assistance: fifteen hundred of that body hastened thither, and, effecting their entrance without opposition, began to fortify themselves in one of the market-places, till a second detachment should follow them. But the other trades, who seem not to have been consulted on the movement, joined the magistrates and nobles, and attacked them before their succours could arrive; eight hundred were killed, and from three to four hundred made prisoners.

The Ghentese were not discouraged by this failure. Termonde surrendered to them after a vigorous defence, and the deputies, whom they sent to Bruges, that they might treat once more for peace, swore that, unless it were accorded, they would destroy that city, and level it to the ground. The people of Bruges, dreading such a catastrophe, and knowing that there was a strong party within the walls, ready to join the insurgents, entreated the Count that he would forgive what was past. Once more, therefore, peace was made, and the Count was again received at Ghent with public rejoicings. The accommodation did not last two months; for, upon occasion of a riot which occurred in Bruges, between some gentry and some of the weavers, its magistrates punished the latter: this was resented at Ghent as an act of injustice; the more,

* '*Je ne puis penser comment Dieu a tant préservé cette ville de Gand, dont tant de maux sont advenus, et qui est de si peu d'utilité pour le pays, et chose publique du dit pays, où elle est assise, beaucoup moins pour le Prince; et n'est pas comme Bruges, qui est un lieu de recueil du marchandise et de grande assemblée de nations estranges; ou, par avanture se despêche plus de marchandise, qu'en nulle autre ville d'Europe; et seroit dommage irreparable qu'elle fust destruite.*'

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because the weavers, being more turbulent and seditious than any other body, were forbidden to carry arms. It was considered as violating the rights of the commons. The Ghentese, therefore, renewed hostilities; occupied Deynse, Thielt, and Royselare; besieged Dixmude; and being joined by the people of Courtray and Ypres, resolved to give the Count battle. They were decoyed into an ambush, in which they lost 3000 men. They were defeated with the loss of 2000 before Dixmude, and many prisoners were taken, who were executed in different parts of the country, in the vain hope of intimidating a numerous and ferocious people. With the same view, upon the surrender of Ypres, Louis put 300 persons to death, and twice that number in Courtray, when Courtray also had opened its gates to him. The Ghentese had intended to have supplicated for peace and pardon once more, when these severities provoked in them a fresh desire for vengeance: the only place which at that time openly maintained their cause was the town of Grammont; but they were encouraged by the people of Brussels and of Liege, who felt that their privileges also were at stake, and the inhabitants of that fertile and beautiful district, the Pais de Waes, were zealous in their cause. Ghent itself is said at that time to have contained 80,000 men capable of bearing arms, that is, between the age of fifteen and sixty. They were not dismayed, therefore, when the Count, with an army of 60,000, besieged them. He cut off the communication on the side of Courtray and of Bruges, but the Pais de Waes was open to them, and the country on all sides. The Count, exasperated against Grammont, that it should presume to hold out when larger and stronger places had submitted, sent a detachment to take possession of it, and punish certain of the inhabitants of whom a death-list was given to the commander. He was admitted with 300 horsemen; but no sooner had he begun to execute his bloody commission, than the people, seeing blood flow, resolved that that of their enemies should be mingled with it; and they fell upon these executioners with such exasperated animosity, that, of the whole number, only three escaped.

Such an incident should have taught the Count that if a merciful policy were not more fortunate than an inhuman one, it had, at least, this advantage, that there could be nothing shameful in the failure. The Ghentese, rejoicing in a success which carried with it something of a moral as well as much of a vindictive joy, sent forces to besiege Alost and Termunde, even while they were besieged themselves,—so confident were they in their own strength, and in the popularity of their cause. As they approached Alost, the inhabitants opened the sluices of the Den-



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der; many were destroyed by the inundation, and many by a vigorous sally which was made upon them in their retreat. But the White Hoods were not easily cast down. There were at this time 6000 of them in Ghent, whom Froissart describes as *moult aidables*, in his significant language, under three captains, by name Raso de Herselle, Arnoul le Clerc, and Jehan de Launoy, leaders well qualified, by their bold and brutal temper, to command such men in such a warfare. The Lord of Enghein, the Seneschal of Hainault, and the bastard son of the Count, called the Hare (*Haas*) of Flanders, like our Harold Harefoot, for his fleetness, would hear of no ransom when, in the daily skirmishes before the city, any prisoner was taken by the Count's people. It was what was called *bad war*, and of the worst kind; and in such war, retaliation never falls short of its mark. The captains of the White Hoods succeeded in a second expedition against Alost; the garrison retreating first, and the inhabitants afterwards, when half the town had been consumed by fire. They won the town at Termunde, but not the castle. These successes were balanced by the loss of Grammont, of which the Lord of Enghein and the Hare got possession. Winter then compelled the Count to break up the siege, and the death of the king of France, which deprived him of present support from that quarter, as also from the duke of Burgundy, whose nearer concern in the affairs of France then necessarily engrossed his whole attention, induced him once more to negociate with the rebellious city. Peace was concluded on St. Martin's day, and lasted not longer than till Our Lady's. The rupture proceeded from the ill will between the people of Bruges and Ghent. The former demanded restitution or compensation for such of their property as had been made prize of during the war and sold at Ghent. In an evil hour for all parties they urged this unwise claim, and the bailiff of Bruges enforced it by seizing all the property belonging to the Ghentese in that city. Upon this provocation Ghent was again disturbed; the power fell again into the hands of the most daring and mischievous spirits; a tribune of the people was appointed; and he set a price upon every knight or esquire who should be brought in prisoner. Mulart was the man's name, and it seems that he was less cruel than his comrades, and may have taken this course as much for the sake of introducing a better mode of war, as for encouraging marauders by the promised reward.

One article of the peace had been that the Ghentese should dismiss all the malefactors and outlaws whom they had invited to their service. These persons were now recalled; but no one could be found to take upon himself the command of such wretches, so bad were they, except a certain Vanderelst, who had for his own

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own misdeeds been banished from Courtray. This man led his hell-hounds about the country, carrying havoc wherever they went; till they had the imprudence to let themselves be besieged in a castle which they had seized and fortified: then the Hare came upon them, and such as did not fall in the assault were executed afterwards, Vanderelst, with a few others, being all who escaped. Herselle and Launoy, with 6000 men, took vengeance for this, by intercepting and slaying 700 who were on their way to join the Count's standard. They then resolved to attack the Count himself, who was approaching with more than thrice their number. Their instructions were not to give battle till Pieter Vanden Bosch and Arnoul le Clerc, who were on the way with reinforcements, should join them. But Herselle insisted upon losing no time: success, it is said, had inflated him; and he seems to have relied upon the disaffection of the Count's men to the cause wherein they were engaged: for of Louis's force, 1500 were knights,—the remainder consisted of men from his good towns, in whom he had so little confidence, that, having exhorted the trusty part of his army to take vengeance upon those madmen of Ghent who had given them so much trouble, he said to those of his good towns, that if they fled they should be more sure of death than if they stood their ground in the foremost rank, for he would have their heads struck off without mercy. The battle was fought before Nivele, bravely on both parts, the Count and the knights having more than once to support their broken infantry, and lead them again to the charge with the battle cry of The Lion for Flanders. Both parties, in fact, had left themselves no chance of escape but in victory; for Vander Bosch was in sight; a morass which he could not pass lay between him and the field of battle,—but, had the Count been defeated, he, with his fresh forces, would have intercepted them in their flight. It was his fate on that day helplessly to witness the defeat and slaughter of his friends: they retreated, fighting desperately, into the town; the gates were presently forced by the pursuers;—they then took shelter in the church, and Herselle stood in the doorway defending it like one who knew that he had no mercy to expect: a brave display of strength and resolution he made there, till he was thrust through with a pike and died according to his wish, without having suffered the fear of death to overcome him. Launoy was not so fortunate: he entered the Tower, secured the entrances, and then from above entreated for mercy, promising a large ransom: the church at this time was filled with fugitives, to whom it afforded an asylum;—it is indeed worthy of notice, that the privileges attached to holy places, which in peaceful times served always as a sure protection for the most atrocious criminals, were rarely of never

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never respected in war, not even when women and children took refuge there. The Count ordered fire to be brought; and these miserable men, who now found as little mercy as they had been accustomed to show, were either scorched or stifled in the flames and smoke, or, if they attempted to rush out, received upon the pikes of their enemies. Launoy held out his coat, which was stuffed with florins, to see if mercy might be purchased by it;—but that booty they were already sure of possessing, and they called upon him, with inhuman taunts, to undergo the fate which he had inflicted upon so many others. 'Come, Jehan de Launoy,' said they, 'make us a fair leap: you have made others leap, leap now yourself—for leap you must, Jehan de Launoy! we are ready to receive you.' In this agony he continued, till the flames and the smoke began to reach him:—yet even then, instead of taking the surest course for speedy death, fearful alike of dying either by the fire or the fall, he got out at a lower window;—men merciless as himself received him there on their pikes and swords, and then threw him, yet alive, into the fire. The 6000 men who perished thus dreadfully, yet according to their deserts, were mercenaries, and Vanderelst was among them.

Vanden Bosch, though he found the people disposed to visit this loss upon his head, succeeded in convincing them that he was in no degree answerable for it, but that the whole evil had been brought on by Herselle's rashness. He was soon in the field at the head of 15,000 men: the Count had 20,000, before whom he retreated to Deynse, and then, being joined by 10,000, he offered battle: which Louis, remembering that nothing but superior numbers had given him the victory at Nivele, declined. Vanden Bosch then burnt and destroyed all around him. On this occasion he committed an act, which even in those atrocious times excited horror by its atrocity: for having brought to Ghent about forty of the principal persons from the places which he had ravaged, he delivered them to the rabble, who murdered them in sport! A tremendous vengeance was taken by the Lord of Enghien, and if it had fallen upon the guilty, there might be what Landor has so finely called, 'a bitter and severe delight,' in hearing of it. But it fell upon the inhabitants of Grammont indiscriminately, when that miserable place was carried by assault; neither sex, nor age, nor infancy was spared; the town was set on fire in more than two hundred places; they who had secreted themselves from the sword perished in the flames, and four thousand human creatures were thus that day destroyed. Gualtier d'Enghien, the young lord under whose command these horrors were perpetrated was but twenty years old! '*Un bel enfant et bon*,' the Count called him, '*et ne l'appelloit pas son cousin mais son beau*

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*beau fils!*' What would this youth have been if he had grown old in such a career of blood! But this was not permitted; for that career, in mercy to others—perhaps also to himself—was cut short. During a skirmish before the walls of Ghent, where, as usual, he was foremost, an ambush was laid for him: hurried on by his ferocious courage, he was presently in the midst of his unseen enemies; they then rose upon him on all sides, shouting Grammont! Grammont! The few who had escaped from that dreadful massacre were here, to exact vengeance and to exult in it. He called to one of his companions, saying, 'Since there is no remedy but death, let us die like knights and Christians'—upon which they crossed themselves, and charged the enemy, who opened to receive them, then closed upon them with their pikes. 'If,' says Emanuel Sueyro, who writes with more sense of humanity and of equity than is often found in writers of his age and country, 'if, according to the opinion which some have maintained, death is to be desired by those who are at the height of prosperity, that of d'Enghien was fortunate, seeing that, at so early an age, he left behind him so great a fame; having been a general almost as soon as a soldier, and acquired, with incredible celerity and ferocity, so many victories.' The town of Enghien paid a thousand florins for his body, that it might be deposited with those of his ancestors. The Count was so affected by his death, that, it is said, he started frequently from his sleep, like Augustus after the loss of Varus and his legions, crying out 'Gualtier! Gualtier! where art thou! Why hast thou perished thus in thy youth!'

Both parties were now alike exasperated; each being elated with every victory, and rendered only more vindictive by every defeat. The Count called upon his cousins of Brabant, and of Holland and Hainault, to prohibit all communication between their subjects and the rebellious people of Ghent, meaning to reduce them by want as well as arms, and representing that the struggle in which he was engaged ought to be regarded by all princes as their common cause. In reality it was becoming so. The people of Liege, Holland and Zealand, in despite of their rulers, openly assisted the Ghentese; and hopes were entertained by the moving spirits of the insurrection, that a democratic league might be formed which should subvert the power of the aristocracy every where. There was a general ferment among those who had hitherto been the oppressed classes, though if, at that time, they had been successful, it was only in the Low Countries that they were in any degree capable of forming a government; and what would have been the consequence of their success, was seen not only in the excesses of the English peasantry, but even where long habits of successful commerce had done all that commerce alone can

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can do toward civilizing the people. The Count, therefore, exerted himself strenuously to conclude this disastrous war; and he had now found that the surest means was to straiten the city by famine. In this he succeeded so far, that their strength and their spirit were brought down; and when a party of nobles, with the cry of The Lion for Flanders, planted their standard of St. George upon the barriers, it remained there unmolested. The sober part of the citizens could now obtain a hearing; they resumed the authority which the demagogues had usurped, displayed the Count's standard in the market-place, ordered the outlaws to quit the city, and, having given this proof of obedience and respect towards him, they wrote to solicit peace, and entreated the Count of Holland and Hainault to be their mediator. He consented, and accordingly a meeting was held at Bruges, whereat deputies from all the towns in Flanders were present. The Count demanded five hundred hostages, of which 300 were to be weavers, (theirs being the most turbulent body,) 100 from other trades, 100 from the principal citizens; and as these died off, their numbers were to be continually renewed. But it was felt by those on whom this lot was likely to fall, that they could have little cause for relying either upon the stability of the Ghentese, or the humanity of the Count; and that to be delivered into his hands as hostages, was, in fact, to place themselves under sentence of death. The conferences, therefore, were broken off, and hostilities were resumed in a spirit of relentless inveteracy.

There was, nevertheless, a strong party in the city, who desired order and tranquillity above all things. Four persons had distinguished themselves by their exertions for breaking off the treaty. These were Giles Meulenare, Jacob de Rycke, Pieter Vanden Bosch, and Frans Ackerman,—a bold man, who held the principle of obedience with a demagogue's temper, slew the first of these, for being an enemy to peace; and they who approved of this action, were numerous enough to save him from any further punishment than exile. But in such times the worst men have most power; and the state of the city was such under the mob-government to which it was subjected, that the most far-sighted of the demagogues themselves perceived it was necessary to establish a better system for their own security. The name of Jacob Van Arteveld was still dear to the people: his acts of tyranny were forgotten; but it was remembered that Flanders had never felt itself so powerful, never been so much respected by her own and foreign princes, never had been so flourishing, as during the seven years of his administration: and it was commonly said among the populace, that, if he were alive, all would be well—peace would be given them on their own terms, and the Count would

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would think himself happy in granting it. Jacob had left a son who had been held at the font by no less a personage than Queen Philippa, and therefore had been named Philip. He had inherited ability as well as wealth from his father, had been carefully bred up under a mother whose mind was strong enough neither to be elated by prosperity, nor to sink under the great and sudden reverse of fortune which had befallen her. She negotiated a marriage for him early in life, with a lady of good lineage; and he had lived thus far, through the troubles, quietly with his wife and mother, taking no part in public affairs, but with the reputation of a high-spirited, yet sober and sagacious man: some degree of respect, also, was felt towards him for his father's sake. Vanden Bosch went to him, and offered, if he would listen to his advice, to make him the greatest man in all Flanders. 'We are in great need,' said he, 'here in Ghent, of a sovereign captain of good name and good repute; and by this means your father Jacob Van Arteveld will be raised up again, who made a confederacy with Brabant and Hainault; and in whose days Flanders was loved, and feared, and honoured. I will undertake to put you in his place, if you will accept the offer.' Philip had hitherto encouraged no dreams of ambition; and his father's fate was instantly remembered by him as a warning: 'If he,' he replied, 'with all his experience and prudence; he who had governed with such great ability and such great success, whose government had been so popular, and was regretted as having been so good; if he, for all his exertions and all his services, had been recompensed with death, what could an inexperienced youth expect but to fall, when he fell, without excuse, because, having such an example of the mutability of fortune, and the inconstancy of the multitude in his own house, he had exposed himself wilfully and deliberately to such a catastrophe.' Vanden Bosch replied, 'that his father's fate afforded the strongest reason why he should accept the charge which was now proposed; because, in appointing him, the people would make the most public and signal acknowledgment of his father's great deserts, and of their own injustice in permitting his death.' He had touched the right string; a sense of filial duty, as well as family pride, came in aid of that innate ambition which was now first awakened in young Arteveld's heart, and he promised Vanden Bosch, if he should be placed in authority, to be guided in all things by his counsel. 'Can you then,' said Vanden Bosch, 'be right haughty and cruel? for one elevated from among the people, and especially for such work as ours, is nothing thought of unless he be feared and dreaded, and has the reputation of severity. Thus it is that the Flemings chuse to be governed: among them you must think nothing of human life,

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life, and have no more pity upon men, than upon swallows and larks when they are caught for roasting.' Where there is an Absalom, an Achitophel will never be wanting; but the language which is thus ascribed to Vanden Bosch, by the romantic historian Froissart, savours more of dramatic imagination than of historical verisimilitude.

The people were convoked, and the demagogue by whom the plan was laid, easily induced them to elect Philip Van Arteveld for their chief captain by acclamation, and by one of those elections which it was not allowable for the person elected to decline. They told him that they had thus chosen him for his good name's sake, and for the love of his good father. 'Sirs,' he replied, 'ye require of me a great thing, and ye tell me that it is because of the love which your fathers bore to mine. When he had done for them all the good services he could, they slew him. If I were to accept the command which is thus proffered me, and to be treated in the same manner, it would be a sorry reward.' Vanden Bosch made answer, 'that what was past could not be recalled.' Philip was carried to the market-place, and sworn into his new office, and received, on his part, the oaths of the magistrates and the deacons of all the trades. He began affably and liberally, being easy of access to all, and bestowing the Count's revenues in Ghent upon those persons whose out-lying property had been confiscated because of their adherence to the popular cause. Ere long he caused twelve persons to be put to death in his presence, and he lost no credit by this with a ferocious people, who had the more confidence in him when they saw that he was not afraid of shedding blood; and who believed that, whatever might be the pretext upon which these persons were executed, the true cause was that they had been implicated in the death of his father. The deacon of the weavers was accused of treason: his house was searched, and a quantity of gunpowder was found, which, not having been produced during the siege, was supposed to have been withheld for treasonable motives; he was beheaded, therefore, and his body dragged by the shoulders through the streets of this turbulent city. Meantime, some distress began to be felt for want of that regular and plentiful supply, which used to flow in from all the surrounding country: for at the Count's urgent request, all communication had been prohibited on the side of Hainault and of Brabant; and though the people of Holland and of Liege, in defiance of their rulers, continued their intercourse, the inconvenience was sufficient to give those who were desirous of peace fresh influence over the inconstant multitude. Negotiations were held at Harlebeque, under the mediation of Liege, Hainault, and Brabant; and two wealthy Ghentese, by name Simon Bette and Gisbert

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Gisbert Van Gruttere, were imprudent enough, on their return, to say publicly, that good terms would be made, whereby well-disposed people would be secured in the enjoyment of peace, and some bad subjects would be punished. Vanden Bosch, hearing this, and well knowing that, if any were to suffer, he must be among the foremost, hastened to Arteveld, told him that their lives were to be the price of the treaty, and reminded him that in a popular government, the ruler who will not make himself feared, must fall. Their measures were soon concerted; and on the morrow, in obedience to a secret summons, the deacons of all the trades, and the captains of the White Hoods, appeared in the market-place, at the public meeting which had been convened, coming, as they were enjoined to be, prepared for mischief *(tous prests et appareillez de mal faire.)* At nine in the morning, the magistrates and chief persons of the town assembled, and one of those who had taken upon themselves the perilous charge of negotiating for such a people, announced the success of the negotiation. 'Peace,' he said, 'had happily been concluded by their great exertions, and those of the good men of Liege, Hainault, and Brabant, aided by the entreaties of the duke of Brabant and of his lady, upon the easy condition that 200 persons, whom he would name in the course of fifteen days, by writing, should yield themselves to the Count's disposal, in his Castle, at Lisle, where, from his frank and noble disposition, they might expect his gracious mercy.' Upon this, Vanden Bosch stood up and addressed the speaker: 'By what authority,' said he, 'have you, Gisbert Van Gruttere, and Simon Bette, your colleague, dared offer to deliver up two hundred men of this city into the hands of their enemy? Have we not seen in Bruges, Ypres and Courtray, the mercy that he is accustomed to bestow, in each of which places he has put to death more than 500 men, and for no other reason than that they had favoured the cause of this city! Better were it that Ghent should be utterly overthrown, and not one stone left upon another, than that it should be subjected to this villany and reproach! But the war is not ended yet, nor has Heyns yet been avenged! It may plainly be seen, that you were not to be among the persons to be delivered up. You have picked and chosen for yourselves, but we also have made our choice!—Philip Van Arteveld, have at these traitors!' He drew his dagger at the word, and laid Gisbert dead at his feet; at the same moment, some one in like manner stabbed Simon Bette. The magistrates, trembling for their own lives, dared not intimate the slightest disapprobation of what had been done; and even good men, under the same impulse of fear, deemed it advisable for their own sakes to join in a cry of treason, and affect to rejoice in

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in the punishment of those who were called traitors. Further bloodshed was thus for that day avoided, for though Arteveld had engaged in a desperate game, from which there was no withdrawing, and in which life was the stake, he had not been long enough accustomed to it to have acquired an appetite for blood.

The first business was to prepare for the arduous circumstances in which the city must now be placed, by establishing order and unanimity there, as far as laws could establish them. All private suits were suspended till peace should be concluded; all quarrelling, even if it proceeded not to blows and wounds, made punishable by forty days' imprisonment; and homicide by death. All gaming, all blasphemy was prohibited, and every person was enjoined to wear as a badge a white sleeve, bearing the words, 'God help us!' His wife's uncle had placed a garrison, on the count's part, in the castle of Hallwyn: Arteveld, on this occasion, acted in a way to raise his character with both parties; he attacked the castle and destroyed it, but allowed the garrison to depart unhurt. The Count meantime pursuing the wisest system of hostilities, daily straitened the city for provisions more and more, and though supplies still came from Holland and Zealand, the distress became ere long so pressing, that 12,000 men were sent forth, under Frans Ackerman, to beg for food. The rich had been called upon, and the monasteries, to bring forth their stores, and sell them at what, in early times, would have been the equitable price; but these resources were soon exhausted in so populous a city. The bakers were besieged and plundered by a starving multitude, and numbers were now dying for lack of food. Ackerman and his army went forth, not as marauders; they knew that the wishes of the people were with them: any supply that could have been obtained by force would have alienated their friends, and called forth resistance where they had already sufficient danger to encounter: they went, therefore, as supplicants appealing to humanity. The history of such times abounds with heroic incidents, for there is a certain heroism, of which the wicked, as well as the virtuous, are capable; but it is unexpected as well as delightful, to meet with any thing like a general manifestation of kindly and beneficent feelings. The Duke of Brabant, though strictly in league with Louis, allowed them to be supplied at Brussels for a certain time, and they remained in that vicinity three weeks, subsisting upon the charity of the Brabanters: at Louvain also they were relieved; the Bishop of Liege promising to use his mediation with the Count, gave them six hundred loads of wheat and flour for their suffering fellow-townsmen; and they brought back with them from this singular expedition fifteen days' supply for the people of Ghent. But this was but a respite, not a deliverance from famine:

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famine: they had no other enemy to combat, for the Count brought no armies against them; and their hopes were again directed to a negotiation, in which the hearty interest taken in their behalf by the neighbouring princes, would have given them some prospect of success, if Louis had been less immitigable in his disposition. Deputies from all the towns of Flanders met at Tournay, Arteveld being one of the twelve from Ghent: as he went out of the gate the people fell on their knees before him, saying, 'Philip, return with peace upon any terms! Any peace will be joyfully received by your miserable country.' Their minds were now subdued to their situation, and the deputies petitioned only for life: 'every thing else,' they said, 'they placed at the Count's disposal; he might order whom he would into perpetual banishment, or for any shorter term that in his goodness he might please to appoint: they requested only that lives might be spared!'—The Count did not appear in person at the assembly; he remained at Bruges, and sent from thence his final answer by the prior of Harlebeke: it was this,—that all the inhabitants of Ghent, from fifteen years upwards, male and female, without exception, should come out of the city bare-headed and bare-footed in their shirts, and with ropes around their necks; and in that plight proceed half way to Bruges, where he would meet them, and then determine upon life or death, for every thing must be left at his mercy. Terrible as such conditions were, the mediators advised them to accept them, and encouraged them with hopes of appeasing by his unremitted intercession the anger of the Count. Those only could be expected to suffer who had most displeased him; the others would assuredly obtain mercy,—which if it were now refused, might not be again attainable. Philip Van Arteveld, speaking for his companions, ended the conference by declaring, that their powers could not warrant them in assenting to such conditions: they must return to Ghent, and if the good people of that city were contented with the terms, they would not on their own part offer any opposition to the acceptance.

As soon as the deputies appeared before the gates, the people crowded about them, looking for life or death from their report. 'Ah! dear Lord Philip Van Arteveld, give us comfort,' they cried; 'tell us that you have sped well!' He answered not a word, but, with the rest of the deputation, passed on in a mournful silence, which sufficiently indicated the ill success of their embassage. Once or twice only he spoke, requesting them to disperse peaceably for that day, and assemble on the morrow in the market-place to hear the report. That night he consulted with Vanden Bosch, who expressed no surprise at the Count's severity, but thought rather that he was well-advised, and would do wisely if he exterminated

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minated the whole people, for one and all were implicated in the cause of these commotions. 'Now then,' said he, 'it remains to see whether there are wise men and brave men in Ghent, for, in a few days this will be the proudest city in all Flanders, or the most abased.' On the morrow, being Wednesday, the people assembled in dolorous expectation, and Arteveld, from a window of the market-house, related the result of his deputation, simply and faithfully; except that, putting his own interpretation upon the Count's intention, he said, that for aught he could perceive, the greater part of the people who should then surrender themselves at discretion, must expect to die in prison, or by the course of justice. 'See now,' said he, 'whether you will accept of peace upon these conditions!' It was a piteous thing then to hear the multitude, men and women alike, young and old, break out into lamentations, and to see them wring their hands, for the love of those whom they held dearest. But at Arteveld's voice they were silent. 'Good people of Ghent,' he said, 'here ye are, the greatest part of the townsfolk assembled, and ye have heard what I have related. There is no remedy, and your counsel must speedily be taken; there are thirty thousand mouths in this city which have not tasted bread for the last fifteen days. One of three things we must choose: the first is, that we shut ourselves up within these walls, and close our gates, and make confession faithfully and devoutly, and then retire into the churches and convents, and there expire, being absolved and penitent, as martyrs, upon whom man will have no compassion. God will then have mercy upon our souls; and wherever our story shall be told, it will be said that we have died valiantly, and like a true people. Or we must go, men, women, and children, bare-footed, bare-headed, in our shirts, and with halters round our necks, to meet my Lord the Count of Flanders. His heart is not so hard, and obstinate, when he shall behold us in such plight, but that he must be softened, and have mercy upon his people: and to take away his wrath I will be the first to offer him my head, contented to die for my fellow-townsmen. The third course is this: that we choose out five or six thousand of the ablest and best armed men, and proceed speedily to assail the Count at Bruges, and give him battle. If we are slain in this enterprise, we shall at least die honourably, and God will have mercy upon us; and the world will say that valiantly and faithfully we have maintained our cause. But if in this battle we be victorious, and our Lord God, who, in old times, gave such power into the hands of Judas Maccabeus, duke and master of the army of his people the Jews, that the Syrians were discomfited and slain,—if, I say, the same Lord God shall grant us this grace, we should be every where the most

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most honoured people that hath ever reigned upon the earth since the Romans. Choose now, which of the three ye will, for one of them must be chosen.'

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He was not answered by any general acclamation, the people were too far spent in spirit to give utterance to their feelings, or indeed to make their choice. Those only who stood nearest him replied, 'Ah, dear sir! we have good confidence in you; choose you for us, and what you determine, that we will do.' 'By my faith, then,' said Arteveld, 'I am for going arms in hand to seek the Count! we shall find him at Bruges; and the pride of that people, and of those who are about him night and day taking counsel against us is such, that he will come out to fight us. If, by God's will, and his grace, the field should be ours, we are delivered for ever more, and shall be in the greatest honour of all people in the world; and if we fall, God will have pity on our souls; and for those who are left in Ghent, the Count our lord will have compassion upon them.' The bravest course in danger is generally the best; in this case it was evidently so: the people consented with one accord, and Arteveld bade them go to their houses and make ready, for on the morrow he would set forth, and in five days it would be known whether the issue were for life or death. Immediately the city gates were closed, and no person was allowed either to go out or enter in. The constables of every parish went from house to house to select the ablest men for this awful, but not forlorn service. The number did not exceed 5000. They took with them about two hundred carts with artillery and ammunition, four only of bread and two of wine, poor store for 5000 men; but there was not provisions for two days in the city. The resolution with which they set forth inspired a kindred feeling in those who were left. 'You know,' said the people, 'whom ye are leaving; but think not to return here, unless ye come back with honour! for no sooner shall tidings reach us of your overthrow, than we will set fire to the city, and destroy ourselves with it.' 'Well said,' was the reply! 'Pray to God for us, we have need that he should help us, and you also.' On the Thursday afternoon they began their march, and halted for the night a league from Ghent, not touching their provisions, but taking what the country could supply. They marched all the following day, sparing their stores in the same manner, and having arrived within a long league of Bruges, there they took up a position to wait for the attack which they hoped would be made upon them. There was a wide marsh in front: the flanks they protected with their artillery, and their carts were drawn up there; in the rear they were exposed; but they had less apprehension on that side, because it was nearest their own territory: however, they stationed there the flower of their force. The

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The next day, Saturday the 3rd of May, was a great holiday in Bruges, the greatest in the year. There was a vial preserved there in the chapel of the Sangreal, containing what was believed to be a portion of our blessed Saviour's blood. According to the tradition of that city, it had been brought from the Holy Land by Count Theodore of Alsace, in the twelfth century, having been treasured up by Nicodemus when the body of our Lord was taken from the Cross; but another and not more fabulous legend says, that it proceeded from a miraculous crucifix. In a former time of troubles, when the peasantry of the Pais de Waes had risen against the extortions of the nobles, and suffered a severe defeat, the calamity was said to have been preceded by the congelation of this blood. There was no such omen on this beautiful May morning, when Bruges was filled with visitors from all the surrounding country, and from the neighbouring states, the friends and relatives of the inhabitants being accustomed always to make their visits at this festival, when the relic was carried in procession. Amidst their festivity, came tidings that the Ghentese were at hand. 'Now then is the end of the war come,' said Count Louis, when this was told him. 'A foolish and outrageous people! See how evil fortune has brought them to their destruction! Yet are they valiant,' he added, 'for they have chosen to die by the sword rather than by hunger.' Three men at arms were sent to reconnoitre them, and the people of Bruges took arms and prepared to go forth, not as to a battle, but to an execution, in such contempt did they at that time hold any force which could be sent against them from the hostile city. Meantime, mass was performed at daybreak in seven parts of Arteveld's little camp at the same time, and a sermon preached to each congregation by so many Friars Minorite, who accompanied the army. The sermons are said to have been an hour and a half long, as if it had been Arteveld's intention that his men should not, for any interval of time, be left unemployed and unexcited, lest their spirit should fail. The friars encouraged them by the example of the Israelites who were delivered from bondage; and represented Count Louis and the people of Bruges as the Pharaoh and the Egyptians by whom they were held in servitude, and from whom they were soon to deliver themselves, or perish. They reminded them also of Judas Maccabeus and his brethren, whose example, it may be feared, has more often been effectually applied than that of our Saviour and his disciples. The people then confessed, and were absolved, and about three-fourths of them received the sacrament. After this, Arteveld harangued them from a spot of elevated ground: he was an eloquent speaker, *(bien enlangagé et moult bien savoit parler, et bien luy avenoit,)*—and certainly no speech could ever be delivered or heard with a sincerer

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sincerer or deeper feeling. At the close, he told them to divide among themselves fairly the little provision which they had brought; if they were ever to have more, it must be won in that day's battle. The whole of their bread and wine afforded but this breakfast; but it was sufficient. Arteveld assisted at the distribution, going through the ranks, and pledging his comrades as they drank. 'This night,' said he, 'we shall sup in Bruges or in Paradise.' They then arranged their carts before them as a rampart; one of the earliest modes of retrenchment customary among this people, and perhaps derived by them from their migratory ancestors. Thus they waited to be attacked, and suffered the men at arms to reconnoitre them closely without aiming a weapon at them: it being doubtless their hope that the report which would be carried back would induce the Count to come forth and give them battle. In this they were not deceived; for, though there were persons who advised the Count not to engage a desperate and determined body, inconsiderable as their numbers were, with men who had been fatiguing themselves in the procession, and were moreover elated with wine; and though the Count and Heylard de Poucques, the governor of Bruges, inclined to this reasonable opinion, the cry of the multitude prevailed. Making sure of an easy victory, they would hear of no delay, and the lives of the leaders would have been in danger if their will and pleasure had longer been resisted. The Count had in his company eight hundred knights and esquires; but the disorderly crowd which Bruges had poured out amounted to thirty thousand, among whom the companies of the butchers and boatmen were distinguished by their eagerness and insubordination. Day was far spent before the action began. The Ghentese suffered some loss from the stones which were thrown among them by the Count's engines. On their part, they opened a fire from three hundred guns, which checked the ardour of the assailants. Arteveld, also, by a well-timed movement, drew them into the swamp, and placed himself between them and the evening sun, so that the light shone in their eyes and dazzled them. A partial advantage which Heylard had obtained was thus far overbalanced: that governor was the only man who stood his ground bravely when nobles, as well as commonalty, gave way in confusion. He fell; and the men of Ghent had only to pursue the fugitives, smiting to the right and left, and crying aloud, 'Ghent! Ghent! God will this day show mercy to us.' In this shameful flight, father tarried not for son, nor son for father. The Count, of his whole company, had only forty horsemen with him when he re-entered the city. Not being yet aware of the extent of his danger, he gave directions to guard the gates, and close them if the enemy should attempt to enter in pursuit; then proceeded to



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his palace, and sent orders for the deacons of the respective trades to collect their people, and occupy the streets and the market-place for defence. But Arteveld had lost no time in following up his victory: the Ghentese were already in the town, and made straight for the market-place, where they formed in order. By this time it was dark night: the Count, gathering about him what brave men he could, went out with lighted torches and the cry of 'Flanders! Flanders!' 'To the Count!' 'To the Lion!' He made towards the market-place; and the Ghentese, distinguishing him by the light of the torches, cried out rejoicingly to Arteveld that he was coming, and would fall into their hands. Arteveld had already given orders to take him alive, and not to injure him; for if they had him in their power at Ghent, peace might then be made upon their own terms. These orders could hardly have availed to save him from men whose hearts were full of old grievance, recent sufferings, and present vengeance. But Louis was warned of his danger in time; he was informed that the enemy were masters of the city,—that the weavers and the smiths had joined them,—that this rabble was on the way to his palace,—and that it was neither safe for him to advance nor to return. Nothing was left but to extinguish the torches, and for every man to save himself as he could. The Count made one of his servants unarm him in a dark lane, put on the servant's gabardine, exhorted the man to be silent concerning him if he should fall into the hands of the Ghentese, and then endeavoured to escape out of the town. But the pursuit was too eager and too close for this; and no resource remained but to enter a miserable hovel, and entreat the woman whom he found there to conceal him, telling her who he was, the more to move her to compassion. The woman had often received alms at his palace gate: she bade him get into the bed with her children, and hide himself as well as he could between the pallet * and the coverlet; and there he lay undiscovered while the hovel was searched by those who had seen him enter. There he remained till the following midnight; then, venturing out, was happy enough to find a boat in the Minnewater, in which he crossed the ditch, and falling in with one of his own knights when he knew not what direction to take, was guided safely by him till the morning, when they got a horse and arrived at Lisle.

* 'entre la paillasse et le lit de plume,' M. de Barante says, not reflecting that a *lit de plume* would not be found in a dwelling place, which Froissart describes as 'salle et enfumée, aussi noire qu'atrament; et n'y avoit en celle maison fors le bouge devant, et une pouvre couette, ou couverte de toille enfumée, pour étouffer le feu; et par dessus, un pouvre plancher, auquel on montoit par une eschelle de sept eschellons, et en celuy plancher avoit un poure licteron, ou les enfans de la poure femme giscient.' The Count placed himself *entre la paille et la couette de ce poure licteron, et la se mussa, et fit le petit, car faire le lui convenoit.*

Meantime

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Meantime Bruges was the scene of a dreadful tragedy. On the morning of their victory, the men of Ghent, seeing that they stood upon the brink of eternity, had had the fear of God before their eyes; that fear had passed away with the danger. Ackerman was ordered to search the city for their enemies, while Vanden Bosch and Arteveld looked to securing their conquest. These men, notwithstanding the sanguinary counsel which has been ascribed to one of them, were not of cruel dispositions; they seem even to have been, for that age, singularly otherwise: and Froissart declares that never men dealt more graciously towards a conquered town, than the men of Ghent did toward Bruges, *car oncques ils ne firent mal à menu mestier, s'il n'estoit trop vilainement accusé.* Yet to such of the Count's people as were taken in the city, no mercy was shown, nor to any of the butchers, fishermen, glaziers, and cordwainers, because those trades had always been of the Count's party. The weavers hunted out these victims as having broken the league which had been made with Heyns, and more than twelve hundred were murdered. Servants also, and apprentices from Brabant, Guelderland, Liege, Westphalia, Holland, Zealand, and other parts, took this opportunity of revenging themselves upon masters to whom they bore an ill will; and many were the crimes committed by such persons that first night, for which justice never was exacted in this world, murder not being the worst. When morning came, the work of blood was carried on with more deliberation; the magistrates and nobles were then sought for, and put to death. Six thousand men had fallen in the action, three thousand in Ackerman's pursuit. Amid these horrors, strict orders had been given that no foreigner should be injured, either in person or property; but though their houses were respected during the general pillage, they suffered so much in the ruin which was brought upon the wealthy inhabitants, that they took the first opportunity of removing, and great part of the commerce of Bruges was thus, for a time, transferred to Bergen-op-Zoom. Arteveld seems also to have stopt the carnage as soon as he could, by ordering proclamation to be made, that such of the Count's people as wished to retain their lives, should repair to the church of St. Catharine without the walls, and there take an oath to observe the peace which would be granted them.

It was early on Sunday that the first messenger of good tidings arrived at Ghent; never were tidings expected with more intense anxiety, and the first feeling of the people upon their deliverance was, as it ought, an emotion of thankfulness toward the Giver of all victories. Arteveld and Vanden Bosch had not been unmindful of the distress in which their townsmen had been left: one of their first measures was to take possession of Damme and Sluys,



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and from both places to dispatch provisions. From the former place more than six thousand pipes of wine, those of Poictou, Gascony, Rochelle, and more distant countries, were sent by land and by water; and, from Sluys, grain and flour in like abundance: the plunder of Bruges paid for all. Courtray and Ypres, Nieuport, Furnes, Bergues, and all the other strong places in Flanders, opened their gates to the victorious Commons, Oudenard alone excepted.—'*Une bataille perdue à tousjours grande queue*,' says Philip de Comines. Herselles, who was left with the command in Ghent, let this tail escape him, and did not, as he ought to have done, present himself before Oudenard, upon the first news of the victory. The garrison were so dismayed, that they would have taken flight if an enemy's force had appeared. They took courage when time was thus allowed them; Daniel de Haluin, a knight in whose resolution and fidelity the Count could rely, was sent to take the command: it then became as much a point of honour as of policy for the Ghentese to subjugate the only fortress which ventured to hold out against them, and six weeks after his victory at Bruges, Arteveld besieged it with a force which was estimated at two hundred thousand men. The numbers, which are thus exaggerated, were probably very great, for it was by blockading the place that he thought to reduce it, not by sacrificing brave lives in uncertain assaults; and his camp was like a populous city for extent, and for the order observed, and the plenty that abounded there. Prosperity had elated Arteveld: he assumed as much state as if he had been Count of Flanders or Duke of Hainault, or Duke of Brabant; his raiment was cloth of scarlet, furred with minever; he was served in silver, and the trumpets sounded at dinner and supper before his palace or his tent, that it might be known when he was at the board. Till he was called upon to bear a part in the troubles of the times, he had shown no indication of ambition, nor of any other vice: his life had been quiet, inoffensive, and, to all appearance, happy; his only amusement had been angling, the last to which a restless and uneasy temper would betake itself. In affecting the pomp of a court he did not escape from its vices: time, however, was not allowed for that thorough depravation to be effected, which continued prosperity would, in its natural course, have induced; nor for that reverse of fortune which they who build upon the favour of the multitude, sooner or later, are sure to find. He retained his popularity by donations to the soldiers, and by keeping provisions in Ghent at a low price: though, by his own authority, he levied a weekly tax upon every hearth throughout the province; where the poor could not pay, the rich were assessed for them, and this tax was collected, for he had his officers everywhere, and was everywhere

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everywhere obeyed. The navigation of the Scheldt above Oudenard was impeded, that no supplies might enter from the side of Tournay; the camp, meantime, abounded not only with the produce of a fertile land, but with delicacies, and with the choicest * wines of distant countries, as well as of the Rhine and of Poictou. From Hainault, and Brabant, and Liege, and Germany people came to the leaguer as to a fair, or public spectacle; the French alone were forbidden, for they were about to make a powerful effort in aid of the Count, for the double purpose of preventing the English from obtaining a footing in Flanders, as allies of Arteveld, and of subduing the Flemish democracy, whose success, if it had continued, would soon have called up another Jacquerie in France. There was no chance of any other termination to this contest, than what might be brought about by force. To show their hatred of the Count, the Commons had demolished the castle of Male, where he was born, and its chapel; they broke the font wherein he had been baptized, and destroyed the bath, and melted down the silver cradle in which he had slept when an infant, an insult which he is said to have resented with more sensibility than appeared in his general deportment. Such of his hostages as were at Bapaume he had already put to death; there were in his hands two hundred men, who were at this time fed upon bread and water, and daily threatened with execution; but he had counsellors who were better and wiser than himself, and at their intercession he spared these unoffending prisoners, and, for the honour of God and the Virgin, set them free. This was accounted to him for a virtue, and he acquired credit by it in the eyes both of friends and enemies.

The course of events at this juncture proved favourable to the Count. England, from whence his greatest danger was to be apprehended, if the government should follow the policy which Edward III. had pursued, was under a weak prince, who was guided by worthless favourites. Charles V. of France, with whom he had been upon no cordial terms, died opportunely; and the young king, then a boy, was easily induced, by his uncle of Burgundy, to consider the troubles in Flanders, not as a struggle between Count Louis and the Flemings alone, but between the commons and the privileged orders, for such, if the Flemings were successful, it would become, in France, and in all the adjoining countries. 'You shall be restored,' said the duke to his father-in-law, 'or we will lose all that is left; for it is not fitting that such a rabble

* *Galrigache* is mentioned among them, of which Denis Sauvage says, in a marginal note, '*quand à Galrigache, c'est la premiere fois que j'en aye dejeuné, et confesse ne savoir que c'est.*' Roquefort quotes the passage from Froissart, and adds that it was also called *galvache*, and *garnache*, (names which bring us no nearer its origin,) that it was a white wine, and paid a duty upon its entrance into France of thirty sols *par queue*.

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as have now the mastery in Flanders should be allowed to govern the land; thus might all knighthood and all gentry be destroyed and put to shame, and consequently all Christendom.' The earthquake which had recently shaken those countries was less terrible than the moral convulsion would have been, with which they were at this time threatened. The people of Louvain did not dissemble their wishes, but openly declared that if Ghent were as near them as Brussels, they would have united with that city; and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, who were well-informed of this, dared not notice it,—*mais il leur convenoit cligner les yeux et baisser les testes, car pas n'estoit heure de parler.* Arteveld wanted neither capacity to perceive the advantages of such an union, nor inclination to follow, in this respect also, the steps of his father; but while Oudenard held out he was not master of Flanders. He was impatient of the slow progress that could be made, in reducing by famine a garrison which was not numerous, and which had had opportunity of providing against a siege; but he was still too prudent to hazard an assault, against men who had made war the sole business of their lives, and had shown their determination of defending the place to the last. Engines, therefore, were tried; one, which was called a ram, and which was forty feet long, twenty in breadth, threw stones of such magnitude, that they crushed any thing on which they fell: there was a cannon also fifty feet in length, from which stone balls of proportionate size were discharged. 'When that cannon was fired, it was heard for five leagues round in the day-time, and ten leagues during the night; and the report was so great, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell were upon the road.' The noise was greater than the effect; and the French had time to bring their forces into the field, while the Flemings were employed at this siege, and in destroying the dwellings of the nobles and gentry within the French frontiers.

They took the field in November, choosing rather to encounter the difficulties of a winter-campaign, than to incur the danger of meeting the English there in the spring. Negotiations were attempted with little sincerity on either side, when there was contempt on the one part, distrust on the other, and hatred on both. The Duke of Burgundy alone was desirous of peace; he did not partake in the vindictive feelings of his father-in-law, and wished as much as possible to spare the province; but the first necessity was to secure his succession, and to put down the spirit of democracy. The greatest force which France could bring together was raised, under its most renowned leader, Olivier de Clisson, who, in the war with the English, had obtained the appellation of the Butcher, a distinction which, in the age when such inhumanities

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ties were committed by the most chivalrous, it must have been difficult to deserve. The force was arrayed as it ought to be, says the old historian, for there were many wise men well practised in arms, both in the van, and in the king's battle, and in the rear guard, and they knew all that ought to be done, *car la estoit la fleur de la bonne chevalerie du monde.* The Oriflamme was brought forth on this occasion, after a great debate, whether it were lawful to display it against Christians; the matter was determined upon the ground, that, as the Flemings were Urbanists, acknowledging him whom the French held to be the anti-pope, they were to be regarded as infidels, and therefore this banner, which, by a great mystery, had been sent from heaven, might be displayed against them. Against these mighty preparations, the commons of Flanders could oppose equal numbers, and far greater resources, but in policy and in military skill they were far inferior; and the knights, in whom the strength of the French army consisted, had, in their armour, an advantage which is unknown in modern warfare. Arteveld ought to have acted on the defensive, in which case winter would soon have been his sure ally; but he confided too much upon his fortune; and knowing that, if he gained a victory, the people in Paris, and in all the great cities of the north of France would rise simultaneously against the nobles and the government which oppressed them, he resolved to meet the invaders and give them battle. The battle of Roosebeke, which ensued, was, in its consequences, of such importance, that perhaps there are only two in earlier times, which proved equally influential upon the condition of society; the victory of Ætius over Attila, and that of Charles Martel over the Moors: 'for if the villains,' says Froissart, 'had carried their intent, never so great cruelties and horribilities have happened in the world, as would have been wrought by the commons, who would have rebelled everywhere, and destroyed all gentle blood!' Less than half an hour decided it; for, instead of waiting in a strong position to receive the attack, Arteveld advanced to meet it: his men were arrayed so closely, and with so little judgement, that being driven one upon another, they had not room to wield their weapons, and as many died by suffocation, as by the sword and spear: it was observed, that never was so little blood seen, when so many men were killed. The heralds reported, that nine thousand were left dead upon the field; but in the pursuit, the carnage was so great that the lowest computation makes the total loss of the Flemings twenty-five thousand,—other accounts carrying it to forty. The young king expressed a wish to see Arteveld, whether he were alive or dead, and a reward was offered for the person who should discover him. A Ghentsman pointed out the body:

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body: it was covered with wounds, none of which would have been mortal; but he had fallen in a ditch, and so many of his comrades upon him, that he had been pressed to death. The body was suspended upon a gibbet;—yet, as in other cases, where a leader who was dear to his people had disappeared, it was reported that the French had been deceived in this poor vengeance, and that Arteveld's corpse had not been found. How dearly he was beloved, appeared in the conduct of the man who pointed out the corpse; for, when the king told him his life should be spared, he would not allow his wounds to be bound up, and therefore, in the determination not to survive his captain and liberator, for that name had been conferred upon Arteveld, he bled to death.

If the Flemings had been a free people when the age of literature arrived, or if, in the great struggle for religious freedom, they had secured their civil and intellectual liberty, like the United Provinces, Philip von Arteveld would, and ought to have been, their national hero. Some Van Haren or Bilderdijk would have celebrated his actions in lyric or in heroic verse: some Vondel would have dramatized them; and his name would have been made as popular by the theatre in Ghent, as that of Gysbracht van Aemstel is, at this day, in Amsterdam. The war wherein he was engaged was one in which the most single-minded men might with perfect sincerity have been engaged on either side, according to the circumstances wherein they were placed; but no man could have taken a part in it with a stronger or sincerer feeling than Arteveld, for the public voice which summoned him was in accord with filial piety and the sense of an inherited obligation. Richard Cromwell, to whom Gray's appellation of the meek usurper may truly be applied, would have shrunk from the means which he used, at Vanden Bosch's instigation, for securing himself, when his life as well as his authority was threatened: but even old Oliver, the most merciful as well as the most magnanimous man that ever attained to sovereignty by crooked ways and unlawful means, was deeper dyed in blood; and when prosperity had intoxicated Arteveld; when, with the trappings and the suits of greatness, he had put on some of its dissoluteness—as if they had carried infection with them,—when further success would inevitably have hurried him into a career of horrors from which there could have been no retreat, and no redemption,—then he was, mercifully for himself, cut off. The portents preceding his death are such as Shakspeare might have conceived, or would have delighted in appropriating. Arteveld's chief captains had supped with him in his tent, and before they separated, he gave directions to them how they were to use the

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the victory; which, according to the contemporary historian, he fully expected to obtain. They were instructed to take the young king prisoner, because he was a child who knew not what he was doing; and, therefore, they were to have compassion on him. 'We will carry him to Ghent,' said Arteveld, 'where he may learn to speak Flemish. But for the rest, dukes, counts, and men at arms—slay all! take none to mercy! The Commons of France will thank us for this good work: it being their wish, and I am well assured of it, that none of their people may return.' They then broke up, and Arteveld lay down awhile upon a rug before a coal fire. He had a mistress with him, who, being unable to sleep at such a time, went out of the tent about midnight, to look at the sky, and see what hour of the night it might be. Looking toward Roosebeke, she saw the smoke and the fires of the French camp; but between the two camps, upon a plain called the Mont-d'or, she heard a stir, a tumult as of battle, and the battle-cries of the French and of the Count,—and above them all, that of Mount-joye: alarmed at which, she re-entered the tent, and awakened Arteveld, saying, 'Arm yourself, Sir, and make ready in haste, for there is a great uproar on Mont-d'or, and I believe they are coming to attack you.' Upon this Arteveld arose, scarfed a night gown round him, and taking a battle-axe in his hand, went forth. He also heard the like sounds in the same direction, and believing, as she did, that the enemy was advancing, he ordered the trumpets to be sounded. Some of his watch came at the call; but when he reproached them for neglect of duty, in letting the French approach unobserved, they told him that they had heard the stir and the voices upon Mont-d'or, and had sent scouts who had been there and seen no one, neither had they perceived any movement in the enemy's camp. Arteveld was troubled at this, and slept no more. And some there were, who said that the devils were sporting and tourneying upon that place where the battle was to be, in their joy for the prey which they expected. The situation and the character of the man are admirably adapted for poetry; and were this subject treated by a poet, like the author of 'Isaac Comnenus,' who can enter into the heart of man, and has too true a sense of poetry and of human nature to be seduced into any monstrosities of feeling, and extravagances of language, or any meretriciousness of thought or of expression, Arteveld might afford a lesson in the drama, which is not so likely to be sought in history,—but which will never be out of date.

M. de Barante's work* is composed throughout of such materials

* M. de Barante's authorities have misled him into a few inaccuracies. For example, the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, is said, in one place, to have been son of the Duke of York. (T. ii. 131.) Moubray (T. ii. 351) is called Count of Nottingham, when

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terials as are exhibited in this portion of his story;—great actions and great crimes, the most revolting cruelties, and the most splendid examples of heroism and magnanimity, occurring sometimes in the same person. The principle of honour and of personal fidelity was carried, in that age, to the highest point of devotion; but we seek in vain for any manifestation of a holier principle: the best and most high-minded men, so they were faithful to their immediate engagement, seemed to care not in what treachery, in what barbarity, in what baseness they were employed. Any detailed history of those times leads us to the conclusion that in Christendom then, as it is now in Mahommedan and Pagan states, the higher ranks, generally speaking, were the most depraved. More crimes, and of a blacker character, were committed by nobles, princes, kings, cardinals, and popes, than by persons in humble life. The peasantry, the yeomanry, and the citizens, were kept in order, except in times of insurrection, by their station in society, and by the wholesome restraint of human laws. But laws were set at defiance by the privileged and the powerful; and there could be little restraint of conscience when absolution was to be purchased for any sins. The reign of Charles VI. exhibits a series of profligate and flagitious conduct on the part of the two great factions who contended for the government during the long insanity of that poor king, than which nothing worse is to be found in the worst times of the Roman republic, or of the Greek empire: the most insolent injustice and the most odious cruelty; laws perverted to the end of private malice; treaties made with the intent of breaking them; extortion, oppression, rapine, perjuries, poisoning, assassinations, massacres. M. de Barante intermingles no reflections in his narrative; the facts, indeed, are sufficiently impressive: but few of his readers can fail to observe, in the profligacies of the Orleans party, and in the atrocities committed upon that party by the Burgundian mob, a striking resemblance to the reckless prodigality which preceded the French revolution, and to the September butcheries. How little had France profited by the lessons which its own history contains, when such things could have taken place there a second time! The historian himself seems to have lost sight of this, when he remarks in his preface, that, *tandis que la voix publique a imposé au peuple Anglais, en le personnalisant, le nom d'un animal indompté, Jacques Bonhomme est le sobriquet que le Français d'autrefois se donne à lui-meme.* Had he forgotten that Jacques Bonhomme was the King Ludd, or Captain Rock

when he was Duke of Norfolk. The Bishop of Norwich (T. iv. 224, &c.) is called Bishop of Norfolk. Such inaccuracies would not have occurred if the author had referred more frequently to English historians.

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of the Jacquerie,—the most ferocious wretches that ever broke loose upon society! and that the appellation itself began not in a compliment which the French people paid themselves, but in the insolence of the men at arms, who used to say, when they were living at free-quarters upon the miserable husbandmen, that Goodman John paid for all? Destructive as the wars were of Henry V. and of the Regent Bedford, it can hardly in truth be said that they aggravated the miseries of France! They had at least the salutary effect of extinguishing at last all factions, by making them combine against a foreign enemy; and of giving occupation in a national struggle, where there was at least an honourable cause, and might be a virtuous feeling, to men who would otherwise have been engaged with equal ardour in civil broils.

M. de Barante's book is not less interesting to an Englishman or a Netherlander, than to a French reader, so fortunate is the choice of his subject. During the golden age of Burgundy and the Low Countries,—that age for which the present skilful historian has found such delightful materials as the Memoirs of Olivier de la Marche and Philip de Comines,—the English, who had enjoyed so long an exemption from the evils of war in their own country, were made to execute vengeance upon themselves, a dispensation in which we may acknowledge the mercy that spared them from suffering under a foreign foe. It is noticeable also, that there appears in that age to have existed a far kindlier feeling between the higher and lower ranks of society in England, than in France and the adjoining states. The French could oppose no archers against the English yeomanry, from whose long bows they suffered so severely at Cressy, and at Poictiers, and Agincourt, because they feared to put so efficient a weapon into the hands of the people. There evidently existed a strong democratical feeling on the Continent, not in the Low Countries alone, where commerce, and, still more, manufactures were likely to generate it, but in France also, and in parts of France where it must have been induced by a sense of the grievous evils brought upon the nation by misgovernment and oppression. This spirit broke out wherever opportunity offered; while with us the struggle was either between the great barons and the crown, or contending claimants for the sovereignty.

But the history of any nation is sufficiently humiliating to those who love their country, and sufficiently mournful to those who have any sympathy for their fellow-creatures. It is, however, consolatory to observe the visible course of Providence, even in such a chronicle of crimes as is presented by these volumes, for visible it is to any who are not wilfully blind. Evil is seen producing evil to the guilty agents; treachery punished by treachery; blood

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blood calling for blood, and answered in its dreadful demand; but, over all and through all, the predisposing work of Almighty Wisdom is going on, and good and evil work together in preparing the way for a happier condition of society. M. de Barante, who, in his history, leaves the facts to produce their own impression upon his readers, has remarked this in his preface, and we cannot better conclude than by giving, in his own language, this testimony to a most important truth. '*Etudiés isolément, les exemples de l'histoire peuvent enseigner la perversité et l'indifférence. On y peut voir la violence, la ruse, la corruption justifiées par le succès; regardée de plus haut et dans son ensemble, l'histoire de la race humaine a toujours un aspect moral; elle montre sans cesse cette Providence qui, ayant mis au cœur de l'homme le besoin et la faculté de s'améliorer, n'a point permis que la succession des évènemens pût faire un instant douter des dons qu'elle a faits.*' 'The examples of history may seem, if regarded singly, to teach perversity and indifference: violence, treachery, and corruption may there be seen justified by success. But regarded from a higher point of view, and on the general scale, the history of the human race has always a moral aspect: it displays to us, without intermission, that Providence, which, having placed in the heart of man the necessity and the power of bettering his condition, has not allowed that the course of events can for a moment render doubtful the existence of those faculties with which it is endowed.' Another reflection should be added to this, and it is an awful one. The course of Providence is not more distinctly marked in the improvement of the human race, than in those lessons of collective retribution which all history holds forth; for, while the progress of mankind is thus ordained, nations, like the individuals of whom they are composed, are free to chuse between good and evil; and individual vice does not more surely produce individual misery, than national corruption brings on, in certain consequence, the decay and downfal of states.

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ART. II.—1. *Espagne Poétique: Choix de Poésies Castillanes depuis Charles-Quint jusqu'à nos Jours, mises en vers Français; avec une Dissertation comparée sur la Langue et la Versification Espagnoles; une Introduction en Vers, et des Articles biographiques, historiques, et littéraires.* Par Don Juan Maria Maury. Paris. 1826. 2 tom. 8vo.

2. *Sanchez. Coleccion de Poesías Castellanas anteriores al Siglo* XV. *ilustradas con Notas.* Madrid. Sancha. 4 toms. 8vo.

AFTER every drawback which may be made by pure taste and sound criticism, in estimating its comparative interest and excellence

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excellence by that of other European nations, there is much in the range of Spanish poetry which administers to pleasure, which captivates the fancy, and engages the affections. The language itself, that union of the Latin with the vernacular Iberian, which, after the process of their fusion, continued still to receive enrichments from the Visigoths and Arabs, now gaining something in sweetness, now in stateliness and strength, has, like the Italian, an inherent charm which has been happily termed the poetry of speech. When we cast an eye upon its written character, we find that the accession of oriental words which it acquired from these later sources, gives it a physiognomy in our estimation little less poetical. The distinctive genius of many of its poets, who dealt alike in strains of touching simplicity, and periods of ambitious decoration, so as often to overlay their diction with the ornament and pomp of singularly splendid but exaggerated metaphors, combined with those traces of the early chivalry, dignity, and pride of the Spanish people, which are embodied in their more national songs, offers also great claims to our consideration, and undoubtedly imparts a character to their poetry as captivating as it is peculiar. From a very ancient time, the natives of Spain, under the languor inspired by their delicious climate, seem to have been devoted to the melodies of song. Silius Italicus, himself an Andalusian, tells us that the ancient Galicians composed and chanted verses in their native tongue; and Strabo, praising the ingenuity of the Turdetani, mentions that they, too, had annals, and even laws, in verse. After the invasion of the Romans, Spain became naturally the parent of poets, if not always the country of their residence. Hyginus, the freedman of Augustus, a Spaniard by birth, was the intimate friend of Ovid, at whose instance he composed several small poems on mythology and astronomy. Sextilius Hena lived in the same times; a poet who is reproached with his inequality, and with the bombast common to the poets of Cordoba, whose style Cicero stigmatizes as pompous and inflated to an excess. Under Nero, however, Cordoba gave birth to three celebrated writers, Lucan and the two Senecas, by the younger of whom were written the only Latin tragedies which have descended to our times. Martial of Bilbilis, now Catalayud, in Arragon, with several others whom he commemorates in his epigrams, enlivened the reign of Domitian by a wit as sprightly as his morals were licentious; from which period to the time of Constantine, their numbers became much diminished, and the quality of their verses greatly deteriorated. Yet over the fourth century, Prudentius interests us by the harmony of his verse, and the historic notices which he has transmitted to us of the Christian church.

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The fifth century was marked by the irruption of the Goths into Spain. Barbarous as were these visitors, we are not to impute to them alone the ignorance which then became so prevalent, or the entire destruction of that taste which the Romans had introduced. Superstition concurred with Vandalism to destroy the influence of letters and increase the intellectual darkness. The means of study and instruction became more difficult of attainment to the Christian poets; oppression extinguished their enthusiasm; and all the genius they possessed was expended upon hymns, which, from the jealous orthodoxy of their frigid catechumens, are remarkable only for undeviating dulness. Yet in this, as in the following century, there occur many names that might be cited as links in the chain of her poetical history. Under Theodosius the Second, Dracontius composed a poem on the Creation of the World, and Orensius in the seventh century wrote the 'Commonitorium,' which has attracted the attention and engaged the pen of two commentators. But to forage in the archives of these dark ages, and to analyze the heavy works they have produced, would require as much courage as labour, without yielding a suitable recompense. A more brilliant epoch commences with the invasion of Spain by the Saracens in the eighth century, an event which effected a wonderful change in the government of the country and the spirit of the people. With their sciences and arts, the Arabs introduced an elegant genius glowing with the pomp of new imagery. Subjected by force of arms, the southern provinces of Spain received, with the Saracenic yoke, their usages and laws. By long possession of the country the conquerors introduced in it, though not throughout, their language, their literature, and even their religion. The poetic style of the Orientals captivated all fancies; the lavish genius of their compositions obtained an universal influence, and accelerated the fall of Roman poetry in Spain. Alvaro of Cordoba complains of his compatriots, that, in adopting the Arabic language, they had so far forgotten Latin, that amongst a thousand Spaniards it would be difficult to find one who could write a letter in that tongue. Such indeed became their attachment to oriental literature, that the native poets soon wrote Arabic with remarkable purity, and composed Arabic verses with great facility. During their domination in Spain, a period of nearly eight hundred years, its different provinces, divided into several kingdoms, cultivated the eastern style of verse with equal success. The Jews, protected by the Moorish kings, contributed also to the diffusion of taste, by circulating the knowledge which they had received in the colleges of the East, where their fancy was nourished with the same images and scenes. But if they possessed over the Arabs some superiority in science, they were immeasurably behind them in enthusiasm, which

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which naturally developes itself in minds possessed with the double passion of glory and of love. Whilst the warriors of Castile were immortalizing themselves by a constancy faithful unto death, and were pouring forth their blood with a reckless generosity, to preserve in sacred independence some portion of the soil, the Arab muse was celebrating the exploits of Mirza, Malek-Alabez, and Tarif, was consecrating to remembrance the beauty of Fatima, the misfortunes of the Abencerrages, and inspiring a long series of poets, whose names are transmitted to us in the pages of D'Herbelot, and the collection of the Escurial manuscripts, published by Casiri. The power and the practice of song were not, however, monopolized by men; the damsel also claimed a share in the adjudication of poetical renown: several ladies, Andalusians as well as others, were smiled on by the Muses; and the most celebrated of all, Maria Alfaïsuli, the Sappho of Seville, was compelled to divide her fame with her rivals—Saphia of the same city, and Aischa of Cordoba.

We have seen that up to this period there had been in Spain four distinct people, the Romans and Goths, the Jews and Arabs, whose residence must have necessarily influenced the national genius and manners. The Spanish character and language were derived from the combination of these various elements. A fifth class of strangers, however, early invited into Spain, brought new modes of expression, and wonderfully improved the rising language. These were the Troubadours, who have formed the taste of modern poetry on both sides of the Pyrenees. Amongst these in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were Raymond Vidal and Guillaume de Berguedam, both Catalonians, and Nun de Mataplan. In this class might be also ranked Raymond Lully of Majorca; but not to enter into any detail, we will only mention the fact recorded by Zurita in his Annals, that, towards the end of the fourteenth century, King Don Juan the Second of Arragon, himself a writer of verses, sent a formal deputation into France, to request of the College of Toulouse suitable directions and laws for the introduction of the *Gay Science* into his states. The monarch's wishes were acceded to, and two of the principal minstrels of Toulouse were despatched to Barcelona, and there established a Consistory of Troubadours.

The city of Valencia in the fifteenth century produced Ausias March and Iago Roig. The works of the former have been translated into Castilian verse: the latter, after bitterly satirizing the ladies in his *Espil* or 'the Mirror,' to regain their lost graces, sang the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. A number of other Valencian Troubadours of uncertain date are found in the *Cancionero General*, published at Antwerp in 1573.

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These minstrels belonged, many of them, to the first families of the kingdom. Their manners, however, became so licentious, that the Kings Don Martin and Ferdinand, especially the latter, strenuously commenced the reformation of their courts. The exertions of Don Ferdinand were well seconded by his kinsman Don Henrique of Arragon, Marques de Villena, to whom is ascribed the 'Arte de la Gaya Sciencia.'

The Muses, indeed, seem to have honoured the court of Arragon with their particular affection. At the coronation of Alphonso the Fourth in 1328, the Infante, Don Pedro, the king's brother, assisted by several other grandees, managed a series of dances and pastoral scenes composed for the occasion. The *Joglar* Remuset sang an Idyll of the Count's, and Novelet, another minstrel, recited six hundred of his stanzas. The marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, however, an event so fortunate for the political tranquillity and settlement of Spain, was fatal to the minstrelsy of the Troubadours. The dialect of Castile became universal, and as it formed an easy passport to employments and court-honours, it was gradually adopted by the Catalans and Arragonese. The idiom of the *Trobadores* became thus entrenched within the limits of Valencia, where Miguel Perez and Juan de Verdancha retarded for a while, and but for a while, the progress of its absolute decay.

The degree of influence which has been exercised by these various tribes of people upon the character and formation of Spanish poetry and language, would be an interesting subject for investigation. In forming a rude estimate, as regards the language, supposing it to be divided into one hundred parts, sixty have been assigned as derived from the Latin, ten from the Greek, ten from the idiom of the Visigoths, ten from the Arabic and Hebrew, and from the Teutonic, the Italian, French, and words from the two Indies, a like number altogether. After the disuse of Latin verse, the cultivation of the oriental style of poetry flourished for five hundred years, when the Provençal and Valencian dialects prevailed and continued for a century. A concurrence of happy circumstances then paved the way for the Castilian, which was formed insensibly towards the twelfth century. To the commencement of the thirteenth, a time not indeed specifically declared in the work, but internally marked by its character and language, may be ascribed the production of the poem of the 'Cid,' the first rude effort of the Castilian Muse. The period from the construction of this curious old poem, to the more refined productions of Boscan and Garcilaso, constitutes the first marked era of poetical history, and comprises some of those spirited ballads which paint with such simplicity the chivalric middle age of Spain, and in

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in fact form the most popular portion of her poetry. The story of the Cid is familiar to us from the work of Mr. Southey, and the latter from the selected specimens so exquisitely translated by Mr. Lockhart. The injustice of Alphonso the Sixth to the illustrious Rodrigo de Bivar furnished the cause of those exploits which the unknown author of the 'Cid' has taken for his theme. Of those estates, the reunion of which formed his glory, Ferdinand the First devised Castile to Don Sancho, Leon to Alonzo, Galicia to Don Garcia, and the city of Zamora to Donna Urraca. Sancho immediately attacked Alonzo, forced him to fly to the Moorish court at Toledo, despoiled his brother Garcia of Galicia, hastened to seize Zamora from his sister, and fell by an assassin's poniard. Alphonzo returned: in that wild age the crime of fratricide was not uncommon: the barons *(los ricos hombres)* of Castile, thought it necessary for the honour of the throne, that, previous to their oath of allegiance, the king himself should swear upon the altar that he was guiltless of his brother's blood. All but Rodrigo de Bivar shrunk from making the proposal. His bold demand excited the resentment of the monarch, and he was driven into exile. His departure, his expeditions, and his victories have furnished to the writer materials which he has improved by admirable illustrations of manners, by bold and vivid portraitures, and narratives of exploits, in quaint but vigorous language, and a versification singularly wild, but by no means deficient in rude harmony: whilst the writer has the skill to wind up the poem by the satisfactory reconciliation of his hero with the king, and his union with the royal houses of Arragon and Navarre. In departing into banishment, Rodrigo passes through Burgos:

'My Cyd the bolde Ruy Diaz into Burgos enterede strayte,
With syrtie penselles lyktede as hys trayne passyd thorowe the gate.
Forth the Barones and ther ladyes wende to see hym in moche haste,
And the burgesse and hys burgesse wyfe atte the wyndowes al weren placed;
With weeppnde eies outbraketng, theyr anguisse was soe sore,
'O God! what a rygt gode vassale, an he hadde but a gode Senor!'
To grete and entertayne him hadde bene a wyshful thyng,
But no folc durst speke to hym, so preful was the kyng.
And ere dewekal com hys letteres rygt stronglyche seled Ych trowe,
That non to my Cyd Ruy Diaz scholde slepe or foode allowe;
And if ony gebe hym wassaile he scholde lese—not hys londes and fame,
But the barie epen from owte hys hede, and the swete lyfe from hys frame.
Grete greefe hadde then the Chrystians albe thii nogt mote seye,
And in peyne, in fere and pytee tornde theyr weeppnde eies awaye.'

The poem of the Cid was succeeded by the verses of Gonzalo,



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a native of Berceo in Guipuscoa, and brother of the Benedictine convent of San Milan, who, to judge from his more polished language, more deficient in Arabic than in Provençal words, flourished about 1240, in the first years of the reign of San Fernando. The subjects on which he treated correspond with his monastic life; he celebrates, in verses of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen syllables, marked by more devotion than poetic spirit, the Signs of the Day of Judgment, the Tears and Sorrows of our Lady, and the Lives of San Milan and San Domingo de Silos. He has left also a poem on the battle of Simancas, where the Moors were beaten by Ramirez the Second, king of Navarre, which, from the nature of the subject, we regret should remain in manuscript. A yet purer Castillan distinguishes the poem on Alexander the Great, by Juan Lorenzo, a clerk of Astorga, who wrote towards the year 1280. His performance, though deformed by the most grotesque singularities, and the wildest defects of invention, contains some passages of no mean merit, as in the following description of Babylon :—

'It standes in a salubrious spot, wele planted, in a clyme
Nor mistye with the vernal rayne, nor chilled by wynter ryme;
In all riche bounties bountifull beyonde desyre, and Tyme
Has with the gyftes of mony an age still stored it from his pryme.

The folke that in that citye bide wan sickenesse hurteth ne'er;
There the choice gummes and balsames be, and spice beyonde compare;
Of ginger, frankincense and myrrhe the place is nothyng spare,
Nor of the nuttemeg, nor the clove, nor spikenard moche more rare.

The verie treen give odours forth soe swete that they dispell
Or strippe disease of all its force; the people there that dwelle
Are of a ryght gode tynte, and men may soothlie swear that well
The tribes that jorneye farre and neare perceyve the plesaunt smelle.

The three most holie rivers flowe neare, beneath whose stremes
O mony a perle and precious stone of richest vertue gleames!
Some that all nyght illumine earth with their resplendente beames,
And some that to the sycke give strength, when dead the patient seemes.

* * * *

And all throughout the citye daunce fountaynes fresh and gay,
Lukewarme in the colde mornynge and coole at noone of day;
Within them neither newt nor frogge is ever born, for they
Ryghte helthfull are, and verie cleare, and never know decay.

And founded on a spacious plaine, most plesaunt was the site,
Riche in all kyndes of game wherein the hunter takes delyte;
By verdaunt mountaynes compassed round, by nibbling flockes made whyte,
Well tempered passed the vernal daye and eke the wynter nighte.

There

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There fly the brilliaunt loorie and the curious paroqueete
That somtimes even men of brayne with their sage conynge beat;
And when the lesser birdes too sing, the motheres, wele I weet,
Forget their own dere babies in lystening soundes soe swete.

The men are men of substaunce, and generous in their pryde;
They all goe robed in garments with goodlie colours dyed;
Caparisoned sleeke palfries and ambling mules they ryde,
And the poore in satyn and in silke goe marchyng at their side.

Built by a rare gode master were the palaces soe vaste,
Wele mesured by the quadrante and the tymbers morticed fast;
With mervellous care and labour were the deep foundacyons caste,
Stronge to withstande the fyre and floode, the erthquake and the blaste.

The gates were all of marble, natyve marble pure and whyte,
All shyning like fyne cristal, and brave as they were brighte
With sculptured werke; the quarter that soared to greatest height
Was the Kynge's own home, and kyngly it might be termed of ryghte.

Four hundred columns had they, those mansions every one,
With base and capital of goolde, reflecting backe the sunne;
Had they been polished brasiers they colde not more have shone,
Their partes so welle the chizel and burnisher had done.

There too was musicke chanted to the harp and pastoral quille,
The quavers soothing sorrowe and the trebles rising shrill;
The milde flute's grieving pathos and the lute's ecstaticke thrille
Of all excepte the verie deaf entranced the captive wille.

There is not in the worlde a man that fytlie can declare
The perfect sweetnesse and delight that filled all places there;
For whilst in that faire Eden a mortal lived, he ne'er
Felt hunger or the parchinge thirst, or paine, or vexing care.

* * * *

The verses written by King Alphonso the Wise, the son of San Fernando, in the thirteenth century, are interesting, as well from the rank of the writer, as from their strong harmonious tone. His *Querellas* celebrate his misfortunes; the *Tesoro*, a kind of treatise on the philosopher's stone, his love of science; and the *Cantigos*, in praise of our Lady, his devotion. The last are curious, from being written in the Valencian dialect, but they want the elucidations of a commentator to render them perfectly intelligible. His entire works exist only in a manuscript folio volume, in the library at Toledo; but the fame and merits of Alphonso by no means rest exclusively upon his verses. If he trifled away the powers of his mind upon the dark pursuit of alchemy, he enlarged its limits by the study of astronomy, the less illusive sister-science of the age. The celebrated calculations which he caused to be made, and which are named after him the Alphonsine Tables, are still, we believe, preserved as precious monuments



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of his glory, in the cathedral of Seville; and these, no less than the perfection which he gave to the Spanish code, (called *las siete Partidas*, as being divided into seven sections, correspondent with the number of letters in his name,) attest his right to the surname of the Wise. A great number of works were also, by his order, translated into Castilian, and he has the praise of introducing the vulgar tongue in all judicial acts and instruments, which were before engrossed in Latin, an example shortly imitated in England by Edward the Third. His political career was less happy: a competitor with Richard Duke of Cornwall, for the imperial crown, he had the mortification to see his rival's claims preferred; his fancied discovery of the philosopher's stone could not fill his coffers, and he was compelled to impose yet heavier taxes on his people. They testified their impatience of the burden by a revolt, in which they were commanded by his second son, Don Sancho, who usurped his father's crown, a crime which not even the honour he obtained by that victory over the Moors, which has given him in history the surname of the Brave, can teach us to forget. The horrors associated with the tempestuous reign of Pedro the Cruel, are softened by the writings of Don Juan Manuel, a cousin of the unfortunate Alphonso, and by those of Juan Ruiz, archpriest of Hita, who lived in 1330. The work of the former, entitled *El Conde Lucanor*, is composed of forty-nine novels, each of which enforces some slight moral; that of Ruiz is one long history of his gallantries, and satire on the manners of the times, which, in its extreme license and keen irony, not unfrequently reminds us of Rabelais and Petronius. The versatility of the ecclesiastic is full as striking as his wit: he passes recklessly in his descriptions from the grave moral to the broad free jest, and again from laughing satire to absolutely beautiful hymns of devotion, with the most curious unconcern; and in the rambling incidents which he narrates, leaves the reader in doubt whether to be most amused with his vivacity, or scandalized by his licentious gaiety. He is 'a fellow,' however, 'of infinite wit,' and we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of presenting what he says upon the advantages of Money, that 'unspiritual,' but all-worshipped god, which is fraught with much satire and amusing humour.

'Monies do much in this vile world; they're good in love—they make
A man of consequence, and clear transforme the wildest rake;
They make the cripple run, the dumbe to speke, the blinde to wake,—
Yea, he who has noe hands to use, desires goode coine to take.

Or be a man an ignorant clowne, a real countreye elf,
He soone becomes a lorde and sage when graced by princely pelfe;
A man is prized the more, the more there's money on his shelfe,
He who no money has is not the master of his owne selfe. If

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If you sholde have moche money, you will have moche consolation;
Pleasure; and of the Pope milde terms; in Lente a goodlie ration;
You soone will purchase Paradise, you soon will get salvation;
Where moche coine chinks moche blessinge flowes and kind congratulation.

I in the court of Rome have seene, where lives moche sanctitié,
That all to money paye their courte, and bowe the reverente knee;
Grete honour do they yielde to it, with greetings grave to see,—
All falle downe to it as to one in Power's most highe degree.

Money has manie an Abbote made, Archebisschopes, Bischopes, Priors,
Doctors and Patriarchs, Mayors and Monkes; to thousande brainlesse friers
Money has given acquirements soche as genius' selfe inspires;
Lies it has made of truth, and truth of lies,—as right requires!

Money has laid down muche good law, given muche bad condemnation;
Money with manie an Advocate has bene the sole foundation
Of covenants and support of pleas where wrong outlaughs vexation;
With money, in fine, you may have law-grief and excellent reparation.

I have known it compasse marvels, where muche has beene employde,
Many have death deserved who still thereby have life enjoyed;
Others have strait bene slaine whose life noe crime hath e'er alloyde;
Its pleadings manie a soule have saved, and manie a soul destroyde.

It has made the poor their vineyardes lose and homes, without a hinte,
Bed, boarde and furniture—all, all has melted in its minte;
Through all the worlde the scurvie goes,—hands itch to take its printe;
Where money rings, as a man may saye, the eye is sure to squinte.

I have seene coine holde the best estates and palaces of price,
Tall, costlie, and with paintings filled, arranged with taste moste nice;
Villas, and lawnes, and castled towers of admirable device,—
All things serve money, all fulfil its wishes in a trice.

I have heard a number of preachinge monkes, with wondrous elocution,
Denounce on money and all its snares I ken not what confusion;
But though they in the streetes and squares cry up its persecution,
They hoarde it in convent cuppes and bagges with the fondest resolution.

Every householde Joane in her village cot and ladie of condition
Has her toile and dowrie paide in coine, for comforte or nutrition;
I never kenned a beauty yet that did not as an apparition
Hate poverty; where there is money, there is state to her full ambition.

Money's a subtle Advocate, a silver-slippered thinge
Money's the worlde's revolver, for it makes a clowne a kinge;
For money and love and soche like giftes a woman will take winge,
Albeit the latch sholde be shut within, and mamma shulde holde the stringe.

It beates downe walls, it beates downe towers inviolate as a nunne;
And ye may take my worde for troth, there's not beneath the sunne
A slave

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A slave whose freedome may not bee by monies lightlie wonne;
But he who has noe golde to give, his palfreye will not runne.
Money makes grave thinges light, but let him who lays siege to my purse-strings know,
I am not to be by his witte beguiled, however brave a beau;
Or little or moche it is not lente without usurie—No, no!
I am not to be paide in pleasaunt wordes where money does not goe.
In soche a case, if you would not lende, joke too with a like franke browe,
Heare him not oute, to his well-urged suite nor ear nor time allow;
He who has not honey in his panne should have it in his vowe;
The merchaunt who does soe in sooth will trockle welle I trowe!'

Of the two, however, Don Juan Manuel, uniting to a clear judgment considerable learning, and a generous disposition to the advantages of birth and fortune, and free from many of the defects in taste and style which deform the writings of the ecclesiastic, must have given the more sensible impulse to Spanish poetry. To his influence and example, in fact, may be ascribed much of the dignity and grace which distinguish the writers of the age of D. Juan the Second. Besides the 'Conde Lucanor,' there are several ballads or romances which bear his name, and which, though probably retouched in some of their expressions by a later hand, shew the sensibility and refinement of the author. The encouragement extended to men of genius by that monarch himself, who ascended the throne of Leon in 1407, still further quickened its improvement: and neither at the courts of Charles the Seventh and Louis the Eleventh of France, nor in the English annals from Henry the Fifth to Henry the Seventh, are so many poets to be found as the 'Cancionero' of Hernando de Castile discloses to us in Spain, enjoying the favour and emulating the example of their prince. To Don Henrique, Marques de Villena, has been attributed the introduction into Castile of the Floral Games of Toulouse, and a translation of the 'Divina Commedia' of Dante. His learning was so superior to that of his contemporaries, that he died with the character of a necromancer. Neither his quality as uncle to the king, nor the monarch's own efforts, sufficed to dissipate the popular delusion, and the prince found himself obliged to place his kinsman's library at the disposal of the bishop of Avila and Cuença, who caused more than one hundred volumes to be burnt, which he no more understood than so many hieroglyphic characters; or, as Gomez de Cuidad Real more politely says, in a letter to Juan de Mena, 'than the Dean of the Cid Rodrigo!' Though but four songs only exist of Macias the Enamorado, his fame has been as widely extended as Don Enrique's, by his romantic and melancholy fate. Macias was a Galician, and a squire

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squire of the marquess's; he became enamoured of one of the ladies in his household. During the absence of Macias, Don Enrique married her to a hidalgo of Porcuna, but this event quenched not the poet's passion. After many fruitless remonstrances, the marquess had him confined in a tower at Arjonilla, near Jaen, whence the poet despatched to his lady several mournful songs; whereupon the irritated husband concerted with the alcade of the tower, and assassinated him, by casting his lance through the bars of his cell, whilst he was singing one of his most touching compositions. In his devotion to the madrigal and love-song, Macias was followed by the Marques de Santillana, who introduced into Spanish verse somewhat of the Italian harmony. Don Jorge Manrique, in the verses on his father's death, though tedious from its length, has left us the most spirited, regular, and purely written poem of the age *. But of all the poets who flourished before the time of Charles the Fifth, it is to Juan de Mena that we must ascribe the most important place. He was born at Cordoba, in 1411, and died in 1456. Juan the Second entertained so strong a partiality for him, that he constantly retained him at his court, and often corrected with his own hand the verses of his favourite. His talents were great, and his learning not restricted to the writings of his countrymen. It is not surprising that the version by Don Enrique de Villena should have awakened in his contemporaries the highest admiration of a poem so regular, so finished, and profound beyond what had yet appeared in modern times, as the 'Divina Commedia.' It was studied by them with the greatest care, and by Santillana amongst the rest; but its kindling spark of inspiration seems to have fallen with most effect upon the mind of Juan de Mena. He undertook a voyage to Italy for the express purpose of making himself familiar with its language and its commentators; and the plan of his great poem, the 'Laberinto,' is clearly modelled after that of the melancholy Florentine. It is written in three hundred octavo stanzas, divided into seven parts, after the names of the then known planets. The author imagines himself transported to a plain, whereon the palace of Fortune stands, through which he is guided by a beautiful virgin, the representative of divine Providence. Under these auspices, all the regions of the earth present themselves successively to his view, as three wheels are exhibited, representing, one which is in constant motion, the time present; the two others that are at rest, the past and future. The poet sees in the circles of the past and present a multitude of personages, whose names are written on their foreheads. In the circle

* It is well translated by Mr. Bowring, in his volume of Romances.

of

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of the future, nothing is perceived but vague figures and veiled phantoms, which vanish rapidly from sight. All the characters introduced are ranged under the influence of one or other of the seven planets, a system which, at that period, was much in vogue. This plan naturally opens a wide field for the history of his own and former ages, and he accordingly paints, with no small force and truth, the persons that, like the ghosts of Dante, pass him in review, draws a genealogy of the kings of Spain down to Juan the Second, to whom he dedicates his work; and whilst expressing a wish to illustrate the happy events that were to adorn his reign, dexterously shuts up his phantasmagoria, and escapes from so delicate a task, by causing the whole vision to vanish. Unequal as Juan de Mena is, weak sometimes in his versification, and trivial in his style, he is that one of the old masters in Spanish song whose verse most uniformly pleases. Many of his descriptions are full of animation, and much of his language is resonant and glowing. The following extract, on the death of Lorenzo Davalos, son of the Constable, will shew the tenderness of his fancy, and the measure which he uses in his 'Laberinto.'

'He whom thou view'st there in the round of Mars,
Who toils to mount, yet treads on empty air,
Whose face of manly beauty's seen to bear
The gashing print of two deforming scars,
Virtuous, but smiled on by no partial stars,
Is young Lorenzo, loved by all! a chief,
Who waged and finished, in a day too brief,
The first and last of his adventured wars;—
He, whom his sire's renown had ever spurred
To worth, the Infante's cherished friend, and pride
Of the most mournful mother that e'er sighed
To see her pleasant offspring first interred!
O sharp, remorseless Fortune! at thy word
Two precious things were thrown away in vain,
His brave existence, and her tears of pain,
By the keen torment of the sword incurred.
Well spoke the mother in the piteous cries
She raised, soon as she saw, with many a tear,
That body stretched upon the gory bier,
Which she had nursed with such unsleeping eyes!—
With cruel clamours she upbraids the skies,
Wounds with new sorrows her weak frame, and so
Droops, weary soul! that, with the mighty woe,
She faints and falls in Death's serene disguise.
Then her fair breast with little ruth or dread
To beat, her flesh with cruel nails to tear,
Kiss his cold lips, and in her mad despair
Curse the fierce hand that smote his helmed head,

And

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And the wild battle where her darling bled,
Is all she does,—whilst, quarrelsome from grief
And busy wrath, she wars with all relief,
Till scarce the living differs from the dead.

Weeping, she murmurs, 'It had been more kind,
O cruel murderer of my son! to kill
Me, and leave him, who was not in his will
So fierce a foe; he to a mother's mind
Was much more precious,—and who slays, to bind
The lesser prey? thou never shouldst have bared
Thy blade on him, unless thou wert prepared
To leave me sad and moaning to the wind.

Had death but struck me first, my darling boy
With these his pious hands mine eyes had closed,
Ere his were sealed, and I had well reposed,
Dying but once, whilst now—alas the annoy!
I shall die often; I, whose sole employ
Is thus to bathe his wounds with tears of blood
Unrecognised, though lavished in a flood
Of fondness, dead to every future joy!'

'Twas thus the inconsolable matron mourned,' &c.
*Orden de Marte.* Stan. cci. 6.

We know not that Spanish poetry up to this period, if placed by the side of what had been accomplished by the art in England, would suffer much by the comparison. Neither Lydgate nor Gower can be thought to excel the author of the 'Cid' and Juan Lorenzo; and although what we most admire in the satire of the Archpriest of Hita, and the tales in the 'Conde Lucanor,' are combined in Chaucer, and surpassed by his pungent wit and picturesque narratives, we must not forget, in adjusting the balance of originality and merit, that Chaucer was as much indebted to Boccaccio, as Juan de Mena was to Dante; that the language and versification of the latter are much more refined and harmonious than the writings of his contemporaries in England; and that the love-lays of Juan Manuel or Santillana, and Manrique's elegy, may claim a perfect equality with, or rather an absolute superiority, over the amatory effusions of Lord Surrey and the touching 'Adieu' of the younger Wyatt to his Lute. With these impressions on his mind, an indulgent critic, who looks back upon the imperfect productions of this first period of the art in Spain, will ascribe much in them of what is tiresome in narrative and dull in subject, to the legendary and monastic spirit of the age; much of what is inanimate and rude in style, to the wildness of an unfixed language, which takes, notwithstanding, as it advances, a tone of greater pomp and compass; and finally, he will overlook the constant

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stant want of unity of the longer poems, in the beautiful simplicity, originality, and effect so remarkable in the older ballads, which often carry with them more real pathos and enchantment, than are to be met with in the imitative grace and studied ornament of a later and correcter age.

The second era of poetry in Spain, which presents the Castilian Muse to our notice with an aspect altogether new, began with the accession of Charles the Fifth, and it is here that Don Juan Maury commences his selected specimens. Himself a native of the Peninsula, the friend of Quintana and Arriaza, to whom he dedicates his work, he has done good service to its literature, by translating the choicest of those poems, whose force and beauty he must estimate so well, into a language so widely diffused, and over which he seems to have nearly as much command as though it were his own. The skill and felicity with which he has transfused into his verses much of the spirit of the originals, which acccompany the translations, may have the effect of extending in France the study of the language and of those lettered stores upon which Corneille did not disdain to draw; whilst the brief, yet comprehensive selections he has made, and the memoirs and historical notes which he has affixed, tend to give a more popular interest to the work than if he had gone more deeply into his subject. Dividing his specimens into a number of epochs, he draws a rapid sketch of the writers that distinguish each, in poetical introductions which enable him, whilst avoiding the appearance of neglect, to pass over such as are either uncongenial to his own taste, or whose productions he may imagine would not please the general reader. In a very few pages, therefore, he despatches his notice of the poets previous to Garcilaso upon whose merits we have commented, omitting even a much more extended recognition of Mendoza and Boscán, although they were his contemporaries, and form the connecting link between the ancient and the modern school of Spanish poetry, the *Dantistas* and *Petrarquistas* of her 'debateable land.' We know not that the omission is much to be regretted, as Mendoza is better known as a general and a diplomatist than a poet, and Boscán, apart from the revolution which he originated in the taste of his countrymen, is little more than an ingenious versifier. Yet there are many readers who would be curious to see how the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes* and the historian of the Moorish revolt in the Alpuxarras, would shine in poetry, and there are some pleasing passages in his epistles, wherein, fierce and ambitious and restless as he was, he dwells with delight upon domestic pleasures, the bliss of solitude, and the simple enjoyments of a country life. Boscán too has left in *ottava rima* a description of the kingdom of

Love,

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Love, possessing both harmony and elegance. Hitherto the hymns of Juan Ruiz, and the lyrical or ballad measures which Villena, Santillana, and Manrique had adopted from the Troubadours, formed the sole variety to the heavy quadruplicate rhymes, octaves, and Alexandrines that pervade the art from Berceo to Juan de Mena. Boscán, upon the recommendation of Navagero, their Venetian ambassador, himself an elegant Latin versifier, introduced from Italy the endecasyllabic measure, the stanza of Ariosto, and the complicated structure of the ode and sonnet. Garcilaso de la Vega, his most intimate friend, fortified him in his undertaking by his encouragement and example; and under their culture, and the new laws of composition imposed by their influence, Spanish versification acquired a flexibility and compass that fitted it for every requisition of the Muse.

Garcilaso may be regarded as the first Spanish poet who combined, in a very great degree, the two essential qualities of excellence, genius and good taste. It is true that his disposition, different from Juan de Mena's, inclined him rather to Virgil and Petrarch, than to Dante, and his admiration and study of their writings, whilst it led to exquisite imitations of their imagery and harmony, induced him to rely less than he needed on his own resources. But considering him not only as the principal agent by whom the new system of versification, commenced by Boscán, became established, but as the founder of a new school of poetry, it is impossible not to ascribe to him much real genius. His talents excite a yet higher estimation, when we reflect that he died at the age of thirty-three, and that, far from enjoying the quiet leisure of his friend Boscán, he accompanied Charles the Fifth both to Pavia and Tunis, fighting in the field, and during the intervals of battle, writing his verses in the tent. His taste was, notwithstanding, superior to his genius; and as he took the Mantuan for his model, his writings have a classical elegance, purity, and charm, unsurpassed by any succeeding poet. His first eclogue, and his beautiful Ode on the Flower of Gnido, are the two most celebrated of his compositions; the latter is full of grace and lyrical effect; and the ivies, trees, and waters sung of in the former, convey a freshness equal to that of the woods and pastures in 'Lycidas;' whilst the grief of his shepherds exceeds even in pathos that which is painted in the pastoral of Milton. But the critics who have written on the subject appear to have praised them a little too much at the expense of the third eclogue, which possesses, in our opinion, a very perfect beauty. It is written in the *ottava rima*, and we are tempted to present a specimen of its harmony and poetic picture, from the version of Mr. Wiffen, whohas given us a translation of his entire works. The extract will exhibit some of

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of those merits which have obtained for Garcilaso the high title of prince amongst the Spanish poets.

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'In a sweet solitude by Tajo's flood
Is a green grove of willows, trunk-entwined
With ivies climbing to the top, whose hood
Of glossy leaves, with all its boughs combined,
So interchains and canopies the wood,
That the hot sunbeams can no access find;
The water bathes the mead; the flowers around
It glads, and charms the ear with its sweet sound.

The glassy river here so smoothly slid
With pace so gentle on its winding road,
The eye, in sweet perplexity misled,
Could scarcely tell which way the current flowed:
Combing her locks of gold, a nymph her head
Raised from the water where she made abode;
And as the various landscape she surveyed,
Saw this green meadow full of flowers and shade.

That wood, the flowery turf, the winds that wide
Diffused its fragrance, filled her with delight;
Birds of all hues in the fresh bowers she spied,
Retired, and resting from their weary flight.
It was the hour when hot the sunbeams dried
Earth's spirit up—'twas noontide still as night;
Alone, at times, as of o'erbrooding bees,
Mellifluous murmurs sounded from the trees.

Having a long time lingered to behold
The shady place in meditative mood,
She waved aside her flowing locks of gold,
Dived to the bottom of the crystal flood,
And when to her sweet sisters she had told
The charming coolness of this vernal wood,
Prayed and advised them to its green retreat
To take their tasks, and pass the hours of heat.

She had not long to sue,—the lovely three
Took up their work, and looking forth descried,
Peopled with violets, the sequestered lea,
And toward it hastened: swimming, they divide
The clear glass, wantoning in sportful glee
Through the smooth wave; till issuing from the tide,
Their white feet dripping to the sands they yield,
And touch the border of the verdant field.

Pressing the elastic moss with graceful tread,
They wrung the moisture from their shining hair,
Which shaken loose, entirely overspread
Their beauteous shoulders and white bosoms bare;
Then, drawing forth rich webs whose spangled thread
Might in fine beauty with themselves compare, They

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They sought the shadiest covert of the grove,
And sat them down, conversing as they wove.
* * * *
White-bosomed Nyse took not for her theme
Memory of past catastrophes, nor twined
In her fine tissue aught that poets dream
In antique fable, for her heart inclined
To the renown of her dear native stream;
The glorious Tagus therefore she designed,
There where he blesses with his sinuous train
The happiest of all lands, delightful Spain!

Deep in a rocky valley was compressed
The wealthy river, winding almost round
A mountain, rushing with impetuous haste,
And roaring like a lion as it wound:
Mad for its prey, high flew its foaming crest,
But it was labour lost, and this it found;
For soon, contented with its wrack, the wave
Lost its resentment, and forgot to rave.

On the high mountain's airy head was placed
Of ancient towers a grand and glorious weight;
Here its bare bosom white-walled convents graced,
There castles frowned in old Arabian state;
In windings grateful to the eye of taste,
Thence the smooth river, smilingly sedate,
Slid, comforting the gardens, woods, and flowers,
With the cool spray of artificial showers.

Elsewhere the web, so richly figured o'er,
Shewed the fair Dryads issuing from a wood,
With anxious haste all tending to the shore,
The grassy margin of the shaded flood;
In sable stoles, with aspect sad, they bore
Baskets of purple roses in the bud,
Lilies and violets, which they scattering poured
On a dead nymph whom deeply they deplored.

All with dishevelled hair were seen to shower
Tears o'er the nymph, whose beauty did bespeak,
That death had cropt her in her sweetest flower,
Whilst youth bloomed rosiest in her charming cheek;
Near the still water, in a myrtle bower,
She lay amongst the green herbs, pale and meek;
Like a white swan, that sickening where it feeds,
Sighs its sweet life away amidst the reeds.'

It seems impossible that the writer should have been inspired with such exquisite imagery amidst the turmoil of a camp; but such he informs the Countess of Uraña was the case:

'Midst arms—with scarce one pause from bloody toil,
Where war's hoarse trumpet breaks the poet's dream,
Have

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Have I these moments stolen, oft claimed again,
Now taking up the sword, and now the pen.'

The courage, in fact, which he displayed in battle, exposed him to perpetual danger. At Pavia it gained him the particular notice of Charles; in Africa he was sorely wounded, and rescued from the Moors only by the intrepidity of Federico Carrafa, a noble Neapolitan, who, at the risk of his own life, attacked the crowd that surrounded him, and bore him off half fainting in his arms. In his 'Epistle to Boscán,' he expresses a presentiment that he should fall in battle, and the omen was too fatally fulfilled. Scaling too rashly a tower at Frejus, he was killed in 1533 by a mass of stone hurled down by the besiegers, and the emperor gave a striking but cruel proof of his grief at the event, by putting to the sword the garrison that had deprived his court of so great an ornament. The impulse given by Garcilaso to the other poets of his time, is to be seen not only in the numbers that followed his steps in abandoning the school of the *Dantistas*, whereof Castillejo was the bitter advocate, but in their implicit imitation of his class of subjects. As he, delighting in the shades and fountains of an ideal Arcadia, had affected the elegy and eclogue, consulting Virgil and Tibullus, they too must delight in the same pages, and imitate him as he had imitated them. Hence it is no wonder that a reader of the present day should pass carelessly over the pastorals of Cetina, Gil Polo, and others, who, although occasionally very passable in their descriptions, give back merely upon the ear and imagination, mechanic echoes of his flute and syrinx. From this censure must be excepted the tender and pathetic muse of Francisco de la Torre, whose eclogues and canciones are so elegant and charming, that we wonder M. Maury should have omitted all selection from him for such poor substitutes as the sonnets of Santa Teresa and the verses of Cervantes. Quintana justly observes, that no Castilian poet has known how to draw, from the simplest rural objects, sentiments at once so tender and so full of melancholy. His 'Ode to the Turtle,' for example, is one of the very sweetest colloquies with inarticulate Nature which, without excepting the 'Dying Fawn' of Marvell, the compass of poetry presents.

It is very unfortunate, however, that the successors of Garcilaso should have so servilely followed his steps in their unvaried imitation of the classics. What might be necessary in him as the first great refiner of the poetry and language, was superfluous, or worse than superfluous, in them. His example should have engaged them to give deep attention to their principles of taste and composition, but not so utterly to renounce their self-dependence and innate resources. But the spring-tide of admiration for this class of

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of subjects had set in, and every consideration of what was national in the writings of their earlier predecessors was overborne. Hence, properly speaking, they ceased to be original, and were content to occupy but a secondary place in merit and reputation. The bondage in which they were held by Aristotle, whose philosophy long continued to be taught in their universities, rivetted their chains more closely. It would have been thought a species of literary heresy if they had dared to introduce anything but what was absolutely accordant with his rescripts and with the practice of Virgil and their Garcilaso. We meet accordingly, in the poets of the time of Charles the Fifth, with little that is purely Spanish, either in subject or in imagery. Copious and admirable as were the materials which their native scenery, their customs and amusements offered to a poet's eye;—the dance with castanets in the chestnut shade to the rebeck and guitar; the courage of the sworded matador; the coquetry of the lady with her fan and her mantilla; the careless song of the muleteer as he loads his panniers with grapes; the sound of the evening bell that calls to vespers, and a thousand other images which might have furnished subjects at once poetical and characteristic, were all religiously proscribed, and made to vanish in the insipid contests and complaints of shepherds, in imitation of Theocritus or Virgil, or in sonnets more refined and more affected than those of Petrarch. The new world discovered; Mexico and Peru pouring treasures at their feet; voyagers returning with the marvels of other lands upon their lips; and, looking nearer home, the corsairs of the sea chastised upon a soil made holy in their eyes by the crusades of St. Louis; the chivalry of France abased upon the field of Pavia; and Rome, the eternal city, unbarring its gates before their arms;—all were wooing the echoes of their harps, and yet found not a single poet to adventure a sound in their celebration. Had 'Don Quixote' then existed, to which some have ascribed the extinction in Spain of chivalric inspiration, the singularity might in some degree be accounted for; but as it is, the fact is most remarkable. Not that great and romantic events ever operate so fully, or at least so inspiringly upon the generation which witnesses them, as upon those which succeed, when fancy adds her colouring to truth; but surely some strong impress still is left upon the minds of contemporaries, which their writings may be expected to display. Garcilaso, in his second eclogue, gives some spirited particulars of the retreat of Solyman from Vienna, to which he was an eye-witness; but this passing picture forms a solitary instance, and in no respect invalidates the justice of our complaints.

In the reign of Philip, however, flourished two admirable poets, who

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who, whilst studying the classics with the greatest assiduity, left behind them some fine odes upon subjects purely Spanish,—Herrera and Fray Luis de Leon. In the Ode to Don John of Austria, the Hymn on the Battle of Lepanto, and his Elegiac Ode to King Don Sebastian, animated with the same fire as the hymn, but much more beautiful, we trace the successful study of Pindar and the Hebrew prophets, and recognise the sublime sentiment, the glowing imagery, the bold and ornamented diction, the vivid march and harmony of verse, which obtained for him, among his contemporaries, the surname of the Divine. To us he often appears pompous and inflated where the subject calls solely for simplicity and ease, and we cannot endure the frigid refinement of his love verses: yet we can allow these faults to detract nothing from the merit of his successful adventure into that more original and national path of poetry, in which he was accompanied or followed by his estimable rival. The ode of Luis de Leon, entitled 'La Profecia del Tajo,*' on the fatal love of Don Roderick, and the irruption of the Goths, is a splendid and powerful composition, more perfect, perhaps, than any of Herrera's, and certainly characterized by a nobler simplicity. The odes on the Ascension, and on Night, in their force, their elevation and grave beauty, occupy a rank little less conspicuous. Were it not that he lived in the bigot reign of Philip, it would scarcely be conceived possible that the writer who shows the most genuine enthusiasm for religion, who paints with the devoutest feeling the beneficence and grandeur of the Deity, could have been subjected to a long process and imprisonment for his suspected orthodoxy. The philosophy with which he endured the trial was worthy of a Roman, and proves that he knew what was most dignified in character, as well as what was most sublime in poetry. The name of Gongora, who died in 1627, since the downfal of that corrupt taste which he laboured to establish, is become the synonyme for a bad poet; but however defaced, as even they often are, by vile conceits, his romances and letrillas must ever redeem him from oblivion, and qualify his disgrace. In everything besides—for his *cultura*, that vicious system of writing which consisted in being *impenetrable* by forced transpositions, incoherent figures, extravagant hyperbole, and metaphor piled loftily and ambitiously on metaphor, he must be abandoned to the just and happy designation of M. Maury, who denounces him as the mighty criminal in literature, that, like the rebel angel, rather than be numbered with good spirits, chose to be the Prince of Darkness. To simple thoughts, natural expres-

* A translation of it is to be found at the end of Mr. Wiffen's Garcilaso; Mrs. Hemans, if we remember right, has given us a version of Herrera's celebrated hymn.

sion,

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sion, and true enthusiasm, succeeded the heartless frippery of point, antithesis, flourish, and far-fetched illustration, which being encouraged by the courtiers and popular preachers of the day, mounted to a rage of innovation that was perfectly ridiculous. To express the variety of tones in the nightingale's notes, Gongora says that the bird has in her throat a hundred thousand other nightingales, which sing by turns: elsewhere, he terms the Manzanares the duke of rivulets and viscount of rivers; but these are trifles. One of his followers, speaking of a shepherdess sorrowing by the sea-side, represents the sea as advancing with rapture towards her, receiving her precious tears, and shutting them in shells to convert them into pearls. But this is far surpassed by the madrigal, in which a jealous lover begs his mistress to lend him just for a moment her beautiful eyes, that he may go and slay his rival with them. Every sentiment was tortured, every thought disfigured by these capricious geniuses, and Marino in Italy catching the infection, proceeded to introduce there the same vicious taste. Lope de Vega, the poet who of all others formed in his day the delight of his country, and who reigned like a perfect monarch on the Spanish stage, opposed his talent of ridicule to check the progress of the disorder. We give in a note an extract, wherein he wittily satirizes the prevailing taste*.

On Lope himself we shall not spend much time. Every body knows the extraordinary fertility of his genius—how his printed verses are reckoned by millions, and how his biographer Montalban relates, that to his knowledge eighteen hundred of his comedies were actually represented, besides four hundred sacred dramas, and that of these more than a hundred were written in a day. His imagination was, says one writer, an exhaustless fountain, or rather a Vesuvius in continual eruption. The quality of the verses, so vomited forth, may be judged of by their quantity. Apart from those comedies where the sprightliness of the dialogue, the choice of characters, and the rapid succession and ingenuity of incident sustain the reader's attention, in despite of his utter disregard of the unities, we think no one could submit to the drudgery of reading any of his longer compositions, written as they generally were without plan or preparation. Followed, flattered,

* 'Yielding to my desired discredit, such
A mixture's mine that it defrauds me much;
For even whilst Taste's laconic smiles are mine,
I offer prayers to Favour's heavenly shrine.
An Atlas, faithless to her moving sphere,
Hurled me to Lethe in its swift career,
And, my sun's splendour thus eclipsed, I found
My life in shipwreck, and my fame aground.
Still in my unshorn sufferings I affect
The world's applauses, proof to all neglect;
Tak'st thou, good Fabio, in the wrongs I rue
My meaning clearly?' 'Wherefore, if I do?'
'Only, my friend, that thine's a happy lot;
For I, the sufferer, on my life can not!'



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and caressed as Lope was, from the superfluity of his intellectual wealth, admired by monarchs, adored by the people he amused, and mourned at his death as by a nation that had received a "deep, immedicable wound," his title to a high reputation now may be said to lie interred beneath a mighty mass of writings that serve, indeed, as a monument of his universal genius; but from that monument what mortal hand can disinter it? Who will undertake to collect the spirit of fifty or a hundred volumes into one? What sturdy labourer will winnow off the loads of chaff from the precious grain that lurks amidst them, awaiting such a process to enrich the Spanish garner, if not to recompense the toil? M. Maury, with a pardonable earnestness, defends his author from the complaints urged against his want of unity and his violation of all rule; but in our view he does the poet by far the most essential service in presenting us with a readable specimen of his powers, by skilfully retrenching the tale of Amaryllis into less than half the compass of the diffuse original. Such a process, if extended, might go far to secure him readers and admirers, both beyond the limits of his own nation, in addition to those dramatic adventurers who visit his storehouse to load themselves with treasure—a treasure too great for the mine to be impoverished from use, and too prodigally presented for appropriation to be deemed a theft. If Lope de Vega had never written, says Lord Holland, in language triumphantly appealed to by M. Maury, the masterpieces of Corneille and Moliere might never have been produced; and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe. This is a somewhat equivocal panegyric; but he has unquestionably left behind him a rich legacy to the theatres of all countries, and contrasting what he has achieved with the state of the Spanish drama before his time, we most cordially admit the truth of his lordship's concluding observation, that 'it is but an act of justice to pay honour to the memory of men whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their reputation; and that such was Lope de Vega, once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who in their literary as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered regions and opened mines to benefit their neighbours and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe but their own.' Lope de Vega died in 1635, under Philip the Fourth, and left the stage to Calderon and Moreto. The Duke of Sesa, his testamentary executor, celebrated his obsequies with a magnificence unparalleled in the history of literature. The duke himself, with the grandees and other lords of Spain, marched at the head of the procession. The ceremonies of the interment lasted nine days, and were heightened in their effect by

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by the music of the chapel royal and the pomp of public worship: on each of these days a different bishop officiated in his pontifical robes, and in the funeral orations pronounced over his tomb, exalted no less the holy purity of his life than the surpassing splendour of his talents.

The personal history of Quevedo, better known, however, as a prose writer than a poet, who with great erudition, genius, and wit, after struggling also against the Euphuism of the day, yielded himself a victim to it, and extended its dominion, furnishes a melancholy contrast to the scarcely-varied tide of fortune and favour that flowed in upon Lope de Vega; at the same time that it presents as singular a specimen of justice as, in his love of proscription and tyranny, a Spanish intolerant of the present age might wish to see. Naturally gay of heart as lively in fancy, and equally skilful, like Lope, in the use of the sword as of the pen, Quevedo had to sustain more than one challenge which his repartees provoked. In one of these his adversary fell, and he was obliged to fly from Spain. He recommended himself to the notice of the Duke D'Ossuna, viceroy of Sicily and Naples, and twice revisited his native country in the character of an ambassador on special missions to the court of Philip the Third. He was involved in the disgrace of his protector, and for a long time deprived of his liberty. When he regained it, he returned to court, and received the title of king's secretary; but he had the moderation to refuse the administration of foreign affairs, as well as the office of ambassador to Genoa, which were offered him by Philip the Fifth. Whilst residing on his little seignorial domain, it happened that some satirical writings were in circulation that gave great offence; unfortunately for Quevedo, they were at once ascribed to him, and a much bitterer persecution was commenced against him. Despoiled of his property, and thrown into the humid cell of a prison, beneath which a river flowed, he became the victim of miserable and neglected disease. For fifteen years he endured this cruel incarceration. A touching exposition of his sufferings engaged at length the pity of Olivares; he was treated with more humanity; a discovery of the original libels led to a knowledge of the real author, and Quevedo's perfect innocence being recognised, he was set at liberty. But the blow was struck; and this illustrious victim of suspicion died in 1645 of the infirmities contracted in his hideous dungeon. His sonnet upon ruined Rome proves how ably he could write when disposed to abandon the exaggeration and conceits in which his pen indulged. Burlesque satire was the element in which he most delighted, and in this department he may be pronounced the Swift or Rabelais of Spain. In his style



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of satire he had several imitators: to Guevara we owe the 'Diablo Cojuelo,' and to Mateo Aleman the 'Guzman d'Alfarache,' well known to Europe from the translations of Le Sage.

In the midst of this corruption, there were a few less tinctured with the contagion, or who had the virtue altogether to resist it,—Jauregui, the two Argensolas, Villegas, and Rioja. An Italian may delight in Jauregui's harmonious and faithful version of the Aminta; in his poetical discourse against the Euphuists, he intrepidly satirizes Quevedo and the other corruptionists. The moral satire of Bartolomeo Argensola—his discourse, for instance, against Ambitious Desires, though somewhat too diffuse, together with the philosophy, respires much of the charm of Horace, to whom he was devoted. Villegas is less free from the prevalent affectation, but his Anacreontics, and his exquisite little sapphic 'To the Zephyr,' will never fail to win him warm admirers. The beauty and delicacy of the latter in particular render it a perfect gem in Spanish poetry, and we cannot refuse M. Maury the justice of affixing his translation of it. By its side we place an Italian version of infinite merit, that has hitherto remained in manuscript. It was written a few years since by a young Italian refugee, to whom we had pointed out the grace of the original, but who has proved his kindredship of genius with Villegas less by the truth and spirit of this, than by his translation of Anacreon also, which his modesty has hitherto, however, withheld from the world: we allude to the Sig. Demarchi.

| AU ZÉPHYR. | A ZEFIRO. |
|---|---|
| Doux précurseur du printemps et des ris,<br>Hôte assidu des bosquets refleuris,<br>Chastes amours de Vénus et de Flore,<br>Fils de l'Aurore! | Ospite amato della selva, Zefiro,<br>Compagno eterno del fiorito Aprile,<br>Alito puro della madre Venere,<br>Aura gentile! |
| A ma bergère, O suave Zéphyr,<br>Sur ton duvet nuancé de saphir,<br>Toi, qui pour elle as connu mes alarmes,<br>Porte ces larmes.<br>Nise autrefois écoutait mes douleurs;<br>Nise autrefois a pleuré de mes pleurs;<br>Mais aujourd'hui mon amour, pour salaire,<br>Craint sa colère. | Se già portasti le mie voci querule,<br>Se pietà senti del mio rio martoro,<br>Odimi; vanne, alla mia ninfa narralo,<br>Dille che moro.<br>Fille era un tempo del mio affanno conscia,<br>Fillide pianse sovra il mio tormento:<br>Amómmi un tempo,—or dell' altera Fillide,<br>L'ira pavento. |
| Puissent les Dieux, de ta grâce charmés,<br>Puissent les cieux, par ton souffle embaumés,<br>Calmes, sourire aux terrestres espaces,<br>Lorsque tu passes. | Vanne: a te i Numi, a te sia il ciel propizio,<br>Si che nell' ore che dispieghi il volo,<br>Aquilon taccia, né la neve gelida<br>Ingombri il suolo. |
| Sans que jamais le nuage du soir<br>Sur ton duvet ait le temps de s'asseoir,<br>Sans que jamais le frimas, ni la grêle<br>Touche ton aile! | Così né pondo d' atra nube gravida<br>In sul mattino sovra te discenda,<br>Ne mai percossa di funesta grandine<br>L'ali l'offenda! |

But Francisco de Rioja is without doubt the poet who reflects the most lustre on the reign of Philip the Fourth. It is very singular

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singular that Bouterwek, who is generally so correct, should confound him with Melo, the Count de Villamediana and others, whom he designates as devoid of taste, and servile followers of the times. The river that flows through Lake Leman without mingling with those waters its beautiful blue current, would form on the contrary a fit symbol of his purity in this respect. If the critic had actually consulted his little volume of poems, which seem indeed to have been equally unknown to Don Nicholás Antonio, he must have perceived that, for descriptive talent, sublimity of fancy, and correct taste, he merits a place by the side of Garcilaso, Herrera, and Leon. From internal signs alone it would be thought impossible that the author of the 'Ode to the Ruins of Italica,' and of the 'Silvas to the Flowers,' could have actually lived in the times of Gongora and Quevedo, much less that he could have been the intimate of either: but so it was; the friend of Quevedo, Rioja shared in his persecution. He was born in 1600, was librarian and historiographer to Philip the Fourth, and had enjoyed more than any writer of his age the favour of Olivares, the prime minister. But after his liberation from the state prisons, where, though an inquisitor, he too was confined some years, Fortune was more propitious to him than to Quevedo: he spent some happy years in a delightful retreat near his native Seville, which he quitted with regret when recalled to the capital, where he terminated his days in the year 1659. The simple taste and philosophic temper that charm us in his beautiful moral 'Epistle to Fabio,' induce us to present it in a condensed form*. It seems to have had for its object the disengagement of one of his friends from the troubles and intrigues of court. In some of its best parts it irresistibly reminds us of the classical repose which characterises Mr. Rogers' 'Epistle to a Friend,' which, though not the most popular, is not the least happy production of his muse.

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* Fabio! the courtier's hopes are chains that wind
With fatal strength around the ambitious mind;
And he who breaks or files them not away,
Till life ebbs from him, or his locks turn gray,
Nor feels, methinks, a freeman's generous fires,
Nor wins the honour that his soul desires.
Rather than fall, the timid may remain
In base suspense, and still caress the chain;
But noble hearts their fate will sooner face,
And ere they stoop to bondage, hail disgrace.
Such storms roar round us with the earliest sigh
Heaved from our cradles,—leave them to pass by,
Like the proud Bœtis, whose impetuous wave,
Spread from the mountains, soon forgets to rave.
Not he who gains, but who deserves the prize,
Is classed with heroes by the great and wise;
But there, where state from flattery takes the word,
Or skilful favourites see all place conferred;—
Gold, crime, intrigue, their path obliquely wind
Through the thick crowd, and leave the good behind.
Who trusts for power to virtue? virtue still
Yields to the strong supremacy of ill:
Come then—once more to the maternal seat
Of ancient Seville guide thy weary feet;
This

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The third distinctive era of Spanish poetry commences with the restoration of good taste under Luzan and his followers, towards the year 1730. But M. Maury fills up the dreary interval between this period and the death of Villegas in 1669—which was

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This clime, these skies shall every care serene,
And make thy future what the past has been;—
Here, where at least if dust falls on us, nigh
Kind lips will whisper, 'lightly may it lie!'
Here, where my friend no angry look shall cast,
Nor rise unsated from the noon's repast,
Though no rare peacock on my board be seen,
Nor spicy turtle grace the gold tureen.
Come, seek soft quiet as at dead of night
The Egean pilot hails his watch-tower's light!
Then, if some old court-friend, as wit requires,
Smile at thy modest home and curbed desires,
Thou, smiling too, shalt say, 'I live possess'd
Of all I sought for, and despise the rest!'—
Safe in her simple nest of moss to brood,
And talk to echo in her wildest wood,
More charms the nightingale, than, caged, to cheer
With flattering songs a monarch's curious ear
Trellised in gold; cease then thine anxious care
And thirst for office—shun the insidious snare!
The idol of thy daily sacrifice
Accepts the incense, but the grant denies,
Smiling in secret at thy dreams; but bound
Thy restless hopes to life's restricted round,
And thou shalt pine no more from day to day,
Nor fret thy manhood unimproved away:
For what is life? at best a brief delight,
A sun scarce brightening, ere it sets in night;
A flower—at morning fresh, at noon decayed,
A still swift river, gliding into shade.
Shall it be said that, with true peace at strife,
I ev'n whilst living, lose the zest of life?
Ask of the past its fruits—the past is dumb;
And have I surety for the good to come?
No! seeing then how fast our years consume,
Ere age comes on and tints us for the tomb,
In the calm shade let sober thoughts supply
Their moral charm, and teach us how to die!
Passed is the vernal leaf, the summer rose,
Autumn's sweet grapes, and winter's fleecy snows;
All fades—all fleets—whilst we still live at ease
On idle hopes and airy reveries.
With me 'tis o'er! me Reason calls away,
And warms my bosom with her sacred ray;
I go, my friend—I follow where she calls—
I leave the illusion which thy soul enthralls,
Content to walk with those who nobly claim
To live at ease and die without a name.
The eastern tyrant, who so proudly shines,
And hoards in towers the wealth of various mines,
Has scarce enough for crimes that quickly pall,—
Virtue costs less—within the reach of all.
Poor is the man that roves o'er lands and seas
In chase of treasures that soon cease to please:
Me smaller things suffice—a simple seat
Midst my loved Lares in some green retreat—
A book—a friend—and slumbers that declare
A tranquil bliss and vacancy from care.
In dress the people's choice would I obey,
(In manners only more refined than they,)
Free from the brilliant hues, the glittering lace,
That gives the stage-musician all his grace.
Modest my style of life, nor mean, nor high,
To fix the notice of the passer-by;
And if no myrrhine cup nor porcelain vase
Shine on my board to draw the guests' applause,
The Etruscan jug, or maple bowl at worst,
Can hold the wine that soothes my summer thirst.
Not that in writing thus I would pretend
To practise all the good I recommend;—
This *would* I do, and Heaven its aid supplies
Still to press on, and scorn the shows of vice:
But not at once its fruit the vine receives,
First spring the flowers, the tendrils, and the leaves,
Then the young grape, austere till mellowing noons
To perfect nectar turn the tinged festoons;
As gradual grows each habit that survives
To rule, compose, and charm our little lives.
But heaven forbid I e'er should ape the airs
Of the grim stoics that disturb our squares,
Truth's tragic mountebanks, content to live
On the poor praise a mob consents to give.
No! as through canes and reeds the breezes roar,
But mildly whisper on the thymy more,
Sweet breathing as they pass,—pride's vacant throng
Bluster where Virtue meekly steals along.
Thus

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occupied by Gracian and other miserable *concettesti*—with a selection of the national romances, ancient as well as modern, which impart to the reader a very delightful relief. Of them, and of the writers subsequent to Luzan, his second volume is composed, and it forms the most original, interesting, and most valuable portion of his work. After the elucidation which Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Bowring have given to this most popular class of Spanish poems, the former to the heroic, the latter to the domestic ballads, it might be superfluous in the narrow limits to which we are restricted to do more than allude to the satisfactory collection of M. Maury. But as the treasures of Ramon Fernandez and Juan de la Cuesta are far from being exhausted by the checks which our countrymen have drawn upon them, and as we cannot altogether resist the seduction of the subject, we shall just indicate the various kinds of which they consist, and affix a specimen of each. Properly speaking, says Quintana, these ballads, although produced without effort, and devoid of art, form truly the lyric poetry of his country, being sung to the guitar or harp in the saloons of the noble, at the windows of beauty, in the public streets. The use of the *asonante* or imperfect rhyme, in their composition, increased the ease with which they were multiplied, and what they want in correctness from this cause, is made up in freshness of colouring, a more uniform animation, and a more rapid and effective developement of emotion.

The Ballads or Romances commence, as in other countries, by celebrating the gestes of ancient warriors, the prowess of the Trojan Hector, whom it always represents as a gallant chevalier, disloyally slaughtered by the recreant Achilles; the exploits of knights-errant, of the Paladins of France; the loves of King Rodrigo, or of the Infanta, sister to Alphonso the Chaste; the triumphs of Bernardo del Carpio, who, like a new Hercules, stifles Roland in the pass of Roncesvalles; and above all, the courtship, the misfortunes, and heroic actions of the Cid. The

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Thus would I live, and silent thus may death
Sound the mild call that steals away my breath,
Not with the thunder that salutes the Great—
No burnished metals grace my lowly gate!

'Tis thus I seem to have obtained in sooth
The very essence and the zest of Truth.
Smile not, my friend, nor think that I confide
In painted words, the eloquence of pride,
That brooding study the grave strain inspires,
That fancy only fills me with her fires.
Is virtue's less than error's force? declare;
Her smile less winning, and her face less fair?
And I, whilst Anger on the tented plain,
Pride in the court, and Avarice on the main,
Each hour face death, shall I not tempt the wings
Of nobler motives fraught with brighter tnings?

Yes; surely yes! Thou too escape, and join
Thy thoughts, thy manners, and thy life with mine:
Freed from thy chains, come follow, and acquire
That perfect good to which our souls aspire;
Ere with us Wisdom lose her tranquil charms,
And Time, late cherished, die within our arms.

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following is of this heroic kind. It was the general belief of his subjects that Don Roderick, after his fatal battle with the Arabs, had perished in the Guadelete, on the banks of which were found his silken mantle, his crown, and baldric set with gems; and the ballad celebrates the catastrophe.

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*The Death of Don Rodrigo.*

'Twas when the painted birds were mute, and the river's far-off sweep
Might be faintly heard by a listening ear, as it rolled to join the deep;
By the trembling light of a straggling star, that in silence sadly shone,
And in weeds more safe than a dazzling crown had proved, or a ruby zone,—
Of the royal ensigns stript, that make a monarch look so trim,
Left in his haunting dread of death by the Guadalete's brim,—
Far, different far from the king who late had entered into fight
Rich with the gems which his arm had won, his own right arm of might,—
All black with blood those arms, some his, some borrowed from his squire,
Marked with a thousand dints, in part cleft through, and none entire,—
His head without a helmet, and the dry dust on his brow,
Sad image of his princely pomp that in dust lies trampled now,—
On lorn Orelia's back, his steed, so faint and weary grown
As scarce to breathe and oft to trip o'er rising stock and stone,—
From Xeres' field, that Gilboa new, a field of many woes,
In flight by mountain, wold and wood, Rodrigo grieving goes.

Sad visions swim before his eyes—still the battle-trumpet brays
In his dreaming ear, and he knows not where to look in his wild amaze;
To Heaven? he dreads its wrath—high Heaven is troubled at his sin;
To earth? 'tis the Moor's, not his; to his breast? shall he turn his thoughts within?
Midst wandering memories, griefs and wounds, a fiercer strife is there,
And thus, 'twixt sighs and groans the Goth laments in his despair.
" O wretch! hadst thou fled fast as this from thy desires, or fought
In other time against thy flame as a man and monarch ought,
Spain yet her glory had enjoyed, and her knights now palely spread
On the soil disguised with their gallant blood that dies the herbage red!
And thou, the Helen of the land, mine own immortal harm,
Would I had blind been born, or thou without a single charm!
Curst be the day and curst the hour I issued from the womb;
The pleasant breast that gave me suck, had better proved my tomb:"—
More would the wretched man have said, but grief and pain divide
The half-formed accents of his tongue; his horse takes to the tide;
And sighing forth 'Farewell, sweet Spain, and adieu to thy Moorish skies!'
By his own loved steed, in the weedy waves King Don Rodrigo lies.

When the progress of language and versification had given greater compass and variety to these ballads, the poet found his happiest

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happiest inspiration in Morisco gallantry, and Castilian verse received the modulation of those Arab names, so sweet and so sonorous, interesting itself in those warriors of Granada, so tender and so terrible, and singing those loves and discords of the Zegris and Abencerrages, which hastened the fall of the last Moorish town in Spain. Sometimes, says M. Maury, the Arab costume was only used as a veil, and right good Christians, swearing by Mahomet, sighed in these verses for Spanish Zelimas and Zelidaxas. The deep love, the sorrow, and coquetry which breathe or trifle in some of this class, are admirably pourtrayed. Zaïd the Abencerrage loves the haughty Zaida, one of the Zegris, and at length touches her heart, at the time when Granada is brilliant with fêtes in honour of the king who shortly terminates her dynasty. Abdali-Tarfe, the friend and, as was thought, the secret rival of Zaïd, is entertaining the court in his pleasure-gardens, situated between the Xenil and Darro, of which the one rolls over sable sands, the other over those of the purest gold. It is there that Zaida, who has had but few opportunities of seeing her lover, grants him a favour that fills his heart with joy. She binds, with her own hand, to his turban one of her tresses, far more radiant than the golden sands of the Xenil. Tarfe remarks the joy that sparkles in the lover's eyes, and, eager to know the cause, insinuates himself into his confidence, which he is not slow to abuse. We will hear the minstrel himself upon the consequence.

*The Indiscretion.*

'Mark me, Zaïd, for well I warn thee, pass not near my window more;
Talk not with my Christian captives; lurk not near my garden-door;
No more of my damsels question whom I see, by whom am seen,
Nor what colours in my fancy I make choice of, pink or green;
'Tis enough that through thy folly they are such as stain my face,
To have known a youth so witless, so impatient of disgrace.
True, thou'rt valiant—well, I grant thee, hast thou tinged thy steel in war
Lightly dancest, sweetly singest, ably tun'st the gay guitar;
Polished too, as dame can fancy, of pure lineage well allied,
Graceful, yea, the glass of fashion, of thy friends the charm and pride;
Much, I own, I lose, to lose thee—much should gain to gain thy worth,
And that I had ev'n adored thee, hadst thou but been dumb from birth.
But for this thy fault I leave thee—fare thee well—thou'rt far too free;
Lavish is thy language—bitter its false fruits have proved to me;
Well thou know'st, I'll not disguise it, not indeed to win, but woo,
And with less considerate ladies much thy gifts and parts might do;
But if, bidden to a banquet they should heap thy plate with fruit,
They require thee, let me tell thee, if to taste it, to keep mute.
Hast thou done so? ask thy conscience; thou wert happy hadst thou known
Still to charm as first to please me—now thy bliss lies overthrown.

Scarcely

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Scarcely hadst thou left the arbour, than thy babbling tongue must show
Whose the tress was to thy turban tied, and by what hand of woe.
I nor ask it back, nor bid thee keep the gift thou couldst not claim,
But if kept, at least I warn thee, 'twill but speak thy double shame.
Yes! they tell me of a challenge thou hast sent the traitor youth,
Much the wrath thy worth enhances! 'tis a glorious act in truth!
He must die for having whispered secrets placed within his power,
Which thyself, unjust deceiver, couldst not keep a single hour.
But 'tis fruitless to upbraid thee—this brief sight shall be thy last,
No excuse, again I tell thee, wins my ear—thy doom is cast.
To the Abencerrage fair Zaida thus discoursed, and parting said,
As a gallant deals to others, must a gallant be repaid.'

There is too much regret expressed in this ballad, to lead us to suppose that the resentment of the discreet Zaida was intended to be eternal. The sequel is on record. It was in the palace, and before the court, that Zaïd first met Tarfe after his breach of confidence. He loaded him with reproaches, challenged him to battle, and in his rival's death revenged the wrongs which he had sustained. Stung with resentment upon their part for his death, and wounded by the scandal caused by the adventure, the Zegris sought to punish the conquering Abencerrage; but his relations armed in his defence, ranging on their side the Venegas, Gazuls, and Alabezes, whilst the Gomels and the Mazas took part with the kinsmen of Abdallah. They would have rushed to arms in the Plaza de Vivarramla, and the whole city would have been involved in the discord of the two factions, had not the king, seconded by the nobles of the other principal houses, used his authority to re-establish a better understanding. Zaïd was put under arrest in the Alhamra, till the heat of passion had subsided, and then, at the desire of his sovereign, was united to the lady of his heart.

To the Morisco romances, which celebrate the fiery Mussulman warriors, and proud beauties of Granada, succeeded the pastoral ballad, a class of verses in which, it will be seen, simplicity and refinement are singularly intermingled.

To the song of birds Aurora now dispersed night's mists in air,
When, refreshed by no sweet slumber—who can sleep when pressed by care?
A lorn shepherd rose, and sadly, to keep concert with the birds,
The sore pangs of love lamented in these brief but bitter words:
'Unkind Silvia, stern as lovely, than the forest-glens more wild,
Their fierce wolves are tamed by kindness, but no gifts can make thee mild!
When new fragrant flowers I send thee, them thou fling'st with scorn away,
Haply from the conscious feeling, thine are flowers more fresh than they;
And

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And when I my harvest apples bring thee from the autumn chest,
Them thou scorn'st, perchance as bearing sweeter on thy virgin breast;
If 'tis honeycomb I offer, that in truth is less divine
To the taste than thy fond kisses,—what a weary toil is mine!
But if I no rarer offerings can present to thee, and these,
Of far greater zest and beauty in thyself are found with ease,
There's myself! this have I offered, this gift too must be despised,
Highly in past days regarded, now alas too lightly prized!'
Here the unhappy youth gave over, not that his laments were done,
They shall live while reason guides him, whilst his eyes yet see the sun.

This forced refinement, somewhat softened in the translation, bespeaks the school of Gongora. The sportive muse of Lope de Vega, as a change, perhaps, to the thread-bare pastoral, led him sometimes to indulge in the jocose ballad, of which the following is a specimen.

'Lady! if you've any honour, prove it for my heart's repose,
'Tis quite time your dallying humour and my many wrongs should close.
Put no joke on mine, I pray you—no true lady would;—'tis now
Six round years, you may remember, since you slighted first my vow.
And in all these years no reasons that have reached my ears, can prove
Why this chase I should continue, why you still should mock my love.
The first two you gave for answer, you in wisdom were too young,
Much too little, far too giddy, girl too much in heart and tongue.
And the other four, fair lady, have they recompensed my pains?
Whilst you said, but one more season on my person wait in chains;
Fearing, of a truth, subjection! what subjection have you learned?
Two long months I've been at Cadiz—what's the tale now I'm returned?
You're betrothed! a plague say I, on all that trust a woman's word!
Yet I'm told—(a plague on me too, if I credit what I've heard!)
That your monster of a father, by main fury makes you wed,
And that none but He we worship knows the world of tears you shed,
Being so crossed in your affections; true or false will now be seen—
For with him you cannot trifle—you're now *past* unwise fourteen!
Take my counsel; as you journey to the Magdalen to pray,
For full pardon of your follies with what innocence you may,
Come you to the palace-garden, where we take our siesta, then
We will talk the matter over, unobserved by angry men.
If you thus give satisfaction to my love for your long debt,
I shall *see* that 'tis no fiction, and may praise your sorrow yet.
But, betrothed or broken-hearted, wooed or warred on by your friends,
Let me warn you, for these fancies I shall look for large amends.'
Thus the youth wrote, Gerineldo, Camarero to the Queen,
To the lady Quintañona, lurking in the room unseen.

The quiet wit of this is very amusing, and the mock dignity of the stately names of the parties enhances its pleasantry. But the simplest kind of ballads, and, to our apprehension, if not the most imposing, amongst the most exquisite of all, are the diminutives known under the name of *letrillas*, in which one favourite expression

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expression forms a kind of key-note, which is repeated at the close of each stanza. In them simplicity takes a tone of the greatest *naiveté;* scarcely an accent is employed that does not find its way familiarly to the heart, and the evolution of the sentiments which they confide to our sympathy is accelerated by the shortness of the verse, and the rapid movement of the measure. The letrilla is adapted more than any other species of composition, to express, with the common incidents, the every-day emotions and milder passions of the mind, whether these be the happy dreams of hope, the melancholy of remembrance, or the languor, the endearments, and laments of love. One of the most frequent purposes to which it has been put by the poets, has been to pourtray the birth or power of love, in the ingenuous bosom of young maidens, who disclose to their mothers the subject of their hopes, or fears, or fancies, in the spirit of that sweet little fragment of Sappho, where the girl tells her parent that she cannot proceed with weaving the web on which she is engaged, for thinking of the youth she loved.

Γλυκεῖα μᾶτερ, οὔτε δύναμαι κρέκειν τὸν ἱστὸν,
Πόθῳ δαμεῖσα παιδὸς, βραδινὰν δὲ Ἀφροδίταν.

In these exquisite compositions, it is now the innocent young girl who weeps and refuses to be comforted, lamenting that her betrothed husband should leave her so soon; now one that must acquit herself of the kisses which she promised in her childhood; and now the happy creature who, contented with her own home, implores them not even to whisper of a wedding to her; or, perhaps, the little rebel who absolutely and obstinately refuses the object of her mother's choice. Elsewhere it is the maiden who congratulates herself on having passed the frightful streamlet in safety, wetted only by a single wave; or one that has at length found out the reason why she sighs. Nor does the letrilla fail in tenderness or truth, when it represents a lover invoking a sunny morning for his fair one to gather flowers in, or bidding his mother scare away the thrush that sings too sweetly for his despair. The following is one of considerable beauty :—

*Con el viento murmuran.*

The green leaves all murmur round,
By the wind, dear mother, swayed;
And I slumber to the sound
In their waving shade.

From the west the soothing wind
In my ear so sweetly sings,
That it sets afloat my mind,
Gives my brooding fancy wings;
So contents me, that it seems
Heaven already sends me dreams,
Ere the time—of joys that wound,
So they say, both youth and maid,—
And I slumber to the sound,
In the waving shade.

If perchance I wake, I find
I'm among blue violet-flowers,
And I scarcely call to mind
The dim griefs of vanished hours.
Soon I lose them—the sweet strife
Winds and leaves make, gives me life;
I repose, fresh dreams come round,
Still the self-same murmur's made,
And I slumber to the sound
In the waving shade.

The

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The following, with equal simplicity, is equally beautiful.

*A aquel caballero, madre.*

'To that noble youth, dear mother,
When my sixth birth-day was flown,
I three simple kisses promised,—
I must give them now I'm grown.

'Twas, I mind me, the first promise
Which I made in early youth;
Never shall he say I'm perjured,
Never chide my want of truth.
If that noble youth, dear mother,
Comes across our threshold stone,
I can really do no other,—
Yes! I'll give them now I'm grown.'—

'Nay, child, words so lightly spoken
'Tis no sin to break; I blame
Even the talk of such a token,
Think not of the thing, for shame.
I too vowed you to Saint Cecil,
Now the truth I needs must own,—
You should learn to read your missal.'—
—'Yes! I'll give them now I'm grown!'

But we must take leave, with what ever reluctance, of this fairy land of Spanish poetry, and follow M. Maury through the last period of the art. A rapid but an able sketch of its progress in modern times, introduces his selections from Yriarte, Melendez, Cadalso, Moratin, Quintana and Arriaza, which, as it is naturally interwoven with the political history of the times, cannot fail to be of interest to our readers.

'Under our Austrian princes,' says M. Maury, 'our poetry in the dawn of its bright days was entirely Italian; it then again followed the antique, and its indigenous elements had the prevalence, during the last period of its course. After times calamitous for the state as well as letters, during which we may observe, as it were, a double interregnum, the Bourbon dynasty brought into vogue the French school, which has undergone successively the same modifications as the Italian. The reign of the prince who had so long to struggle for his establishment on the Spanish throne, was slow in conferring the fruits that wait upon stability. We owe to him some excellent institutions, such as the academies of history and language, but the times of Philip V. were invaded by the last worst Vandals of bad taste. The faction of Gongora and Quevedo, who wrote during his reign, spoiled, so to say, even corruption itself, by the very satiety it produced. Under Ferdinand VI., Spain enjoyed, in Luzan and his pupils, writers of correct taste; but the French school was only fully engrafted on the Spanish, under the reign of Charles III., and the genius of Melendez. The portion which Spain aspired to share in the rich heritage of the age of Louis XIV. was not remarkably excellent. There were ministers, however, who sought to render the Muses dear to their sovereigns: Carvajal founded the Academy of Arts, which received the name of San Fernando, and disdained not to take a secondary part in the Society which, under the title of the Academy of Good Taste, was formed by the exertions of Luzan, in the saloons of the Countess de Lemos; and he constantly supported with his credit the efforts of this sensible reformer. But under Charles III., the love of science and the arts amounted to a passion. Scientific institutions, memoirs of literary societies, academic assemblies, and learned dissertations, were multiplied on every hand. The public journals, if not altogether independent, being encouraged to write with freedom, brought information to

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to all classes of society. They spoke to men in power, and these replied by decrees conceived after the best principles of government. Intersected with canals, and adorned with useful edifices, the country changed its face; and the haunts of bandits became thronged with towns travelled to by excellent highways. Florida-Blanca, the prime minister, in generous rivalry of Campomanes, summoned near the throne men valued for their knowledge, Jovellanos and Cabarrus. Sonora, minister of the Indies, made his name revered in our immense colonies, whither elements of amelioration and improvement were sent, which were scarcely enjoyed by the metropolis: and on the other hand, historic illustration received new lustre in the person of the Count d'Aranda, by his eminent talents and his elevation to the Presidency of the Council. We may regard this latter period of our political career as that in which our poetry had, if not the most brilliant success, at least the greatest favour. It was for honours deemed of inestimable price, that Guzman and Moratin, the elegant Yriarte and the sweet Melendez disputed before the Spanish Academy. Minds which the past no longer agitated nor the future disquieted, devoted themselves with rapture to intellectual enjoyments, which again became the occupation of the first ranks in society, and appeared almost a state necessity. It is only by tradition that we can speak of these years of hope and happiness. We ourselves have only witnessed the effects of that revolution which took place in the system of government, that great revolution to the sequel of which the term ABSOLUTE applies. There, everything which in the physical body would be said to be throwing itself off, was suddenly checked and struck into the system—a malady how fearful! The capital, when we first knew it, was far from accomplishing the promises of the period we have just sketched,—and it indeed shadowed out a future which has but too fatally fulfilled the presage. Already the proscriptions had begun for which the arrest of Count de Cabarrus in 1790 formed the signal. The illustrious friend of this shining statesman, the noble Jovellanos, hastened to his succour, and was involved in his misfortune. Then was decided the fall of Florida-Blanca their protector, followed by that of his successor, the Count d'Aranda, who in accepting the minister's portfolio under the old king, only served as a stepping-stone to the Queen's favourite, Godoy. Fetters were imposed upon the public journals. The counsellors of Castile, the most in honour, received letters of exile; and accusations, police visits, and imprisonments spread terror into the bosom of families. A vast process upon the simple introduction of a prohibited book seemed as though it must strike every Spaniard who was at all raised above the rank of ignorance.

'Peace was made in 1795, with the French revolution, and we were permitted to respire. To understand French was no longer a title for proscription. And here we must do justice to a minister a little too much decried. Evil was not the element of Godoy; we ought to be less surprised at the talents which he wanted than at those which he acquired or possessed. The scandal of his elevation attaches not to him; but with his elevation and the giddiness and error into which it

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it led him, good under his auspices became impossible. Created Prince of the Peace, he wished to renew an administration like that under Florida-Blanca. He shared in 1797 the government with men renowned by their qualities and intellect. He gave the finances to Saavedra, sent Cabarrus ambassador to Paris, and summoned Jovellanos to him as minister of Grace and Justice, in these words, "Come and form a part of the Spanish Directory." Then again the songs of the Muses were heard: Melendez published his new poems, withheld for many unpropitious years; Arriaza and Quintana became known, and the younger Moratin developed his transcendant talents. But, as head of the ministry which he succeeded in composing, the Prince of the Peace was not slow in perceiving that he himself was an anomaly, whilst his colleagues found, on their part, that they could not mingle with so extraordinary an element. Hence arose disagreements and the retreat of the favourite, who was upon the point of suffering a real disgrace. This suspense, which but for Saavedra's indecision and the precise virtue of Jovellanos, might have been turned into security, was terminated by an appeal to the Queen's affection, and Godoy's return to the helm of state more powerful than ever, his mind soured against enlightened men, and meditating a recurrence of the system of warfare against knowledge. The successor of Saavedra fell in exile; Jovellanos, already removed from court, was banished to Majorca and closely imprisoned; and Melendez, but just invested with a high station in the magistracy, deposed and sent also into exile. Remaining thus alone at the head of a nation indignant to see him there, Godoy could never depend upon the people's opposition to the Colossus that pressed upon himself and them. So that having exerted himself in vain to conjure down the tempest, nothing remained but to yield to it when his emissary came from Paris to *transmit* to the Court the *counsel* that they should quit Castile. The revolution of Aranjuez, the results of which were altogether contrary to Napoleon's views in the projected invasion, led to the employment of measures the most violent. The national resistance is well known. We have seen the spirit which rules the multitude such as our institutions have made it, hostile to the first invasion, auxiliary to the second, and, always the same in its unfortunate effects on the nation, twice accelerate its melancholy decline.'

Don Ignacio de Luzan, the author of that 'Art of Poetry' which, like the satire of another Gifford, reduced to silence, the pitiful rhymers of his age, was born in 1702, and died at Madrid in 1754. He had resided at Paris as secretary of legation, under the Duke de Huesca, and besides his odes and a poem on Conversation, wrote an excellent essay upon politics, and criticisms upon Crebillon and Fontenelle. His poems, although not of first rate merit, are far from mediocrity. M. Maury observes a coincidence between him and Boscán; both having been natives of Barcelona, and both having acquired a high literary reputation, less from any splendid achievement of their own in composition, than from the reforms

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reforms which they effected: in every respect, however, he gives the superiority to Luzan. Cadalso, who, like another Garcilaso, cultivated poetry in the midst of arms, fortified like him by his example the existing reformer of the day, and like him too fell in battle, at an early age, by the bursting of a grenade before Gibraltar in 1741. Cadalso had enriched his mind by the acquisition not only of the classical languages, but of French, Italian, German, and even English. In favour with the Count d'Aranda, whom he served as aide-de-camp, in the expedition of 1762, against Portugal, he never failed to exercise, when he had acquired consideration as a writer, a protecting influence over rising merit, as generous as it was judicious. He visited the principal universities of the kingdom, detected and appreciated the talents of Jovellanos, at Alcala, and of Melendez at Salamanca; was the friend of Yriarte, and the companion of Yglesias, Moratin, Huerta and Gonzalos, encouraging their rival efforts and guiding them to excellence. But above all others, he attached himself to Melendez, whose future reputation he clearly foresaw, through the faults of his early essays, taking up his residence with him the better to ensure the arrival of the period when his pupil should be proclaimed his victor. Thus, although his merits as a poet will never be disputed, whilst his gay and spirited anacreontics live, Melendez will be termed with truth the best work of Cadalso. His talents as a writer both in prose and verse, his military recommendations to esteem and social qualities caused his loss to be deplored by the whole army, who regretted as a fault his brave disdain of danger, as he had seen the grenade approaching, but thinking it would pass his head, refused to move from the place where he was standing. And it is a circumstance worthy of honourable remark, that, though his enemies in war, the governor of Gibraltar, and a great number of English officers, who had known the poet living, concurred to mourn his loss, and solemnized his death by funeral honours. The simplicity, elegance, and fine raillery to be found in Yriarte's Fables, entitle him to be termed the La Fontaine of Spain. Yglesias shines in epigram and in facetious satire; Noroña in fugitive pieces, and an Ode on the peace of 1795, between Spain and France; Cienfuegos, in a tragedy or two, in some idylls and ballads; but Cienfuegos was not born a poet, he is left at an immeasurable distance by Melendez. Melendez is the poet, who, of all others in later times, charms us most and longest. He was born in 1754, of a distinguished family. In 1783 he contended with Yriarte for the chief prize proposed by the Academy of Language, and by the suffrages of the academicians was declared victor, from the exclamation of one of his partisans,—'Gentlemen, do you not perceive that the verses smell of thyme?' His first

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first volume, published two years afterwards, might almost compare, in its sweetness of versification, with the honey gathered from that odorous herb. The success which La Fontaine acquired in fable, from refining upon Æsop and Phædrus, Melendez is thought to have acquired in his Canciones and Romances, from his early fondness and study of Anacreon. The smiling beauty of his imagery, the rich colouring given to his pictures, his elegant and easy diction, true to taste as his descriptions are of nature, and the delightful harmony of his verse, pervaded always by a lively fire, render him the favourite of his countrymen; and his biographer is so great an enthusiast, as to say of his numbers, that 'floating on the Spanish breeze, you would think them, for sweetness, the enchanting accents of a Sybarite, resounded by the echoes of Eden.' This is eulogy, and not appreciation. His second volume, published as we have seen many years after the first, presented his poetical character in a new light, those maturer compositions being as much distinguished for sublimity and serious dignity of thought, as his former effusions were for melody and airy grace. His 'Ode to the Stars' may be classed with the best lyrics which his country has produced; but we are unable, from our limits, to attempt a transcript of its spirit, and must content ourselves with an address to his friend, the excellent Jovellanos, which for the same reasons we cast into a different measure from the Anacreontic, a form that would more properly suit the Bacchic gaiety of the original.

TO DON GASPAR MELCHIOR JOVELLANOS

*For the Easter Holidays.*

A truce now, dear Jové, to care for a season!
Come—Easter is nigh—to the lute let us sing,
Whilst the March wind pines sadly, gay strains such as Teos
Heard warbled midst grapes to her bard's attic string.
Or beside the mild fire bid with exquisite converse
The fugitive hours pass in brilliant relief;
They go—but from night's shady keeping return not,
Why then by lost dreams should we make them more brief?

As to gold the white down on the summer-peach changes,
So the bloom that my cheek early feathered is fled,
And the years that have passed, bringing wisdom but slowly,
With thousand gray ringlets have mantled my head.
I have seen the vale smile beneath April's sweet blossoms,
Beneath burning June have I seen them decay,
And the pomp and profusion of viny October,
Before dull December waste coldly away.



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Yes! the days and wing'd months escape from us like shadows,
And years follow months, as the sea-billows pass,—
Mind it not—we've a charm against Time's revolutions,
In the bright golden liquor that laughs in the glass.
Pour it out; crowned with myrtle and rose, we will frighten
Chagrin far away with our long merry shout,
And in pledges quaffed off to wit, wine, and dear woman,
Disregard the rude elements warring without.

For what are they to us, if our bosoms beat lightly,
And beauty and song set our prisoned souls free,
Whilst the bliss which a king would exchange for a sceptre,
Love, the holy enchantress, consigns me in thee?
I remember one eve when the sun, half in shadow,
Sank slow to his own western island afar,
Whilst the peasants and peasant-girls danced near my trellis,
And I in the porch touched my festal guitar;

How I sang the rich treasure which Heav'n in its bounty
Had lent to console me in pleasure and pain,
And in prayers for thy welfare implored all its angels—
Thy welfare, so dear to our own native Spain;—
Smit with passionate thirst, in my right hand the beaker
I filled till the bright bubbles danced o'er the top,
And to thee and to thine in a frenzy of feeling,
Drained it manfully off to the last purple drop:

And whilst maiden and youth stood in loud admiration
Applauding the feat, how I filled it again,
And with yet deeper rapture a second time emptied
Its bowl of the glory that brightened my brain;
Singing still, singing still in my zeal for thy glory,
As now to my lute in its ardent excess,
Thy virtues, thy fame in the land's future story,
And the bliss, more than all, that in thee we possess!

After the revolution of Aranjuez, Melendez, whom a new reign, generally ready to repair the injustice of the former one, had recalled from exile to Madrid, found himself in a critical situation, and accepted a mission of peace from the lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He parted for Oviedo, but being capitally charged as a traitor, true Spaniard though he was, he was committed to prison with his colleague the Count del Pinar, released, a second time imprisoned, and released again. But on the instant of his departure, the misguided populace broke his voiture, and hastily prepared to dispatch him with their fusils. The poet in vain recited one of his ballads, well calculated to disarm popular resentment,

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resentment, if resentment could listen to the charm, but then it only won for him a momentary dispensation of his fate, till he should answer the inquiry, whether he would be shot in front or rear. That moment, however, was every thing to him; for during the discussion, the Cross, named of Victory, approached, and the enraged crowd, falling on their knees, relinquished their intended victim. A formal process acquitted the accused, who succeeded this time in regaining Madrid, where he was found by Napoleon. His celebrity marked him out for an office of distinction, which it might be more dangerous to refuse than to accept. On the French retreat from Spain, however, Melendez, as one of the *Afrancesados*, prepared to accompany them. As he quitted his native soil, he kneeled upon the ground and kissed it, saying, 'I shall never tread thee more!' and the Bidasoa received his parting tears. He died at Montpelier in 1817.

It has been said of the poems of the younger Moratin, for as a dramatic writer we cannot now pause to weigh his various merits, that they have a silver sound; his versification is, indeed, clear, sweet and flowing, as a crystal spring, and his diction is elegant and pure. His 'Elegy on the death of the learned Conde,' the historian of the dominion of the Arabs in Spain, although rather too long, a fault to which the Spanish poets are but too much addicted, is a very beautiful and tender tribute of friendship full of poetry, and poetry of a high order. Arriaza and Quintana are, if we mistake not, still living in Spain.

> 'Like brotherless hermits, the last of their race,
> To tell where a garden has been.'*

Arriaza's muse is fluent and harmonious; Quintana' sstately and profound: Arriaza, full of fancy, is deficient in deep feeling; Quintana, with great depth of feeling, writes more by the light of judgment than the inspiration of fancy. In his 'Ode on the Battle of Trafalgar,' Arriaza has perhaps made the best of the Spanish side of the subject, though much of the imagery is conceived in bad taste. Quintana, also, in his 'Ode on the Expedition to introduce Vaccine Inoculation into America,' is less poetical than patriotic; but in his eloquent odes 'To Beauty,' and 'To the Sea,' his title as a poet of great power is fully vindicated, and we are struck alike with the compass and originality of his thought, and the simple severity of his taste. The specimens which, under the title of *Poesias Selectas Castellanas*, Quintana published from the Spanish poets, and the able essay which he prefixed to the collection, whilst they attest his critical discri-

* M. Maury, a sexagenarian, is resident at Paris, a voluntary exile.



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mination, prove the interest he has taken in that literature of which he is the living ornament and representative,—and to which he still attaches himself with constancy, through sunshine and through storm, amidst the most melancholy forebodings, and mournful recollections. But, alas for the Spanish muses! Where are they to look for the repose that is to restore their influence with the echoes of their voiceless harps? Where, indeed, but to the ready answerer of doubt, to the soother of dismay, to the 'restorer of paths to dwell in,' to the universal promiser of splendid things,—the TO-MORROW of desiring Hope! It is even thus that M. Maury turns, like ourselves, from the dark picture which forces itself upon his thoughts.

'What has been,' he says, with a concluding sigh, 'for the last twenty years, the success of the Iberian muses? Where indeed have they sojourned? Scattered like leaves by the autumnal blast, our men of letters like our statesmen are departed. An universal silence, with the exception of some few publications of trifling consequence, has left without a vestige the very existence of those rivals who promised the most noble strains. The tribune that resounded to the voice of genius is mute. Spain is agonized in every muscle of her frame, and expects relief from time alone. But TIME, at least, is *infallible*, and he will replace in that scale of eminence for which Nature designed it, a country in which she puts forth with profusion the germs of every accomplishment.'

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ART. III.—*Les Jésuites, les Congrégations, et le Parti Prêtre en* 1827. *Mémoire A. M. le Comte de Villèle, par* M. le Comte Montlosier. Paris. Décembre. 1827.

SO much has been written about the causes of the revolution in France, that we may well excuse ourselves from again discussing them. They have been sought for in every thing. That great event has been attributed to court intrigues, to family dissensions, to financial difficulties, to atheistical clubs, to quack statesmen, to encyclopedists, to freemasons,—nay, to Jesuits. Sometimes it is described as the consequence of paltry cabals, which would hardly suffice to upset the states of Brentford or Brunswick,—sometimes as the consummation of a mighty conspiracy, the existence of which is as apocryphal as that of the Rosicrucians,—sometimes set down as the natural result of the embarrassments of an exchequer burthened with a debt which, under proper management, would scarcely have inconvenienced a power of the third order. The great cause of all has not, indeed, been entirely overlooked, but it is often forgotten. The Duke of Orleans

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Orleans might have schemed, Voltaire jested and Rousseau raved, the ministers might have been dotards or charlatans, and the Encyclopédie as brilliant as its antagonists were dull,—one set of fanatics might have exclaimed, 'Ecrasez l'infame,' and another exerted itself to bring back the especial soldiery of the Pope. All these things, and much more, might have happened, without overturning the throne of a thousand kings, but for the grinding misery of the lower orders. Other causes might be subsidiary, but this was paramount. The governed, oppressed and trampled upon, had no sympathy with the governors, and they awaited only an impulse, it scarcely mattered from what quarter, to shake off the yoke under which they groaned.

The oppressors were the privileged classes, whose claims were exacted with the utmost rigour,—the nobles and the priesthood. An aristocracy cannot long continue to exist without property, and the French nobles had, as a body, lost theirs. A clergy has no chance of supporting its authority, if it hopes to crush all appeals to reason, while its members laugh at the mystery by which the church is supported, as mere jugglery and imposture, and the atheism of the French clergy was as notorious as its profligacy. Harrison long since demonstrated in his 'Oceana,' (what, indeed, Aristotle had demonstrated before him,) that power follows property; and, by a strange instance of prophetic talent, drawn from political sagacity, by applying that maxim to the state of France, predicted, in the most high and palmy condition of its monarchy, that, from the very nature of its constitution, its days were numbered. It required no possession of exclusive foresight to predict the ruin of a church which contrived to combine within itself the elements of contempt for its nominal doctrines, and of persecution against those who dared to utter what its pastors thought.

D'Argenson, upwards of thirty years before the revolution, pointed out the vulnerable part of France. Having been minister of the interior, he knew the condition of the kingdom, which he described as a painted sepulchre,—imposing when viewed externally, but full of materials of decay and corruption, when examined on the inside. He foretold the coming storm, and the quarter from whence it was to come. Louis XV., who, Voltaire used to say, had more good sense than any man in his kingdom, and whom, without going so far, we may safely pronounce to have been a very shrewd and sagacious observer, was impressed with the same feeling. The deluge, which he foresaw was to happen after his days, and for which he therefore cared but little, swept away his imbecile successor, a man who appears to have been made on purpose as the prey of a revolution. The torrent was not to be resisted. The hated

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hated and feeble nobles—the abominated church, were carried away without power of lifting a hand to stem the flood. In some districts, where the nobility had linked themselves with the people, and where the priesthood was free from the vices and impieties of their brethren in other parts of France,—in such districts as La Vendée, where the landlords were friends, and the clergy, fathers—the cause of the old dynasty was upheld with a heroism and a devotion, which nothing but the holy feelings of religion and gratitude will inspire. Everywhere else the downfal of church and king was hailed with rapture—and the crowd ran about rejoicing at having got rid of a burden not to be borne.

What acts of wickedness followed the overthrow of the old constitution, it is needless here to relate. The nickname which Voltaire gave his countrymen has been often verified in their history, and the *singe-tigres* proved, on this occasion, that their claim to the last part of the compound epithet was well earned. It would be almost, if not altogether, impossible to produce any parallel for the horrors of the two or three years succeeding the commencement of the French revolution; it appears impossible even to conjecture the motives which dictated the perpetration of some of the most outrageous actions of the reign of terror. The deeds and speeches of Marat, Robespierre, Danton, &c.; the diabolical spirit of the mob of Paris, Marseilles, and one or two other places, and the reckless cruelties of the mock courts of justice, threw such a blot of blood over all the proceedings of the revolution, that people were often inclined to participate in the exclamation of the gentleman recorded by Dr. Moore, who could not help crying out, when he heard of these villainies being committed for the sake of liberty: 'D—n liberty! I hate its very name.' In this country, the eloquent writings of Burke,—the political knowledge which they displayed,—the almost prophetic power which they exhibited,—the clearness of argument, as well as splendour of language, with which he demonstrated the mischiefs which the anarchical doctrines of the revolutionary leaders would bring upon all political society, and the destruction of all international order, which they were meant to occasion, rendered, from the very beginning, the changes in France unpopular in this country among the friends of good government; and this unpopularity was not diminished by the atrocities to which we have referred, or by the circumstance that the new principles were most noisily advocated in England by the enemies of the constitution, by the worthless in politics, the scoffers and blasphemers in religion. War speedily broke out between the two countries, and the whole world was engaged in conflict—

'As likeliest was, when two such foes met armed.'

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The progress of war changed the face of the revolution. The successful soldier, as Burke had predicted—as history had pointed out, mounted the throne. The republic was gone, and with the new order of nobility,—for a monarchy must have a nobility,—the cruelties of the *roturiers* risen into power, and thirsting for vengeance, or yielding to the horrible pleasure of new authority, passed away. There had, however, been no freedom as yet. To borrow an illustration from the Hindoo polity—the Brahmins had made way for the Sudras, or rather Pariahs—and they, in their turn, had surrendered their shortlived authority to the caste of soldiers. The rigid government of the old despotism was succeeded by the saturnalia of the slaves, and the slaves had shrunk into their pristine insignificance before the wielders of the bayonet or the sabre. The insolence of the soldiery at last earned its fitting chastisement in defeat and humiliation; and, for the first time, since France had lost the opportunity of being Protestant—for the first time since the apostasy of Henry IV., the fatal step to which she may primarily attribute the loss of her liberties, she had a chance of real freedom—of a government not dependent on the caprices of the mistresses, priests, and petits-maîtres, the *lettres de cachet* and Bastiles of the old regime, the grim Brutuses of the guillotine, or the blustering insolence of an upstart soldier, no matter how successful might be in the field, the mathematics of his tactique, or the science of his strategy.

The Bourbons, say their enemies, came back without having learned or forgotten any thing. We cannot agree in this censure. Now that the exaggeration of the moment has passed by, after the songs, and stanzas, and sighs and orations of the Jacobins, whining after their bayonet-lord, are forgotten; history must remark that the counter-revolution which put the Bourbons back again, was, perhaps, attended by fewer circumstances of revenge, than almost any other. Ney and Labedoyère were the only actual victims—a third, whom it was intended to sacrifice, Lavallette, escaped and was pardoned. We shall not enter into the cases of these men; but they make, at all events, a very short muster-roll. So far, then, as mere individual vengeance is concerned, we may safely exculpate Louis XVIII. from any charges of cruelty. Personal offences the Bourbons had forgotten—or had appeared to have forgotten. One thing, however, was fixed in their memories or in those of their advisers—the former splendour of the aristocracy and of the priesthood; and with the recollection of that, was connected the insatiate desire of restoring it.

As for the nobility, their case was soon found to be hopeless; and, accordingly, none but the craziest of the Ultras ever dreamt of

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of the restoration of the times of the *corvées* again. As at our restoration, it was seen that it was impossible, and even if possible, impolitic, to disturb the rights of property acquired by the revolution, in favour of men, who, in general, had no claim, arising from personal merits or personal services, on the estates of their ancestors. As much was done for them as was safe or practicable; but there was another branch of the privileged classes not so easily to be put off. With the Bourbons the popish church had returned. Buonaparte had made a show of restoring it; but before the vigorous and unprincipled hand which did not even respect the person of the Pope himself—before him, who had introduced into France maxims of servility as grovelling as that which dictates to the oriental slave his formula of 'To hear is to obey,'—before him, the church had crouched in submission as prostrate as that which he had exacted from every other body in his empire. A change had come—the eldest sons of the church, the most Christian kings, had returned—and basking in the sunshine of court-favour, it cast off the slough which it had contracted during the winter of the imperial domination, and erected itself into a position, as threatening and as venomous as it had assumed before the day in which it had been scotched by the revolution. It has not allowed an idle moment from 1815, and, since the overthrow of the Duke of Richelieu's ministry, has been more particularly daring and regardless of decency in its machinations.

And this brings us to the consideration of the book which we have set at the head of this article. Contrary to every promise implied and understood—contrary to the wishes and feelings of that power, England, which sheltered the Bourbons in their adversity, and, beyond all others, restored them to their ancient dominions—contrary to the hopes and prayers of all friends of their religion, all enemies of underhand treason and ceaseless intrigue—Pope Pius VII. restored the order of the Jesuits;—a body which had deservedly drawn upon itself the odium and detestation of every country, even the most bigoted, in which its pestiferous brotherhood had been tolerated. In France, its numerous villainies, its atrocious doctrines, its never-ending conspiracies, its pecuniary knaveries, had rendered it particularly abominable—and an undying record of the infamies of the order will always continue to be presented to their minds by the exquisite work of Pascal. The Jesuits had been formerly suppressed in France—laws, unrepealed, but which, it seems, it is possible to evade, exist against their re-establishment—popular feeling is profoundly excited against them—and yet, with an unparalleled fatuity, (or paralleled only by the case of our miserable James II.,)

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II.,) the Bourbons have not only permitted their restoration, but appear to have linked the fortunes of their house to the cause of the order, so strongly suspected of the assassination of the founder of their family. Some time since, Count Montlosier brought them before the consideration of the Cour Royale; which, though it pronounced a pretty strong opinion against the Jesuits, did not feel itself competent to entertain the case when submitted to it in that form; the Count has now recourse to his pen, and addresses a clever and spirited letter to M. de Villele on the subject. A more vigorous blow has not been yet dealt, to what he very appropriately calls the *parti prêtre.* After proving the illegality of the introduction of the Jesuits, and tracing their gradual and insidious advances to power, he lays the following statement of the cause and indication of the evils which menace France before the ministers.

'In presenting a picture of the troubles which menace France—I am compelled, my lord, to introduce the Jesuits again to your notice—for it is my firm persuasion that they are at once the cause and indication of our misfortunes; the cause, inasmuch as from their order have resulted manifold disorders, of which we constantly dread the increase; the indication, inasmuch as their vicious existence attests the poisoned quality of their source.

'I am actuated by two motives—the one, my deep-rooted conviction of the defects of such an institution—the other, the constant attack which it is levelling against a portion of our existing laws—an attack, however, which endangers all our laws.

'If France found herself in a similar situation with such states as Russia, Prussia, North America, which have admitted, and still receive the Jesuits, I should entertain less alarm. These governments and their people possess sufficient guarantees in their particular religions, and in their constitutions. But France possesses no such guarantee—on the contrary, it is to be feared, that by certain cunning schemes, her religion and her hood-winked government would be rather disposed to sacrifice than defend her.

'Such is the impression made by a general examination of her conduct. I shall be satisfied, however, in asking one simple question.

'What would be the language of a Catholic country, which should see, by means of plots and secret intrigues, her government turn Protestant, and discharge every office by Protestant functionaries? What would be the language of a Protestant country, if, in like manner, it should see its government turn Catholic—and every post filled with Catholics? What, at this moment, can France say—anti-ultramontane and anti-jesuitical as she is—when she beholds her government and all the influential places of instruction and administration falling into the hands of the Jesuits, or at least, of their creatures?

'I speak of the places of instruction and of the administration—I speak

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speak not sufficiently strongly—I should add, even the most subaltern places of the magistracy, the offices of the notaries and *avoués*—and the places in the army, with a zeal and obstinacy of which I have witnessed the commencement, and traced the progress. It is notorious that every body, as well civil as military, has been filled by individuals who, though disguised in a laick dress, are nevertheless Jesuits, or Missionaries, or the satellites of the *parti prêtre*.

'This manœuvre, even in a long-established government, would be a continual source of anxiety; how much the more shall it be so in a constitutional government of only a few years duration? On this point, lawyers, who have treated on the law of nations, have been unanimously of opinion, that states of the last class should be exceedingly cautious. Grotius, in confirmation, cites the words of Dido when she first repulses the fugitive Trojans—

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri et late fines custode tueri.

Thus, then—even supposing that the institution of the Jesuits was not so essentially vicious as it appears to me—its double character (ultramontane and tending to despotism) should particularly draw on it the eyes of a nation yet unskilled in the ways of liberty. That is, however, only a part of our fears.

'If, in the midst of a nation—anti-ultramontane and anti-jesuitical, and therefore equally opposed to the absolute power of the King and the absolute power of the Pope, there should exist a *parti prêtre*, firmly established, and so blindly devoted to the Jesuits and the Pope that—in spite of the general assent which prevents it from openly declaring itself—it yet obstinately refuses to abandon either its known designs, or its secret manœuvres; if, by the aid of this party, there has arisen a government which, in spite of the laws which proscribe it—of magistrates which condemn it—of the high court of the kingdom which accuses it—obstinately continues to protect a corrupt body—I ask your Excellence, what opinion can we form of such conduct? Singular parallel of what we sometimes see in the history of public troubles—when, under a just government, a nation allows itself to curb its laws!—Here the nation is faithful—the government seditious!

'I have proved, in my first part, that, by the introduction of the Jesuits, there was, on the part of those who have called them, and of the party who maintain them, a manifest rebellion against the laws. It remains for me to examine if such a scandal can support itself.

'This scandal can be applied to two sources. The first, is the horror which this institution naturally excites. What shall we think of a body, which composes, in the midst of a state, a regular band of men, who, under the affectation of submission to the laws of the country—place, above all duties, a blind devotion to a foreign chief—a devotion, indeed, of such a character, that no similar example exists on record since the famous Prince of the Assassins;—a body accused throughout the world—whether we regard kings or people—and whose name has long since become synonymous with vice?

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'Under an absolute administration, the Parliaments had denounced the Jesuits as an odious body. Under the present administration the 'Cour Royale' of Paris has denounced it in the same manner. When the people, in their complaints, only repeat the judgments of the magistrates, and the judgments are confirmed by those of past times, is it advisable to stem such authorities?

'The scandal which I mention is aggravated by a circumstance which, in its turn, becomes a glaring scandal—it is the contempt of magisterial authority and demoralization which thus spreads throughout all classes of society. Every where and always, that which most pleases a nation and confirms it in right conduct, is the conviction of universal respect to the legal powers. Instead of remaining happy and peaceful, a nation will be always troubled when the legal order is overturned. It is supposed that, in this case, the interest of a few only is injured—but this partial interest sympathising with the general mass, the unanimous voice of the people is raised in its defence. Re-establish the arbitrary laws, the Bastile, the '*lettres de cachet*;' and we know most certainly that you are not going to imprison, at once, the thirty millions of individuals composing the population of France—but the blow which, in appearance, is only aimed at one, is, in reality, felt and resented by all,'—p. 90—97

Count Montlosier anticipates that his charges against the Jesuits may be attributed to prejudice; but even the most devoted partisans of the order must admit, that it is a prejudice widely diffused. In despotic China; in republican Venice; in Spain, the garden of popery; in England, the bulwark of Protestantism, under every phase of government and religion—they have contrived, by their crimes, to render themselves objects of horror and disgust. In despite of this, however, their progress in France is almost certain, unless one of two things happens, either that the Bourbons open their eyes to the danger and disgrace which they incur by fostering such a community, or that the country is to see a new revolution.

What then, it may be asked, is the motive which urges M. de Villele to support this *parti prêtre*. Nobody suspects him of the bigotry or the want of brains which distinguish the heads of the royal family. In many departments of his ministry, he is clear and sharpsighted enough: he is not a contemptible financier; as a debater he is not to be despised. We believe the enigma will be solved by a saying of his own, or which, at least, is attributed to him,—'Turn up what will, Joseph de Villele will die minister.' This tenacity of place makes him overlook distant dangers in the desire of standing well with the 'powers that be' at the moment. The air of the court, the quarter from which favours come, being now impregnated with devotion, all place-hunters in France,

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France, all those who feel a lively sense of gratitude for favours to come, catch the infection, and are *dévots*. It is an edifying sight to see some of the Buonapartean marshals, some of the old intriguers of the revolution—the men who had plundered churches, trampled cardinals, or voted religion an imposture—as conspicuous now, in leading the ranks of piety, as formerly those of war, or Jacobinism. With all these, the *parti prêtre* is in high favour—it is in their eyes the rising sun, which ought even to be the true and authentic worship of courtiers. The Jesuit party themselves are sanguine in dreams of success—their victorious progress, up to the present time, seems to assure them of ulterior triumph. They hope gradually to monopolize offices—they have succeeded already to no small extent—and, however they may despair of the present generation, they have, by managing, *contrary to law*, to get the education of the youth of France into their hands, every hope of securing to themselves the generations which are to come. In this feeling, M. de Villele may, perhaps, participate—he certainly acts as if he did.

He will find himself mistaken. The last elections have already taught him not to be too sure. No minister in any country, where the representative system has been established, ever failed more signally, and, what must add to the severity of the blow, more unexpectedly. Many minor causes no doubt operated to call upon his head this signal disgrace; but the primary reason, that which,

'Like Aaron's sceptre, swallowed all the rest,'

was his patronage of the *parti prêtre*. The other acts of his ministry might be explained or pardoned. Whatever may be thought of his three per cents., &c. his financial government was, on the whole, successful; and it is hard to make people in general angry with the mysterious movements of the Stock Exchange, the conundrums of agiotage, unless they *directly* touch their pockets. The part which France played, and is playing, in Spain, has this at least to recommend it—that it has put that country in the hands of France. The other external relations of the kingdom are not satisfactory, and the ministers had fallen in with the popular cry in the affairs of Greece. For other points of his internal measures, or projected measures, much might be said: much even in favour of the *droit d'ainesse*, against which the opponents of his minority are so fond of writing vague and declamatory *theses*, but to which they must in some shape recur in the end. At all events, such nice points of metaphysical politics do not agitate the crowd. What remained, then, to render the minister so unpopular as to insure him defeats in three-fourths of France—defeats hailed by the most tumultuous demonstrations of joy in every quarter of the capital?

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capital? We have already answered, his support of the Jesuits. To oblige that bigoted party and their adherents, he imposed a censorship upon the press, and the inferior people employed to do the dirty details of such an office rendered that which was obnoxious enough of itself, vexatiously and insultingly oppressive. To conciliate that party, he has consented to such pitiful actions as the opposition to the funeral of Talma, and fifty other petty things of the same kind, which, *ex necessitate rei*, exasperate without any equivalent return; for 'insults, while they confer no power on him who offers them, are less easily forgotten or forgiven by those to whom they are offered than injuries.' In Talma's case, the impolicy of the French ministry in yielding to the passions of the priesthood is the more inexcusable, because it affronted all the prejudices of a theatrical city, to whom the hero of the drama is often—it was so with Talma—as great an object of popular honour and admiration as the hero whom he represents. For the sake of the Jesuits, the public offices were prostituted to people wholly incapable of filling them, or to those who were obliged to recommend their merits, if they possessed any, by the graces of hypocrisy. All these things, and we have by no means exhausted the list, drew upon the head of the minister a storm of indignation, which was *immediately* directed against him. He has borne the sins of the Jesuits, and found it a burden sufficiently heavy.

We cannot help thinking that a new era is about to begin in France. They have now, for the first time, begun to feel the due working of a representative system. The absolute domination of the old regime has passed; the horrors of the revolution have taught them that mobs and massacres, and clubs and demagogues are much more likely to lead to tyranny than to freedom. They have begun to see that a great and restless conqueror is not the man from whom they are to expect the blessings of equal rights; they are gradually forgetting the empty and feverish aspirations after universal dominion; and they have lately shown that they are determined to resist intrigue and Jesuitism levelled against their liberties. Containing in herself all the elements of greatness, her financial affairs unincumbered, her agriculture, commerce, and manufactures improving, her rural population comfortable and contented, her resources undamaged, her people active, intelligent, energetic and brave,—she has, if properly governed, not much to seek, little to fear from abroad: her enemies are in her own bosom, and they are the Jacobins and the Jesuits. The supremacy of the former party, or of their legitimate representatives the Buonaparteans, would be an unmixed evil for Europe and herself. Their restless anxiety for destruction, apparently for the mere sake of destruction, or the gratification of some sordid passions the

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the bitter memory which they still retain of the utter defeat of their child and champion, the violent rancour of all their passions, and the desperate nature of the agents which they employ, would soon lead to a repetition of the atrocities which before marked their career at home, and a renewal of ceaseless wars from abroad. Europe would not again commit the mistake of suffering to grow into power a faction devoted to the upsetting of all the cherished institutions of European society, and pledged to the demolition, or at least the insult of every existing government; and France ought to know, that its success must end in her enslavement, even if it chanced again to be victorious. With great pleasure, therefore, we see an almost new party arising in France, a party which can look upon Buonaparte as he deserves, as a great though finally unsuccessful general, but as a selfish and egotistical tyrant, to whom the very name of liberty was a jest,—a party in whose eyes not even Austerlitz or Jena can atone for legislative bodies trampled upon, freedom of speech put down, the press gagged into the most servile silence, and courts of law dictated to; not a hundred victories can compensate for military executions, arbitrary taxations, grinding conscriptions, for the audacious attempt of investing a new dynasty, thrust upon reluctant Europe, with attributes and privileges scarcely demanded for the old claimants by divine right. In a word, we rejoice that a rational knowledge of the rights of free men is diffusing in a country, where our neighbours must pardon us for saying it never existed before.

Whether the Jesuits will be able to stem this knowledge remains to be seen; we think that, in spite of all their intrigues, they will not. It is, at all events, a question well worthy of the most profound attention of the Bourbons and their friends: for if they cling to this congregation of plotters against freedom of conscience, and freedom of institutions; if they take the side of these consecrated enemies of God and man, the road from France may be opened to them again, and if they leave their thrones in such a quarrel, their cause is hopeless—they part, like Ajut, NEVER TO RETURN.

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ART. IV.—1. *Lebens-Abriss Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werners.* V. dem Herausgeber v. Hoffmanns Leben und Nachlass, (*Sketch of the Life of Frederick Ludwig Zacharias Werner.* By the Editor of 'Hoffmann's Life and Remains.') Berl. 1823.

2. *Die Söhne des Thals,* (*The Sons of the Valley.*) A Dramatic Poem. Part I. *Die Templer auf Cypern,* (*The Templars in Cyprus.*) Part II. *Die Kreuzesbrüder.* (*The Brethren of the Cross.*) Berlin. 1801, 1802.

3. *Das Kreuz an der Ostsee.* (*The Cross on the Baltic.*) A Tragedy. Berlin. 1806.

4. *Martin Luther, oder Die Weihe der Kraft,* (*Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Strength.*) A Tragedy. Berlin. 1807.

5. *Die Mutter der Makkabäer,* (*The Mother of the Maccabees.*) A Tragedy. Vienna. 1820.

IF the charm of fame consisted, as Horace has mistakenly declared, 'in being pointed at with the finger, and having it said, This is he!' few writers of the present age could boast of more fame than Werner. It has been the unhappy fortune of this man to stand for a long period incessantly before the world, in a far stronger light than naturally belonged to him, or could exhibit him to advantage. Twenty years ago he was a man of considerable note, which has ever since been degenerating into notoriety. The mystic dramatist, the sceptical enthusiast, was known and partly esteemed by all students of poetry; Madame de Staël, we recollect, allows him an entire chapter in her 'Allemagne.' It was a much coarser curiosity, and in a much wider circle, which the dissipated man, by successive indecorums, occasioned; till at last the convert to Popery, the preaching zealot, came to figure in all newspapers; and some picture of him was required for all heads that would not sit blank and mute in the topic of every coffeehouse and *æsthetic tea.* In dim heads, that is, in the great majority, the picture was, of course, perverted into a strange bugbear, and the original decisively enough condemned; but even the few who might see him in his true shape, felt too well that nothing loud could be said in his behalf; that, with so many mournful blemishes, if extenuation could not avail, no complete defence was to be attempted.

At the same time, it is not the history of a mere literary profligate that we have here to do with. Of men whom fine talents cannot teach the humblest prudence, whose high feeling, unexpressed in noble action, must lie smouldering with baser admixtures in their own bosom, till their existence, assaulted from without and from within, becomes a burnt and blackened ruin, to be sighed over by the few, and stared at, or trampled on, by the

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the many,—there is unhappily no want in any country; nor can the unnatural union of genius with depravity and degradation have such charms for our readers, that we should go abroad in quest of it, or in any case to dwell on it, otherwise than with reluctance. Werner is something more than this: a gifted spirit, struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tumultuous influences of his time and country, but without force to body himself forth from amongst them; a keen adventurous swimmer, aiming towards high and distant landmarks, but too weakly in so rough a sea, for the currents drive him far astray, and he sinks at last in the waves, attaining little for himself, and leaving little, save the memory of his failure, to others. A glance over his history may not be unprofitable; if the man himself can less interest us, the ocean of German, of European Opinion still rolls in wild eddies to and fro; and with its movements and refluxes, indicated in the history of such men, every one of us is concerned.

Our materials for this survey are deficient, not so much in quantity as quality. The 'Life,' now known to be by Hitzig of Berlin, seems a very honest, unpresuming performance; but on the other hand, it is much too fragmentary and discursive for our wants; the features of the man are nowhere united into a portrait, but left for the reader to unite as he may; a task which, to most readers, will be hard enough: for the work, short in compass, is more than proportionally short in details of facts; and Werner's history, much as an intimate friend must have known of it, still lies before us in great part dark and unintelligible. For what he has done we should doubtless thank our Author; yet it seems a pity that, in this instance, he had not done more and better. A singular chance made him, at the same time, companion of both Hoffmann and Werner, perhaps the two most showy, heterogeneous, and misinterpretable writers of his day; nor shall we deny that, in performing a friend's duty to their memory, he has done truth also a service. His 'Life of Hoffmann,' pretending to no artfulness of arrangement, is redundant, rather than defective, in minuteness; but, there, at least, the means of a correct judgment are brought within our reach, and the work, as usual with Hitzig, bears marks of the utmost fairness; and of an accuracy which we might almost call professional: for the author, it would seem, is a legal functionary of long standing, and now of respectable rank; and he examines and records, with a certain notarial strictness too rare in compilations of this sort. So far as Hoffman is concerned, therefore, we have reason to be satisfied. In regard to Werner, however, we cannot say so much: here we should certainly have wished for more facts, though it had been with fewer consequences drawn from them; were these somewhat

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somewhat chaotic expositions of Werner's character exchanged for simple particulars of his walk and conversation, the result would be much surer, and, especially to foreigners, much more complete and luminous. As it is, from repeated perusals of this biography, we have failed to gather any very clear notion of the man; nor with, perhaps, more study of his writings than, on other grounds, they might have merited, does his manner of existence still stand out to us with that distinct cohesion which puts an end to doubt. Our view of him the reader will accept as an approximation, and be content to wonder with us, and charitably pause where we cannot altogether interpret.

Werner was born at Königsberg, in East Prussia, on the 18th of November, 1768. His father was Professor of History and Eloquence in the University there; and further, in virtue of this office, Dramatic Censor, which latter circumstance procured young Werner almost daily opportunity of visiting the theatre, and so gave him, as he says, a greater acquaintance with the mechanism of the stage than even most players are possessed of. A strong taste for the drama it probably enough gave him; but this skill in stage mechanism may be questioned, for often in his own plays no such skill, but rather the want of it, is evinced.

The Professor and Censor, of whom we hear nothing in blame or praise, died in the fourteenth year of his son, and the boy now fell to the sole charge of his mother, a woman whom he seems to have loved warmly, but whose guardianship could scarcely be the best for him. Werner himself speaks of her in earnest commendation, as of a pure, high-minded, and heavily-afflicted being. Hoffmann, however, adds, that she was hypochondriacal, and generally quite delirious, imagining herself to be the Virgin Mary, and her son to be the promised Shiloh! Hoffmann had opportunity enough of knowing; for it is a curious fact that these two singular persons were brought up under the same roof, though at this time, by reason of their difference of age, Werner being eight years older, they had little or no acquaintance. What a nervous and melancholic parent was, Hoffmann, by another unhappy coincidence, had also full occasion to know: his own mother, parted from her husband, lay helpless and broken-hearted for the last seventeen years of her life, and the first seventeen of his; a source of painful influences, which he used to trace through the whole of his own character; as to the like cause he imputed the primary perversion of Werner's. How far his views on this point were accurate or exaggerated, we have no means of judging.

Of Werner's early years the biographer says little or nothing. We learn only that, about the usual age, he matriculated in the



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Königsberg University, intending to qualify himself for the business of a lawyer; and with his professional studies, united, or attempted to unite, the study of philosophy under Kant. His college-life is characterized by a single, but too expressive word: 'It is said,' observes Hitzig, 'to have been very dissolute.' His progress in metaphysics, as in all branches of learning, might thus be expected to be small; indeed, at no period of his life can he, even in the language of panegyric, be called a man of culture or solid information on any subject. Nevertheless, he contrived, in his twenty-first year, to publish a little volume of 'Poems,' apparently in very tolerable magazine metre, and after some 'roamings' over Germany, having loitered for a while at Berlin, and longer at Dresden, he betook himself to more serious business, applied for admittance and promotion as a Prussian man of law; the employment which young jurists look for in that country being chiefly in the hands of Government; consisting, indeed, of appointments in the various judicial or administrative Boards by which the Provinces are managed. In 1793, Werner accordingly was made *Kammersecretair* (Exchequer Secretary); a subaltern office, which he held successively in several stations, and last and longest in Warsaw, where Hitzig, a young man following the same profession, first became acquainted with him in 1799.

What the purport or result of Werner's 'roamings' may have been, or how he had demeaned himself in office or out of it, we are nowhere informed; but it is an ominous circumstance that, even at this period, in his thirtieth year, he had divorced *two* wives, the last at least by mutual consent, and was looking out for a third! Hitzig, with whom he seems to have formed a prompt and close intimacy, gives us no full picture of him under any of his aspects; yet we can see, that his life, as naturally it might, already wore somewhat of a shattered appearance in his own eyes, that he was broken in character, in spirit, perhaps in bodily constitution; and, contenting himself with the transient gratifications of so gay a city, and so tolerable an appointment, had renounced all steady and rational hope either of being happy, or of deserving to be so. Of unsteady and irrational hopes, however, he had still abundance. The fine enthusiasm of his nature, undestroyed by so many external perplexities, nay to which, perhaps, these very perplexities had given fresh and undue excitement, glowed forth in strange many-coloured brightness, from amid the wreck of his fortunes, and led him into wild worlds of speculation, the more vehemently, that the real world of action and duty had become so unmanageable in his hands.

Werner's early publication had sunk, after a brief provincial life,

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life, into merited oblivion: in fact, he had then only been a rhymer, and was now, for the first time, beginning to be a poet. We have one of those youthful pieces transcribed in this volume, and certainly it exhibits a curious contrast with his subsequent writings, both in form and spirit. In form, because, unlike the first fruits of a genius, it is cold and correct; while his later works, without exception, are fervid, extravagant, and full of gross blemishes. In spirit no less, because, treating of his favourite theme, Religion, it treats of it harshly and sceptically; being, indeed, little more than a metrical version of common Utilitarian Freethinking, as it may be found (without metre) in most taverns and debating-societies. Werner's intermediate secret history might form a strange chapter in psychology: for now, it is clear, his French scepticism had got overlaid with wondrous theosophic garniture; his mind was full of visions and cloudy glories, and no occupation pleased him better than to controvert, in generous inquiring minds, that very unbelief which he appears to have once entertained in his own. From Hitzig's account of the matter, this seems to have formed the strongest link of *his* intercourse with Werner. The latter was his senior by ten years of time, and by more than ten years of unhappy experience; the grand questions of Immortality, of Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute, were in continual agitation between them; and Hitzig still remembers with gratitude these earnest warnings against irregularity of life, and so many ardent and not ineffectual endeavours to awaken in the passionate temperament of youth a glow of purer and enlightening fire.

'Some leagues from Warsaw,' says the Biographer, 'enchantingly embosomed in a thick wood, close by the high banks of the Vistula, lies the Camaldulensian Abbey of Bielany, inhabited by a class of monks, who in strictness of discipline yield only to those of La Trappe. To this cloistral solitude Werner was wont to repair with his friend, every fine Saturday of the summer 1800, so soon as their occupations in the city were over. In defect of any formal inn, the two used to bivouac in the forest, or at best to sleep under a temporary tent. The Sunday was then spent in the open air; in roving about the woods; sailing on the river, and the like; till late night recalled them to the city. On such occasions, the younger of the party had ample room to unfold his whole heart before his more mature and settled companion; to advance his doubts and objections against many theories, which Werner was already cherishing; and so, by exciting him with contradiction, to cause him make them clearer to himself.'

Week after week, these discussions were carefully resumed from the point where they had been left: indeed, to Werner, it would seem, this controversy had unusual attractions; for he was now busy composing a Poem, intended principally to con-



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vince the world of those very truths which he was striving to impress on his friend; and to which the world, as might be expected, was likely to give a similar reception. The character, or at least the way of thought, attributed to Robert d'Heredon, the Scottish Templar, in the *Sons of the Valley*, was borrowed, it appears, as if by regular instalments, from these conferences with Hitzig; the result of the one Sunday being duly entered in dramatic form during the week; then audited on the Sunday following; and so forming the text for further disquisition. 'Blissful days,' adds Hitzig, 'pure and innocent, which doubtless Werner also ever held in pleased remembrance!'

The *Söhne des Thals*, composed in this rather questionable fashion, was in due time forthcoming; the First Part in 1801, the Second about a year afterwards. It is a drama, or rather two dramas, unrivalled at least in one particular, in length; each Part being a play of six acts, and the whole amounting to somewhat more than eight hundred small octavo pages! To attempt any analysis of such a work would but fatigue our readers to little purpose: it is, as might be anticipated, of a most loose and formless structure; expanding on all sides into vague boundlessness, and, on the whole, resembling not so much a poem as the rude materials of one. The subject is the destruction of the Templar Order; an event which has been dramatized more than once, but on which, notwithstanding, Werner, we suppose, may boast of being entirely original. The fate of Jacques Molay and his brethren acts here but like a little leaven: and lucky were we, could it leaven the lump; but it lies buried under such a mass of Mystical theology, Masonic mummery, Cabalistic tradition, and Rosicrucian philosophy, as no power could work into dramatic union. The incidents are few, and of little interest; interrupted continually by flaring shows and long-winded speculations; for Werner's besetting sin, that of loquacity, is here in decided action; and so we wander, in aimless windings, through scene after scene of gorgeousness or gloom; till at last the whole rises before us like a wild phantasmagoria; cloud heaped on cloud, painted indeed here and there with prismatic hues, but representing nothing, or at least not the subject, but the author.

In this last point of view, however, as a picture of himself, independently of other considerations, this play of Werner's may still have a certain value for us. The strange chaotic nature of the man is displayed in it: his scepticism and theosophy; his audacity, yet intrinsic weakness of character; his baffled longings, but still ardent endeavours after Truth and Good; his search for them in far journeyings, not on the beaten highways,

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ways, but through the pathless infinitudes of Thought. To call it a work of art would be a misapplication of names: it is little more than a rhapsodic effusion; the outpouring of a passionate and mystic soul, only half knowing what it utters, and not ruling its own movements, but ruled by them. It is fair to add that such also, in a great measure, was Werner's own view of the matter: most likely, the utterance of these things gave him such relief, that crude as they were he could not suppress them. For it ought to be remembered, that in this performance one condition, at least, of genuine inspiration, is not wanting: Werner evidently thinks that in these his ultramundane excursions he has found truth; he has something positive to set forth, and he feels himself as if bound on a high and holy mission in preaching it to his fellow men.

To explain with any minuteness the articles of Werner's creed, as it was now fashioned, and is here exhibited, would be a task perhaps too hard for us, and, at all events, unprofitable in proportion to its difficulty. We have found some separable passages, in which, under dark symbolical figures, he has himself shadowed forth a vague likeness of it: these we shall now submit to the reader, with such expositions as we gather from the context, or as German readers, from the usual tone of speculation in that country, are naturally enabled to supply. This may, at the same time, convey as fair a notion of the work itself, with its tawdry splendours, and tumid grandiloquence, and mere playhouse thunder and lightning, as by any other plan our limits would admit.

Let the reader fancy himself in the island of Cyprus, where the Order of the Templars still subsists, though the heads of it are already summoned before the French King and Pope Clement; which summons they are now, not without dreary enough forebodings, preparing to obey. The purport of this First Part, so far as it has any dramatic purport, is to paint the situation outward and inward of that once pious and heroic, and still magnificent and powerful body. It is entitled *The Templars in Cyprus;* but why it should also be called *The Sons of the Valley* does not so well appear; for the Brotherhood of the *Valley* has yet scarcely come into activity, and only hovers before us in glimpses, of so enigmatic a sort that we know not fully so much as whether these its *Sons* are of flesh and blood like ourselves, or of some spiritual nature, or of something intermediate, and altogether nondescript. For the rest, it is a series of spectacles and dissertations; the action cannot so much be said to advance as to revolve. On this occasion the Templars are admitting two new members; the acolytes have already passed their preliminary trials; this is the chief and final one:— Act

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ACT FIFTH. SCENE FIRST.

*Midnight. Interior of the Temple Church. Backwards, a deep perspective of Altars and Gothic Pillars. On the right-hand side of the foreground, a little Chapel; and in this an Altar with the figure of St. Sebastian. The scene is lighted very dimly by a single Lamp which hangs before the Altar.*

* * * *

ADALBERT *(dressed in white, without mantle or doublet; groping his way in the dark.)*

Was it not at the Altar of Sebastian
That I was bid to wait for the UNKNOWN?
Here should it be: but darkness with her veil
Inwraps the figures. (*Advancing to the Altar.*)
Here is the fifth pillar!
Yes, this is he, the Sainted.—How the glimmer
Of that faint lamp falls on his fading eye!—
Ah, it is not the spears o' th' Saracens,
It is the pangs of hopeless love that burning
Transfix thy heart, poor Comrade!—O my Agnes,
May not thy spirit, in this earnest hour,
Be looking on? Art' hovering in that moon-beam
Which struggles thro' the painted window, and dies
Amid the cloister's gloom? Or linger'st thou
Behind these pillars, which, ominous and black,
Look down on me, like horrors of the Past
Upon the Present; and hidest thy gentle form,
Lest with thy paleness thou too much affright me?
Hide not thyself, pale shadow of my Agnes,
Thou affrightest not thy lover.—Hush!—
Hark! Was there not a rustling?—Father! You?

PHILIP (*Rushing in with wild looks.*)

Yes, Adalbert!—But time is precious!—Come,
My son, my one sole Adalbert, come with me!

ADAL. What would you, father, in this solemn hour?

PHIL. This hour, or never! (*Leading* Adalbert *to the Altar.*)
Hither!—Know'st thou *him*?

ADAL. 'Tis Saint Sebastian.

PHIL. Because he would not
Renounce his faith, a tyrant had him murder'd.
(*Points to his head.*)
These furrows, too, the rage of tyrants ploughed
In thy old father's face. My son, my first-born child,
In this great hour I do conjure thee! Wilt thou,
Wilt thou obey me?

ADAL. Be it just, I will!

PHIL. Then swear, in this great hour, in this dread presence,
Here by thy father's head made early gray,
By the remembrance of thy mother's agony,
And by the ravish'd blossom of thy Agnes,

Against

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Against the Tyranny which sacrificed us,
Inexpiable, bloody, everlasting hate!

ADAL. Ha! *This* the All-avenger spoke thro' thee!—
Yes! Bloody shall my Agnes' death-torch burn
In Philip's heart: I swear it!

PHIL. (*With increasing vehemence.*) And if thou break
This oath, and if thou reconcile thee to him,
Or let his golden chains, his gifts, his prayers,
His dying-moan itself avert thy dagger
When th' hour of vengeance comes,—shall this gray head,
Thy mother's wail, the last sigh of thy Agnes,
Accuse thee at the bar of the Eternal?

ADAL. So be it, if I break my oath!

PHIL. Then man thee!—
(*Looking up, then shrinking together, as with dazzled eyes.*)
Ha! was not that his lightning?—Fare thee well!
I hear the footstep of the Dreaded!—Firm!—
Remember me, remember this stern midnight! (*Retires hastily.*)

ADAL. (*Alone.*) Yes, Grayhead, whom the beckoning of the Lord
Sent hither to awake me out of craven sleep,
I will remember thee and this stern midnight,
And my Agnes' spirit shall have vengeance!—

*Enter an* ARMED MAN. (*He is mailed from head to foot in black harness: his vizor is closed.*)

ARMED MAN. Pray!
(Adalbert *kneels.*)
Bare thyself!—(*He strips him to the girdle and raises him.*)
Look on the ground, and follow!

(*He leads him into the background to a trap door, on the right. He descends first himself; and when* Adalbert *has followed him, it closes.*)

SCENE SECOND.

*Cemetery of the Templars, under the Church. The scene is lighted only by a Lamp which hangs down from the vault. Around are Tombstones of deceased Knights, marked with Crosses and sculptured Bones. In the background, two colossal Skeletons holding between them a large white Book, marked with a red Cross: from the under end of the Book hangs a long black curtain. The Book, of which only the cover is visible, has an Inscription in black ciphers. The Skeleton on the right holds in its right hand a naked drawn Sword; that on the left holds in his left hand a Palm turned downwards. On the right side of the foreground, stands a black Coffin open; on the left, a similar one with the body of a Templar in full dress of his Order: on both Coffins are Inscriptions in white Ciphers. On each side, nearer the background, are seen the lowest steps of the stairs, which lead up into the Temple Church above the vault.* * * * *

ARMED MAN. (*Not yet visible; above on the right-hand stairs.*)
Dreaded! Is the grave laid open?

CONCEALED VOICES. Yea!

ARM. M.

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ARM.M. (*Who after a pause shows himself on the stairs.*)
Shall he behold the Tombs o' th' Fathers?
CON. V. Yea!
(ARMED MAN *with drawn sword leads* Adalbert *carefully down the steps on the right hand.*)
ARM. M. (*To Adalbert.*) Look down! 'Tis on thy life!
(*Leads him to the open Coffin.*) What seest thou?
ADAL. An open empty Coffin.
ARM. M. 'Tis the house
Where thou one day shalt dwell. Canst' read th' inscription?
ADAL. No.
ARM. M. Hear it then: "Thy wages, Sin, is Death."
(*Leads him to the opposite Coffin where the Body is lying.*)
Look down! 'Tis on thy life!—What seest thou?
ADAL. A Coffin with a Corpse. (*Shows the Coffin.*)
ARM. M. He is thy Brother:
One day thou art as he.—Canst' read th' inscription?
ADAL. No.
ARM. M. Hear: "Corruption is the name of Life."
Now look around: go forward—move, and act!—
(*He pushes him towards the background of the stage.*)
AD. (*Observing the Book.*) Ha! Here the Book of Ordination?—Seems
(*Approaching.*)
As if th' inscription on it might be read.
(*He reads it.*) "Knock four times on the ground,
Thou shalt behold thy lov'd one."
O Heavens! And may I see thee, sainted Agnes?"
(*Hastening close to the Book.*)
My bosom yearns for thee!—(*With the following words, he stamps four times on the ground.*) One—Two—Three—Four!—
(*The Curtain hanging from the Book rolls rapidly up, and covers it. A colossal Devil's-head appears between the two Skeletons; its form is horrible; it is gilt; has a huge golden Crown, a Heart of the same in its Brow; rolling flaming Eyes; Serpents instead of Hair; golden Chains round its neck, which is visible to the breast; and a golden Cross (yet not a Crucifix) which rises over its right shoulder, as if crushing it down. The whole Bust rests on four gilt Dragon's-feet. At sight of it,* Adalbert *starts back in horror, and exclaims:*)
Defend us!
ARM. M. Dreaded! may he hear it?
CON. VOICES. Yea!
ARMED MAN. (*Touches the Curtain with his Sword: it rolls down over the Devil's-head, concealing it again; and above, as before, appears the Book, but now opened, with white colossal leaves and red characters. The* Armed Man, *pointing constantly to the Book with his Sword, and therewith turning the leaves, addresses* Adalbert, *who stands on the other side of the Book, and nearer the fore-ground.*)
List to the Story of the Fallen Master,
(*He*

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*(He reads the following from the Book; yet not standing before it, but to a side, at some paces distance, and whilst he reads, turning the leaves with his sword.)*

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'So now when the foundation-stone was laid,
'The Lord call'd forth the Master, Baffometus,
'And said to him: Go, and complete my Temple!
'But in his heart the Master thought: What boots it
'Building thee a temple? and took the stones,
'And built himself a dwelling, and what stones
'Were left he gave for filthy gold and silver.
'Now after forty moons the Lord returned,
'And spake: Where is my Temple, Baffometus?
'The Master said: I had to build myself
'A dwelling; grant me other forty weeks.
'And after forty weeks, the Lord returns,
'And asks: Where is my Temple, Baffometus?
'He said: There were no stones (but he had sold them
'For filthy gold); so wait yet forty days.
'In forty days thereafter came the Lord,
'And cried: Where is my Temple, Baffometus?
'Then like a mill-stone fell it on his soul
'How he for lucre had betray'd his Lord;
'But yet to other sin the Fiend did tempt him,
'And he answered, saying: Give me forty hours!
'And when the forty hours were gone, the Lord
'Came down in wrath: My Temple, Baffometus?
'Then fell he quaking on his face, and cried
'For mercy; but the Lord was wroth, and said:
'Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies,
'And those the stones I lent thee for my Temple
'Hast sold them for a purse of filthy gold,
'Lo, I will cast thee forth, and with the Mammon
'Will chastise thee, until a Saviour rise
'Of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass.
'Then did the Lord lift up the purse of gold;
'And shook the gold into a melting-pot,
'And set the melting-pot upon the Sun,
'So that the metal fused into a fluid mass.
'And then he dipt a finger in the same,
'And, straightway touching Baffometus,
'Anoints him on the chin and brow and cheeks.
'Then was the face of Baffometus changed:
'His eye-balls roll'd like fire-flames,
'His nose became a crooked vulture's bill,
'The tongue hung bloody from his throat; the flesh
'Went from his hollow cheeks; and of his hair
'Grew snakes, and of the snakes grew Devil's-horns.
'Again the Lord put forth his finger with the gold,
'And press'd it upon Baffometus' heart;

Whereby

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'Whereby the heart did bleed and wither up:
'And all his members bled and wither'd up,
'And fell away, the one and then the other.
'At last his back itself sunk into ashes:
'The head alone continued gilt and living;
'And instead of back grew dragon's-talons,
'Which destroy'd all life from off the Earth.
'Then from the ground the Lord took up the heart
'Which, as he touch'd it, also grew of gold,
'And placed it on the brow of Baffometus;
'And of the other metal in the pot
'He made for him a burning crown of gold,
'And crush'd it on his serpent-hair, so that
'Ev'n to the bone and brain, the circlet scorch'd him:
'And round the neck he twisted golden chains,
'Which strangled him and press'd his breath together.
'What in the pot remained he pour'd upon the ground,
'Athwart, along, and there it form'd a cross;
'The which he lifted and laid upon his neck,
'And bent him that he could not raise his head.
'Two Deaths moreover he appointed warders
'To guard him: Death of Life, and Death of Hope.
'The Sword of the first he sees not, but it smites him;
'The other's Palm he sees, but it escapes him.
'So languishes the outcast Baffometus
'Four thousand years and four-and-forty moons,
'Till once a Saviour rise from his own seed,
'Redeem his trespass, and deliver him.'

*(To Adalbert.)*

This is the Story of the Fallen Master.

*(With his Sword he touches the Curtain, which now as before rolls up over the Book; so that the* Head *under it again becomes visible, in its former shape.)*

ADAL. (*Looking at the* Head.)
Hah, what a hideous shape!

HEAD. *(With a hollow voice)* Deliver me!—

ARM. M. Dreaded! Shall the work begin?

CONCEALED VOICES. Yea!

ARM. M. (*To* Adalbert) Take the Neckband Away! *(Pointing to the* Head.)

ADAL. I dare not!

HEAD. *(With a still more piteous tone)* O, deliver me!

ADAL. *(Taking off the chains.)*
Poor fallen one!

ARM. M. Now lift the Crown from 's head!

ADEL. It seems so heavy!

ARM. M. Touch it, it grows light.

ADAL. *(Taking off the Crown; and casting it, as he did the chains, on the ground.)*

ARM. M.

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ARM. M. Now take the golden heart from off his brow!
ADAL. It seems to burn!
ARM. M. Thou errest: Ice is warmer.
ADAL. (*Taking the Heart from the Brow.*)
Hah! shivering frost!
ARM. M. Take from his back the Cross,
And throw it from thee!—
ADAL. How! The Saviour's token?
HEAD. Deliver, O deliver me!
ARM. M. This Cross
Is not thy Master's, not that bloody one:
Its counterfeit is this: throw 't from thee!
ADAL. (*Taking it from the Bust, and laying it softly on the ground.*)
The Cross of the Good Lord that died for me?
ARM. M. *Thou shalt no more believe in one that died;*
*Thou shalt henceforth believe in one that liveth*
*And never dies!*—Obey, and question not,—
Step over it!
ADAL. Take pity on me!
ARM. M. (*Threatening him with the Sword.*) Step!
ADAL. I do't with shudd'ring—(*Steps over, and then looks up to the Head, which raises itself as if freed from a load.*)
How the Figure rises
And looks in gladness!
ARM. M. Him whom thou hast serv'd
Till now, deny!
ADAL. (*Horror struck*) Deny the Lord my God?
ARM. M. Thy God 'tis not: the Idol of this World!—
Deny him, or—
(*Pressing on him with the Sword in a threatening posture*)
Thou diest!
ADAL. I deny!
ARM. M. *Pointing to the Head with his Sword.*)
Go to the Fall'n!—Kiss his lips!—

—And so on through many other sulphurous pages! How much of this mummery is copied from the actual practice of the Templars we know not with certainty; nor what precisely either they or Werner intended, by this marvellous 'Story of the Fallen Master,' to shadow forth. At first view, one might take it for an allegory, couched in masonic language—and truly no flattering allegory—of the Catholic Church; and this trampling on the Cross, which is said to have been actually enjoined on every Templar at his initiation, to be a type of his secret behest to undermine that Institution, and redeem the spirit of Religion from the state of thraldom and distortion under which it was there held. It is known at least, and was well known to Werner, that the heads of the Templars entertained views, both on religion and politics, which they did not think meet for communicating to their age, and

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and only imparted by degrees, and under mysterious adumbrations, to the wiser of their own Order. They had even publicly resisted, and succeeded in thwarting, some iniquitous measures of Philippe Auguste, the French king, in regard to his coinage; and this, while it secured them the love of the people, was one great cause, perhaps second only to their wealth, of the hatred which that sovereign bore them, and of the savage doom which he at last executed on the whole body.

But on these secret principles of their's, as on Werner's manner of conceiving them, we are only enabled to guess; for Werner, too, has an esoteric doctrine, which he does not promulgate, except in dark Sybilline enigmas, to the uninitiated. As we are here seeking chiefly for his religious creed, which forms, in truth, with its changes, the main thread whereby his wayward, desultory existence attains any unity or even coherence in our thoughts, we may quote another passage from the same First Part of this rhapsody; which, at the same time, will afford us a glimpse of his favourite hero, Robert d'Heredon, lately the darling of the Templars, but now, for some momentary infraction of their rules, cast into prison, and expecting death, or, at best, exclusion from the Order. Gottfried is another Templar, in all points the reverse of Robert.

FOURTH ACT. FIRST SCENE.

*(Prison; at the wall, a Table.* ROBERT, *without sword, cap, or mantle, sits downcast on one side of it:* GOTTFRIED, *who keeps watch by him, sitting at the other.)*

GOTTF. But how could'st thou so far forget thyself?
Thou wert our pride, the Master's friend and fav'rite!
ROBERT. I did it, thou perceiv'st!
GOTTF. How could a word
Of the old surly Hugo so provoke thee?
ROBERT. Ask not!—Man's being is a spider-web:
The passionate flash o' th' soul—comes not of him;
It is the breath of that dark Genius,
Which whirls invisible along the threads:
A servant of eternal Destiny,
It purifies them from the vulgar dust,
Which earthward strives to press the net:
But Fate gives sign; the breath becomes a whirlwind,
And in a moment rends to shreds the thing
We thought was woven for Eternity.
GOTTF. Yet each man shapes his Destiny himself.
ROBERT. Small soul! Dost thou too know it? Has the story
Of Force and free Volition, that, defying
The corp'ral Atoms and Annihilation,

Methodic

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Methodic guides the car of Destiny,
Come down to *thee?* Dream'st thou, poor Nothingness,
That thou, and like of thee, and ten times better
Than thou or I, can lead the wheel of Fate
One hair's-breadth from its everlasting track?
I too have had such dreams: but fearfully
Have I been shook from sleep; and they are fled!—
Look at our Order: has it spared its thousands
Of noblest lives, the victims of its Purpose;
And has it gain'd this Purpose; can it gain it?
Look at our noble Molay's silver'd hair:
The fruit of watchful nights and stormful days,
And of the broken yet still burning heart!
That mighty heart!—Thro' sixty battling years,
'T has beat in pain for nothing: his creation
Remains the vision of his own great soul;
It dies with him; and one day shall the pilgrim
Ask where his dust is lying, and not learn!

GOTTF. *(Yawning.)* But then the Christian has the joy of Heaven
For recompense: in his flesh he shall see God.

ROBERT. In his flesh?—Now fair befal the journey!
Wilt' stow it in behind, by way of luggage,
When th' Angel comes to coach thee in to Glory?—
Mind also that the memory of those fair hours
When dinner smok'd before thee, or thou usedst
To dress thy nag, or scour thy rusty harness,
And such like noble business be not left behind!—
Ha! self-deceiving bipeds, is it not enough
The carcase should at ev'ry step oppress,
Imprison you; that tooth-ache, head-ache,
Gout, who knows what all, at every moment,
Degrades the god of Earth into a beast;
But you would take this villainous mingle,
The coarser dross of all the elements,
Which, by the Light-beam from on high that visits
And dwells in it, but baser shows its baseness,—
Take this, and all the freaks which, bubble-like,
Spring forth o' th' blood, and which by such fair names
You call,—along with you into your Heav'n?—
Well, be it so! much good may't—*(As his eye, by chance, lights on Gottfried, who meanwhile has fallen asleep)*—Sound already?
There is a race for whom all serves as—pillow,
Ev'n rattling chains are but a lullaby.'

This Robert d'Heredon, whose preaching has here such a narcotic virtue, is destined ultimately for a higher office than to rattle his chains by way of lullaby. He is ejected from the Order; not, however, with disgrace and in anger, but in sad feeling of necessity, and with tears and blessings from his brethren; and

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and the messenger of the *Valley*, a strange, ambiguous, little sylph-like maiden, gives him obscure encouragement, before his departure, to possess his soul in patience; seeing, if he can learn the grand secret of Renunciation, his course is not ended, but only opening on a fairer scene. Robert knows not well what to make of this; but sails for his native Hebrides, in darkness and contrition, as one who can do no other.

In the end of the Second Part, which is represented as divided from the First by an interval of seven years, Robert is again summoned forth; and the whole surprising secret of his mission, and of the *Valley* which appoints it for him, is disclosed. This *Friedenthal* (Valley of Peace), it now appears, is an immense secret association, which has its chief seat somewhere about the roots of Mount Carmel, if we mistake not; but, comprehending in its ramifications the best heads and hearts of every country, extends over the whole civilized world; and has, in particular, a strong body of adherents in Paris, and indeed a subterraneous, but seemingly very commodious suite of rooms, under the Carmelite Monastery of that city. Here sit in solemn conclave the heads of the Establishment; directing from their lodge, in deepest concealment, the principal movements of the kingdom: for William of Paris, archbishop of Sens, being of their number, the king and his other ministers, fancying within themselves the utmost freedom of action, are nothing more than puppets in the hands of this all-powerful Brotherhood, which watches, like a sort of Fate, over the interests of mankind, and by mysterious agencies, forwards, we suppose, 'the cause of civil and religious liberty over all the world.' It is they that have doomed the Templars; and, without malice or pity, are sending their leaders to the dungeon and the stake. That knightly Order, once a favourite minister of good, has now degenerated from its purity, and come to mistake its purpose, having taken up politics and a sort of radical reform; and so must now be broken and reshaped, like a worn implement, which can no longer do its appointed work.

Such a magnificent 'Society for the Suppression of Vice' may well be supposed to walk by the most philosophical principles. These *Friedenthalers*, in fact, profess to be a sort of Invisible Church; preserving in vestal purity the sacred fire of religion, which burns with more or less fuliginous admixture in the worship of every people, but only with its clear sidereal lustre in the recesses of the *Valley*. They are Bramins on the Ganges, Bonzes on the Hoangho, Monks on the Seine. They addict themselves to contemplation, and the subtlest study; have penetrated far into the mysteries of spiritual and physical nature; they

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they command the deep-hidden virtues of plant and mineral; and their sages can discriminate the eye of the mind from its sensual instruments, and behold, without type or material embodyment, the essence of Being. Their activity is all-comprehending and unerringly calculated: they rule over the world by the authority of wisdom over ignorance.

In the Fifth Act of the Second Part, we are at length, after many a hint and significant note of preparation, introduced to the privacies of this philosophical *Sainte Hermandad*. A strange Delphic cave this of theirs, under the very pavements of Paris! There are brazen folding-doors, and concealed voices, and sphinxes, and naphtha-lamps, and all manner of wondrous furniture. It seems, moreover, to be a sort of gala evening with them; for the 'Old Man of Carmel, in eremite garb, with a long beard reaching to his girdle,' is for a moment discovered 'reading in a deep monotonous voice.' The 'Strong Ones,' meanwhile, are out in quest of Robert d'Heredon; who, by cunning practices, has been enticed from his Hebridean solitude, in the hope of saving Molay, and is even now to be initiated, and equipped for his task. After a due allowance of pompous ceremonial, Robert is at last ushered in, or rather dragged in; for it appears that he has made a stout debate, not submitting to the customary form of being *ducked*, an essential preliminary, it would seem, till compelled by the direst necessity. He is in a truly Highland anger, as is natural: but by various manipulations and solacements, he is reduced to reason again; finding, indeed, the fruitlessness of anything else; for when lance and sword and free space are given him, and he makes a thrust at Adam of Valincourt, the master of the ceremonies, it is to no purpose: the old man has a torpedo quality in him, which benumbs the stoutest arm; and no death issues from the baffled sword-point, but only a small spark of electric fire. With his Scottish prudence, Robert, under these circumstances, cannot but perceive that quietness is best. The people hand him, in succession, the 'Cup of Strength,' the 'Cup of Beauty,' and the 'Cup of Wisdom;' liquors brewed, if we may judge from their effects, with the highest stretch of Rosicrucian art; and which must have gone far to disgust Robert d'Heredon with his natural *usquebaugh*, however excellent, had that fierce drink been in use then. He rages in a fine frenzy; dies away in raptures; and then, at last, 'considers what he wanted and what he wants.' Now is the time for Adam of Valincourt to strike in with an interminable exposition of the 'objects of the society.' To not unwilling, but still cautious ears, he unbosoms himself, in mystic wise, with extreme copiousness; turning aside objections like a veteran disputant,

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disputant, and leading his apt and courageous pupil, by signs and wonders as well as by logic, deeper and deeper into the secrets of theosophic and thaumaturgic science. A little glimpse of this our readers may share with us; though we fear the allegory will seem to most of them but a hollow nut. Nevertheless, it is an allegory of its sort; and we can profess to have translated with entire fidelity:

* * * *

ADAM. Thy riddle by a second will be solved.
*(He leads him to the Sphinx.)*
Behold this Sphinx! Half-beast, half-angel, both
Combined in one, it is an emblem to thee
Of th' ancient Mother, Nature, herself a riddle,
And only by a deeper to be master'd.
Eternal Clearness in th' eternal Ferment:
This is the riddle of Existence;—read it,—
Propose that other to her, and she serves thee!

*(The door on the right hand opens, and in the space behind it, appears as before the* OLD MAN OF CARMEL, *sitting at a Table, and reading on a large Volume. Three deep strokes of a Bell are heard.)*

OLD MAN OF CARMEL. *(Reading with a loud but still monotonous voice.)*
'And when the Lord saw Phosphoros'—

ROBERT. *(Interrupting him.)* Ha! Again
A story as of Baffometus?

ADAM. Not so.
That tale of theirs was but some poor distortion
Of th' outmost image of our Sanctuary.—
Keep silence here; and see thou interrupt not,
By too bold cavilling, this mystery.

OLD M. *(Reading.)* 'And when the Lord saw Phosphoros his pride,
'Being wroth thereat, he cast him forth,
'And shut him in a prison called LIFE;
'And gave him, for a Garment, earth and water,
'And bound him straitly in four Azure Chains,
'And pour'd for him the bitter Cup of Fire.
'The Lord moreover spake: Because thou hast forgotten
'My will, I yield thee to the Element,
'And thou shalt be his slave, and have no longer
'Remembrance of thy Birthplace or my Name.
'And sithence thou hast sinn'd against me by
'Thy prideful Thought of being One and Somewhat,
'I leave with thee that Thought to be thy whip,
'And this thy weakness for a Bit and Bridle;
'Till once a Saviour from the Waters rise,
'Who shall again baptize thee in my bosom,
'That so thou may'st be Nought and All.

'And

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'And when the Lord had spoken, he drew back
'As in a mighty rushing; and the Element
'Rose up round Phosphoros, and tower'd itself
'Aloft to Heav'n; and he lay stunn'd beneath it.
'But when his first-born Sister saw his pain,
'Her heart was full of sorrow, and she turn'd her
'To the Lord; and with veil'd face, thus spake Mylitta:*
'Pity my Brother, and let me console him!
'Then did the Lord in pity rend asunder
'A little chink in Phosphoros his dungeon,
'That so he might behold his Sister's face;
'And when she silent peep'd into his Prison,
'She left with him a Mirror for his solace,
'And when he look'd therein, his earthy Garment
'Press'd him less; and, like the gleam of morning,
'Some faint remembrance of his Birthplace dawn'd.
'But yet the Azure Chains she could not break,
'The bitter Cup of Fire not take from him.
'Therefore she pray'd to Mythras, to her Father,
'To save his younger-born; and Mythras went
'Up to the footstool of the Lord, and said:
'Take pity on my Son!—Then said the Lord:
'Have I not sent Mylitta that he may
'Behold his Birthplace?—Wherefore Mythras answer'd:
'What profits it? The Chains she cannot break,
'The bitter Cup of Fire not take from him.
'So will I, said the Lord, the Salt be given him,
'That so the bitter Cup of Fire be soften'd;
'But yet the Azure Chains must lie on him
'Till once a Saviour rise from out the Waters.—
'And when the Salt was laid on Phosphor's tongue,
'The Fire's piercing ceas'd; but th' Element
'Congeal'd the Salt to Ice, and Phosphoros
'Lay there benumb'd, and had not power to move.
'But Isis saw him, and thus spake the Mother:
'Thou who art Father, Strength and Word and Light!
'Shall he my last-born grandchild lie for ever
'In pain, the down-pressed thrall of his rude Brother?
'Then had the Lord compassion, and he sent him
'The Herald of the Saviour from the Waters;
'The Cup of Fluidness, and in the Cup
'The drops of Sadness and the drops of Longing:
'And then the Ice was thaw'd, the Fire grew cool,
'And Phosphoros again had room to breathe.
'But yet the earthy Garment cumber'd him,

* *Mylitta*, in the old Persian mysteries, was the name of the Moon; *Mythras* that of the Sun.



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'The Azure Chains still gall'd, and the Remembrance
Of the Name, the Lord's, which he had lost, was wanting.
'Then the Mother's heart was mov'd with pity,
'She beckoned the Son to her, and said:
'Thou who art more than I, and yet my nursling,
'Put on this Robe of Earth, and show thyself
'To fallen Phosphoros bound in the dungeon,
'And open him that dungeon's narrow cover.
'Then said the Word: It shall be so! and sent
'His messenger DISEASE; she broke the roof
'Of Phosphor's Prison, so that once again
'The Fount of Light he saw: the Element
'Was dazzled blind; but Phosphor knew his Father.
'And when the Word, in Earth, came to the Prison,
'The Element address'd him as his like;
'But Phosphoros look'd up to him, and said:
'Thou art sent hither to redeem from Sin,
'Yet art thou not the Saviour from the Waters.—
'Then spake the Word: The Saviour from the Waters
'I surely am not; yet when thou hast drunk
'The Cup of Fluidness, I will redeem thee.
'Then Phosphor drank the Cup of Fluidness,
'Of Longing, and of Sadness; and his Garment
'Did drop sweet drops; wherewith the Messenger
'Of the Word wash'd all his Garment, till its folds
'And stiffness vanish'd, and it 'gan grow light.
'And when the Prison LIFE she touch'd, straightway
'It waxed thin and lucid like to crystal.
'But yet the Azure Chains she could not break.—
'Then did the Word vouchsafe him the Cup of Faith,
'And having drunk it, Phosphoros look'd up,
'And saw the Saviour standing in the Waters.
'Both hands the Captive stretch'd to grasp that Saviour;
'But he fled.
'So Phosphoros was griev'd in heart:
'But yet the Word spake comfort, giving him
'The Pillow *Patience*, there to lay his head.
'And having rested, he rais'd his head, and said:
'Wilt thou redeem me from the Prison too?
'Then, said the Word: Wait yet in peace seven moons,
'It may be nine, until thy hour shall come.
'And Phosphor answer'd: Lord, thy will be done!
Which when the mother Isis saw, it griev'd her;
'She call'd the Rainbow up, and said to him:
'Go thou and tell the Word that he forgive
'The Captive these seven moons! And Rainbow flew
'Where he was sent; and as he shook his wings
'There dropt from them the *Oil of Purity:*

'And

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'And this the Word did gather in a Cup,
'And cleans'd with it the Sinner's head and bosom.
'Then passing forth into his Father's Garden,
'He breath'd upon the ground, and there arose
'A flow'ret out of it, like milk and rose-bloom;
'Which having wetted with the dew of Rapture,
'He crown'd therewith the Captive's brow; then grasp'd him
'With his right hand, the Rainbow with the left;
'Mylitta likewise with her Mirror came,
'And Phosphoros looked into it, and saw
'Wrote on the Azure of Infinitude
'The long-forgotten NAME, and the REMEMBRANCE
'OF HIS BIRTHPLACE, gleaming as in light of gold.
'Then fell there as if scales from Phosphor's eyes,
'He left the Thought of being One and Somewhat,
'His nature melted in the mighty All;
'Like sighings from above came balmy healing
'So that his heart for very bliss was bursting.
'For Chains and Garment cumber'd him no more:
'The Garment he had changed to royal purple,
'And of his Chains were fashion'd glancing jewels.
'True, still the Saviour from the Waters tarried:
'Yet came the Spirit over him; the Lord
'Turn'd towards him a gracious countenance,
'And Isis held him in her mother-arms.
'This is the last Evangile.'

*(The door closes, and again conceals the* OLD MAN OF CARMEL.)

The purport of this enigma Robert confesses that he does not 'wholly' understand; an admission in which, we suspect, most of our readers, and the Old Man of Carmel himself, were he candid, might be inclined to agree with him. Sometimes, in the deeper consideration which translators are bound to bestow on such extravagances, we have fancied we could discern in this apologue some glimmerings of meaning, scattered here and there like weak lamps in the darkness; not enough to interpret the riddle, but to show that by possibility it might have an interpretation; was a typical vision, with a certain degree of significance in the wild mind of the poet, not an inane fever-dream. Might not Phosphoros, for example, indicate generally the spiritual essence of man, and this story be an emblem of his history? He longs to be 'One and Somewhat;' that is, he labours under the very common complaint of *egoism;* cannot, in the grandeur of Beauty and Virtue, forget his own so beautiful and virtuous *Self;* but amid the glories of the majestic All, is still haunted and blinded by some shadow of his own little *Me.* For this reason he is punished; imprisoned in the 'Element' (of a material body),



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and has the 'four Azure Chains' (the four principles of matter) bound round him; so that he can neither think nor act, except in a foreign medium, and under conditions that encumber and confuse him. The 'Cup of Fire' is given him: perhaps, the rude, barbarous passion and cruelty natural to all uncultivated tribes? But, at length, he beholds the 'Moon;' begins to have some sight and love of material Nature; and, looking, into her 'Mirror,' forms to himself, under gross emblems, a theogony and sort of mythologic poetry; in which, if he still cannot behold the 'Name,' and has forgotten his own 'Birth-place,' both of which are blotted out and hidden by the 'Element,' he finds some spiritual solace, and breathes more freely. Still, however, the 'Cup of Fire' tortures him; till the 'Salt' (intellectual culture?) is vouchsafed; which, indeed, calms the raging of that furious bloodthirstiness and warlike strife, but leaves him, as mere culture of the understanding may be supposed to do, frozen into irreligion and moral inactivity, and farther from the 'Name' and his 'Own Original' than ever. Then, is the 'Cup of Fluidness' a more merciful disposition? and intended, with 'the Drops of Sadness and the Drops of Longing,' to shadow forth that woestruck, desolate, yet softer and devouter state in which mankind displayed itself at the coming of the 'Word,' at the first promulgation of the Christian religion? Is the 'Rainbow' the modern poetry of Europe, the Chivalry, the new form of Stoicism, the whole *romantic* feeling of these later days? But who or what the '*Heiland aus den Wassern*' (Saviour from the Waters) may be, we need not hide our entire ignorance; this being apparently a secret of the *Valley*, which Robert d'Heredon, and Werner, and men of like gifts, are in due time to show the world, but unhappily have not yet succeeded in bringing to light. Perhaps, indeed, our whole interpretation may be thought little better than lost labour; a reading of what was only scrawled and flourished, not written; a shaping of gay castles and metallic palaces from the sunset clouds, which, though mountainlike, and purple and golden of hue, and towered together as if by Cyclopean arms, are but dyed vapour.

Adam of Valincourt continues his exposition in the most liberal way; but through many pages of metrical lecturing, he does little to satisfy us. What was more to his purpose, he partly succeeds in satisfying Robert d'Heredon; who, after due preparation,—Molay being burnt like a martyr, under the most promising omens, and the Pope and the King of France struck dead, or nearly so,—sets out to found the order of St. Andrews in his own country, that of Calatrava in Spain, and other knightly Missions of the *Heiland aus den Wassern* elsewhere; and

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and thus, to the great satisfaction of all parties, the *Sons of the Valley* terminates, 'positively for the last time.'

Our reader may have already convinced himself that in this strange phantasmagoria there are not wanting indications of very high poetic talent. We see a mind of great depth, if not of sufficient strength; struggling with objects which, though it cannot master them, are essentially of richest significance. Had the writer only kept his piece till the ninth year; meditating it with true diligence and unwearied will! But the weak Werner was not a man for such things: he must reap the harvest on the morrow after seed-day, and so stands before us at last, as a man capable of much, only not of bringing aught to perfection.

Of his natural dramatic genius, this work, ill-concocted as it is, affords no unfavourable specimen; and may, indeed, have justified expectations which were never realized. It is true, he cannot yet give form and animation to a character, in the genuine poetic sense; we do not *see* any of his *dramatis personæ*, but only hear of them: yet in some cases, his endeavour, though imperfect, is by no means abortive; and here, for instance, Jacques Molay, Philip Adalbert, Hugo, and the like, though not living men, have still as much life as many a buff-and-scarlet Sebastian or Barbarossa, whom we find swaggering, for years, with acceptance, on the boards. Of his spiritual beings, whom in most of his plays he introduces too profusely, we cannot speak in commendation: they are of a mongrel nature, neither rightly dead nor alive; in fact, they sometimes glide about like real, though rather singular mortals, through the whole piece; and only vanish as ghosts in the fifth act. But, on the other hand, in contriving theatrical incidents and sentiments; in scenic shows, and all manner of gorgeous, frightful or astonishing machinery; Werner exhibits a copious invention, and strong though untutored feeling. Doubtless, it is all crude enough; all illuminated by an impure, barbaric splendour; not the soft, peaceful brightness of sunlight, but the red, resinous glare of playhouse torches. Werner, however, was still young; and had he been of a right spirit, all that was impure and crude might in time have become ripe and clear; and a poet of no ordinary excellence would have been moulded out of him.

But as matters stood, this was by no means the thing Werner had most at heart. It is not the degree of poetic talent manifested in the *Sons of the Valley* that he prizes, but the religious truth shadowed forth in it. To judge from the parables of Baffometus and Phosphoros, our readers may be disposed to hold his revelations on this subject rather cheap. Nevertheless, taking up the character of *Vates* in its widest sense, Werner earnestly desires

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desires not only to be a poet, but a prophet; and, indeed, looks upon his merits in the former province as altogether subservient to his higher purposes in the latter. We have a series of the most confused and long-winded letters to Hitzig, who had now removed to Berlin; setting forth, with a singular simplicity, the mighty projects Werner was cherishing on this head. He thinks that there ought to be a new Creed promulgated, a new Body of Religionists established; and that, for this purpose, not writing, but actual preaching can avail. He detests common Protestantism, under which he seems to mean a sort of Socinianism, or diluted French Infidelity: he talks of Jacob Böhme, and Luther, and Schleiermacher, and a new Trinity of 'Art, Religion, and Love.' All this should be sounded in the ears of men, and in a loud voice, that so their torpid slumber, the harbinger of spiritual death, may be driven away. With the utmost gravity, he commissions his correspondent to wait upon Schlegel, Tieck, and others of a like spirit, and see whether they will not join him. For his own share in the matter, he is totally indifferent; will serve in the meanest capacity, and rejoice with his whole heart if, in zeal and ability as poets and preachers, not some only, but every one, should infinitely outstrip him. We suppose, he had dropped the thought of being 'One and Somewhat;' and now wished, rapt away by this divine purpose, to be 'Nought and All.'

On the *Heiland aus den Wassern*, this correspondence throws no further light: what the new Creed specially was, which Werner felt so eager to plant and propagate, we nowhere learn with any distinctness. Probably, he might himself have been rather at a loss to explain it in brief compass. His theogony, we suspect, was still very much *in posse;* and perhaps only the moral part of this system could stand before him with some degree of clearness. On this latter point, indeed, he is determined enough; well assured of his dogmas, and apparently waiting but for some proper vehicle in which to convey them to the minds of men. His fundamental principle of morals we have seen in part already: it does not exclusively or primarily belong to himself; being little more than that high tenet of entire Self-forgetfulness, that 'merging of the *Me* in the *Idea*;' a principle which reigns both in Stoical and Christian ethics, and is at this day common, in theory, among all German philosophers, especially of the Transcendental class. Werner has adopted this principle with his whole heart and his whole soul, as the indispensable condition of all Virtue. He believes it, we should say, intensely, and without compromise, exaggerating rather than softening or concealing its peculiarities. He will

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not have Happiness under any form to be the real or chief end of man: this is but love of enjoyment, disguise it as we like; a more complex and sometimes more respectable species of hunger, he would say; to be admitted as an indestructible element in human nature, but nowise to be recognized as the highest; on the contrary, to be resisted and incessantly warred with, till it become obedient to love of God, which is only, in the truest sense, love of Goodness, and the germ of which lies deep in the inmost nature of man; of authority superior to all sensitive impulses; forming, in fact, the grand law of his being, as subjection to it forms the first and last condition of spiritual health. He thinks that to propose a reward for virtue is to render virtue impossible. He warmly seconds Schleiermacher in declaring that even the hope of Immortality is a consideration unfit to be introduced into religion, and tending only to pervert it, and impair its sacredness. Strange as this may seem, Werner is firmly convinced of its importance; and has even enforced it specifically in a passage of his *Söhne des Thals*, which he is at the pains to cite and expound in his correspondence with Hitzig. Here is another fraction of that wondrous dialogue between Robert d'Heredon and Adam of Valincourt, in the cavern of the *Valley*:

* * * * * *

ROBERT. And Death—so dawns it on me—Death perhaps,
The doom that leaves nought of this *Me* remaining,
May be perhaps the Symbol of that Self-denial—
Perhaps still more——perhaps—I have it, friend!—
That cripplish Immortality—think'st' not?—
Which but spins forth our paltry *Me*, so thin
And pitiful, into Infinitude,
*That* too must *die*?—This shallow Self of ours,
We are not nail'd to it eternally?
We can, we must be free of it, and then
Uncumber'd wanton in the Force of All!

ADAM. *(Calling joyfully into the interior of the Cavern.)*
Brethren, he has renounced! Himself has found it!
O, praised be Light! He sees! The North is sav'd!

CONCEALED VOICES *of the Old Men of the Valley.*
Hail and joy to thee, thou Strong One;
Force to thee from above, and Light!
Complete,—complete the work!

ADAM. *(Embracing Robert.)*
Come to my heart!—&c. &c.

Such was the spirit of that new Faith, which, symbolized under mythuses of Baffometus and Phosphoros, and 'Saviours from the Waters,' and 'Trinities of Art, Religion, and Love,' and

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and to be preached abroad by the aid of Schleiermacher, and what was then called the *New Poetical School*, Werner seriously purposed, like another Luther, to cast forth, as good seed, among the ruins of decayed and down-trodden Protestantism! Whether Hitzig was still young enough to attempt executing his commission, and applying to Schlegel and Tieck for help; and if so, in what gestures of speechless astonishment, or what peals of inextinguishable laughter they answered him, we are not informed. One thing, however, is clear: that a man with so unbridled an imagination, joined to so weak an understanding, and so broken a volition; who had plunged so deep into Theosophy, and still hovered so near the surface in all practical knowledge of men and their affairs; who, shattered and degraded in his own private character, could meditate such apostolic enterprises, was a man likely, if he lived long, to play fantastic tricks in abundance; and at least, in his religious history, to set the world a-wondering. Conversion, not to Popery, but if it so chanced, to Braminism, was a thing nowise to be thought impossible.

Nevertheless, let his missionary zeal have justice from us! It does seem to have been grounded on no wicked or even illaudable motive: to all appearance, he not only believed what he professed, but thought it of the highest moment that others should believe it. And if the proselytising spirit which dwells in all men, be allowed exercise even when it only assaults what it reckons Errors, still more should this be so when it proclaims what it reckons Truth, and fancies itself not taking from us what in our eyes may be good, but adding thereto what is better.

Meanwhile, Werner was not so absorbed in spiritual schemes that he altogether overlooked his own merely temporal comfort. In contempt of former failures, he was now courting for himself a third wife, 'a young Poless of the highest personal attractions;' and this under difficulties which would have appalled an ordinary wooer: for the two had no language in common; he not understanding three words of Polish, she not one of German. Nevertheless, nothing daunted by this circumstance, nay perhaps discerning in it an assurance against many a sorrowful curtain-lecture, he prosecuted his suit, we suppose by signs and dumb-show, with such ardour, that he quite gained the fair mute; wedded her in 1801; and soon after, in her company, quitted Warsaw for Königsberg, where the helpless state of his mother required immediate attention. It is from Königsberg that most of his missionary epistles to Hitzig are written; the latter, as we have hinted above, being now stationed by his official appointment in Berlin. The sad duty of watching over his crazed, forsaken, and dying mother, Werner appears to have discharged

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discharged with true filial assiduity: for three years she lingered in the most painful state, under his nursing; and her death, in 1804, seems notwithstanding to have filled him with the deepest sorrow. This is an extract of his letter to Hitzig on that mournful occasion:

'I know not whether thou hast heard that on the 24th of February, (the same day when our excellent Mnioch died in Warsaw,) my mother departed here, in my arms. My Friend! God knocks with an iron hammer at our hearts; and we are duller than stone, if we do not feel it; and madder than mad, if we think it shame to cast ourselves into the dust before the All-powerful, and let our whole so highly miserable Self be annihilated in the sentiment of His infinite greatness and long-suffering. I wish I had words to paint how inexpressibly pitiful my *Söhne des Thals* appeared to me in that hour when, after eighteen years of neglect, I again went to partake in the Communion! This death of my mother,—the pure, royal poet-and-martyr spirit, who for eight years had lain continually on a sick-bed, and suffered unspeakable things,—affected me (much as, for her sake and my own, I could not but wish it) with altogether agonizing feelings. Ah, Friend, how heavy do my youthful faults lie on me! How much would I give to have my mother (though both I and my wife have of late times lived wholly for her, and had much to endure on her account)—how much would I give to have her back to me but one week, that I might disburden my heavy-laden heart with tears of repentance! My beloved Friend, give thou no grief to thy parents: ah, no earthly voice can awaken the dead! God and Parents, that is the first concern; *all* else is secondary.'

This affection for his mother forms, as it were, a little island of light and verdure, in Werner's history, where, amid so much that is dark and desolate, one feels it pleasant to linger. Here was at least one duty, perhaps indeed the only one, which, in a wayward, wasted life, he discharged with fidelity: from his conduct towards this one hapless being, we may, perhaps, still learn that his heart, however perverted by circumstances, was not incapable of true, disinterested love. A rich heart by Nature; but unwisely squandering its riches, and attaining to a pure union only with this one heart; for it seems doubtful whether he ever loved another! His poor mother, while alive, was the haven of all his earthly voyagings; and, in after years, from amid far scenes, and crushing perplexities, he often looks back to her grave with a feeling, to which all bosoms must respond.* The date of her decease became a memorable era in his mind; as may appear from the title which he gave long afterwards to one of his most popular and tragical productions, *Die*

* See, for example, the Preface to his *Mutter der Makkabäer*, written at Vienna, in 1819. The tone of still, but deep and heartfelt sadness, which runs through the whole of

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*Die Vier-und-zwanzigste Februar* (The Twenty-fourth of February.)

After this event, which left him in possession of a small but competent fortune, Werner returned with his wife to his post at Warsaw. By this time, Hitzig, too, had been sent back, and to a higher post: he was now married likewise; and the two wives, he says, soon became as intimate as their husbands. In a little while Hoffmann joined them; a colleague in Hitzig's office, and by him ere long introduced to Werner, and the other circle of Prussian men of law, who, in this foreign capital, formed each other's chief society; and, of course, clave to one another more closely than they might have done elsewhere. Hoffmann does not seem to have loved Werner; as, indeed, he was at all times rather shy in his attachments; and to his quick eye, and more rigid, fastidious feeling, the lofty theory and low selfish practice, the general diffuseness, nay incoherence of character, the pedantry and solemn affectation, too visible in the man, could nowise be hidden. Nevertheless he feels and acknowledges the frequent charm of his conversation: for Werner many times could be frank and simple; and the true humour and abandonment with which he often launched forth into bland satire on his friends, and still oftener on himself, atoned for many of his whims and weaknesses. Probably the two could not have lived together by themselves: but in a circle of common men, where these touchy elements were attempered by a fair addition of wholesome insensibilities and formalities, they even relished one another; and, indeed, the whole social union seems to have stood on no undesirable footing. For the rest, Warsaw itself was, at this time, a gay, picturesque, and stirring city; full of resources for spending life in pleasant occupation, either wisely or unwisely.*

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of this piece, cannot be communicated in extracts. We quote only a half stanza, which, except in prose, we shall not venture to translate:

*'Ich, dem der Liebe Kosen*
*Und alle Freudenrosen,*
*Beym ersten Schaufeltosen*
*Am Muttergrab' entflohn.'*—

'I, for whom the caresses of love and all roses of joy withered away, as the first shovel with its mould sounded on the coffin of my mother."

* Hitzig has thus described the first aspect it presented to Hoffmann: 'Streets of stately breadth, formed of palaces in the finest Italian style, and wooden huts which threatened every moment to rush down over the heads of their inmates; in these edifices, Asiatic pomp combined in strange union with Greenland squalor. An ever-moving population, forming the sharpest contrasts, as in a perpetual masquerade: long-bearded Jews; monks in the garb of every order; here veiled and deeply-shrouded nuns of strictest discipline, walking self-secluded and apart; there flights of young Polesses, in silk mantles of the brightest colours, talking and promenading over broad squares. The venerable ancient Polish noble, with moustaches, caftan, girdle, sabre, and red or yellow

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It was here that, in 1805, Werner's *Kreuz an der Ostsee* (Cross on the Baltic) was written: a sort of half operatic performance, for which Hoffmann, who, to his gifts as a writer, added, perhaps, still higher attainments, both as a musician and a painter, composed the accompaniment. He complains that, in this matter, Werner was very ill to please. A ridiculous scene at the first reading of the piece, the same shrewd wag has recorded in his *Serapions-Brüder*: Hitzig assures us that it is literally true, and that Hoffmann himself was the main actor in the business.

'Our Poet had invited a few friends to read to them, in manuscript, his *Kreuz an der Ostsee*, of which they already knew some fragments that had raised their expectations to the highest stretch. Planted, as usual, in the middle of the circle, at a little miniature table, on which two clear lights stuck in high candlesticks were burning, sat the Poet: he had drawn the manuscript from his breast; the huge snuff-box, the blue-checked handkerchief, aptly reminding you of Baltic muslin, as in use for petticoats and other indispensable things, lay arranged in order before him.—Deep silence on all sides!—Not a breath heard!—The Poet cuts one of those unparalleled, ever-memorable, altogether indescribable faces you have seen in him, and begins.—Now you recollect, at the rising of the curtain, the Prussians are assembled on the coast of the Baltic, fishing amber, and commence by calling on the god who presides over this vocation.—So—begins:

Bangputtis! Bangputtis! Bangputtis!

—Brief pause!—Incipient stare in the audience!—and from a fellow in the corner comes a small clear voice: "My dearest, most valued friend! my best of poets! If thy whole dear opera is written in that cursed language, no soul of us knows a syllable of it; and I beg, in the Devil's name, thou wouldst rather have the goodness to translate it first!"'*

Of this *Kreuz an der Ostsee* our limits will permit us to say but little. It is still a fragment; the Second Part, which was often promised, and, we believe, partly written, having never yet been published. In some respects, it appears to us the best of Werner's dramas: there is a decisive coherence in the plot, such as we seldom find with him; and a firmness, a rugged nervous brevity in the dialogue, which is equally rare. Here,

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tow boots; the new generation equipt to the utmost pitch as Parisian *Incroyables*; with Turks, Greeks, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, in ever-changing throng. Add to this a police of inconceivable tolerance, disturbing no popular sport; so that little puppet-theatres, apes, camels, dancing bears practised incessantly in open spaces and streets; while the most elegant equipages, and the poorest pedestrian bearers of burden stood gazing at them. Further, a theatre in the national language; a good French company; an Italian opera; German players of at least a very passable sort; masked-balls on a quite original but highly entertaining plan; places for pleasure-excursions all round the city,' &c. &c.—*Hoffmann's Leben und Nachlass.* B. I. s. 287.

* Hoffmann's *Serapions-Brüder.* B. IV. s. 240.

too,

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too, the mystic dreamy agencies, which, as in most of his pieces, he has intervoven with the action, harmonize more than usually with the spirit of the whole. It is a wild subject, and this helps to give it a corresponding wildness of locality. The first planting of Christianity among the Prussians, by the Teutonic Knights, leads us back of itself into dim ages of antiquity, of superstitious barbarism, and stern apostolic zeal: it is a scene hanging, as it were, in half-ghastly *chiaroscuro*, on a ground of primeval Night: where the Cross and St. Adalbert come in contact with the Sacred Oak and the Idols of Romova, we are not surprised that spectral shapes peer forth on us from the gloom.

In constructing and depicting of characters, Werner, indeed, is still little better than a mannerist: his persons, differing in external figure, differ too slightly in inward nature; and no one of them comes forward on us with a rightly visible or living air. Yet, in scenes and incidents, in what may be called the general costume of his subject, he has here attained a really superior excellence. The savage Prussians, with their amber-fishing, their bear-hunting, their bloody idolatry, and stormful untutored energy, are brought vividly into view; no less so the Polish Court of Plozk, and the German Crusaders, in their bridal-feasts and battles, as they live and move, here placed on the verge of Heathendom, as it were, the vanguard of Light in conflict with the kingdoms of Darkness. The nocturnal assault on Plozk by the Prussians, where the handful of Teutonic Knights is overpowered, but the city saved from ruin by the miraculous interposition of the 'Harper,' who now proves to be the spirit of St. Adalbert; this with the scene which follows it, on the Island of the Vistula, where the dawn slowly breaks over doings of woe and horrid cruelty, but of woe and cruelty atoned for by immortal hope,—belong undoubtedly to Werner's most successful efforts. With much that is questionable, much that is merely common, there are intermingled touches from the true Land of Wonders: indeed, the whole is overspread with a certain dim religious light, in which its many pettinesses and exaggerations are softened into something which, at least resembles poetic harmony. We give this drama a high praise, when we say that more than once it has reminded us of Calderon.

The 'Cross on the Baltic' had been bespoke by Iffland, for the Berlin theatre; but the complex machinery of the piece, the 'little flames' springing, at intervals, from the heads of certain characters, and the other supernatural ware with which it is replenished, were found to transcend the capabilities of any merely terrestrial stage. Iffland, the best actor in Germany, was

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was himself a dramatist, and man of talent, but in all points differing from Werner, as a stage-machinist may differ from a man with the *second-sight*. Hoffmann chuckles in secret over the perplexities in which the shrewd prosaic manager and playwright must have found himself, when he came to the 'little flame.' Nothing remained but to write back a refusal, full of admiration and expostulation; and Iffland wrote one which, says Hoffmann, 'passes for a master-piece of theatrical diplomacy.'

In this one respect, at least, Werner's next play was happier, for it actually crossed the 'Stygian marsh' of green-room hesitations, and reached, though in a maimed state, the Elysium of the boards; and this to the great joy, as it proved, both of Iffland and all other parties interested. We allude to the *Martin Luther oder die Weihe der Kraft*, (Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Strength,) Werner's most popular performance, which came out at Berlin in 1807, and soon spread over all Germany, Catholic as well as Protestant, being acted, it would seem, even in Vienna, to overflowing and delighted audiences.

If instant acceptance, therefore, were a measure of dramatic merit, this play should rank high among that class of works. Nevertheless, to judge from our own impressions, the sober reader of *Martin Luther* will be far from finding in it such excellence. It cannot be named among the best dramas: it is not even the best of Werner's. There is, indeed, much scenic exhibition, many a 'fervid sentiment,' as the newspapers have it; nay, with all its mixture of coarseness, here and there a glimpse of genuine dramatic inspiration; but, as a whole, the work sorely disappoints us; it is of so loose and mixed a structure, and falls asunder in our thoughts, like the iron and the clay in the Chaldean's Dream. There is an interest, perhaps of no trivial sort, awakened in the First Act; but unhappily it goes on declining, till, in the Fifth, an ill-natured critic might almost say, it expires. The story is too wide for Werner's dramatic lens to gather into a focus; besides, the reader brings with him an image of it, too fixed for being so boldly metamorphosed, and too high and august for being ornamented with tinsel and gilt pasteboard. Accordingly, the Diet of Worms, plentifully furnished as it is with sceptres and armorial shields, continues a much grander scene in History, than it is here in Fiction. Neither, with regard to the persons of the play, excepting those of Luther and Catharine, the Nun whom he weds, can we find much scope for praise. Nay, our praise even of these two must have many limitations. Catharine, though carefully enough depicted, is, in fact, little more than a common tragedy-queen, with the storminess, the love, and other stage-heroism, which belong prescriptively to that

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that class of dignitaries. With regard to Luther himself, it is evident that Werner has put forth his whole strength in this delineation; and, trying him by common standards, we are far from saying that he has failed. Doubtless it is, in some respects, a significant and even sublime delineation; yet must we ask whether it is Luther, the Luther of History, or even the Luther proper for this drama; and not rather some ideal portraiture of Zacharias Werner himself? Is not this Luther, with his too assiduous flute-playing, his trances of three days, his visions of the Devil (at whom, to the sorrow of the housemaid, he resolutely throws his huge ink-bottle), by much too spasmodic and brainsick a personage? We cannot but question the dramatic beauty, whatever it may be in history, of that three days' trance; the hero must before this have been in want of mere victuals; and there, as he sits deaf and dumb, with his eyes sightless, yet fixed and staring, are we not tempted less to admire, than to send in all haste for some officer of the Humane Society?—Seriously, we cannot but regret that these and other such blemishes had not been avoided, and the character, worked into chasteness and purity, been presented to us in the simple grandeur which essentially belongs to it. For, censure as we may, it were blindness to deny that this figure of Luther has in it features of an austere loveliness, a mild, yet awful beauty: undoubtedly a figure rising from the depths of the poet's soul; and marred as it is with such adhesions, piercing at times into the depths of ours! Among so many poetical sins, it forms the chief redeeming virtue, and truly were almost in itself a sort of atonement.

As for the other characters, they need not detain us long. Of Charles Fifth, by far the most ambitious, meant, indeed, as the counterpoise of Luther, we may say without hesitation that he is a failure. An empty Gascon this; bragging of his power, and honour, and the like, in a style which Charles, even in his nineteenth year, could never have used. 'One God, one Charles,' is no speech for an emperor; and, besides, is borrowed from some panegyrist of a Spanish opera-singer. Neither can we fall in with Charles, when he tells us that 'he fears nothing—not even God.' We humbly think he must be mistaken. With the old Miners, again, with Hans Luther and his Wife, the Reformer's parents, there is more reason to be satisfied; yet in Werner's hands simplicity is always apt, in such cases, to become too simple, and these honest peasants, like the honest Hugo, in the 'Sons of the Valley,' are *very* garrulous.

This drama of 'Martin Luther' is named likewise the 'Consecration of Strength;' that is, we suppose, the purifying of this great

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great theologian from all remnants of earthly passion, into a clear heavenly zeal; an operation which is brought about, strangely enough, by two half-ghosts and one whole ghost, a little fairy girl, Catharine's servant, who impersonates Faith; a little fairy youth, Luther's servant, who represents Art; and the 'Spirit of Cotta's wife,' an honest housekeeper, but defunct many years before, who stands for Purity. These three supernaturals hover about in very whimsical wise, cultivating flowers, playing on flutes, and singing dirge-like epithalamiums over unsound sleepers: we cannot see how aught of this is to 'consecrate strength;' or, indeed, what such jack-o'-lantern personages have in the least to do with so grave a business. If the author intended by such machinery to elevate his subject from the Common, and unite it with the higher region of the Infinite and the Invisible, we cannot think that his contrivance has succeeded, or was worthy to succeed. These half-allegorical, half-corporeal beings yield no contentment anywhere: Abstract Ideas, however they may put on fleshly garments, are a class of characters whom we cannot sympathize with or delight in. Besides, how can this mere embodyment of an allegory be supposed to act on the rugged materials of life, and elevate into ideal grandeur the doings of real men, that live and move amid the actual pressure of worldly things? At best, it can stand but like a *hand in the margin*: it is not *performing* the task proposed, but only telling us that it was meant to be performed. To our feelings, this entire episode runs like straggling bindweed through the whole growth of the piece, not so much uniting as encumbering and choking up what it meets with; in itself, perhaps, a green and rather pretty weed; yet here superfluous, and, like any other weed, deserving only to be altogether cut away.

Our general opinion of 'Martin Luther,' it would seem, therefore, corresponds ill with that of the 'overflowing and delighted audiences' over all Germany. We believe, however, that now, in its twentieth year, the work may be somewhat more calmly judged of even there. As a classical drama it could never pass with any critic; nor, on the other hand, shall we ourselves deny that, in the lower sphere of a popular spectacle, its attractions are manifold. We find it, what more or less we find all Werner's pieces to be, a splendid, sparkling mass; yet not of pure metal, but of many-coloured scoria, not unmingled with metal; and must regret, as ever, that it had not been refined in a stronger furnace, and kept in the crucible till the true *silver-gleam*, glancing from it, had shown that the process was complete.

Werner's dramatic popularity could not remain without influence on him, more especially as he was now in the very centre of

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of its brillancy, having changed his residence from Warsaw to Berlin, some time before his *Weihe der Kraft* was acted, or indeed written. Von Schrötter, one of the state-ministers, a man harmonising with Werner in his 'zeal both for religion and freemasonry,' had been persuaded by some friends to appoint him his secretary. Werner naturally rejoiced in such promotion; yet, combined with his theatrical success, it perhaps, in the long run, did him more harm than good. He might now, for the first time, be said to see the busy and influential world with his own eyes: but to draw future instruction from it, or even to guide himself in its present complexities, he was little qualified. He took a shorter method: 'he plunged into the vortex of society,' says Hitzig, with brief expressiveness; became acquainted, indeed, with Fichte, Johannes Müller, and other excellent men, but united himself also, and with closer partiality, to players, play-lovers, and a long list of jovial, admiring, but highly unprofitable companions. His religious schemes, perhaps, rebutted by collision with actual life, lay dormant for the time, or mingled in strange union with wine-vapours, and the 'feast of reason, and the flow of soul.' The result of all this might, in some measure, be foreseen. In eight weeks, for example, Werner had parted with his wife. It was not to be expected, he writes, that she should be happy with him. 'I am no bad man,' continues he, with considerable candour; 'yet a weakling in many respects, (for God strengthens me also in several,) fretful, capricious, greedy, impure. Thou knowest me! Still, immersed in my fantasies, in my occupations: so that here, what with playhouses, what with social parties, she had no manner of enjoyment with me. *She* is innocent; I too, perhaps, for can I pledge myself that I am so?' These repeated divorces of Werner's at length convinced him that he had no talent for managing wives; indeed, we subsequently find him, more than once, arguing in dissuasion of marriage altogether. To our readers one other consideration may occur: astonishment at the state of marriage-law, and the strange footing this 'sacrament' must stand on throughout Protestant Germany. For a Christian man, at least not a Mahometan, to leave *three* widows behind him, certainly wears a peculiar aspect. Perhaps it is saying much for German morality, that so absurd a system has not, by the disorders resulting from it, already brought about its own abrogation.

Of Werner's further proceedings in Berlin, except by implication, we have little notice. After the arrival of the French armies, his secretaryship ceased; and now wifeless and placeless, in the summer of 1807, 'he felt himself,' he says, 'authorized by

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by Fate to indulge his taste for pilgriming.' Indulge it accordingly he did; for he wandered to and fro many years, nay, we may almost say, to the end of his life, like a perfect Bedouin. The various stages and occurrences of his travels, he has himself recorded in a paper furnished by him for his own *Name*, in some Biographical Dictionary. Hitzig quotes great part of it, but it is too long and too meagre for being quoted here. Werner was at Prague, Vienna, Munich—everywhere received with open arms; 'saw at Jena, in December 1807, for the first time, the most universal and the clearest man of his age (the man whose like no one that has seen him will ever see again,) the great, nay, only GOETHE; and under his introduction, the pattern of German princes' (the Duke of Weimar;) and then, 'after three ever-memorable months in this society, beheld at Berlin the triumphant entry of the pattern of European tyrants,' (Napoleon.) On the summit of the Rigi, at sunrise, he became acquainted with the Crown Prince, now King, of Bavaria; was by him introduced to the Swiss festival at Interlaken, and to the most 'intellectual lady of our time, the Baroness de Staël; and must beg to be credited when, after sufficient individual experience, he can declare, that the heart of this high and noble woman was at least as great as her genius.' Coppet, for a while, was his head-quarters, but he went to Paris, to Weimar,* again to Switzerland; in short, trudged and hurried hither and thither, inconstant as an *ignis fatuus*, and restless as the Wandering Jew.

On his mood of mind during all this period, Werner gives us no direct information; but so unquiet an outward life betokens of itself no inward repose; and when we, from other lights, gain a transient glimpse into the wayfarer's thoughts, they seem still more fluctuating than his footsteps. His project of a New Religion was by this time abandoned: Hitzig thinks his closer survey of life at Berlin had taught him the impracticability of such chimeras. Nevertheless, the subject of Religion, in one shape or another, nay, of propagating it in new purity by teaching and preaching, had nowise vanished from his meditations. On the contrary, we can perceive that it still formed the master-principle of his soul, 'the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night,' which guided him, so far as he had any guidance, in the pathless desert of his now solitary, barren, and cheerless existence. What his special opinions or prospects on

* It was here that Hitzig saw him, for the last time, in 1809; found admittance through his means to a court-festival, in honour of Bernadotte; and he still recollects, with gratification, 'the lordly spectacle of Goethe and that sovereign standing front to front engaged in the liveliest conversation.'



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the matter had, at this period, become, we nowhere learn; except, indeed, negatively—for if he has not yet found the new, he still cordially enough detests the old. All his admiration of Luther cannot reconcile him to modern Lutheranism. This he regards but as another and more hideous impersonation of the Utilitarian spirit of the age, nay, as the last triumph of Infidelity, which has now dressed itself in priestly garb, and even mounted the pulpit, to preach, in heavenly symbols, a doctrine which is altogether of the earth. A curious passage from his preface to the 'Cross on the Baltic,' we may quote, by way of illustration. After speaking of St. Adalbert's miracles, and how his body, when purchased from the heathen for its weight in gold, became light as gossamer, he proceeds:

'Though these things may be justly doubted; yet *one* miracle cannot be denied him, the miracle, namely, that after his death he has extorted from this Spirit of Protestantism against Strength in general,—which now replaced the old heathen and catholic Spirit of Persecution, and weighs almost as much as Adalbert's body,—the admission, that he knew what he wanted; was what he wished to be; was so wholly; and therefore must have been a man, at all points diametrically opposite both to that Protestantism, and to the culture of our day.' In a Note, he adds: 'There is another Protestantism, however, which constitutes in Conduct, what Art is in Speculation, and which I reverence so highly, that I even place it above Art, as Conduct is above Speculation at all times. But in this, St. Adalbert and St. Luther are—colleagues: and if God, which I daily pray for, should awaken Luther to us *before* the Last Day, the *first* task he would find, in respect of that degenerate and spurious Protestantism, would be, in his somewhat rugged manner, to—*protest* against it.'

A similar, or, perhaps, still more reckless temper, is to be traced elsewhere, in passages of a gay, as well as grave character. This is the conclusion of a letter from Vienna, in 1807:

'We have Tragedies here which contain so many edifying maxims that you might use them instead of *Jesus Sirach*, and have them read from beginning to end in the Berlin Sunday Schools. Comedies, likewise, absolutely bursting with household felicity and nobleness of mind. The genuine Kasperl is dead, and Schikander gone his ways; but here too Bigotry and Superstition are attacked in enlightened Journals with such profit, that the people care less for Popery than even you in Berlin do; and prize, for instance, the *Weihe der Kraft*, which has also been declaimed in Regensburg and Munich to thronging audiences—chiefly for the multitude of liberal Protestant opinions therein brought to light; and regard the author, all his struggling to the contrary unheeded, as a secret *Illuminatus*, or at worst an amiable Enthusiast. In a word, Vienna is determined, without loss of time, to overtake Berlin in the career of improvement; and when I recollect that Berlin, on her side, carries Porsten's *Hymn-book* with her, in her reticule,

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reticule, to the shows in the *Thiergarten*: and that the ray of Christiano-catholico-platonic Faith pierces deeper and deeper into your (already by nature very deep) Privy-councillor Mamsell,—I almost fancy that Germany is one great madhouse; and could find in my heart to pack up my goods, and set off for Italy, to-morrow morning; —not indeed that I might work there, where follies enough are to be had too; but that, amid ruins and flowers, I might forget all things, and myself in the first place.'—*Lebens-Abriss*, s. 70.

To Italy accordingly he went, though with rather different objects, and not quite so soon as on the morrow. In the course of his wanderings, a munificent ecclesiastical Prince, the Fürst Primas von Dalberg, had settled a yearly pension on him; so that now he felt still more at liberty to go whither he listed. In the course of a second visit to Coppet, and which lasted four months, Madame de Staël encouraged and assisted him to execute his favourite project; he set out, through Turin and Florence, and 'on the 9th of December 1809, saw, for the first time, the capital of the world!' Of his proceedings here, much as we should desire to have minute details, no information is given in this narrative; and Hitzig seems to know, by a letter, merely, that 'he knelt with streaming eyes over the graves of St. Peter and St. Paul.' This little phrase says much. Werner appears likewise to have assisted at certain 'Spiritual Exercitations' (*Geistliche Uebungen*); a new invention set on foot at Rome for quickening the devotion of the faithful, consisting, so far as we can gather, in a sort of fasting-and-prayer meetings, conducted on the most rigorous principles, the considerable band of devotees being bound over to strict silence, and secluded for several days, with conventual care, from every sort of intercourse with the world. The effect of these Exercitations, Werner elsewhere declares, was edifying to an extreme degree; at parting on the threshold of their holy tabernacle, all the brethren 'embraced each other, as if intoxicated with divine joy; and each confessed to the other, that throughout these precious days he had been, as it were, in heaven; and now, strengthened as by a soul-purifying bath, was but loth to venture back into the cold weekday world.' The next step from these Tabor-feasts, if, indeed, it had not preceded them, was a decisive one: 'On the 19th of April 1811, Werner had grace given him to return to the Faith of his fathers, the Catholic!'

Here, then, the 'crowning mercy' had at length arrived! This passing of the Rubicon determined the whole remainder of Werner's life, which had henceforth the merit, at least, of entire consistency. He forthwith set about the professional study of Theology; then, being perfected in this, he left Italy in 1813, taking



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care, however, by the road, 'to supplicate, and certainly not in vain, the help of the Gracious Mother at Loretto;' and after due preparation, under the superintendence of his patron, the Prince Archbishop von Dalberg, had himself ordained a Priest at Aschaffenburg, in June, 1814. Next, from Aschaffenburg he hastened to Vienna; and there, with all his might, began preaching; his first auditory being the Congress of the Holy Alliance, which had then just begun its venerable sessions. 'The novelty and strangeness,' he says, 'nay, originality of his appearance, secured him an extraordinary concourse of hearers.' He was, indeed, a man worth hearing and seeing; for his name, noised abroad in many-sounding peals, was filling all Germany from the hut to the palace. This, he thinks, might have affected his head; but he 'had a trust in God, which bore him through.' Neither did he seem anywise anxious to still this clamour of his judges, least of all to propitiate his detractors: for already, before arriving at Vienna, he had published, as a pendant to his 'Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Strength,' a pamphlet, in doggrel metre, entitled, the 'Consecration of Weakness,' wherein he proclaims himself to the whole world as an honest seeker and finder of truth, and takes occasion to revoke his old 'Trinity,' of art, religion, and love; love having now turned out to be a dangerous ingredient in such mixtures. The writing of this *Weihe der Unkraft* was reckoned by many a bold but injudicious measure,—a throwing down of the gauntlet when the lists were full of tumultuous foes, and the knight was but weak, and his cause, at best, of the most questionable sort. To reports, and calumnies, and criticisms, and vituperations, there was no limit.

What remains of this strange eventful history may be summed up in few words. Werner accepted no special charge in the Church; but continued a private and secular Priest; preaching diligently, but only where he himself saw good; oftenest at Vienna, but in summer over all parts of Austria, in Styria, Carinthia, and even Venice. Everywhere, he says, the opinions of his hearers were 'violently divided.' At one time, he thought of becoming Monk, and had actually entered on a sort of noviciate; but he quitted the establishment rather suddenly, and, as he is reported to have said, 'for reasons known only to God and himself.' By degrees, his health grew very weak; yet he still laboured hard both in public and private; writing or revising poems, devotional or dramatic; preaching, and officiating as father-confessor, in which last capacity he is said to have been in great request. Of his poetical productions during this period, there is none of any moment known to us, except the *Mother of*

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*of the Maccabees* (1819); a tragedy of careful structure, and apparently in high favour with the author, but which notwithstanding need not detain us long. In our view, it is the worst of all his pieces; a pale, bloodless, indeed quite ghost-like affair; for a cold breath as from a sepulchre chills the heart in perusing it: there is no passion or interest, but a certain woestruck martyr zeal, or rather frenzy, and this not so much storming as shrieking; not loud and resolute, but shrill, hysterical, and bleared with ineffectual tears. To read it may well sadden us: it is a convulsive fit, whose uncontrollable writhings indicate, not strength, but the last decay of it.*

Werner was, in fact, drawing to his latter end: his health had long been ruined; especially of later years, he had suffered much from disorders of the lungs. In 1817, he was thought to be dangerously ill; and afterwards, in 1822, when a journey to the Baths partly restored him; though he himself still felt that his term was near, and spoke and acted like a man that was shortly to depart. In January, 1823, he was evidently dying: his affairs he had already settled; much of his time he spent in prayer; was constantly cheerful, at intervals even gay. 'His death,' says Hitzig, 'was especially mild. On the eleventh day of his disorder, he felt himself, particularly towards evening, as if altogether light and well; so that he would hardly consent to have any one to watch with him. The servant whose turn it was did watch, however; he had sat down by the bedside between two and three next morning (the 17th), and continued there a considerable while, in the belief that his patient was asleep. Surprised, however, that no breathing was to be heard, he hastily aroused the household, and it was found that Werner had already passed away.'

In imitation, it is thought, of Lipsius, he bequeathed his Pen to the treasury of the Virgin at Mariazell, 'as a chief instrument of his aberrations, his sins, and his repentance.' He was honourably interred at Enzersdorf on the Hill, where a simple inscription composed by himself begs the wanderer to 'pray charitably for his poor soul;' and expresses a trembling hope that, as to Mary Magdalen, 'because she loved much,' so to him also 'much may be forgiven.'

We have thus, in hurried movement, travelled over Zacharias

* Of his *Attila* (1808), his *Vier-und-zwanzigste Februar* (1809), his *Cunegunde* (1814), and various other pieces written in his wanderings, we have not room to speak. It is the less necessary, as the *Attila* and *Twenty-fourth of February*, by much the best of these, have already been forcibly, and, on the whole, fairly characterised by Madame de Staël. Of the last-named little work we might say, with double emphasis, *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet:* it has a deep and genuine tragic interest, were it not so painfully protracted into the regions of pure horror. Werner's *Sermons*, his *Hymns*, his *Preface to Thomas à Kempis*, &c. are entirely unknown to us.

Werner's

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Werner's Life and Works; noting down from the former such particulars as seemed most characteristic; and gleaning from the latter some more curious passages, less indeed with a view to their intrinsic excellence, than to their fitness for illustrating the man. These scattered indications we must now leave our readers to interpret each for himself: each will adjust them into that combination which shall best harmonize with his own way of thought. As a writer, Werner's character will occasion little difficulty. A richly gifted nature; but never wisely guided, or resolutely applied: a loving heart; an intellect subtle and inquisitive, if not always clear and strong; a gorgeous, deep and bold imagination; a true, nay, keen and burning sympathy with all high, all tender and holy things;—here lay the main elements of no common poet; save only that one was still wanting—the force to cultivate them, and mould them into pure union. But they have remained uncultivated, disunited, too often struggling in wild disorder: his poetry, like his life, is still not so much an edifice as a quarry. Werner had cast a look into perhaps the very deepest region of the Wonderful; but he had not learned to live there: he was yet no denizen of that mysterious land; and in his visions its splendour is strangely mingled and overclouded with the flame or smoke of mere earthly fire. Of his dramas we have already spoken; and with much to praise, found always more to censure. In his rhymed pieces, his shorter, more didactic poems, we are better satisfied: here in the rude, jolting vehicle of a certain Sternhold-and-Hopkins metre, we often find a strain of true pathos, and a deep, though quaint significance. His prose, again, is among the worst known to us: degraded with silliness; diffuse, nay tautological, yet obscure and vague; contorted into endless involutions; a misshapen, lumbering, complected coil, well nigh inexplicable in its entanglements, and seldom worth the trouble of unravelling. He does not move *through* his subject, and arrange it, and rule over it: for most part, he but welters in it, and laboriously tumbles it, and at last sinks under it.

As a man, the ill-fated Werner can still less content us. His feverish, inconstant, and wasted life we have already looked at. Hitzig, his determined well-wisher, admits that in practice he was selfish, wearying out his best friends by the most barefaced importunities; a man of no dignity; avaricious, greedy, sensual, at times obscene; in discourse, with all his humour and heartiness, apt to be intolerably long-winded; and of a maladroitness, a blank ineptitude, which exposed him to incessant ridicule and manifold mystifications from people of the world. Nevertheless, under all this rubbish, contends the friendly Biographer, there dwelt,

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dwelt, for those who could look more narrowly, a spirit, marred indeed in its beauty, and languishing in painful conscious oppression, yet never wholly forgetful of its original nobleness. Werner's soul was made for affection; and often as, under his too rude collisions with external things, it was struck into harshness and dissonance, there was a tone which spoke of melody, even in its jarrings. A kind, a sad and heartfelt remembrance of his friends seems never to have quitted him: to the last he ceased not from warm love to men at large; nay, to awaken in them, with such knowledge as he had, a sense for what was best and highest, may be said to have formed the earnest, though weak and unstable aim of his whole existence. The truth is, his defects as a writer were also his defects as a man: he was feeble, and without volition; in life, as in poetry, his endowments fell into confusion; his character relaxed itself on all sides into incoherent expansion; his activity became gigantic endeavour, followed by most dwarfish performance.

The grand incident of his life, his adoption of the Roman Catholic religion, is one on which we need not heap further censure; for already, as appears to us, it is rather liable to be too harshly than too leniently dealt with. There is a feeling in the popular mind, which, in well-meant hatred of inconsistency, perhaps in general too sweepingly condemns such changes. Werner, it should be recollected, *had* at all periods of his life *a* religion; nay, he hungered and thirsted after truth in this matter, as after the highest good of man; a fact which of itself must, in this respect, set him far above the most consistent of mere unbelievers—in whose barren and callous soul consistency, perhaps, is no such brilliant virtue. We pardon genial weather for its changes; but the steadiest of all climates is that of Greenland. Further, we must say that, strange as it may seem, in Werner's whole conduct, both before and after his conversion, there is not visible the slightest trace of insincerity. On the whole, there are fewer genuine renegades than men are apt to imagine. Surely, indeed, that must be a nature of extreme baseness, who feels that, in worldly good, he *can* gain by such a step. Is the contempt, the execration of all that have known and loved us, and of millions that have never known us, to be weighed against a mess of pottage, or a piece of money? We hope there are not many, even in the rank of sharpers, that would think so. But for Werner there was no gain in any way; nay, rather certainty of loss. He enjoyed or sought no patronage; with his own resources he was already independent though poor, and on a footing of good esteem with all that was most estimable in his country. His little pension, conferred on him, at

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at a prior date, by a Catholic Prince, was not continued after his conversion, except by the Duke of Weimar, a Protestant. He became a mark for calumny; the defenceless butt at which every callow witling made his proof-shot; his character was more deformed and mangled than that of any other man. What had he to gain? Insult and persecution; and with these, as candour bids us believe, the approving voice of his own conscience. To judge from his writings, he was far from repenting of the change he had made; his Catholic faith evidently stands in his own mind as the first blessing of his life; and he clings to it as to the anchor of his soul. Scarcely more than once (in the Preface to his *Mutter der Makkabäer*) does he allude to the legions of falsehoods that were in circulation against him; and it is in a spirit which, without entirely concealing the querulousness of nature, nowise fails in the meekness and endurance which became him as a Christian. Here is a fragment of another Paper, published since his death, as it was meant to be; which exhibits him in a still clearer light. The reader may contemn, or, what will be better, pity and sympathize with him; but the structure of this strange piece surely bespeaks anything but insincerity. We translate it with all its breaks and fantastic crotchets, as it stands before us:

'TESTAMENTARY INSCRIPTION, from Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, a son,' &c.—(here follows a statement of his parentage and birth, with vacant spaces for the date of his death—) 'of the following lines, submitted to all such as have more or less felt any friendly interest in his unworthy person, with the request to take warning by his example, and charitably to remember the poor soul of the writer before God, in prayer and good deeds.

---

'Begun at Florence, on the 24th of September, about eight in the evening, amid the still distant sound of approaching thunder. Concluded, when and where God will!

---

'Motto, Device, and Watchword in Death: *Remittuntur ei peccata multa, quoniam dilexit multum!? !—Lucas, Caput* vii. *v.* 47.

---

'N. B. Most humbly and earnestly, and in the name of God, does the Author of this Writing beg, of such honest persons as may find it, to submit the same in any suitable way to public examination.

---

'*Fecisti nos, Domine, ad Te, et irrequietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te.—S. Augustinus.*

'*Per multa dispergitur, et hic illucque quærit (cor) ubi requiescere possit, et nihil invenit quod ei sufficiat, donec ad ipsum (sc. Deum) redeat.—S. Bernardus.*

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'In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen!

'The

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'The thunder came hither, and is still rolling, though now at a distance.—The name of the Lord be praised! Hallelujah!—I BEGIN:

'This Paper must needs be brief; because the appointed term for my life itself may already be near at hand. There are not wanting examples of important and unimportant men, who have left behind them in writing the defence, or even sometimes the accusation, of their earthly life. Without estimating such procedure, I am not minded to imitate it. With trembling I reflect that I myself shall first learn in its whole terrific compass what properly I was, when these lines shall be read by men; that is to say, in a point of Time which for me will be no Time; in a condition wherein all experience will for me be too late!

'*Rex tremendæ majestatis,*
*Qui salvandos salvas gratis,*
*Salva me, fons pietatis!!!*

But if I do, till that day when All shall be laid open, draw a veil over my past life, it is not merely out of false shame that I so order it; for though not free from this vice also, I would willingly make known my guilt to all and every one whom my voice might reach, could I hope, by such confession, to atone for what I have done; or thereby to save a single soul from perdition. There are two motives, however, which forbid me to make such an open personal revelation after death: the *one*, because the unclosing of a pestilential grave may be dangerous to the health of the uninfected looker-on; the *other*, because in my writings (which may God forgive me!) amid a wilderness of poisonous weeds and garbage, there may also be here and there a medicinal herb lying scattered, from which poor patients, to whom it might be useful, would start back with shuddering, did they know the pestiferous soil on which it grew.

'So much, however, in regard to those good creatures as they call themselves, namely, to those feeble weaklings who brag of what they designate their good hearts,—so much must I say before God, that such a heart alone, when it is not checked and regulated by forethought and steadfastness, is not only incapable of saving its possessor from destruction, but is rather certain to hurry him, full speed, into that abyss, where I have been, whence I—perhaps?!!!—by God's grace am snatched, and from which may God mercifully preserve every reader of these lines.'—*Werner's Letzte Lebenstagen* (quoted by Hitzig, p. 80.)

All this is melancholy enough; but it is not like the writing of a hypocrite or repentant apostate. To Protestantism, above all things, Werner shows no thought of returning. In allusion to a rumour, which had spread, of his having given up Catholicism, he says (in the *Preface* already quoted):

'A stupid falsehood I must reckon it; since, according to my deepest conviction, it is as impossible that a soul in Bliss should return back into the Grave, as that a man, who like me after a life of error and search has found the priceless jewel of Truth, should, I will not say, give up the same, but hesitate to sacrifice for it blood and life, nay

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nay many things perhaps far dearer, with joyful heart, when the one good cause is concerned.'

And elsewhere in a private letter:

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'I not only assure thee, but I beg of thee to assure all men, if God should ever so withdraw the light of his grace from me, that I ceased to be a Catholic, I would a thousand times sooner join myself to Judaism, or to the Bramins on the Ganges: but to that shallowest, driest, most contradictory, inanest Inanity of Protestantism, *never, never, never!*'

Here, perhaps, there is a touch of priestly, of almost feminine vehemence; for it is to a Protestant and an old friend that he writes: but the conclusion of his *Preface* shows him in a better light. Speaking of Second Parts, and regretting that so many of his works were unfinished, he adds:

'But what specially comforts me is the prospect of—our genera Second Part; where even in the first Scene *this* consolation, that there *all* our works will be known, may not indeed prove solacing *for us all;* but where, through the strength of Him, that alone completes all works, it will be granted to those whom He has saved, not only to know each other, but even to know Him, as by Him they are known!—With my trust in Christ, whom I have not yet won, I regard, with the Teacher of the Gentiles, all things but dross that I may win Him; and to Him, cordially and lovingly do I, in life or at death, commit you all, my beloved Friends and my beloved Enemies!'

On the whole, we cannot think it doubtful that Werner's belief was real and heartfelt. But how then, our wondering readers may inquire, if his belief was real and not pretended, *how* then did he believe? He, who scoffs in infidel style at the truths of Protestantism, by what alchemy did he succeed in tempering into credibility the harder and bulkier dogmas of Popery? Of Popery too, the frauds and gross corruptions of which he has so fiercely exposed in his *Martin Luther;* and this, moreover, without cancelling, or even softening his vituperations, long after his conversion, in the very last edition of that drama? To this question, we are far from pretending to have any answer that altogether satisfies ourselves; much less that shall altogether satisfy others. Meanwhile, there are two considerations which throw light on the difficulty for us: these, as some step, or at least, attempt towards a solution of it, we shall not withhold. The *first* lies in Werner's individual character, and mode of life. Not only was he born a *mystic*, not only had he lived from of old amid freemasonry, and all manner of cabalistic and other traditionary chimeras; he was also, and had long been, what is emphatically called *dissolute;* a word, which has

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has now lost somewhat of its original force; but which, as applied here, is still more just and significant in its etymological, than in its common acceptation. He was a man *dissolute*; that is, by a long course of vicious indulgences, enervated and *loosened asunder*. Everywhere in Werner's life and actions, we discern a mind relaxed from its proper tension; no longer capable of effort and toilsome resolute vigilance; but floating almost passively with the current of its impulses, in languid, imaginative, Asiatic reverie. That such a man should discriminate, with sharp, fearless logic, between beloved errors and unwelcome truths, was not to be expected. His belief is likely to have been *persuasion* rather than *conviction*, both as it related to Religion, and to other subjects. What, or how much a man in this way may bring himself to *believe*, with such force and distinctness as he honestly and usually calls *belief*, there is no predicting.

But *another* consideration, which we think should nowise be omitted, is the general state of religious opinion in Germany, especially among such minds as Werner was most apt to take for his examplars. To this complex and highly interesting subject, we can for the present do nothing more than allude. So much, however, we may say: It is a common theory among the Germans that every Creed, every Form of worship, is a *form* merely; the mortal and ever-changing *body*, in which the immortal and unchanging *spirit* of Religion is, with more or less completeness, expressed to the material eye, and made manifest and influential among the doings of men. It is thus, for instance, that Johannes Müller, in his *Universal History*, professes to consider the Mosaic Law, the creed of Mahomet, nay Luther's Reformation; and, in short, all other systems of Faith; which he scruples not to designate, without special praise or censure, simply as *Vorstellungsarten*, 'modes of Representation.' We could report equally singular things of Schelling and others, belonging to the philosophic class; nay of Herder, a Protestant clergyman, and even bearing high authority in the Church. Now, it is clear, in a country where such opinions are openly and generally professed, a change of religious creed must be comparatively a slight matter. Conversions to Catholicism are accordingly by no means unknown among the Germans: Friedrich Schlegel, and the younger Count von Stolberg, men, as we should think, of vigorous intellect, and of character above suspicion, were colleagues, or rather precursors, of Werner in this adventure; and, indeed, formed part of his acquaintance at Vienna. It is but, they would say perhaps, as if a melodist, inspired with harmony

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mony of inward music, should choose this instrument in preference to that for giving voice to it: the inward inspiration is the grand concern; and to express it, the 'deep majestic solemn organ' of the Unchangeable Church may be better fitted than the 'scrannel pipe' of a withered, trivial, Arian Protestantism. That Werner, still more that Schlegel and Stolberg could, on the strength of such hypotheses, put off or put on their religious creed, like a new suit of apparel, we are far from asserting; they are men of earnest hearts, and seem to have a deep feeling of devotion: but it should be remembered that, what forms the groundwork of their religion, is professedly not Demonstration but Faith; and so pliant a theory could not but help to soften the transition from the former to the latter. That some such principle, in one shape or another, lurked in Werner's mind, we think we can perceive from several indications; among others, from the Prologue to his last tragedy, where mysteriously enough, under the emblem of a Phœnix, he seems to be shadowing forth the history of his own Faith; and represents himself even then as merely 'climbing the *tree*, where the pinions of his Phœnix last *vanished*;' but not hoping to regain that blissful vision, till his eyes shall have been opened by death.

On the whole, we must not pretend to understand Werner, or expound him with scientific rigour: acting many times with only half consciousness, he was always, in some degree, an enigma to himself, and may well be obscure to us. Above all, there are mysteries and unsounded abysses in every human heart; and that is but a questionable philosophy which undertakes so readily to explain them. Religious belief especially, at least when it seems heartfelt and well-intentioned, is no subject for harsh or even irreverent investigation. He is a wise man that, having such a belief, knows and sees clearly the grounds of it in himself: and those, we imagine, who, have explored with strictest scrutiny the secret of their own bosoms, will be least apt to rush with intolerant violence into that of other men's.

'The good Werner,' says Jean Paul, 'fell, like our more vigorous Hoffmann, into the poetical fermenting-vat (*Gährbottich*) of our time, where all Literatures, Freedoms, Tastes, and Untastes are foaming through each other; and where all is to be found, excepting truth, diligence, and the polish of the file. Both would have come forth clearer had they studied in Lessing's day.' * We cannot justify Werner: yet let him be

* Letter to Hitzig, in *Jean Paul's Leben*, by Doering.

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condemned with pity! And well were it could each of us apply to himself those words, which Hitzig, in his friendly indignation, would 'thunder in the ears' of many a German gainsayer: *Take thou the beam out of thine own eye; then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote out of thy brother's.*

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ART. V.—*Histoire de la Guerre de la Péninsule sous Napoléon, précédée d'un Tableau Politique et Militaire des Puissances belligérantes.* 4 tom. Paris. Baudouin, frères. 1827.

MAXIMILIEN Sebastien Foy was born of respectable parents, in the little town of Ham in Picardy, February 3, 1775. He received the first elements of his education at the college of Oratory at Soissons, whence he was removed, in 1790, to the Military Academy de la Fère. Towards the end of 1791, having obtained the appointment of sub-lieutenant, he was transferred to the higher school of Chalons-sur-Marne; and in the following year, he was attached to the third regiment of artillery, in the capacity of lieutenant.

The state of Europe was at this time exremely critical, the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation having thrown France into a ferment, and Dumouriez drawn up the plan of the campaign, which he soon afterwards conducted with so remarkable an intermixture of glory and infamy to himself. It was the fate of M. Foy to act under the orders of that officer. With him, he took part in the memorable battle of Jemappe, and with unshaken fidelity, he followed his general's fortunes till the latter began to treat with the Prince of Cobourg; but, as Foy was a republican, upon principle, he would not approve of the object of that treaty; and he therefore abandoned his patron, rather than betray the cause to which he devoted his life. Notwithstanding, however, M. Foy shortly after drew upon himself the hostility of the faction which at that period governed France. By order of the miscreant Lebon, he was cast into the dungeons of Arras; and, but for the counter-revolution of the 9th Thermidor, he would have fallen a victim to the reckless brutality of the sovereign populace. That memorable event preserved his life. He returned to the military service, was speedily promoted, and performed in the campaigns of 1795, 96, and 97, under Pichegru, Kleber, Jourdan, and Moreau. At the famous passage of the Rhine, and in the battle of Kambach, his services were of so much value, that he received on the field the rank of Chef-d'escadron; and, after passing the greater part of 1798 in the

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the encampment above Boulogne, he joined the troops destined, under Mesnard, for the campaign in Switzerland.

Foy was present in all the numerous engagements which took place within the Helvetian territory, but, strange to say, without attracting notice corresponding to his merits. Honours, however, fell rapidly upon him, while acting in the army of the Danube, for the successful passage of the Lummat is attributed mainly to his judicious manœuvres; and he was rewarded for his services by the appointment of adjutant-general, in which capacity he was present at the actions of Enghen, Moertresh, and Beberach. But the peace of Amiens interrupted, for a season, the active career of Foy; while it saw him advanced to the permanent rank of Colonel, and invested with the command of the fifth regiment of horse-artillery. On the renewal of hostilities, Colonel Foy acted at Boulogne, and subsequently, in the campaigns of Germany and Austria. In 1806, when war was declared between Russia and the Sublime Porte, Buonaparte, then Emperor of the French, proposed to assist his ally Selim with a chosen band of cannoniers, at the head of which was Colonel Foy. This officer was thus enabled, for the first time, to come into contact with the English; for it was he who directed the defence of the forts in the Dardanelles against the attack of the combined British and Russian squadrons. Returned from Turkey, he accompanied Junot in his rapid march to Lisbon, and at the battle of Vimeiro commanded seven pieces of the division of the reserve, and is stated to have outdone himself in a vain attempt to penetrate the centre of the British line. He was severely wounded in the conflict, and in that condition was removed to France, on the evacuation of Portugal by the terms of the convention of Cintra. After Junot's return into Spain, Foy, except on one memorable occasion, when he made his way, by the directions of Massena, to and from Paris,—through the heart of a population every way hostile,—never quitted the Peninsula till, with the whole French army, he was driven across the Bidassoa. In the course of that long and arduous struggle, his merits cannot be too highly rated. As general of brigade, in 1810, he surprised, at the head of a handful of men, a corps of three thousand Spanish troops; utterly dispersed them, and barely failed to take prisoner Colonel Graham, now Lord Lynedoch, who escaped in the middle of the night, with the loss of papers, baggage, and horses. Attacked two days after by overwhelming numbers, he opposed a steady and successful resistance, and made good his retreat through the defiles of the Sierra de Caceres, though beset on all sides by upwards of six thousand infantry and eight hundred cavalry. At the battle of Salamanca, again, where, as general

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general of division, he commanded on the right of the French army, he particularly distinguished himself. So soon as the fate of the day became manifest, he threw himself between the main body of his countrymen and their enemies, and repeatedly sustained the shock of the victors. In a word, General Foy, on every occasion, proved himself worthy of filling a far higher and more responsible office than had yet been intrusted to him. We perfectly recollect his Division; and can attest that it invariably did its duty in a style which gave evidence of the sagacity and valour of its leader.

In expressing ourselves thus of General Foy and his services, it is very far from our intention to speak of him as a hero who never experienced defeat. He enjoyed few opportunities of commanding corps which were opposed to British troops or British generals; and it so happened that, whenever such came in his way, he was usually unsuccessful. After the defeat at Vittoria, for example, Foy made strenuous efforts, at the head of twenty thousand men, to keep possession of Tolosa, and stop the advance of Sir Thomas Graham, by the great eastern road: he was driven back, but it is only justice to add, that he did not retire till after one of the most sanguinary affairs which had taken place since the opening of the campaign. Again, when the French were attacked in the position in front of St. Jean de Luz, November 10, 1813, General Foy, with a view of creating a diversion, effected a masterly movement upon the right of the British line. He advanced from the valley of Osses, attacked and carried the post of Bidarray, making some prisoners, and capturing a good deal of baggage; but the main body being defeated, he was compelled, on the following day, to fall back, after having sustained repeated assaults from the Spaniards who were opposed to him.

At the battle of Orthes, General Foy received a severe wound, which rendered him incapable of again taking the field throughout the remainder of the war. During the first months of the restoration, likewise, he appears to have filled no public office; but on the 5th of March, 1815, we find him nominated to the honourable situation of inspector of infantry. He was thus situated, his head-quarters being at Nantes, when Napoleon made his second appearance upon the stage. Foy, like other veterans, was not proof against the influence of old associations; he renounced his allegiance to the Bourbons, and enrolled himself under the standard of his former chief. Let it not, however, be forgotten, that to General Foy the Duc de Bourbon was indebted for his safety, under circumstances which might have tempted a worse man to compromise it. Foy found the Duc busily

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busily employed in seeking to stir up a civil war in the heart of La Vendée. He took no further notice of the attempt, than by exerting his influence to counteract it; and he even protected the prince, in his departure out of the country, from the violence of the ultras, who would willingly have put him to death as a traitor. He was afterwards present in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo; in the last of which he was struck by a musket-ball in the shoulder. This was his fifteenth wound.

General Foy could ill brook a life of indolence, and he resolved to write a History of the Peninsular War. To this work he devoted his entire leisure, and laboured at it with incredible ardour. He made two journeys to England, that he might the more effectually understand the organization of the English army, (his account of which is lucid and judicious,) and here, he formed acquaintances with various Spanish refugees, from whom he acquired much valuable information.

In this task, he persevered till called by the voice of his countrymen to a station among the legislators of France. With his conduct as a member of the Chamber of Deputies we are not, on the present occasion, very deeply concerned. Few of our readers can have forgotten that he took his seat among the liberals; and that, according to the French mode of estimating the gift, he obtained singular distinction as a public speaker. He died November 27, 1825, of a lingering and painful illness; had the honour of a public funeral; and such was the esteem in which his memory was held, that the French nation obeyed the suggestion of M. Casimir Perrier, by adopting his family. 'La France adopterait la famille de son défenseur,' said the orator, in the course of his funeral oration: 'Oui, oui, la France l'adopte,' was the universal reply. A subscription was opened, and the family were placed in a state of perfect independence.

Having said so much of M. Foy, as an officer and a statesman, we now turn to his character as an author, and we candidly confess, that it is impossible to acquit him of a powerful inclination to overrate the valour and soldier-like qualities of his countrymen, and to disparage those of the people by whom they were overthrown. Yet is his history a work of singular merit, and, setting aside this solitary blunder, of extraordinary fidelity and correctness. We have read it with unceasing interest; and we shut the book with a sense of sincere regret, that its talented author should not have found leisure to prosecute his undertaking to a close. As it now stands, General Foy's work is little better than a fragment, and a minute fragment, of what its title-page represents it to be;—instead of a history of the war

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war in Spain and Portugal under Napoleon, it is a history of the causes which led to that war, and of the first Peninsular campaigns.

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We are not ignorant that, by some of our contemporaries, General Foy has been treated as a gross and unblushing assertor of palpable falsehoods. Now, though we are not prepared to allege that his statements on all occasions deserve to be received as absolutely correct—yet we have no hesitation in recording our conviction, that they are, to the full, as likely to be so, as are the counter-statements of any English, or Spanish, or Portuguese historian, who may have written upon the same subject.

The truth, indeed, is that we hold it to be a thing quite impracticable for any man, more especially a soldier, to draw up the history of a war in which his country has taken part, without falling into some such errors as those of which General Foy has been accused. Should the troops of his nation be guilty, at any moment, of excesses, the historian cannot destroy the desire, nor wholly avoid the attempt, to extenuate their enormity, and, in some way or another, favourably to account for them. Is the army of his country defeated? The historian is always ready to represent its courage as marvellous; but courage and discipline will not avail against overwhelming numbers. In such cases he accordingly takes care to inform the world that a mere handful of excellent troops were repulsed by a mass of men inferior to themselves in every thing except numerical strength. Is the army of his country victorious? Here a course diametrically opposite is pursued. The victory is proved to be won, in spite of every disadvantage in point of numbers, and in defiance of efforts creditable in the highest degree to the beaten enemy. But though the case be so, does it therefore follow that we are bound to refuse our credence to all contemporary historians, and particularly to men who record events of which they were themselves eye-witnesses? By no means. Unless the misstatements be extravagant, indeed, or the general character of the writer such as to place him out of the pale of credibility, we shall do well to act upon a very different plan.

The four first books of the work before us are devoted to a vivid development of the military institutions of France, England, Portugal, and Spain, as they severally appeared, both before the commencement and after the conclusion of the Peninsular war. Of the accuracy of our author's observations relative to the organization and arrangement of the French army, no doubts can be entertained. Extreme partiality towards his countrymen exhibits itself in every line; but we are not sure that many



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good qualities are attributed to the French soldiery which they do not in reality possess; whilst we are quite certain that the exaggerated terms in which these are mentioned, will not give offence to any person of right feeling or an unprejudiced judgment.

After running shortly over the most important of those events which sprang out of the Revolution, and seated Napoleon firmly on the throne of France, our author proceeds to inform us that, at the close of the year 1807, the emperor had under his command six hundred and twenty thousand soldiers, horse and foot. Of these, three hundred and eighty thousand infantry, and seventy thousand cavalry, were divided into four hundred and seventeen national battalions, and three hundred and fifty-three squadrons. There were besides, thirty-two thousand Swiss, Germans, Irish, and Hanoverians, forty-six thousand men employed in the active service of the artillery and engineer departments, and a force of ninety-two thousand under the names of gendarmerie, demi-brigade of veterans, companies of reserve, and national guards, forming a domestic army especially appropriated to the police, and the protection of the territory. He had, moreover, at his disposal the military resources of Italy, Naples, Spain, Holland, the Grand-duchy of Warsaw, and the states of the Confederation of the Rhine.

Of this prodigious mass Napoleon was the soul and actuating principle. An object of positive adoration to his followers, no honours or distinctions had so influential an effect upon them, as the mere sound of the Emperor's voice, or the sight of his person. Nor, with all his faults, was Buonaparte undeserving of this devoted attachment of his troops. He was prodigal of their lives, it is true, as all conquerors are; but when the campaign closed, he was attentive in no ordinary degree to their wants; and he never refused, in his own person, to listen to their complaints, or applaud their services. The mode by which his armies were recruited became, indeed, a heavy grievance upon the country; but for the introduction of the law of the conscription he is not responsible. It was passed by the Directory so early as the year 1798.

Under the ancient régime, the armies of France were composed of two distinct classes of men. The officers, chosen invariably from the higher ranks, took no concern about the welfare of their men, nor felt any affection for them; the men, gathered from the very scum and refuse of society, acknowledged no tie except that of interest, nor looked for any recompense beyond their daily pay. Of the punctual distribution of that, however, they were so remarkably tenacious, that no commanding officer would

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would venture to exercise his troops on the 31st of the month, —because, for these odd days in the calendar, they received no subsistence. Thus very little, if any, dependance could be placed upon the army. The officers were ignorant, and lacked military spirit; the soldiers powerless, except in their first attack, which, however, was extremely impetuous, and often decided the fate of battles.

The revolution completely remodelled the French army. General enthusiasm, and the law of conscription, rendered every Frenchman, no matter what his birth or fortune liable to serve his country, and the noblest and finest youths of France were enrolled in her armies. The same causes naturally produced generals and officers of all ranks, considered as a body, of unequalled merit; for military efficiency was the only road to distinction.

On his accession to power Buonaparte saw himself at the head of nearly five hundred thousand conscripts, besides two hundred thousand veterans—all of them composed of the materials to which we have just alluded. These he modelled according to his own taste, retaining, of course, the three great divisions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

The cavalry, in former times, was composed exclusively of dragoons,—the amphibious production of an age when firearms were not brought to perfection,—and now seldom, if ever, employed in any other capacity than as ordinary troopers. Napoleon's cavalry were divided into heavy horse, including cuirassiers and carabiniers; dragoons, lancers, hussars, and mounted chasseurs. The number of the heavy horse were not great, and they were reserved for the purpose which alone they are calculated efficiently to serve—taking part in general actions; the dragoons and light cavalry were more numerous. There were in 1807, attached to the imperial army of the line, two regiments of carabineers, twelve of cuirassiers, thirty of dragoons, twenty-four of chasseurs, and ten of hussars.

Previous to the revolutionary war, and for some time after its commencement, the French cavalry were by no means able to cope with the German cuirassiers, the Hungarian hussars, or the Walloon dragoons. Then a few regiments of heavy horse formed a reserve to each army; the rest were scattered, in squadrons and small parties, among the divisions of infantry. Napoleon entirely remodelled its order of combinations. He formed not only the cuirassiers and dragoons, but the chasseurs and hussars likewise, into brigades; and uniting several brigades together, composed with them stronger masses, which went by the appellation of *corps d'armée de cavalerie.* By



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this disposition, there can be no doubt, that opportunities of striking a blow, of which a few hundred cavalry might have availed themselves, were frequently lost; but it is equally certain, that by keeping itself thus entire, and acting in a body, the French cavalry was, from time to time, enabled to perform services such as, perhaps, no other cavalry in Europe would have attempted to achieve. Napoleon, however, resolved to have but one kind of infantry. In the French army, therefore, though there were found grenadiers, voltigeurs, chasseurs, &c. there existed no essential difference between these classes; all being equally armed with the musket and bayonet, and all drilled to execute whatever manœuvres the circumstances of the case might require. In former times, each battalion consisted of nine companies, including one of grenadiers; Napoleon added a tenth, which, being composed of the most active, and, in general, the most diminutive men in the ranks, was called the company of voltigeurs. These constituted the real light infantry of France,—the French light infantry regiments being, like our own, a distinct order only in name; for upon them the service of tirailleurs habitually devolved.

Such was the arrangement of the French battalion up to the year 1807, and three battalions made up a regiment; but, previous to the commencement of the Peninsular war, the Emperor saw reason to change it. He divided each regiment into five battalions, and caused each battalion to consist of six companies only. Of these battalions, four were considered as serviceable, two acting in one quarter of the world, with the Colonel, and the eagle; two in another quarter, under the Major. The fifth remained constantly at home, for the purpose of recruiting.

Napoleon entirely remodelled the dress of the French soldiers. Under him, almost every part of the Austrian costume was introduced; the cocked hat made way for the chapeau; the breeches for the loose trowsers; and the coat, shortened in its skirts, was supplied with facings, not merely ornamental, but useful. His attempt to substitute white for the national blue, gave much offence, and was abandoned.

The French were the first nation in Europe which adopted the custom of commencing every battle with the desultory fire of tirailleurs. These skirmishers, who were generally intelligent, were left, in a great degree, to act according to their own judgment, and they seldom failed to make an impression on some part or another of the enemy's line. As soon as this was done, the columns bore down; and thus, particularly in the earlier campaigns, were many battles won, without the main strength of

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of the army being once brought into play. Camps of instruction likewise were formed in different parts of France, within which, not the elementary parts only, but the higher branches of the art were sedulously cultivated. For the general guidance of the army, a book of Regulations, in spirit not very unlike the Instructions of Sir Henry Torrens, was issued out; it was originally published in 1791, and being a model of conciseness and perspicuity, it continued to the last to be the book of the law to the subalterns. But the generals and superior officers were not tied down by its ordinances. On the contrary, they were expected to manœuvre brigades, divisions, and whole corps, with the precision familiar to the commanding officer of a battalion; and they varied the application of the written rules according to the exigences of war. Every French general accordingly learned to think for himself, and was made aware that something more than a bare obedience to the letter of an order issued, would be expected at his hands.

The French corps of artillery long enjoyed, and deserved to enjoy, the reputation of being the first in Europe. For the service of that arm the best and finest youth, taken from the conscription, was devoted; and it numbered no fewer than one hundred thousand men. Like our own, it is now divided into foot and horse-artillery; but, unlike our own, it is distributed after the manner of the infantry, into regiments and battalions: though it was not till the wars of the revolution that horse-artillery, that is to say, brigades of guns, attended by gunners on horseback, were brought into use in the French service. As soon, however, as the great utility of such a corps had been discovered, the republicans, with their usual volatility, ran to a faulty extreme in its application—they ceased to have any other besides horse-artillery with their armies. Napoleon rectified this error, assigning to the horse-artillery no more than its proper value, and causing it to act almost exclusively with the cavalry. He likewise introduced the train of drivers,—a species of troops of which, till his time, the French knew nothing; and the absence of which had, on many occasions, produced serious inconveniences. To the artillery were attached the pontonniers; the sappers and miners belonged to the engineer department. Of the engineers it is not necessary to say more than that they received the very best and most scientific education which France could afford: they undeniably were, and perhaps continue to be, the ablest in the world. The staff of the French army, exclusively of its general officers, consisted of aids-de-camp, commandants,

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mandants, and adjutants of fortresses, and adjutants-commandant. The offices of commandants and adjutants of fortresses were usually given to retired veterans; those of adjutants-commandant to men of whose military talents the Emperor was not disposed to think very highly. The duties of the latter, like those of our own adjutants-general, lay chiefly in the closet, and consisted in the preparation of the states of armies, corps and divisions, and in the transmission of orders from one division to another. The grand army of France was divided into corps-d'armée, divisions, and brigades. A corps-d'armée, at the head of which was a general officer, who received a temporary commission as lieutenant to the general-in-chief, consisted of two or three or more divisions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, according as the abilities of its leader were regarded as capable of rightly managing them.

'In the rear of the corps d'armée of Napoleon,' says our author, 'marched a reserve which never had its equal; the imperial guard represented the glory of the army and the majesty of the empire. Its officers and men were selected from among those whom the brave had designated as the bravest; all of whom were covered with scars. Bred in the midst of dangers, they had lived much in a few years; and no one was astonished to hear the name of Old Guard given to a corps, the oldest members of which had not reached the age of forty. Though their sovereign loaded them with favours, still the recompense was always inferior to the service. . . . By successive augmentations, the emperor raised the effective of his guard to sixty-eight battalions, thirty-one squadrons, and eighty pieces of artillery. In the days of his prosperity he employed it only in detached portions; fifteen whole years it remained standing amid horrors and ruins, like a pillar of granite. One day it succumbed. On that day the yoke of the foreigner pressed heavily upon France. On the tombs of these heroes our children will inscribe the words which were uttered during the heat of the conflict, "The guard may perish, but will never surrender."'

We have no objection whatever to such language as this; but the eloquent historian ought not to have omitted the record of a fact which accompanied the speech introduced. The very man who uttered it, as well as multitudes of his comrades, *did surrender*.

The general system of administration, particularly in the commissariat department of the French army, was exceedingly vicious. Moving in overwhelming masses, and with a rapidity quite appalling, the French army carried with it neither tents nor supplies of any description. It never established magazines, except for the purpose of supporting itself during a compulsory halt, or in the winter; and it habitually subsisted upon the pillage, the systematic pillage, of the unfortunate districts through which

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which it passed. The consequence was, that it gained great and brilliant, and unexpected victories, but at an expense of human life and human suffering, from a contemplation of which the mind, which is not wholly callous, turns away in horror. As in other armies, there were commissaries attached to each division; but the care of finding maintenance for the troops rested entirely with the general,—the commissary having nothing to do except to act under his orders, or remain idle. Nor was greater attention bestowed upon the formation and management of hospitals. Of these establishments General Foy presents a most striking picture; and, continues he, 'whether victors or vanquished, we lost four times as many men by the disorders inseparable from our system of war, as by the fire and the sword of the enemy.'

This is doubtless just; but not one word is said of the sufferings of the peaceable inhabitants—of men rifled of every thing, and left to starve—of the violation of their wives and daughters, the destruction of their houses, and the utter devastation of the fields, vineyards, mulberry and olive plantations. All this goes for nothing; indeed, we are told, with the utmost *sang froid* imaginable, that,

'Like the avalanche rushing from the tops of the Alps into the valleys, our innumerable armies, by their mere passage, destroyed, in a few hours, the resources of a whole country. They habitually bivouacked, and wherever they halted, our soldiers demolished houses which had stood for half a century, to construct with their materials those long right-lined villages, which were frequently destined to last but for a day. Where forest-wood was not at hand, fruit-trees, the most valuable vegetables, such as the mulberry, olive, and orange trees, served to warm them Had they waited for food till the administration of the army caused rations of bread and meat to be distributed, they might have starved. The young conscripts, transported by a magic power from their hearths to the extremities of Europe, intermingled all at once with men of all countries, and irritated by want and danger, contracted a moral intoxication of which we sought not to cure them, because it prevented their sinking under unparalleled fatigues.'

Again,

'This disorder being considered inevitable, it was not always possible to fix its limits and duration; it attached itself to the war of invasion like a consuming sore. The scourge became still more terrible, when exasperated passions put arms into the hands of men who were not called by their condition in life to bear them. Woe, then, three-fold woe to the soil traversed by the car of Victory! The war between army and people partakes of the nature of civil war, in which crimes are perpetrated on both sides, which excite neither disgust nor horror. Our soldiers, always generous in their relations with

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with warriors, were inexorable to the patriot who had taken arms to defend the fruit of his garden, or the honour of his daughter; the tool concealed beneath the garb of labour seemed to them the poniard of the disguised assassin. The military reports now presented nothing but a bloody series of villages plundered, and towns taken by assault; and, if it happened that the ministers of a God of Peace transformed themselves into leaders of insurrection and war, one could not be surprised to see young soldiers, accustomed to religious practices, throw aside their former habits, and violate convents, churches, even the asylum of the grave itself.'

We do not think that these extracts require any comment from us; they speak volumes as to the effect of Napoleon's system upon the character of his own troops, and the fate of the wretched inhabitants of the countries which they overran.

Napoleon is represented, and we believe justly represented, as entertaining an inordinate jealousy of the reputation which any of his subalterns might chance to acquire. It was little suitable either to his politics or his humour to awaken transcendant merit; still less so, to give to it free scope. In the armies which he commanded in person, the generals never had an opportunity fully to display themselves; whilst it was no uncommon practice with him to employ men upon services repugnant to their natural genius—to furnish them with a force inadequate to success—or to follow up with coolness operations warmly begun, under the pretext of being diverted from them by new conceptions. Under the mortification arising from the miscarriage of such enterprises, he found ample consolation when informed, that the troops had exclaimed, in the hour of their defeat, 'Oh that the Emperor were here!'

General Foy speaks in terms of high commendation of the patience, gallantry, and moral conduct of the inferior officers in the French army. That they were gallant in no ordinary degree, and patient of the hardships and privations attendant upon war, we firmly believe. We have seen them in the field, and can, therefore, speak with confidence; but of their morals we know nothing. Of the generals, again, he expresses himself more vaguely. It is well for his own credit that he has done so, for men more heartless and brutal than the Junots and Massenas of the Spanish war, will not, we venture to assert it, be found out of France.

We cannot spare room for our author's just and striking delineation of the character of Napoleon; our readers will do well to seek for it in the volumes themselves. It may suffice to remark in passing, that it resembles, in some points, the picture drawn by the hand of our own great magician; and that, where it differs from that picture, we are disposed to regard it as coming, even

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even more nearly than it, to the original. In the former part of this article it has been stated, that General Foy performed two journeys to England, for the purpose of making himself accurately acquainted with the organization of the British army, and the reports prevalent in this country touching the Spanish war. It will not be expected from us that we should follow him through the second portion of his history, which is devoted to a detail of the results of his inquiries on that field, with the same minuteness with which we followed him through the first. Few of our readers can be wholly ignorant, either of the military history of England, from the commencement of the Revolutionary war up to 1817, or of the system by which her armies are raised, supported, distributed, and commanded. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with making a few extracts here, some capable of proving how very exact General Foy has been in his researches; others calculated to show that even the most pains-taking Frenchman will commit blunders, as often as he happens to make England or her institutions the subject of his study.

It is not, perhaps, necessary to say that General Foy holds up to the derision of the world the military power of this country, as it appeared during the whole period from 1792 to 1808. The portrait is, we must admit, very like the original: it is a caricature, of course, but it is provokingly just notwithstanding.

Speaking of the consequences of the battle of Trafalgar, namely, that the navy of England went to rest, because it had no longer enemies to subdue, and that the national energy was then turned to the standards of the land-army, he observes—

'This was not at first observed on the continent. At the beginning of the war the English ministry had hired and conveyed to France assassins, with a view to put Napoleon Buonaparte to death. When, at the end of 1805, the aggression of Austria had diverted the storm which menaced Great Britain, the latter, however, being then unassailable on its own territories, contented itself with sending some troops, which joined a Russian corps, and occupied Naples during the campaign of Austerlitz. It might be said that they came for no other purpose but to attract the victorious arms of the French, and afford them a pretext for the invasion of that kingdom. These ill-timed auxiliaries, however, did not wait for the enemy, and left the Neapolitans the charge of defending their own fortress of Gaeta.

With the silly insinuation implied in the latter part of this paragraph, we are not disposed to take any angry notice; but to the accusation contained in the beginning of it we have only one reply to make—it is utterly false. The reader may, perhaps, recollect Mr. Addington's manly reply to Lord Morpeth. Again:

'Six months afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir John Stuart landed at St. Euphemia, with 10,000 English, as many Sicilians, and a few

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a few Neapolitan refugees. The place where they landed was soon after the scene of a short but warm action, in which the English repulsed a corps of French troops commanded by General Regnier. This skirmish was unknown every where else but in England; at that time renown did not give tongue to her trumpet but for deeds of arms of a more shining order.'

There are two inaccuracies here, both of which require to be pointed out. In the first place, Sir John Stuart's army, instead of comprehending ten thousand English and as many Sicilians, fell short, in its sum total, of twelve thousand men. In the next place, the 'skirmish,' as General Foy has been pleased to designate the battle of Maida, was known and talked of throughout all Europe.—Once more:

'The glory of the British army has arisen principally from its excellent discipline, and from the cool and steady bravery of the people. The military commands may be distributed with impunity, according to parliamentary intrigues or family influence; it is the army itself which can most easily dispense with extraordinary talent. The officers who have returned from the wars of Portugal and Spain, while they are loud and unanimous in doing justice to the prudence and intrepidity of their leader, allow him the possession of no quality, which eminently distinguishes him from the other conspicuous generals of their nation. While they extol his characteristic firmness, which, from an early period, liberated him from the trammels of responsibility, they have nothing to say in praise of the resources of his understanding, or the productions of his genius. We have heard it asserted by men, whose opinion is not without weight, that there were twenty officers, (and to mention only some of those who served in this war, Picton, Crawford, and Sir George Murray,) any one of whom would have commanded with as much, and perhaps with more ability and success than Wellington, if they had had the same soldiers under them, the same passions to work upon, the same immense resources at command, and, above all, the same certainty of support from the favourable dispositions of the administration.'

All that we can say to this is, that General Foy must have conversed with officers whose sentiments on the subject alluded to were widely different from ours, or those of any other individuals with whom we happen to be acquainted. Were there no proofs of genius displayed, no resources, and extraordinary resources of understanding required, in the conduct of that Fabian war, which, with hardly any loss on the part of the British army, destroyed, for a time, the army of Massena? Was the battle of Salamanca a mere display of firmness, or the whole course of the campaign which began on the Douro, and came to a close in the Adour? We entertain the highest respect for the memory of Crawford and of Picton; we have a very

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a very exalted opinion of Sir George Murray, nor is there one officer of his rank among all the excellent officers whom the late war has formed, to whom we would sooner wish to see the command of an army intrusted. But to compare any of the three to the Duke of Wellington, in any one respect, as a warrior, would, in our estimation, be as ridiculous, as to compare the American General Jackson to Napoleon Buonaparte.

There is a good deal of truth in the following observation, though it is absurd to apply it, as our author does, to British generals universally.

'While a French general of division was wearying himself' (it is of the Peninsular war that General Foy speaks) 'in studying the topography of the country, and the dispositions of the inhabitants, in feeding, training, and haranguing his soldiers; in persuading the Spanish people to adopt systems of administration and of political conduct,—the English lieutenant-general opposed to him, divided his time between hunting, horse exercise, and the pleasures of the table. The one, alternately governor, engineer, and commissary, had his mind continually on the rack, and was never at rest; even when he was in position, the nature of his daily conceptions led him to enlarge the sphere of his activity, to imagine and to produce. The other troubled himself as little about the local circumstances of the country in which he was carrying on war, as he did about the manners and prejudices of the people who inhabited it. He looked to the commissariat for the supply of provisions; to the quarter-master general's department for surveys of the ground and directing the marches, and to the adjutant general's department for smoothing all difficulties. Except in cases where he was employed in the command of a detached corps, he took as little interest as possible in the military combinations; and was only anxious to narrow, as much as possible, the circle of his own responsibility. In the quiet of cantonments, the habitual duties of the English general officer were confined to police regulations, inspections, and the transmission of orders and depôts; in the day of battle he led his troops into action, with no effort, and with wonderful bravery. In this point, also, there are distinct shades in the system of each army: the Englishman is only expected to do his duty; he must be, on all occasions, equally intrepid and devoted. The Frenchman, who commands men of intellect and reasoning, need not expose himself on ordinary occasions, &c.'

Strange to say, however, these fox-hunting generals, and unintellectual soldiers, contrived, on almost all occasions, to give their more gifted rivals a sound drubbing.

Though we have already quoted largely from this portion of the work before us, we are tempted to give the following sketches of the private soldiers, the non-commissioned officers, and the officers, of the British. They are strikingly characteristic of that mixture of accuracy and misapprehension of which we have spoken. After

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After falling into one or two almost inconceivable blunders, particularly with respect to the chastisement which officers are wont to bestow on their men, he thus proceeds :—

'You cannot say of the English, they were brave in such an action; they are brave at all times when they have eaten, drunk, and slept. Their courage, being more physical than moral, requires to be supported by substantial food. Glory never makes them forget that they are hungry, or that their shoes are worn out. Each soldier receives annually a complete suit of clothing. The lowest pay in the army is a shilling, nearly 25 sous per day, out of which, after certain deductions made for meat, clothes, and similar objects, there remains two-pence half-penny, at least five sous, at the soldier's disposal. This pay, which is moderate in England, considering the excessively high price of necessaries, is said to be, on the continent, more than double the pay of the German or French soldier. No such thing as arrears of pay or illegal drawbacks are known. The English soldier eats a great deal, particularly meat, and he drinks considerably more than he eats. At home, beer is his habitual beverage; when abroad, wine is distributed to him, when the country supplies it. When he is in the field, he cannot do without fermented liquors, and rum comes very seasonably to revive his spirits in the hour of danger.'

'It is impossible not to be struck by the contrast presented by armies in their diurnal economy, and their daily course of life. Behold the French battalion arrive at their bivouac, after a long and fatiguing march; as soon as the drums have ceased to beat, the knapsacks are placed in a circle behind the piles of arms, and mark out the ground where the party is to pass the night. Coats are doffed. Covered with nothing but their *capotes*, the soldiers run about for the provisions, the bread, the water, and the straw. The fire is lighted; the camp-kettle is soon put on and boiling; trees are brought from the wood, and roughly shaped into posts and beams; while the huts are erecting, the air resounds in a thousand places at once with the blows of the axe, and the shouts of the workmen. You might fancy it was the city of Idomeneus built by enchantment, under the invisible influence of Minerva. While waiting till the meat is boiled, our young soldiers, impatient of idleness, are repairing their gaiter-straps, examining their cartouch-boxes, cleaning and polishing their muskets. When the soup is ready, it is eaten. If there is no wine, the conversation is calm without being gloomy; and they are not long in endeavouring to recover, by a sound sleep, the strength necessary to encounter the next day's fatigue. If, on the contrary, wine has been procured by the scouts who have been sent in search of water, and brought into the camp in barrels or skins, the night-watch is prolonged, the mirth-inspiring liquor goes round, and the old soldiers relate to the conscripts, ranged around the fire, the battles in which the regiment has acquired so much glory. They still tremble with delight in expressing the transports of joy which seized them, when the Emperor, whom they thought at a great distance, suddenly appeared in front of the grenadiers,

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diers, mounted on his white horse, and followed by his Mameluke. "Oh what a defeat we should have given the Russians and Prussians if the regiment on our right had fought like ours! if the cavalry had been at hand when the enemy began to give way! if the general of the reserve had equalled in bravery and talent, the one who commanded the van-guard!—Not one of those beggars—not a man of them would have escaped." Sometimes the morning drum has beat, and day begun to dawn before the story-tellers have finished. Meanwhile they have frequently moistened their narrative, as may be easily seen by the countenances of the auditory. But the intoxication of the French is gay, sparkling, and daring; it is a foretaste to them of the battle and the victory.

'Turn your eyes to the other camp; look at those weary Englishmen, listless and almost motionless: are they waiting, like the Spahis of the Turkish armies, for their slaves to pitch their tents, and prepare their food? And yet they have only made an exactly measured short march, and have arrived before two in the afternoon, on the ground where they are to pass the night. The bread and meat are brought to them, the serjeant distributes to them the camp-service and their several tasks; he tells them where they will find the water, the straw, and what trees are to be cut down. When the materials are brought, he shows them where each piece of wood is to be laid; he scolds the awkward, and punishes the idler. The lash is not well adapted to awaken intelligence, as is seen by the slowness with which the shapeless huts are prepared. Where, then, is the industrious and enterprising spirit of that nation, which has taken the start of all others in the perfection of the mechanical arts? The soldiers have no notion of doing any thing but what they are ordered. Every thing which is out of the usual routine is to them a source of perplexity and disappointment. Once let loose from discipline, (can war be carried on without frequently relaxing it?) they give themselves up to excesses, at which even the Cossacks would be astonished. They get drunk whenever they can, and their drunkenness is cold, apathetic, and deadly. The subordination of every moment is the *sine qua non* condition of the existence of the English armies. They are not composed of men calculated to enjoy abundance with moderation; and they would disband themselves in case of a scarcity. . . . . .

'The mutual subordination of officers is one of the peculiarities of the army of a democracy, because there, no other superiority is acknowledged except that of military rank. For this reason, political equality in the state is a means of discipline in the army. On the contrary, when citizens are born in classes, the social ties which result from this primitive classification are always, in some degree, at variance with the military hierarchy. . . . . .

'The tendency to undiscipline is corrected by that moral rectitude which is produced by the long application of a constitutional form of government: for the love of order leads to subordination. Detesting, above all things, the character of servility, or any thing approaching to it, the English dispute with the man, they bow with humility before the

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the organ of the law. From this, however, arises another inconvenience, as there are such in the best of things. The same officers who would argue freely in the camp, or round the dinner-table, become mere mechanical agents when called upon to act in the field of battle, or elsewhere. Their responsibility seems to them like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a thread over their heads; more than one operation has turned out imperfect, and ineffectual, because the officer in command paid more attention to the letter than to the spirit of his instructions.'

We do not consider it worth while to point out where the author, in these long extracts, has happened to speak truth, and where he has fallen into error. Such, indeed, is General Foy's invariable practice throughout the whole of this dissertation; of which, however, we are compelled to admit, that, for the production of a foreigner, especially of a Frenchman, it exhibits an extraordinary degree of truth and candour.

To the military economy of Portugal and Spain we cannot afford more than a few sentences. Portugal owed her temporary elevation among the states of Europe to the excellence of her ancient institutions, and the innate hardihood and patriotism of her inhabitants. Of the former, some remains were, in 1807, yet to be discovered in the distribution of the whole male population into ordenanzas, or companies of two hundred and fifty men, each of which had a captain, an ensign, a sergeant, an officer of justice (meirinho), a clerk, and ten corporals—and though some of them served on foot, others on horseback, according as the individuals who composed them could afford the expense;—though some were armed with muskets, some with fowling-pieces, and some with the *chuco* or rude pike, all, which belonged to the same district, obeyed the orders of a sort of feudal chief, styled the *Capitaõ mor*. But from the fatal day of Alcazar, when Sebastian,* with the flower of the country, perished, the spirit of the Portuguese, at least of the upper classes, has gradually declined.

The subjugation of Portugal by Spain, during sixty years, once more fanned into a flame the patriotic valour of the ordenanzas. They freed their country from the yoke of the foreigner; but, among their own nobility, there was no one capable of turning that valour to a lasting account, and foreigners were thenceforth called in to command their armies.

* Don Sebastian, slain in Africa, is the Messiah of the Portuguese. The circumstances attending his death were never sufficiently unravelled—many doubted the fact—and for sixty years subsequently, awaited his advent. Even at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the sect of the Sebastianites was by no means extinct.

Superstition,

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Superstition,* likewise, spread its baneful influence over the nation; and though it never attained to such a height as in the neighbouring country of Spain, it contributed, among other causes, to lessen the military spirit of the Portuguese. From the close of the Spanish Succession War, to the year 1761, Portugal had enjoyed a profound peace, and her armies, regular and irregular, had equally fallen into neglect; so that when compelled once more to enter the arena, she did so with fortresses dismantled, arsenals empty, and troops, neither armed, nor clothed, nor paid.

To General Schaumburg-Lippe, Count of the German empire, Portugal was indebted for something like a system of tactics. He left behind him a volume of instructions, which, down to the re-organization of the Portuguese levies by Lord Beresford, served as a text-book both for men and officers. As may be imagined, the volume, though respectable in its day, would cut a wretched figure beside the regulations of other countries, and more modern times; and even of its rules the Portuguese became, after a few years, more and more neglectful. In a word, the Portuguese nation, just before it was called upon by a sense of deep wrong, and the voice of England, to arm in its own defence, had sunk to the lowest ebb of military weakness. And such was her situation when a French marshal, without a musket having been fired, or a blow struck, planted the imperial eagles on the towers of Lisbon.

But the condition of Spain was not much better. From the days of Charles V. the military renown of Spain rapidly declined. Wretchedly governed, and the very hot-bed of superstition and priestcraft, one of the most highly-favoured countries of Europe sank into a mere appendage to France; first, in consequence of the family compact between Charles III. and Louis XIV., and afterwards by reason of the extreme imbecility of a monarch, who renewed the terms of that compact with the murderers of his

* St. Anthony of Lisbon, otherwise of Padua, is the generalissimo of the armies of Portugal. In him, the soldiers had greater confidence than in the horoscopes and judicial astrology of their Generals. Good St. Anthony had never been a soldier during his life, but in 1668 Don Pedro II. ordered his enrolment as private in the Regiment of Lagos. In Portugal, every soldier finds surety to supply a substitute in case of desertion; and, accordingly, no less a personage than the Virgin entered into recognizances, that the good St. Anthony would be true and faithful, and no deserter. 'Le nouvel enrôlé,' says Foy, 'ne mérita jamais d'être fustigé,' or in other words, he never deserved a flogging; and, therefore, he was promoted to the rank of Captain.—Sometime after he received the rank of Major, and in 1780 the warrior Saint was dubbed general-officer. The General's name, however, was still inscribed in the Regiment of Lagos, and his captain's pay of 300,000 reas (little less than £80.) was received and expended on the decorations of his chapel, and the costs of his festival. Junot continued pay to the old Captain of Lagos until the regiment was disbanded.

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relative, and the sworn enemy of his race. But we must refrain from entering into any historical details, and content ourselves with giving a brief sketch of the military situation of Spain, as it stood during the favouritism of Godoy, and at the commencement of the struggle for independence.

The marine of Spain had been utterly destroyed in the course of the insane war which she waged with Great Britain; and the intercourse between the mother-country and the colonies was almost entirely cut off. In Europe, however, she possessed a population of about twelve millions of souls, out of whom might be collected an army inferior to few armies in the world. The Spaniard is by nature calm, contemplative, disposed to subordination, patient in the extreme; careless about luxuries, and capable of enduring immense fatigue. He is brave, though not equally brave at all moments and on all occasions; proud, but scarcely to be accounted quarrelsome; a boaster, but not a prating braggart, and neither a libertine nor addicted to intoxication. His chief fault is indolence, and its concomitant, excessive filthiness.

But with all these good qualities, there was not to be found, in the year 1807, from the Pillars of Hercules to the foot of Caucasus, a more contemptible army than that of Spain. There was no discipline among the men; the non-commissioned officers were neither respected nor deserved respect; and of the officers, one third of whom were taken from the ranks, whilst the remaining third was supplied by cadets, it is hardly possible to speak in terms too contemptuous. No man of education or talent dreamt of carrying a sword; they were the very dregs of the community that bore the musket.

This most inefficient force was divided into thirty-nine regiments of infantry of the line, of three battalions each, four of which were called foreign regiments, because they were as much as possible recruited from foreigners, and their officers were, in general, of foreign extraction. Besides these, there were forty-two regiments of militia, of one battalion each; between whom and the regiments of the line, no comparison, in point of aptitude for service, could be drawn. The troops of the line, raised by ordinary recruiting, were such as we have already described; the militia, procured by ballot, was made up of the finest portion of the agricultural population. Twelve thousand horse, divided into twenty-four regiments, composed the amount of the Spanish cavalry. They were dragoons, chasseurs, and hussars; but the distinctions between these separate corps could be found only in the dress; they were all mounted and armed alike. They were, none of them, of much value, for they were miserably trained; and

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and their horses possessed neither bottom sufficient for a charge, nor the activity required in light troops.

The Spanish artillery, formed after the model of the French, was, perhaps, the most efficient force of the country, but it was sadly cramped for want of a field-train; the guns and tumbrils being dragged by mules and oxen, hired, from time to time, for the purpose. Of the engineers, it is not necessary to say more than that they possessed not a single qualification usually possessed by persons of their profession. Then, again, there were the royal guards, consisting of Walloon dragoons, carabineers, and infantry; which, being selected from persons in a respectable sphere of life, were endowed with ample courage; but being confined always to attendance on the royal person, knew nothing of war. Such was the Spanish army; at the head of which was Emanuel Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, and Prince of the Peace.

The staff of the Spanish army consisted of as many captains-general as there are provinces; of eighty-six lieutenant-generals, one hundred and thirty-nine major-generals, and eleven hundred and ninety-three brigadiers. Some of these had served with distinction in the war of 1793; but Romaña and O'Farrel, justly regarded as the ablest among them, were both removed out of the country, together with their corps; that of the former composed of sixteen thousand men, that of the latter of four thousand. Napoleon took care to employ in a distant part of Germany the strength of the Spanish army, as soon as symptoms of the approaching convulsion became manifest.

With the tissue of perfidious plots and conspiracies which paved the way to the first occupation of Portugal, in 1807, by a portion of the French army, all our readers must be familiarly acquainted. Startled by the indications of hostility which showed themselves in Spain, whilst he was conducting the war which ended so fatally for Prussia, Napoleon determined that both the nations of the Peninsula should change their dynasties; and, with the policy which, in all his great undertakings, distinguished him from other conquerors, he resolved that they should mutually contribute to each other's ruin. Whilst, therefore, he professed, through his ambassador at the court of Lisbon, that a ready compliance with the continental system—the seizure of all the British property, and British subjects resident in the kingdom, and a declaration of war against Great Britain itself—would secure for the house of Braganza his eternal friendship, he entered into a treaty with the agents of Spain, which had for its object the dismemberment of Portugal, and the removal of its name from the list of nations. In this most iniquitous measure



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Spain readily agreed to take part. Of the mutilated kingdom, one portion was to be assigned to the Prince of the Peace, another to the King of Etruria, both as dependencies upon the crown of Castile; whilst of the third part France was to keep possession, till a general pacification should enable her to exchange it for Gibraltar, and the other portions of the Spanish empire which England had obtained by conquest.

In pursuance of this scheme, a force of twenty-five thousand men, under the command of Junot, an experienced but brutal officer, who, with the title of ambassador, had, in 1805, made himself intimately acquainted with the topography of Portugal, assembled on the southern frontier. It was not kept long in a state of inaction. The preliminaries of the treaty of Fontainebleau were barely signed, when it received orders to cross the Pyrenees, marching with rapid strides towards Lisbon.

Whilst the French army was accomplishing this object, the Spanish troops—such of them, at least, as remained disposable—were likewise put in motion. Three separate corps-d'armée advanced towards Portugal by three routes; one, which was intended to act under the orders of Junot, assembling at Alcantara on the Tagus; another at Tuy, on the borders of Minho; and a third at Badajos. Both the officers and the men who composed these corps marched with ill-disguised reluctance to undertake a war, the ends of which none of them approved; whilst among the best informed and most intelligent of the people generally, a vague and ill-defined feeling of distrust as to the ultimate designs of the French Emperor began, even then, to show itself.

General Foy informs us—and we know of no reason why we should refuse to him our belief—that the French troops were treated with the greatest cordiality by all ranks and classes of the Spaniards during their march. They reached Salamanca in twenty-five days from the Bidassoa, where dispositions had been made to canton them; but before these could be carried into effect, Junot received a positive order to press forward without a halt. The Emperor was fearful lest the English should be beforehand with him; and that might have interrupted all his projects. Junot accordingly crossed the Portuguese frontier on the 17th of November.

This done, Junot proceeded, after the fashion of his master, to assure the Portuguese nation that he had come among them only to free them from the odious yoke of England. The inhabitants were invited to remain quietly in their houses; the utmost respect to persons and property was promised; and then the French columns took the road to Lisbon.

England,

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England, meanwhile, had not been neglectful of her ancient ally, though General Foy does not hesitate to accuse her of neglect. She abstained, indeed, from committing her armies in the field, till Portugal should give some proof that she was disposed to receive them as friends; but she warned the Portuguese of their danger, and expressed her readiness to exert every sinew to avert it, provided the nation, most deeply interested in the pending struggle, would be true to herself. For some time her offers were either wholly declined, or accepted for a moment only to be rejected again; indeed, it was not till the views of the French Emperor had fully developed themselves, and his troops were at the gates of the capital, that the royal family would consent to act at all. Then, however, there being no force at their command on which they could depend, they agreed to the last proposition made to them by this country. They stripped the royal treasury; filled their fleet with valuables, and, followed by a large portion of the nobility, quitted Lisbon for their Transatlantic possessions. The English and Portuguese fleets were yet in sight, when the advanced guard of the French army arrived on the banks of the Tagus. As for the people at large, they were utterly confounded; the national standard was struck to the sound of volleys of cannon and musketry, and the inhabitants of the capital beheld the tri-coloured flag of France, surmounted by the imperial eagle, float upon the battlements. The Portuguese appeared then, for the first time, to feel the disgrace of their humiliation, and from that moment the destruction of the invaders was sworn.

How England conducted herself all this while, our readers need not that we should inform them: neither is it necessary that we should enter into a minute relation of the acts of progressive treachery, by which the emperor of the French put himself in possession, first of the strong-holds, afterwards of the capital, and, last of all, of the royal family of Spain. All these General Foy has recorded with a praiseworthy adherence to veracity, such as we hardly expected from an officer of the imperial army. He has, on no occasion, glossed over or sought to disguise the impolicy, as well as injustice, of his master's proceedings, and he has done full justice to the burst of patriotic feeling which, from one end of Spain to the other, followed these glaring outrages. The truth, indeed, is, that, except where he has occasion to mention England or her armies, General Foy strikes us as being a very faithful chronicler; indeed, if we were inclined to accuse him of any error, it would be, that he attributes more of the chivalrous spirit to the natives of the Peninsula, than ever belonged to them throughout the whole course.



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of the war. We are not ignorant that his statement of the loss suffered both by the French troops and by the people of Madrid, on the eventful 2nd of May, as well as his list of Spaniards executed on the following morning, differs widely from the statements of Dr. Southey and the Spanish historians. The latter represent the loss on both sides as enormous; one Spanish writer computes that of the French at seven thousand, whilst of his own countrymen there fell but two hundred. General Foy, on the other hand, declares that, during the tumult, the loss of the French amounted to three hundred in killed and wounded, that of the Spaniards to something less. He moreover affirms that the multitude of executions did not exceed the number of fifty. He acknowledges, however, in common with all other writers on the subject, that the consequence of that bloody day was a general rising in every province, district, town, and almost village, of Spain. Juntas were formed which, in the name of Ferdinand VII., declared war against France; the populace everywhere flew to arms; Frenchmen, and the emissaries of France, were put to death in all quarters, where they fell into the hands of the infuriated mob; and Murat found that, in spite of his occupation of the capital, and of all the principal fortresses of the country, he was as far from being master of Spain, as he was when he first planted foot upon the Spanish soil. Of the effects of this popular feeling, and the military movements which occurred upon it, our author gives an extremely simple and unvarnished account. He relates several instances of barbarity on the part of the patriots, particularly at Valentia, where upwards of two hundred French merchants were butchered in cold blood; but he attributes them all, with a singular degree of candour, to the feelings of the moment, worked upon for bad purposes, and by a few designing individuals. He gives likewise a very just and clear detail of the capture of the French fleet at Cadiz; of the affair at the bridge of Acolia, where Dupont commanded; of the expedition of Moncey against Valencia, his repulse and retreat; and of the enthusiasm with which the people of England welcomed the deputies from Spain, and prepared to comply with their demands of assistance.

The same spirit of candour characterizes his narrative of other, and no less important events. He describes the entrance of Joseph into his new kingdom as resembling rather a funeral procession than a triumphant progress; and whilst he attributes to the usurper himself numerous good qualities, both of head and heart, he seeks not to disguise the universal abhorrence in which he was held by the Spanish people. He gives the particulars of the action at Medino del Rio Seco, with the tact of a soldier, and

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and in the language of a man of sense; and he records the disaster at Baylen with the very same absence of all equivocation or disguise. To the Saragossans he allows their full meed of praise for the defence of the city against the first effort of Lefebvre: he enters fully and fairly into the merits of the numerous skirmishes which marked the progress of the war in Catalonia; in a word, he never conceals the misfortunes or faults of his own countrymen, and he never claims for them a higher degree of merit than their most bitter enemies will allow them, —that of being infinitely superior, in point of discipline and stubborn valour, to the raw levies which, for the most part, opposed them.

A heavy requisition of money for the payment of his troops, as well as the display of the French eagles on the towers of their city, soon taught the inhabitants of Lisbon what they had to expect from Marshal Junot, and the feeling of indignation which these excited soon burst forth into acts of open hostility. Oporto was the first place of importance which raised the standard of revolt. There were in garrison there, under the orders of General Quesnel, several battalions of Spanish troops, which, as soon as they became aware of the state of things in their own country, made haste to free themselves from a foreign yoke, and to join their comrades in the great work of national deliverance. These rose upon their commandant, and having committed him a prisoner into the hands of the civil authorities, departed towards Galicia. The heads of departments at Oporto were not, however, possessed of sufficient firmness to turn this movement to a full account; the proximity of Junot's army overawed them, and the national flag had not been displayed three days, when it was once more torn down. But the French governor was soon afterwards cast into prison; the people proclaimed the Prince Regent; a junta, having the aged bishop at its head, took upon itself the direction of affairs —and the insurrection began. Coimbra, from a nursery of science, and the cradle of peace, was converted into a depôt of warlike instruments. Priests, monks, students, retired soldiers, peasants—all classes of society, simultaneously flew to arms.

The news of a general rising, and the approach of succours from England, filled Junot with the greatest alarm. At first he endeavoured, by conciliatory proclamations, to bring the Portuguese back to obedience. But his efforts proved unavailing, and he had recourse to violence.

The first precaution taken was to disarm, and confine on board of certain hulks that lay in the river, the six thousand Spanish soldiers which formed part of the grand army of Portugal. That done,

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done, General Loison was dispatched to reduce Oporto, and to inflict summary punishment on the leaders of the conspiracy. Loison never got farther on his route than Pezo-da-Regoa. In passing through the defile there, his column was suddenly assailed, and compelled to retire. It was not so with the corps which, under the guidance of General Margaron, made haste to quell the rebellion in Leira. There, after a feeble resistance, the patriots were routed, and the town given up to pillage. A similar fate befel Evora, and Portugal became one vast theatre of warfare.

The French marshal was kept in continual dread of the landing of an English army, and the forcing of the passage of the Tagus by an English fleet. Admiral Cotton had long hovered about the coast, and a corps of six thousand men, under General Spencer, was known to have made its appearance, though it had since withdrawn. At last the storm burst. A British army, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, landed on the shores of Mondego; and, being joined by General Spencer's division, was represented as amounting to thirteen thousand three hundred men. Junot was not ignorant that this force formed but the advanced-guard of a more numerous body. Loison, Margaron, and the other officers detached, received orders to fall back upon the main body without delay; whilst General Delaborde was sent forward with his division, to watch the movements of the English, and to retard their progress. Sir Arthur Wellesley had been joined by a corps of seven thousand Portuguese, tolerably organised, but wretchedly armed, under the command of General Bernardin Freyre. Whilst the enemy were yet distant, it was agreed between the two leaders, that the columns should act in concert, and that both should advance upon Lisbon; but intelligence of the preparations made by Junot induced a change of plan. The Portuguese proposed to take a direction out of the line of fire; the English general, not sorry to free himself of men on whom he could place no reliance, very readily assented to the proposal. A few cavalry, and about five hundred infantry, which he incorporated with his own troops, alone followed him; and with these, which, according to Foy, made his whole force amount to fifteen thousand men, he took the direct road to the capital.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, leaving his baggage and tents at Leira, bivouacked, on the 13th of August, at Calvana; on the 14th, at Alcobaça; and on the 15th, at Caldas. Here, for the first time, the light troops of the English came into contact with the advance of Delaborde's army, which had taken up a commanding

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commanding position near the village of Roliça; and, as General Foy would have us believe, they were beaten. The fact we know to be, that a few riflemen, having driven in a piquet of the enemy, followed them too far; and being attacked by superior numbers, were with difficulty withdrawn. In the end, however, they retained possession of the village of Obidos.

We have said, that General Delaborde had taken up a strong position, having its point d'appui at Roliça; in which he determined to await the approach of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and to give him battle. The French corps under his command is estimated, by General Foy, at two thousand five hundred men; in the official dispatch of Sir Arthur Wellesley it is computed at six thousand. There is some difference here, certainly; and the question, therefore, is, which statement is the more probable. Now we must confess, that in spite of our conviction of the superiority of General Foy's sources of information, over those possessed by the English general, we cannot receive his statement as accurate. Perhaps, Sir Arthur estimated the force opposed to him too highly; to this all men, filling a similar situation to that which he filled, are liable; but Delaborde would have been justly liable to a charge of the grossest folly, had he, with only two thousand five hundred men, risked an action, on any position, against fifteen thousand. We have reason to believe that the French corps engaged on that day, exceeded four thousand men; and the nature of the ground which it occupied made it a match for triple its numbers. General Foy's description of the battle is a good one, though there is much in it to make us smile; yet he speaks truth when he affirms, that the daring regularity of the French retreat excited the respect of their enemies. British soldiers are never backward in granting respect to a brave enemy. The French are brave, and on that day their bravery was even more conspicuous than it came to be, after they and we had come repeatedly into contact.

Of the consequences of the victory at Roliça, and the issues of the second day, when the French and English armies again met on the heights of Vimiero, none of our readers can be ignorant. The enemy were again overthrown, and with a loss which, according to the admission of their own historian, surpassed that of the English, by almost four to one. It is true, that General Foy once more endeavours to represent the numerical disparity between the contending armies as enormous. He speaks of the English as bringing seventeen thousand men into the field; whilst the French force hardly amounted to eleven thousand. But this we can forgive, especially as, in his detail of

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of the action, he does little injustice either to the talents of the English general, or the cool intrepidity of the English troops.

We are not going to enter into any detail of the convention of Cintra, or its results; the reader, who has any taste for such subjects, will find it amply gratified in these volumes. General Foy has given a very full, and we doubt not a very fair relation of the condition to which Junot was reduced by the battle; and of the advantage which he and his agent Kellerman took, of the imbecility of poor old Sir Hew Dalrymple. He speaks, indeed, of the English generally, as if victory were to them something so novel as that they knew not how to avail themselves of it; whilst he represents his own chief as big with daring determinations, which he was prevented from carrying into effect, only by the timidity or treachery of the Russian admiral. All this is very natural; and if, in the perusal of his remarks, the French army derive any comfort, God forbid that we should seek to deprive them of it.

NOTE.—There is a note, somewhere about the end of his chapter on England, in which General Foy expresses himself concerning the Duke of Wellington, in terms which are worthy of the severest reprobation, and which almost make us regret having noticed his work at all. This language is utterly unworthy of an able man; and we take comfort in persuading ourselves, that the whole must be an interpolation of some of his Editors. Our readers are aware that the History is a posthumous publication.

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ART. VI. *Römische Geschichte.* Von B. G. Niebuhr, Mitglied der K. Academie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin. Zweite, völlig umgearbeitete Ausgabe. Berlin. G. Reimer. 1827.

A LONG time elapsed from the revival of letters in Europe, before any one thought seriously of doubting the truth of the facts, or the soundness of the deductions, which we find in the Roman historians. The tales of Livy passed unquestioned, and few dreamt of inquiring into the nature of his materials, or questioning his fitness for writing an impartial history. But the legendary tales of early Rome, which were dressed, indeed, in all the ornaments of style and composition, in point of authenticity, are not more valuable than the annals of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

These tales were carefully collected by Rollin and others of his class; but when the Meursii, and Lipsii, and Grœvii, and Vossii, and such learned, laborious, and useful men had cleared the ground of speculation, another spirit speedily arose, and the day of philosophical criticism began. The Romans had stigmatized Greece with the title of *mendax*,—and another race returned the compliment upon themselves.

Prince

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De Turenne, in his youth, it is said, called out a gentleman who had written a book to prove Quintus Curtius a romance: how much more justly, says Hooke, would not an admirer of ancient lore have defied to mortal combat Beaufort, who attacked without ceremony the whole of the first five centuries of Roman history? He was not the first who did so.—Many critics, especially Bayle, a man of wonderful talent for showing what is *not* to be believed, had hinted or expressed their doubts on the long honoured records of ancient fable. Beaufort was not always successful in his arguments, and his mind does not seem to have been logical. A more formidable antagonist of the truth of the regal period appeared in Sir Isaac Newton. Hooke's history, lumbering as it is in style, and defective in many most important particulars, has the honour of being the first in which the legendary stories of elder times are treated as they deserve;—to him succeeded Middleton. Middleton has given us a life of the great Roman orator, where he is entirely painted *en beau*, and his political antagonist depicted in the gloomiest colours, chiefly upon his own authority. This is just as reasonable as it would be were we to write a laudatory history of Buonaparte, exclusively from his own bulletins, or a vituperative one drawn from the angry speeches and memoirs delivered and published in England during the war. Neither Vertot nor Ferguson display any critical ability; and Levesque's work is not worthy of much attention. Two men of transcendant abilities, Macchiavelli and Montesquieu, have given us short and brilliant essays on Roman history, but they are merely the results of reflection on history, and not history itself. Niebuhr now comes with the strictest method and the profoundest erudition, to present us with a history worthy of a scholar and a politician.

By collecting the notices, scattered in the ancient authors, respecting the state of Italy prior to the foundation of Rome, Niebuhr has succeeded in giving us an interesting and highly valuable account of the earliest inhabitants of that peninsula. He has most clearly pointed out the faults and errors of Livy,—and has so mercilessly torn away the false ornaments and meretricious covering from the form of history, that we are at length allowed to behold her true shape and character. He has uniformly proceeded with the boldness of a man who knows his own powers; and it will be found generally, that even his conjectures are deductions from analogy; that they are probabilities, not paradoxes.

The *second* edition (which we have placed at the head of our article) is a *new* work altogether. The whole has been remodelled

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remodelled, some untenable positions have been abandoned, others have received additional strength, and a portion of unnecessary, although perhaps interesting matter has been thrown out. Mr. Walter, the translator of the *first* edition, therefore, must either leave an incomplete book in the hands of the public, or tie, like another Mezentius, the living body of the second to the defunct carcass of the first. We may here, however, allude to one alleged discrepancy between the editions. It has been insinuated that the opinions of Niebuhr in the first edition are more favourable to free institutions than in the second, and this supposed change of opinions is ascribed to the influence of the Prussian government. But we can assure our readers that the charge is calumnious. Some passages in the second edition plead more powerfully and more sensibly for liberty, than any in the first.*

The institutions, the language, and the religion of the Romans can be traced back to the olden people who flourished in Italy, before the name of Rome or Romans was heard. The Greeks even looked on the Romans with supercilious pride as a mongrel nation, a compound of the various tribes which formerly inhabited the country. But when the city began to extend its power, it engrossed the attention of all its neighbours, and the deeds of those nations which had preceded them sunk into unmerited oblivion. Niebuhr remarks, that hardly any of the Roman historians, none of their orators or poets, (Cæsar excepted,) were actually born at Rome; yet so dazzled were the people by the splendid events recorded in the annals of Rome, that they forgot their own descent, and scorned to record the names, or to throw a retrospective glance on the history of their ancestors. The first who collected some information on the subject was, probably, Cato the Censor; some national independence

* The first edition of his work appeared in 1811. It excited an extraordinary sensation in Germany, and revived the study of Roman history throughout that country. Yet the work, as it appeared deficient in arrangement, was justly considered a *rudis indigestaque moles*, though the defects were redeemed by excellencies of the highest order. Niebuhr has since passed several years at Rome as Prussian Minister, and during the whole time of his diplomatic career, he has pursued his studies with unrelenting zeal. Hence the second edition has been so materially improved, and altered, that the author declares it to be an *entirely new work*. It is to be regretted, that the book was never noticed in England in any review or magazine, before the year 1825, particularly as Mr. Walter, of the British Museum, was induced, by the article in the Quarterly Review, to offer to the public a translation of the first edition, at the moment when the second was making its appearance in Germany. Whatever the merits or demerits of this translation may be, it can now only pretend to be the shapeless image of a work, which the author himself denounces to the world as dead. But the worst is, that the first edition is unfinished, consisting of two volumes, while the second edition will, in all probability, extend to four, although, from the bad state of the author's health, (who has determined to pass this year in comparative leisure,) we believe that the work will be kept in temporary suspense.

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was left, in his time, to the Etrusci, Osci, and Sabelli; and if their priests or magistrates had kept any annals, as we have a right to suppose, Cato could easily have consulted them. Varro did not understand the language of the Etruscans, nor of any other old Italic nation; and so fixed was the indifference of the Romans to the history of those people, that even the antiquarian lore of the Emperor Claudius, who had written twenty books of Tyrrhenian history, was lost on his contemporaries, together with the works of two Etruscan writers, Cæcinna and Flaccus. The origin of the everlasting city was thus involved in impenetrable darkness. If, about Sylla's time, a man like Pausanias had wandered through Italy for the purpose of collecting all the traditions of the different people and cities, how important to posterity would his labours have been! Nothing however of the kind remains, and to the industry of Niebuhr we are indebted for the first history of the original settlement of Italy. We proceed to its analysis.

According to modern geography, Italy comprehends all the land between the Alps and the straits of Messina, from the branching off of the Apennines, down to Reggio. But where the first glimpse of history breaks in upon the darkness of ages, only the small peninsula between the gulf of Scylla and Napetum, the most southern part of the present Italy, went under this name. The other portions had different denominations.—Ausonia or Opica, Tyrrhenia, Iapygia, Ombrica, all given by the Greeks, who settled on the coast to the south of the Po, and to the east of the river Macra. Gradually the name of Italy was also applied to other parts; in the time of *Sophocles*, the Siritis and Metapontum was called Italy. According to *Pausanias*, Pyrrhus was invited to come over to *Italy*; reference was then, probably, made to the whole of the southern part. The first writer who used the word Italy in the extent which we give it, is *Polybius*; fifty years after, we find, in the Marsian war, a city called Italica, and coins with the word Italia. When the Roman empire drew to a close, in the time of the Emperor Maximianus, the provinces nearer the Alps, Æmilia, Liguria, Flaminia, Venetia, and Histria, went alone under the name of Italy; and in our days we have seen a kingdom of Italy in this same limited sense. In the language of the Osci, Vitellius was the son of Faunus, and the goddess *Vitellia*, whence the country might have been called *Vitalium*, without the digamma, *Italium*; with the same termination as Latium, Samnium; and in Servius we find *Vitalia* mentioned as the old name.

The first people, who deserve to be mentioned are the *Œnotri* and *Pelasgi*. The name of Pelasgi is a *generic* term, and equally important

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important to the early history of Greece and Italy. They are found in various parts in both countries, though we remark here, that the Œnotri were of Pelasgic origin. Vestiges of the Pelasgic language, religion, and architecture are scattered over a great part of the ancient world; but when the Greek and Roman history commences, the period of Pelasgic power and greatness had passed away. They were different from the Hellenic race, and had a peculiar tongue, but its affinity with the Greek language was so near, that the distinctive features of the two races were quickly blended and lost. That part of the Latin language, which appears to be of Greek origin, is an inheritance from the Pelasgi of Italy, for the Pelasgi are the intermediate link between the Greeks and the Romans.

When the Carians yet lived on the continent of Hellas, and the Cyclades, and when the Hellenic race was confined to the northern mountains, the Peloponnesus, and the greater part of the adjoining continent was inhabited by the Pelasgi. We find the race in Attica, Thessaly, (whence a district was called Pelasgiotis,) Epirus, Ætolia, (at the mouth of the Achelous,) Macedonia, and on the islands of Scyros and Sciathos. The name has also given celebrity to the islands of Lemnos, Imbros, Samothrace, Lesbos, Chios, the coast of Ionia, Æolis, on the Hellespont, and Troja perhaps was of Pelasgic origin! Dardanus comes, according to the oldest tradition, from Arcadia, which was a Pelasgic country; Virgil mentions Corythus as the place whence Dardanus issued, and Corythus (Cortona) was founded by this people. In Italy all the towns mentioned to be of Thessalian origin, as Tarquinii, Ravenna, &c. were Pelasgic. Cortona, Agylla, with Alsium, and Pyrgi were subject to their sway. The slaves of the Italiotes, whom we know to have been Œnotrians, were of the same class; and the Greeks were called so by the Romans, after various Pelasgic tribes had settled among them.

The Tyrrhenians were similarly derived. Myrsilus from Lesbos tells us that those people left their country, came to Attica, and built the *Pelasgic* wall, and obtained land at the foot of the Hymettus: though they first appeared in Acarnania, and afterwards in Bœotia, yet they were supposed to have come from the south of Etruria. When forced, however, to leave Attica they went to Lemnos and Imbros, and afterwards settled on the Hellespont, on the peninsula of Athos, and the coast of Phæacia, and the Ægean sea. But Herodotus tells us a different story; for he brings Tyrrhenus, the son of Atys, from Lydia, because he knew that the Lydians were Tyrrhenians. The Tyrrhenians who pirated Bacchus were Mœonians or Lydians, and

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and in Mœonia we find a town with the Pelasgic name of Larissa. Many towns in the interior of Italy, Sinuessa, Acherontia, Tilesia, &c. belonged to the Pelasgi; we find there also another Larissa and Herculaneum; and Pompeii was built, according to Strabo, by the Pelasgi and the Tyrrheni.

The Romans acknowledged the Siceli for the same people whom the Greeks called Pelasgi; and Pausanias knew, that the Tyrrhenians near the Tiber were Siceli, or Σίκελοι; that the inhabitants of Tibur were Pelasgi, or Siceli, who, expelled by the Aborigines, emigrated partly to Eastern Greece, partly to the island afterwards called Sicelia. This event occurred, according to Philistus, eighty years before the Trojan war. Unknown and dreadful events have broken the chain of the innumerable settlements of the Pelasgi; and in the time of Hellanicus, when the genealogies of the different people were made out, that Pelasgic race was found only in scattered wrecks, unconnected, torn asunder at great distances from each other; thence the genealogists helped themselves by supposed emigrations. Hellanicus, when he found Pelasgi at Spina, and Cortona, concluded that they were descended from the Pelasgi of Thessaly; and Pherecydes believed, that the Œnotrians and Peucetians came from Hellas. The genealogical view of the origin of nations is a fertile source of errors and confusion.

The Œnotrians inhabited Bruttium and Lucania before the invasion of the Sabelli. They were distinguished into two people, the Italietes (Ἰταλιῆται) and the Chaones. The Chaones, of Epirus, were probably the same race; therefore we find in Œnotria, just as in Thesprotria, a town of the name of Pandosia, and a river Acheros. In the second century A.U.C. Sybaris extended its power, and the Œnotri fell into servitude; afterwards rose Crotona, and the Greek language became predominant; three hundred years ago it was still spoken at Rossano, and its sound may still be heard in the neighbourhood of Locri.

The *Opici* or *Ausones* inhabited the land between Œnotria and Tyrrhenia. They approached the coasts from the interior, of which they dispossessed the Tyrrhenians. The Sabelli took possession of the deserted Opica, and called it Samnium. According to Aristotle, the whole nation was called Opici, and a part of it Ausones; Strabo distinguishes between the Opici and the Osci; but, according to Roman grammarians, the Greeks wrote Opicus, the Romans Oscus; and Opicus, Opsus, Oscus are the same name. The language of the Osci seems to have prevailed even among the Samnites, for they too are sometimes called Osci. The Oscic language was spoken in the south of Italy,

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Italy, in Bruttium and Messapia. That part of the Latin language, which is not of Greek origin, is chiefly from the language of the Osci, whence the Romans could very late understand plays in that language. The Ausones, Ausuni, Ausunci were the same people; and the Volsci are called, in old annals, Aurunci.

The country near the Mount Velino, the lake of Celano, to Carseoli and Reate, belonged to the *Aborigines* and *Latins*. Thence they descended the Anio, and found at Tibur, Antemnæ, Ficulea, Tellena, the Siceli, whom they subdued. The name of Aborigines, although very old, (Callias, 470, speaks already of Latinus, king of the Aborigines,) is not the genuine name; they were originally Casci, and *the Latins are the people which arose out of the union of the Casci with the Siceli:* for only a part of the Siceli left, and went over to Trinacria, or to Greece, under the name of the Tyrrhenian Pelasgi. The Aborigines are described by Virgil and Sallust as savages, who lived, without laws and agriculture, on wild fruits, and the produce of the chase. But the words like house, field, plough, wine, oil, milk, swine, sheep, apple, are the same in Greek and Latin, and no Greek origin is to be traced in the words that relate to war and chase. The voyage of Evander from Arcadia to Latium is evidently a fable. It originated in the similar appellation of the hill Palatium, and the town Pallantium in Arcadia, and in the circumstance, that both were inhabited by Pelasgic people, the Siceli as well as the Arcadians being of Pelasgic origin.

When the Romans passed the boundaries of Latium, they found the Sabini, a branch of the *Sabelli*, in possession of a large extent of territory. The Marsi, Peligni, Samnites, and Lucanians were of the Sabellic race. Cato pretends, that their original home was Amiternum in the highest Apennines. Before the Trojan war they came forth, and drove away the Umbrians, the Aborigines, and took possession of the country, which bears their name for more than three hundred years. Their colonies occupied Campania, Capua, Cuma, and Lucania: they spread themselves from the Vulturnus to the Silurus; and from the Tyrrhenian to the Adriatic sea, holding the land between the Picenum and the Garganus. On the gulf of Tarentum, the Pelasgi, or Chones and Œnotri, were the earliest inhabitants; then came the Greeks, who were subdued again by the Lucanians. These were in the height of their power in 393. Three years after appear the Bruttii, a medley of mutinous slaves of different origin: no doubt amongst them were the descendants of the old Œnotri; the most southern part of Lucania fell into their hands. The Romans subdued them at last. Petilia was the metropolis of the Lucani, and Consentia of the Bruttii.

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The Marsi, Marrucini, Peligni, and Vestini, Niebuhr proves to have belonged to the Sabellic race, as well as the Hernici from the Marsic word *hernae*, rocks. The Sabines lived mixed with the Latins, not only at Collatia and Regillum, but also on two Roman hills. The Romans were continually at war with them until the year 306, when the Sabine nation turned itself to the south of Italy. In time of war they elected a common leader, called *Embratur*, whence the Latin *Imperator*.

In the time between the abolition of royalty at Rome, and the burning of the town, the *Etrusci* were a powerful people in Italy. As they occupied the land where the Tyrrhenians were known to have lived, they were supposed to be the same people as the Tyrrhenians of former days. But the Etrusci were no more Tyrrhenians, than the Swiss of the present day Helvetians, or the English of the nineteenth century Britons. Herodotus made the confusion worse, by asserting that they were descended from the Lydians. The Etrusci themselves knew nothing of this fable, and not the slightest resemblance of language, custom, or religion can be discovered. The Etrusci spoke, according to Dyonisius, a language which had nothing in common with any other language; and not a single word of the remaining Etruscan inscriptions can be explained by any etymological experiment whatever. The Raeti, Lepontii, Camuni, and perhaps also the Euganei, were Etruscans. Verona, Mantua, Hatria, Melpum were Etruscan towns, Felsina, or Bononia, in their chief town, which proves that they did not come from the south of the Apennines. John Muller, the great Swiss historian, conceived, that they had descended from the hills of Rætia into the plains of Italy; Niebuhr follows on the same side, and we remember having read some years ago a clever work of a German architect, Klenze, on the passage of Vitruvius, where he describes the Tuscan temple, in which work he finds the clue to that unintelligible description in the peculiar architecture which is still visible in the mountains of Rætia. The Etrusci called themselves Rasena; they had intercourse with Greece, adopted Greek mythology, and brought Greek tragedies on the stage. We may infer this from the form of the theatre at Fæsulæ. Their arts prove a connexion with Greece; their architecture was their own. The discovery of the statues at Ægina of the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius has proved Winkelmann's notion about Etruscan art to be altogether mistaken. The Romans took their music from the Etruscans; and the Roman numbers, which are still in use in the lapidary style, were a kind of hieroglyphic Etruscan writing. They were skilled in astronomy, (whence their excellent system of measuring time,) in natural history, medicine, &c. The

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The *Umbrians* were a fallen nation before the Romans began to rise. They came from the north-eastern side of the Padus, and held the land which is still called Umbria, the district between the Apennine and the Tiber. Three hundred of their towns were taken by the Etruscans, and one battle with the Romans put an end to their independence.

The country from Metapontum to the Garganus was called *Iapygia*, and was inhabited by three people, the Messapii, Peucetii, and Daunii. The names of the towns of Argos and Larissa lead us back to the Pelasgi. The Peucetii are, therefore, a colony of Arcadians; the towns of the Daunii, as Arpi, Sipontum, Canusium, were built by the Pelasgi. Diomedes is said to have settled on the coast of Iapygia; and we know that the Ætolians, whose chief Diomedes was, were related more to the Pelasgi, than any other Hellenic people.

Idomeneus, Diomedes, Philoctetes, Epeus, and the sons of Neleus, with Greek soldiers, and Trojan captives, came, according to old traditions, to Italy; but all this is fabulous. A Chalcidian colony at Cuma is the first which history mentions. Sybaris and Crotona were built by the Achæans, as well as Metapontum, and Elea by the Phocæans. The founders of Thurium are not quite ascertained, though they were Greeks; Ancona probably by the Syracusans, who fled from the tyranny of Dionysius. The heroes of the Trojan war were introduced, to give a glorious origin to the Greek settlements.

The Ligurians, who founded Ticinum (Pavia), inhabited what is now called Piedmont; but in early ages they lived to the south of the Cevennes and the Alps, and reached perhaps from the Pyrenees to the Tiber. When the Celtic people approached the Mediterranean, they pressed the Ligurians hard to the coast. It is not known, to what race the Ligurians belong, they were neither an Iberian, nor a Celtic race.

The genealogists had no difficulty in carrying *Æneas* and the Trojans over to the coast of Latium. This tradition is not of a very old date. Dionysius is very eager to prove the Trojan descent of the Romans, and he could not produce any very ancient testimony in favour of his hypothesis. Cephalus of Gergithum, who probably lived 400—450 A.U.C. mentions only that Æneas led the Trojans to Pallene on the coast of Thracia; that he founded there a town, Ænea, and died; that Romus, one of his four sons, built Rome; nearly a century after, Apollodorus calls Romus a son of Æneas and Lavinia; and later still, Callias said that Roma married the king Latinus. From Timæus, (480 U.C.) Pausanias probably knew that Pyrrhus, as descendant of Achilles, went to Italy to fight against the Romans as descendants of the Trojans; but the first Greek writer who mentions

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tions in plain terms that Æneas and the Trojans settled in Latium, is Lycophron, (560 U.C.). But in opposition to this tradition, another mentioned that the Latins were a colony of the Greeks, who were shipwrecked on these distant coasts when returning from Troy. Hesiodus calls Latinus a son of Odysseus and Circe; and Aristotle says, that the Achæans were driven to the coasts of Latium in Opica, and obliged to remain there, because the Trojan women had set fire to the ships.

But we know from Stersichorus, that Æneas went to Hesperia, and the Greeks very early believed that he had taken with him the Palladium of Troy. The nearest coast, the Siritis, was first supposed to have been honoured with the Palladium; but when the Ionians overran it, the Palladium,—for it could never be captured,—was said to have been carried by Æneas into much more distant regions. Thus the *Casa santa* of Loretto is believed to have been brought from Jerusalem, when this town was taken by the Saracens, to Dalmatia, and thence removed by the angels to the place where it now stands.

The inhabitants of Lavinium told Timæus, that they had Trojan images in their temples. Between 509—516 U.C., a Roman embassy requested the Ætolians to grant freedom to the Acarnanians, because the latter alone had taken no share in the war of the Greeks against the Trojans. About the same time the Senate wrote to king Seleucus, to induce him to release the Ilians from taxes, because they were related to the Roman people. They were included in the peace with Macedonia, 549 U.C., and when the Scipios passed the Hellespont, the people of Ilium came to boast of their relationship with the Roman people.

The Romans, it is evident, had not received their notion of Trojan descent from the Greeks, because we can trace it in Italy, before it is clearly expounded by the Greeks, although the fable is about as well founded as the Frankish and Saxon boast of Macedonian descent. We must recollect, that the people of Arcadia, Epirus, Œnotria, Tyrrhenia, were of the Pelasgic race, and that Dardanus belongs to it; the Tyrrhenians came to Lemnos, Imbros and the Hellespont, and the Trojans to Latium; the penates of Lavinium were brought, according to Atticus, from Samothrace, which island was related to the inhabitants of Ilium. Samothrace is a great rallying point for the religion of the ancient people, and thence the notion of descent. When poets are the sole depositaries of history and religion, and oral tradition is considered as evidence, the most incredible stories will gain ground. Some fragments of Nævius on the Punic war show, that Virgil embellished only the existing traditions.

Thirty years after the building of Lavinium, (thus proceeds the



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the fable,) the descendants of Æneas led their people to the declivity of the mountain, whence the eye can survey more than Rome could for centuries command. Alba extended between the mountain (Monte Cavo) and the lake. The rock towards this lake was cut perpendicularly. The genealogies of the kings of Alba are the clumsy work of a late impostor, perhaps Cornelius Alex. Polyhistor, whom Livius copied, as Servius pretends. The three years, which Jupiter promised to Æneas, the thirty years which intervened between the foundation of Lavinium and Alba, and the three hundred from this time to the foundation of Rome, are a counterpart to the three tribes, the thirty curiæ, and the three hundred gentes at Rome; and as three hundred and sixty years elapsed from the downfall of Troy to the foundation of Rome, thus three hundred and sixty years again occur till the conquest of the Gauls. The play with numbers proceeds yet farther: one hundred and twenty years exactly are mentioned for the first three kings; one hundred and twenty for the other kings, and one hundred and twenty again to the burning of Rome.

When the Greeks first heard of the rising power of Rome, for they might have obtained information from Sicily, or Magna Græcia, they immediately endeavoured to draw a genealogy for the people. As rich proprietors are surrounded with assuming and hungry relations, thus the Greeks instantly would honour the republicans by palming on them a descent from the shipwrecked Greeks from Troy; but the Romans were not then so shallow-witted, nor did the story gain ground in Greece itself; and Antiochus, a Sicilian, who could know better, mentions, that the king Sicelus fled from Rome to the Italic king Morges, he considered, therefore, Rome as a town of the Siceli, and thus they were of Pelasgic race. Now those who looked upon the Pelasgi as Greeks, derived the name of Rome from Ῥώμη, strength; and those who believed the Pelasgi to be a true Italic race, pretended that the original name of Rome was Valentia, and that, after the arrival of Evander, the Greek name became prevalent. A great number of writers, as Dionysius assures us, called Rome a Tyrrhenian town.

The story of the birth of Romulus and Remus is at first sight a mythological tale with a long file of miracles. The twelve vultures probably meant, according to an Etruscan prophecy, the twelve sæcula, to which fate had limited the existence of the city.

The end of Romulus is more glorious, and not inferior in poetical beauty to his birth; Mars carrying away his son in a hurricane on a fiery chariot to heaven, and the vision of Proculus Julius, are splendid remnants of the great epos, which began with

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with Amulius and closes with Romulus. Numa's intercourse with the Nymph Egeria, the ancile falling from heaven during the horrors of a pestilence, and Egeria weeping at the death of Numa being changed into a spring, were the subjects of separate smaller poems.

With Tullus Hostilius, the gods appear less on the stage; the miracles become less frequent; we descend from the wild and fanciful regions of mythology; still, now and then something miraculous dashes as a brilliant meteor through the horizon; but there is no longer one universal glow of fancy. We meet with a few chronological dates; we have, however, no earlier document than the treaty of Servius Tullius with the Latins, and two others during the reign of Tarquinius Superbus with the Gabii, and the Sabines. The Horatii and Curiatii are yet in the style of the epos. The history of Ancus Martius is dry and sober; but, with Tarquinius Priscus, a grand cyclus of epic songs begins: the arrival of Tarquinius at Rome, his victories, the wonderful birth of Servius, the fierce Tullia, and the horrible death of Servius, the whole of the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, the characters of Lucretia, and Brutus, the war with Porsenna, and the Homeric battle on the Regillus, lead us to suppose, that, after the Gaulic war, these poems were restored by the plebeians, since hatred of oppression and love of liberty pervade the whole series.

Rome κατ' ἀρχὰς consisted of a few houses on the Palatine hill. The Aborigines lived in several adjacent villages, the names of which have been lost in the general appellation of the City. The Palatine hill was separated from the Capitoline hill by the marshes which extended themselves from the Velabrum over the Forum to the Suburra. The Sabines settled on the Capitoline hill, and built a town, which probably was called Quirium, and the inhabitants Quirites. Quiris is a Sabine word signifying a lance. Each town had its separate chief, and its senate, till they met in the valley between the two hills, whence *Comitium* from *comire*. Previously to this friendly union, the rape of the Sabines took place. Even now in Switzerland, when the peasant girl marries from one valley into another, violent, and, not seldom, sanguinary contests are the consequence. When the two towns had agreed to a friendly intercourse, they built, on the way from the Palatine to the Capitoline hill, a double gate, (the gate of Janus,) with a separate opening towards each town; in war time it was open continually, to enable one town in case of need to assist the other; but in time of peace the gates were generally shut, to prevent an unlimited intercourse, which might have occasioned frequent quarrels. The practice of shutting these gates in peace time, and of open-



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ing them in war, was continued, even when its original object was scarcely recollected. The double throne of Romulus, after the death of Remus; the head of Janus on the Roman As; the twin brothers; all these were standing emblems of the union which had taken place between two distinct and separate towns; hence also Roma and Remuria, (for there is no doubt but that such a place once existed;) the Aborigines and the Pelasgi, the Romans and the Quirites, the patricians and the plebeians, the populus and the plebs; Tellus and Tellumo, and even animus and anima. A further representation of this union is the juxtaposition of the names of the two people, 'Populus Romanus Quirites,' instead of 'Populus Romanus et Quirites;' subsequently, to mark that the Quirites were, after all, only a subordinate element in the formation of the Roman state, this was altered into 'Populus Romanus Quiritium.'

History assumes society as a fact; and thence only it commences. The most ancient form of government was the patriarchal, founded on relationship. Next comes the combination of several families, without common descent. This was nearly the universal form of society in the ancient world; it was the basis of every community, in Greece and Italy. These are the γένη, or *gentes*. We are informed by Pollux, who knew it from Aristotle, that the γεννῆται at Athens were not related to each other; and as Cicero, in his definition of the Roman gentes, does not say, that *they* were, analogy leads us to conclude, that at Rome the gentiles were not necessarily of common descent. These gentes took possession of particular districts, thence φύλαι γενικαὶ, and τοπικαὶ, but generally so that if any one subsequently changed his residence, he still continued to belong to the gens of which he was originally a member. The number of gentes which formed a tribus, both at Athens and Rome, must have been fixed; ten gentes constituted a curia, and as there were thirty curiæ, ten for each tribus; the three tribus must have consisted of three hundred gentes; each tribus contained an hundred gentes, whence the name of Centuria. As there were three hundred gentes, so there were three hundred senators, one for each gens. The representative of every gens in the senate was called Decurio, and under this title they appear when sent to the colonies, or to the municipia. The gentes in the municipia, although they were not recognised by Rome as a political body, still continued to exercise their civil and sacerdotal rights, and thus the patricians of Rome might boast, that they alone had gentes, (solos gentes habere, Liv. x. 8.) although many a plebeian at Rome might belong to a gens in the municipia. But even at Rome, many plebeian families were incorporated among the gentes; these plebeian families, however, were related to the

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the patricians, and had only become plebeians by misalliances, at a time when the connubium between patricians and plebeians was not valid, *i. e.* previously to the Canuleian law. Thus, though the patricians alone could be said to have gentes, still all members of the gentes were not patricians. Offsprings of marriages between patricians and plebeians, before the Canuleian law, belonged to the gentes; and freedmen and their posterity continued to make a part of the gens of their former master. Another class of people were also included in the gentes, the *Clients.**

The way of voting was unquestionably by the curiæ, and the lot was drawn which curia should begin; thus they avoided the two extremes, universal suffrage (if every individual of the gentes had voted separately) and the narrow Corporation vote; for, had they voted by tribes, the third tribe would never have stood any chance against the two first, even if four-tenths of them had come over to its side.

At first, the Roman aristocracy must have included all the wealthy landed proprietors; and their pretension to have the sole management of affairs seems at that time to have been rather justifiable. But the growing prosperity of the city soon induced people from the neighbouring countries and towns to settle at Rome, and many were possessed of considerable property. These were joined by inhabitants of the conquered towns, noblemen as well as commoners: but the privileges of the Roman aristocracy could not be obtained by either class. Thus the aristocracy of Bern in Switzerland never admitted the nobility of the Pays de Vaud into the sovereign council of the canton; and a nobleman of the Pays de Vaud was on the same footing as a common tradesman, both belonged to the plebs.

As the plebeians at Rome increased in numbers and wealth, they must soon have felt the hardship of their situation, which excluded them from every share in the government. They had, indeed, councils and law courts of their own, but these did not satisfy their ambition, they could not fill any higher office of

* There seems to be two ways to account for the origin of the clients. First, from analogy with the Penestia in Thessaly; a part of the inhabitants of the conquered cities might be brought to Rome, and exercise some trade under the *patronage* of a patrician, or live as tenants upon a small farm, which the patricians might allot them; for the patricians granted tenures to those who did not exercise any trade, or who had not yet acquired landed property, and therefore patron and client were not so very unlike lord and vassal in the feudal system, as the writer in the *Westminster Review* (Mills's History of Chivalry, Jan. 1826) seems to suppose. The client was obliged to contribute for the ransom of his patron, if he had fallen into captivity, or when his daughters married; and we have the instance of Camillus, where the clients paid the fine to which he had been condemned. The other way might have been that the citizens of other towns, from discontent, speculation, or crime, left their homes, and settled at Rome, where, as the *μέτοικοι* at Athens, they were under the necessity of finding a patron. Niebuhr supposes this connexion between the patron and the client to have been hereditary, although Dionysius speaks to the contrary.

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the state; and this feeling of humiliation was rendered more poignant by occasional wrongs from the patricians, for which redress could not be obtained. The contest which ensued between the aristocracy and the plebs was likely to end with the defeat of the patricians; for the former was fast diminishing in numbers, from that jealous anxiety to monopolize all power, without the admission of any plebeian family. It is difficult to say, how Tarquinius Priscus succeeded in forming three new centuriæ, but evidently he did not carry his measure without violent opposition from the patricians. Servius Tullius, his successor, apprehending that the two parties would soon break out into dangerous contention, conceived to unite the clashing interests by the comitiatus maximus of the centuriæ. He was anxious to reconcile the patricians and the plebeians by fair concessions on each side, and without overturning the fundamental institutions of the state. The patricians still remained in the six suffragia, (for the centuriæ of Romulus were thus called, together with the centuriæ of Tarquinius;) but whilst, in the comitia curiata, they were opposed as a body to the plebeians in the tribus, (comitia tributa,) both parties were brought into contact in the centuriata. The haughtiness of the patricians was, by this proceeding, a little softened down, and the confidence of the plebeians somewhat raised, as they voted together, in a manner which might, at least, give some chance to the plebeians.*

The traditions say, that the patricians were so angry with Servius Tullius, that they killed him in a revolt; his crime was having favoured the plebeians by the constitution which he established; and the abolition of all what Servius had granted to the plebeians was the price for which the aristocracy allowed L. Tarquinius to assume the honours of royalty. The patricians

* First, twelve new centuriæ were added to the six suffragia of the patricians, wherein all men of property and respectability among the plebeians were admitted. Then all plebeians were divided into five classes, according to the property each possessed; and the votes of each class were in the same proportion to the votes of all the other classes, as the whole taxable property of that class to the whole taxable property of all the other classes. The first class was to have property to the amount of 100,000 As; the second, 75,000 As; the third, 50,000; the fourth, 25,000; the fifth, 12,500. It is evident that three individuals of the first class, four of the second, six of the third, twelve of the fourth, and twenty-four of the fifth, were possessed of property to exactly the same amount, and therefore three individuals of the first, and twenty-four of the fifth class, might pair off, to use a parliamentary phrase. The classes were divided into centuriæ, and the votes taken by the centuriæ; the number of the centuriæ of each class depended, of course, on the aggregate amount of all the property of that class, and the number of individuals in each centuria must have kept the same proportion. The first class we know had eighty centuriæ, the second, third, and fourth, twenty each, and the fifth, thirty centuriæ; the whole amount of either the second, or third, or the fourth class, can only have been a fourth of the property of the first class; and the whole amount of the property of the fifth class must have been three-eighths of the property of the first class: consequently, the whole number of citizens in the second class was a third of the first class; in the third, a half; the fourth

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rejoiced in the spoliation of the plebeians; but sad disappointment followed, when they perceived that their haughty king, to whom they gave the name of Superbus, scorned their authority, and pretended to reign with absolute sway. His overthrow was hastened by a circumstance which may be termed accidental. Sextus, of the family of Tarquinius, outraged Lucretia, the wife of a patrician; on which, the patricians agreed to make a common cause with the plebeians again, and the gates of Rome were shut against the king. But to a great number of patricians, all the misdeeds of the Tarquinians seemed more endurable than the liberty of the plebeians; they conspired, and Brutus condemned his own sons to death.*

Consuls were the new magistracy which followed the kings. The syllable *sul*, in præsul and exsul, means *one who is;* therefore consul probably signified only a colleague. An assignation of seven acres from the crown lands pledged every plebeian to oppose the re-establishment of royalty; they obtained also to be heard in the council of the curiæ. Before this council, *i. e.*

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fourth class equal to the first; and the fifth had treble the number of the first; and of thirty-five citizens, therefore, six belonged to the first, and twenty-nine to the other four classes.

The following table will, perhaps, make the subject more intelligible.

| Classes. | Property. | | Centuriæ. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I. | 100,000 | 3 of the 1st Class were equal to | 80 | | |
| II. | 75,000 | 4 of the 2nd | 20 | ½ | Of the First Class. |
| III. | 50,000 | 6 . . 3rd | 20 | ½ | |
| IV. | 25,000 | 12 . . 4th | 20 | ½ | |
| V. | 12,500 | 24 . . 5th | 30 | ⅛ | |

By multiplying the relative value of property of one class with the number of centuriæ, we find the proportion of the number of the citizens of one class to another.

| Classes. | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I. | 3 | × | 80 | = | 240 | Or taking 35 citizens in all the five Classes, 6 in the 1st Class, 2 — 2nd, 3 — 3rd, 6 — 4th, 18 — 5th = 35 |
| II. | 4 | × | 20 | = | 80 | |
| III. | 6 | × | 20 | = | 120 | |
| IV. | 12 | × | 20 | = | 240 | |
| V. | 24 | × | 30 | = | 720 | |

We have been more explicit on this subject, because we have heard it stated as a matter of absolute impossibility to understand this part of Niebuhr's work.

* Niebuhr points out the inconsistencies of the history of Tarquinius. Tarquin reigned twenty-five years; at the beginning of his reign Brutus was a child, and at the end of it, Brutus had grown-up children. Gabii fell, by the cruel treachery of Sextus, into the hands of Tarquin, and according to Dionysius, the people of Gabii got the isopolitia, by means of a treaty;—Pometia is destroyed, and the booty, *forty* talents, says Fabius,—*four hundred*, says Piso,—*four thousand*, Dionysius, was devoted to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus,—but Pometia itself, a few years after, was again besieged, although utterly destroyed already by Tarquinius; and as the misfortune of Lucretia is connected with the siege of Ardea, (and the latter exceedingly doubtful, since, in the treaty with Carthage. Ardea is mentioned as a Latin town, subject to Rome,) the whole seems to be a texture of exaggerated or distorted facts. The relationship of the second Tarquin to the first is also involved in much difficulty.

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the patricii, who were then signified by the term populus, Valerius ordered the fasces to be lowered.*

Our prescribed limits warn us to stop, notwithstanding the delightful nature of the subject. Niebuhr's power in delineating characters, his manly vigorous style, and the elevation of sentiments which pervades his whole work, are almost merits of a secondary consideration in a work which abounds in novel researches, in original views, and in scientific results of a most interesting nature. We are glad to have been the first to have laid open his true merits before our countrymen.

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ART. VII.—*Résumé de l'Histoire Littéraire du Portugal, suivi du Résumé de l'Histoire Littéraire du Brésil.* Par Ferdinand Denis. Paris. 1826.

THE author of this summary has been preceded by several writers whose labours, nevertheless, are incomplete. The Abbate Andres, Bouterwek, Sismondi, and Sané, together with a few of the most noted Portuguese critics, such as Barbosa, Suarez de Brito, and the authors of the Dictionary of the Portuguese language, a publication commenced under the auspices of the Academy of Lisbon, (but unfortunately not yet advanced beyond the letter A,) were, until M. Denis wrote, the only authorities to be consulted for information on this interesting portion of southern literature. The above-named gentleman, however, presents us, in his volume, with a review of Portuguese literature, possessing systematic arrangement, and excellent, though concise, references for the guidance of students. We proceed to give some account of its contents; our intention, however, is not to confine ourselves to its limits, but to draw from his literary predecessors, or insert those observations which we have collected ourselves during our studies.

The predilection of the Portuguese for the Castilian, may be almost traced to the period of the first formation of their tongue: but like the Castilians and Estremadurians, and even the Anda-

* The question about the war of Porsenna is decided by a passage in Tacitus, Hist. iii. 72, which Beaufort was, we believe, the first to notice. What Livius or the annalists wished to conceal, Tacitus candidly acknowledges—Rome was actually conquered by Porsenna. Niebuhr very properly asks, how could Rome be reduced to starvation by an enemy who was encamped on the right bank of the Tiber, on the Janiculum? When three hundred patricians determined to assassinate Porsenna, he reminds us of the three hundred gentes, so that every gens could boast of a gallant hero. He shows also, that a third of the territory, or ten regions, were lost. The grand epopœia of Tarquin closes with the Homeric battle at the Regillus, where all the heroes meet in single combat, and at which, if we are to believe the current histories, Tarquin must have charged at the head of his cavalry, at the age of almost a hundred. Even Homer does not venture this: old Nestor does not mix in actual conflict,

lusians,

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lusians, they used the Galician dialect in their love-songs and ballads, a species of poetry in which nearly all the primitive monuments of Portuguese literature consist. This dialect was formed from the Latin, and from the language which the Suevi introduced, when they founded the monarchy, the dominion of which comprised, in Spain, all that is now called Galicia, and in Portugal all the territory extending from Galicia to the outward boundary of Braga. The Spanish language was formed from the Latin, combined with the dialects of the Visigoths, who, expelling the Alani, the Silingi, and the Vandals, made themselves, masters of the rest of Spain; and one hundred and seventy years subsequently, in the reign of Leovigildo, took possession also of the Suevo-Galician monarchy. Here, then, we perceive the distinction between the Castilian and the Portuguese, considered as Roman languages. The Galician, however, felt the influence of the French, when, in the eleventh century, Alonso VI., king of Castile and Leon, gave the whole of that province, with the part of Lusitania which was then free from the Moorish dominions, to his son-in-law, Count Henry of Burgundy; an act by which he laid the foundation of the Portuguese kingdom, which acquired independence, and became enlarged and organised by the aid of the French knights who accompanied the Count and his son Alonso, the first king of Portugal. The indications of these new elements derived from the French, or the language of *Oui*, which, with this event, became engrafted on the primitive Galician, are not to be mistaken. The nasal intonation which, to this day, forms so strong a character in the Portuguese pronunciation, bears testimony to the admixture, in the same manner as the Arabic element is marked by the guttural sounds of the Spanish.

The Peninsular troubadours composed their songs in the Galician and Portuguese languages: and this is an obvious reason, why the Portuguese collections of such songs known under the name of *cancioneros*, are more numerous than the Castilian of the same class. The Marquis of Santillana mentions having read, when a boy, a very ancient *cancionero*, which, among other songs, contained several of the compositions of King D. Dionisio, and of Juan Suarez de Paiva. This last-mentioned troubadour is unquestionably the most ancient, after Egas Moñiz Coello, and Gonzalo Hermignez, contemporaries of the Burgundian Count, Don Henrique. Paiva became enamoured of an Infanta of Portugal; and, in consequence of this passion, was compelled to leave the court, and die an exile in Galicia.

Duarte Nuñez de Leon, in his Chronicles of the reign of Dionisio, says, 'that this king was nearly the first who wrote verses in the Portuguese tongue.' This Dionisio, at once monarch, poet, moralist, legislator, avowed protector of letters, and

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and of the arts, founder of the university of Lisbon, (afterwards transferred to Coimbra,) and encourager of the translations into the Portuguese of the most esteemed works of the age which closed the thirteenth century, was, in all these respects, the emulator of his illustrious grandfather, Don Alonso of Castile, surnamed the Wise. Don Pedro, count of Barcelos, the natural son of King Dionisio, made the first step towards historical writing by his 'Nobiliario,' or book of Genealogy. Under the reign of Don Pedro, (of tragic memory, by reason of his unhappy amour with Doña Ines de Castro,) poetry received a fresh stimulus from the example of that prince. He delighted in composing verses, as well in the Castilian as Portuguese; and many fragments of his compositions in both languages are extant to this day. Of those in the Castilian, it may be observed, that they have both the form, and the style of the Italian canzone. This circumstance, concurring with the existence of certain sonnets of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, induces the belief that Italian poetry had very early an influence over the Portuguese.

King Ferdinand created the first Portuguese historian, by charging Fernan Lopez with the task of composing the chronicles of the kingdom.

Next came King Duarte, who ennobled the language by a wonderful variety of writings, many of them on moral subjects, and all remarkable for excellence of style. Alfonso IV., who was anterior to Duarte, is also supposed to have been a poet, since to him is attributed the sonnet in praise of the author of 'Amadis de Gaul;' and Alfonso V., who succeeded Duarte, and who encouraged the sciences and navigation, and who wrote himself on the subject of astronomy and tactics, contributed much to the refinement of manners, and greatly advanced the culture of historical literature, by ordering the composition of the history of Portugal in Latin, and by sending Gomez Eannes de Azarara to Africa, for the purpose of collecting documents relative to the expedition which he sent out to that quarter. Azarara succeeded Fernan Lopez in the office of chronicler and keeper of the archives of the Torre del Trombo. He acquitted himself most satisfactorily, and the chronicle which he left behind him is most estimable for the style and arrangement, and fidelity of his narrative. Incorporated in his work, is a Memoir on the arrival of Columbus at Lisbon, when he returned from his first voyage to the New World. It was written by Ruiz da Pina, and contains a lively picture of the regret felt by the King of Portugal at having neglected the opportunity of securing to himself that intrepid navigator, and of reaping the obvious advantage derivable from his important discoveries. During the regency which governed Portugal, in the name of this same

Alfonso

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Alfonso V., and with which his uncle, the Infant Don Pedro, was invested, letters enjoyed especial favour. The regent himself cultivated them with ardour, and composed songs in Portuguese, and a poem in Castilian, entitled 'Contempto del Mundo.' He, at the same time, kept up a close intimacy with Juan de Mena, to whom he often addressed verses, requesting that poet to send him compositions in return. Similar demands were made on the Marquis of Santillana, by the regent's son, the Constable Don Pedro, who also was a poet, as we may infer from the reply of the Marquis.

After claiming Maçias, the *Enamorado*, for the Portuguese, on account of his Galician productions, M. Denis proceeds to observe, that pastoral poetry was much cultivated in Portugal. There was even a period, and that coeval with the origin of the language, in which the poets confined themselves, exclusively, to this department. They sang their amours, and rural delights, ere they celebrated their conquests; and although, in the remembrance of their wars with the Moors, and even with the people of Castile and Leon, there was no dearth of glorious traditions, calculated to kindle their enthusiasm, and inspire the lofty lyric; they yet preferred, to such subjects, the pleasing scenes presented to them by a lovely country, less agitated than the rest of the Peninsula by the turmoils of war, more blessed in its aptitude for maritime commerce, and in the friendly relations which, from a very early period, it cultivated with the people of Italy. Hence, we see, that, by how much the Portuguese surpass the Spaniards, in the abundance and elegance of the 'Coplas,' which form their stock of poetry; so much, and even more, are they inferior to their neighbours in other kinds of compositions. We allude to the *Romanceros*, in which the most glorious events of the national history, and of the heroic times of the Spanish monarchy, are narrated in flowing and vigorous verses. As a counterpoise to this advantage, the Portuguese Coplas, indeed, treat their amorous and bucolic subjects with a simplicity much preferable to the subtleties and forced allegories which form the medley of the Spanish *Cancioneros*, whatever be their theme, whether the delights of love, or some mystery, or the life of a saint. Both nations, in fact, imitate the Italians; but the Portuguese, even in their imitations, are inspired more by their feelings, and, not contenting themselves, like the Spaniards, with observing mere outward forms, with putting into metre factitious and far-fetched thoughts, present a happy variety of scenes and personages, and animate their descriptions with a greater air of truth, and, generally speaking, with a more faithful picture of nature.

After these models were formed, towards the end of the fifteenth century came the tender and elegant Bernardino Ribeiro. He confirmed

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confirmed the bucolic turn in poetry, and in prose set the first example of the pastoral tale, so much imitated by the succeeding poets of Spain, as well as Portugal. He was a gentleman of the bedchamber to King Manuel, and had become desperately enamoured of that monarch's daughter, the Infanta Donna Beatrice. Obliged to suppress the pangs of a passion, as violent as its gratification was beyond his reach, he retired to a life of solitude, and there impressed on his writings that character of truth, feeling, and melancholy, which so highly distinguish his eclogues, and his pastoral romance of Menina e Moza.

The infancy of Portuguese literature passes away with Ribeiro. It effected a wonderful progress in the sixteenth century. Contemporaneous, however, with Ribeiro may deservedly be placed Cristobal Falcam, a native of Madeira, equally unfortunate in his amours, which cost him five years' imprisonment. The writings of these two men of genius, with those works, of which we have above treated, and the celebrated romance of Amadis de Gaul, attributed to Vasco de Lobeira, although, according to the more plausible opinion, it was written, or at least first sent into the world, in Castilian, in the fourteenth century, together with the early and happy attempts at the historical, romantic, pastoral, and didactic in prose, and at the lyrical, erotic, and bucolic in poetry, form the foundations of Portuguese literature, whose structure was raised by the great writers of the reign of Don Manuel, and Don Juan III. These gave to their epic poetry such an elevation that Italy alone can dispute with it; to the drama, an impulse, which, though unsuccessful itself, contributed to form the theatres of Lope de Vega and Calderon; and to historical prose, a noble and dignified character, which increased the strength and completed the structure of that language which flows so sweetly from the harp of Camoens.

The author of the Lusiades sets the first example of calling the muse of patriotism to life, and of blending the truth of national history with the charms of poetry. His contemporaries and immediate successors, as well as those poets who followed him after the interval of a century, and even those who, in our days, have attempted the same lofty strain, have all continued to render the history of Portugal eminently heroic and poetical. Thus the glorious achievements performed in Africa and the Indies, are celebrated in the Lusiad of Camoens; in the Shipwreck of Sepulveda, and the Second Siege of Diu, of Cortereal; in the Elegiada, or the Catastrophe of King Sebastian, by Luis Péreira Brandon; in the Conquest of Malacca, by Francisco Saa de Meneses; in Alphonso the African, by Manzinho Quebedo; in the Oriente of José Augustin Mazedo; and in the Zarqueida, or Discovery of Madeira, by Zargo de Medina e Vasconcellos. The glorious exploits

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exploits of the Portuguese nation, both ancient and modern, have afforded a noble theme for the epic muse, in the poem of El Condestable Nuño Alvarez, conqueror of the Castilians at Aljubarrota, by Rodriguez Lobo; in the Ulysea, or Foundation of Lisbon, by Pereira de Castro; in the Viriato Tragico of Bras de Mascarenha; in the Alphonso, or Foundation of the kingdom of Portugal, by Moraes Vasconcellos; and in the Enriqueida of the Conde de Erizeira. Of most of these poems, many of which are left altogether unnoticed by Bouterwek and Sismondi, M. Denis gives a tolerably exact analysis, which he has accompanied by extracts illustrative of the particular merits of each.

We conceive that, in erotic, elegiac, and pastoral subjects, the Portuguese excel their neighbours, but fall short in the heroic, the moral, and the sacred. Of all the Spanish poets in the bucolic and erotic line, from the sixteenth century down to our own days, it is difficult to name one, the mellifluous Melendez excepted, who can be put in competition with Saa de Miranda, (who had also drunk at the Castilian fount,) with Antonio Ferreira, with Camoens, or with Diego Bernardez, Pedro Andrade Caminha, the strenuous opposer of those who versified in Spanish; or with Fernam Alvarez de Oriente, Rodriguez Lobo, (the solitary author of a collection of romances after the manner of the Spaniards, composed expressly to vindicate the Portuguese, who were bitterly censured for the want of this class of poetry in their language,) or with Manuel de Veiga. These were all writers of the sixteenth century, and of the school founded at its commencement by the pure taste of Saa de Miranda, and Antonio Ferreira, the acknowledged lawgivers of the Lusitanian Parnassus. Even in the seventeenth century, when the Portuguese groaned under the double yoke of the Inquisition and of dependance on the Spanish crown, and when they, too, had become infected with the pest of Gongorism, we may still note the Saudades of Antonio Barbosa, who, creating and perfecting a sort of elegy, as new as its name, difficult of translation, and not to be understood but in a language capable of lending itself to the expression of delicate and profound feeling, compensated for defects of the sonnetteers his contemporaries, and was alone worth the whole jumble of Faria é Souza, the nun Violante de Ceo, Vasconcellos, and Torrizon Coello. In the course of the eighteenth century the same kind of revival of literature is to be observed in Portugal as in Spain, and is attributable to causes and influences extremely similar. Thus the Conde de Erizeira, Antonio Garzaon, Denis da Cruz, and Francisco Dias Gomez, are in Portugal what Luzan, Luyando, Yriarte, and Don Nicolas Moratin are in Spain; while the Academy of the Arcades, and the Academy of Sciences, founded by the patriotic and enlightened zeal of the Duke de Lafoens, remind us of the circumstances to which Spain owes

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owes the establishments of the Spanish Academy, and of that of History. But the protection, partial and equivocal, and even baneful to some men of genius, as in the case of the unfortunate Garzaon, afforded to letters by the Marquis of Pombal, was neither so benign nor could be so efficacious as that which was accorded to them in Spain by the three first monarchs of the dynasty of the Bourbons, then recently enthroned. To this same period belongs another estimable poet, Domingo Dos Rios Quita, who was very successful in the composition of idyls; a branch of the poetic art which was then new in Portuguese, notwithstanding its affinity to the bucolic.

Among the Portuguese poets, whose festive muse affords one of the most pleasing varieties in lyrical poetry, the name of Gonzalo de Bandarra deserves to be mentioned as one of those literary singularities which, as M. Denis observes, are to be remarked in almost all countries, and who, addressing themselves to the lowest classes of a nation, finally rise by their natural merit to a level with the most learned and refined. Bandarra was a poor cobbler of Troncozo, in the province of Beira. Amongst his humorous poems, he introduced several in which he assumed the tone of prophecy, and this brought on him the persecutions of the Holy Office during his lifetime, and after death the honour of an inscription, alluding to certain verses in which he is supposed to have predicted the liberation of the monarchy from Spanish domination. Satirical poetry, which goes hand in hand with the burlesque, reckons among its cultivators the great Camoens, whose verses entitled 'Disparates da India,' were the cause of his banishment from the Portuguese Indies. The same sort of humorous effusion was also indulged in by the respectable compiler of the works of Camoens, Lobo de Soropita. The jealous and severe Jacinto Freire de Andrada combated with much humour and keenness, but with a certain levity wholly void of learning, the absurd style which prevailed in his day, to the degradation of the literature both of Spain and Portugal. His Polifemo ridicules a monstrous production of Gongora, which bears the same name; and his Narcisso is a delightful parody on the extravagances of innumerable sonnetteers. Andrada composed his satires as a mere pastime; but the tone of his raillery convinces us, that had he attached more importance to these amusements, he would have been beyond dispute one of the first humorous writers. As it is, he unquestionably bears away the palm from all the writers of burlesque poetry to the end of the seventeenth century, not excepting the jovial Tomas de Noronha. In the eighteenth century, and when, towards the end of it, taste had become much purified, the Abate Paulino Cabral de Vasconcellos published his 145 sonnets, all very estimable for uncommon elegance and perspicuity

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cuity, and for a liveliness seasoned with the irony of Horatian philosophy. Lastly, Denis da Cruz, before alluded to, and who, among modern poets, is distinguished by the name of the Portuguese Pindar, is not, perhaps, less deserving of fame than the Abate Cabral. He is principally indebted for his reputation to his mock-heroic poem, entitled 'O Hyssopo,' in which he very successfully imitates Boileau, and still more happily Tassoni in his 'Secchia Rapita.' Nicolas Tolentino de Almeida, also, has acquired just celebrity by his pungent satires, most of them relating to various local incidents in Lisbon, and written, for the greater part, in the ancient short metres of the early Portuguese poetry.

Their Didactic poetry stands conspicuous for merit, from the poem of the 'Creation of Man,' ascribed to Camoens, and which is an allegory in most singular taste, down to the 'Georgicas Portuguesas' of Señor Mazinho de Albuquerque, which in our days has obtained the applause of the intelligent, and especially, among others, of the delicate Moratin. Deserving an honourable post in the rank of the works of this kind are the epistles of Saa de Miranda. Some of these, however, are written in Spanish. Francisco Manuel do Nascimiento, besides various other satires and epistles of the didactic kind, composed a piece of such length, and so rich in good materials, that it might be considered as a poem. In it he developes his literary principles, and declaring against the new modes introduced into the language, opposes himself to the Gallicists, inclines to the Latin purity, and among the Portuguese poets of the golden age, awards the palm to Antonio de Ferreira, as the most worthy imitator of Horace. To this class belong also translations, by this same Nascimiento, of the fables of Lafontaine, the simplicity of which he has rendered with admirable fidelity. The two didactic pieces of Señor Augustin Macedo, entitled 'Meditation,' and 'Newton,' and published in our times, are very commendable for a character of grandeur in their images and sentiments, and for no slight degree of beauty of style.

At this moment the taste of the nation as regards poetry, appears to be divided between the French and English schools. Each of these has its enthusiastic and respectable partisans. The Conde de Barca has employed himself with great success in translations from the works of several English poets, such as Gray and Dryden; and Souza de Camara has been equally happy in versions of Voltaire. While classical literature finds a new enthusiast in Ribeiro dos Santos, the translator of Horace, the French party is strengthened by the valuable productions of Francisco Manuel do Nascimiento, Torres, and Barbier du Bocage.

The limited space which we have yet remaining will allow us to

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to say but little of the drama. Yet we cannot but notice the fatal opposition which seems ever to have been declared in Portugal against this most important branch. As early as 1505, the prolific and original Gil Vicente gave to the world his first pieces. In a few years, his works formed a collection, divided into parts or dramas, on sacred subjects, and into comedies, tragi-comedies, farces and pantomimes. It has been said of this dramatist, by some that he imitated Plautus, by others, that Terence was his model. Of the latter opinion is Erasmus, who learned Portuguese for the sole purpose of reading the plays of Vicente; the first specimens of the romantic Peninsular drama, which incontestably contributed to form the great Lope de Vega, and by so doing gave origin to the most illustrious improvements on the celebrated ancient drama of Spain. The most probable fact, however, is, that the genius of Gil Vicente neither could, nor would, submit to the yoke of any imitation, in spite of the endeavours made by his contemporary, the polished Ferreira, to induce him to follow good models. Bouterwek and Denis produce extracts from two of his plays, and to these we refer our readers, while we content ourselves with giving of him the following portrait, drawn by an impartial Portuguese writer, and inserted in the Transactions of the Academy of Sciences of Lisbon, a work which may be advantageously consulted for the more thorough knowledge of the dramatic character and taste of one of the most venerable founders of the Peninsular theatre.

'In whatever light we regard the rules of the drama,' says the Academician, 'we shall seek for them in vain in the plays of Gil Vicente. Of every thing like connexion he seems entirely ignorant. The interlocutors appear on the scenes, speak and go off again, at the whim of the poet. The episodes are often wholly void of relation to the principal action. Lastly, the pieces themselves are written in Spanish and Portuguese, in roundelays or unequal stanzas, and in hendecasyllabic verses. Yet his rich invention, the vivacity and truth of his dialogues, the sweetness and poetical harmony of his language, the beauty of his phraseology, and the frequent use of sayings preserved, and in a measure held sacred in succeeding ages, the delicacy and wit to be found in the greater part of his plays, but more especially in his sacred pieces and farces, are qualities which constitute a just claim to the title of a poet of real merit, and account for the enthusiasm which he inspires, not only in his compatriots but in foreigners.'

Contemporary with Gil Vicente, but differing from him both in the tendency of his pieces and in dramatic erudition, were the learned and ingenious Sa de Miranda and Antonio Ferreira. The first composed 'Os Estrangeros' and 'Os Villalpandos,' with the professed object of establishing classical comedy: and both productions

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productions are respectable, as good models of such an attempt, still more as specimens of Portuguese style and language. Ferreira is superior to his master, Miranda, in his comprehension of the nature of comedy, and has left a proof of this in his 'Zeloso,' which is, in truth, one of the best genteel comedies in Europe. Another piece also, entitled 'Brito,' although not so perfect in plot as the Zeloso, proves the author to be as far superior to Miranda in the disposition of the dramatic fable, as he falls below him in style and humour. Ferreira was also the author of the celebrated 'Ines de Castro,' which may rank as the second regular tragedy in modern literature, and which is admirable for its grandeur, for its exquisite sensibility, for the deep interest of the situations, and for the tender and forcible expression of the passions; although in the plot, it adheres too closely to the plan, and even character of the Greek tragedy. Camoens, too, exercised himself in the drama, being the first to follow in the track of Gil Vicente, in his three pieces, the 'Amphitryones,' 'Seleuco,' and 'Filodemo.' The last of these portrays to the life the adventurous characters of the poet's age. It abounds in the extravagant sentiment, the exalted passions, and chivalrous ideas, which distinguished those times, and which, combined, constitute a mass of materials so truly dramatic, that we regret that they have not been developed sufficiently to acquire a substantial being, and to form a theatre entirely original. These first symptoms of a national drama ended in disappointment; and neither Jorge Ferreira, who flourished shortly after Camoens, nor the tragi-comedies on martyrological events, which the Jesuits composed in Latin, and performed in their colleges; nor the 'Comedias Magicas,' introduced by Machado; nor those written by the many avowed imitators of Gil Vicente, of which Lope da Costa made a collection, (now extremely scarce and hardly to be procured,) entitled, 'Primera parte de Autos i comedias Portuguesas;' nor lastly, the veneration in which the classic efforts in this way of Miranda and Ferreira have ever been held, have been sufficient to prevent the Spaniards, seconded by their political domination, from taking possession exclusively of the Portuguese stage, on which the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon were represented with general applause, while the very estimable productions of the native genius of the preceding century were abandoned to oblivion, if not to contempt.

Many years after the revival of literature, and on the elevation to the throne of the house of Braganza, a tendency towards forming a drama in Portugal, again began, though very faintly, to show itself, in the imitations and translations of the best French pieces; when, by a singular revolution in taste, ascribable, perhaps,



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perhaps, to the character of the genius who effected it,—the desires were turned towards a national theatre. The celebrated and unfortunate Antonio Jose was capable of gratifying the demands of his countrymen. His pieces turn to ridicule the various abuses of that day; the poet exposes with humorous archness the defects of his fellow-countrymen, and, in spite of numerous imperfections, is truly original, animated, and interesting. Like Gil Vicente, he would not submit to any rules, notwithstanding the advice of his admirer, the Conde de Erizeira. His pieces are a sort of comic-opera of great scenic effect. The best among these, are 'Don Quixote,' 'Esopo,' and 'Medea.' This unfortunate poet, to whom neither the protection of his Mæcenas, nor his own precaution, in protesting, at the time of publishing his pieces, that he did not believe either the mythological characters, or the events which he introduced into them, was of any avail, was accused of Judaism, and, as tainted with those opinions, was burnt in the public square, by sentence of the Inquisition, in the year 1745. Jose had several imitators, but none of sufficient merit, to redeem, as he did, numerous defects, by striking beauties. Hence, the learned Antonio Garzaon was instigated to write his 'Teatro Nuevo,' a piece in which he judiciously criticises the defects of the Portuguese drama, of which Antonio Jose had set the example, in the same manner as the Café, or the 'Comedia Nueva,' of Moratin, had a similar object in Spain. Shortly afterwards, Manuel de Souza translated with tolerable success a few of Molière's plays; Manuel Figuereido wrote eleven thick volumes of comedies, all rejected by the public; Denis da Cruz composed his 'Falso Heroismo,' with a view, similar to that of Garzaon, of criticising the defects of the theatre, and Pedegacho and Quita joined in writing three tragedies in the French style. But all these did not amount to the formation of a national drama, more particularly while all the protection of the government and of the people was engaged in the patronage of the Italian theatre, then recently established.*

A few zealous Portuguese of our times, indeed, have revived the laudable endeavour to form a national theatre. It is difficult, however, in the present state of literature, to impress it with so distinct a character as might have been given it in the age of Gil Vicente, or even in that of the regretted Antonio Jose. The 'Nueva Castro,' by Gomez, affecting the Greek, much less than the 'Ines de Castro' of Ferreira, is esteemed a masterpiece, being even reckoned above the 'Osmia,' an early production of the Countess of Vimeiro, which obtained a prize from the

* Since the year 1770.

Academy

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Academy of Lisbon. The Señor Pimenta de Aguiar, in his 'Teatro Tragico,' a considerable collection of tragedies, among which are principally conspicuous Viriato and the Conquista del Peru, has proved himself national, by adopting subjects taken from the history of his country. He is sufficiently original, without neglecting to conform to the ruling taste of our times, and worthy, on all accounts, to excite the interest of his countrymen, in the perfection of the theatre. As for comedies, during the same period, those worthy of notice are very few. Since the last century, however, the Portuguese have been distinguished for a sort of short pieces, called Entremeses or Intermedios, resembling the 'Sainetes' of the Spaniards. These are in general very pleasing, but owe their effect more to their originality of style, and the pictures they present of the customs of the lower classes, than to the interest of the situations, and the conception of the plot and subjects. A collection of them was published in 1816; which, according to M. Denis, comprises several of much older date than the end of the eighteenth century.

We find ourselves obliged to close here our notice of Portuguese poetry, without noticing in detail the Latin compositions, which, however, deserve to be known, both on account of their number and of their intrinsic merit. Such, for instance, are the poem, entitled 'Cintro,' written by Doña Sigea, in the reign of Don Manuel; the two translations of the Lusiad, by Tomas de Faria, and the works of the prolific polygraph, Father Macedo, who wrote also in Latin several tragi-comedies, which were represented before Louis XIV.; the poem of 'Chauleidos' of Paiva da Andrada; and the eclogues of Caiado, so celebrated in Italy. But for this respectable branch of Portuguese literature, we may refer to the collection of the 'Corpus Illustrorum Lusitanorum qui latinè scripserunt;' compiled by Antonio dos Reis.* We must now say a few words on the prose works of the Portuguese, which are for the greater part better known than their poetry, and therefore require a less circumstantial notice.

We may begin with Juan de Barros, whose 'Decadas Portuguesas' contributed so greatly to form the style of Camoens. It is a mass of history, which may be considered among the most important and entertaining works of modern literature. The judgment which M. Sismondi pronounces of this writer is applicable to all the other historians of those times.

'He was partial, certainly, in favour of the Portuguese, but not more so, perhaps, than is necessary to make a national historian interesting. What other motive can a writer have for taking up the pen,

* In 8 vols. 4to.



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than the design of erecting a monument to the glory of his country? Would he not fail in his duty if, on being consulted as an advocate, he should answer as a judge? Can he animate and inflame his readers with the enthusiasm which so many great achievements are calculated to excite, if he dissect them to depreciate them; if he nicely scrutinize the sometimes ignoble motives of virtuous action; if he chill the feelings with doubt, and impart to his book the icy sentiments of his heart? We oftener arrive at truth from authors partial to their nation, than from those who are wholly dispassionate; the former contain, at least, one quality of truth,—feeling.' 'Undoubtedly,' adds M. Denis, 'historians of this partial character should be read with circumspection; but they cannot fail of interesting.'

The Decades of Juan de Barros were continued by Diego de Couto, a worthy emulator of his predecessor, and by Antonio Borcaro. The 'Monarquia Lusitana,' of Father Brito, (ostentatious in style,) continued by Antonio Brandan, together with the histories of Manuel de Faria e Souza; the eulogies of the kings of Portugal, by the same Father Brito; the chronicles of king Manuel, of Damien de Goez, of Geronimo Osorio, of Duarte Nuñez de Leon; the 'Portugal Restaurado,' of the Conde de Erizeira; the history of king Sebastian, existing in manuscript; the account of the earthquake of Lisbon, by Salvador Patricio; the memoirs of the Academy of History; and the two Latin works of Andres Resendo, entitled 'De Antiquitatibus Lusitaniæ,' and 'Delitiæ Lusitanorum,'—form a collection of monuments for national history, to which few countries can produce a parallel, either in point of style, or of abundance, or of authenticity of matter. The history of the Indies and the Portuguese expeditions possess the same advantages in the commentaries on the Oriental wars, by Fernando de Albuquerque, son of the great Albuquerque; and the like merit is attributable to the history of the discovery and conquest of the Indies by Lopez de Castañeda; to the life of Don Juan de Castro, by Jacinto Freire de Andrada, remarkable for the force and dignity of his eloquence; to the two manuscripts referred to by M. Denis, as existing in the royal library of Paris; (one on the wars of the Portuguese in Angola, and the other, a journal of the voyages to India, from 1497 to 1632;) to the letter which Vas de Caminha, a companion of Cabral, addressed to the king on the discovery of Brazil; and to the history of the campaign of Brazil, by Francisco Manuel de Mello, a great friend of the Spaniard Quevedo, and one of the best historians in Castilian, as is attested by his interesting 'Guerra de Cataluña.' Among the most interesting narratives of travels are to be noticed those of Bermudez in Africa, and of Francisco Alvarez

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Alvarez in Ethiopia; the latter of which has been translated into French; the travels in Palestine and Italy of Gomez Santesteban; the Itinerary of the Indies, by Ferreira Raiman; and the travels of the redoubted and all-famous Mendez Pinto, of Shakspearian memory. Literary and biographical history is abundantly furnished in the valuable works of the Academy of Lisbon, in the 'Biblioteca Lusitana' of Diego Barbosa, and in the 'Theatrum Lusitaniæ Litteraturæ,' a manuscript of great merit, by Suarez de Brito, which is now in the Royal Library of Paris. Among biographers, are to be mentioned the Father Brito, for his 'Chronica del Cister;' the brother Luis de Souza, for his Chronicles of the order of St. Dominic, and the life of the Brother Bartolom de los Martires, and Juan de Lucenea, for his life of S. Francisco Xavier.

The number of authors who have treated on various moral and political subjects, and cultivated oratory with success, is also respectable. Such are Rodriguez Lobo, in his 'Corte na Aldea e Noites de Inverno,' a work of very pleasing and agreeable nature; Jeronimo de Osorio, bishop of Selves, in his 'Cartas Portuguesas,' (being letters addressed to the king and other exalted personages, on political matters of great interest, which are treated in them with spirit and knowledge, and in an elegant style;) Hector Pinto, whose moral dialogues, translated into various languages, rank him among classic authors: Amador Arraiz, bishop of Portalegre, equally eminent for his grace and elegance in the same class of writing; and Francisco Manuel de Mello, author of 'Apologos en dialogos,' a work very remarkable for its great originality, and of 'Carta i guia de Casados,' a production replete with excellent moral precepts, and which has been translated into Spanish. Among pulpit orators, indeed, the learned and famous missionary, Antonio de Viera, stands gloriously pre-eminent. By his extraordinary talents and influence, he corrected many vicious habits in oratory, and he cannot be denied the title of an eloquent man; yet his extraordinary fluency, brilliancy of expression, and quickness and subtilty of argument are more to be wondered at than imitated.

Before concluding, we would briefly mention their tales of imagination and novels. We have already said, that the Portuguese are considered as the inventors of the pastoral and chivalrous romance, so prevalent throughout the Peninsula until the middle of the seventeenth century. In works of this kind, the celebrated historian Juan de Barros was one of the first, and his romance of 'Clarimundo' is regarded as the earliest specimen of his delightful prose. Alvarez de Oriente, in his 'Lusitania Transformada,' a mixed pastoral in prose and verse, is

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is as admirable and pleasing for his poetry as for his descriptions, which are quite exquisite. The 'Primavera,' the 'Pastor Peregrino,' and the 'Desengañado' of Rodriguez Lobo, who in reality wrote only one romance, have the singularity of being written in Jornadas (days), like the Spanish comedies, on such a peculiar plan of connection, or rather of disconnection in the scenes, which are rural and amorous, that they might be continued ad infinitum. Of the same description, and with little difference of plan, but more estimable for style and language, are the 'Retiro de Cuidados,' and the 'Life of Carlos e Rosaura,' by Mateo Ribeiro; the 'Seram politico abuso enmendado,' by Castañeira; 'Ribeiras de Mondego,' by Sotomayor, and the 'Novelas Ejemplares,' quite distinct from those of Cervantes, and the 'Constante Florida' of Gaspar Perez Rebello. Portuguese literature has an Heloisa of the seventeenth century, equally unfortunate with the lover of Abelard: she, too, was condemned to consume her passion in the dreariness of a cloister, but she was not, like her prototype, so well requited by fidelity. Her lover was a French officer, to whom the enamoured nun wrote a number of letters, full of warmth and eloquence. The ungrateful object had the baseness to translate and publish these letters of the unfortunate Mariana de Alcofarada.* Ferreira e Vasconcellos was, according to Bouterwek, the author of a new romance of the 'Knights of the Round Table;' and M. Denis, adopting the opinion till now most prevalent, attributes the 'Palmerin d'Inglaterra' and the 'Primaleon' to Francisco e Moraes. On this point, however, we have not disputed the claim of Vasco de Lobeira to the glory of being the author of the 'Amadis de Gaul,' although it first presented itself to the world in a Castilian dress. We would refer the reader to a curious article† in the 'Repertorio Americano,' confining ourselves to the simple assertion, that the 'Primaleon' and the 'Palmerin de Oliva' are from the same pen, and that the author is a lady, born at Burgos, or 'Augustobrica.'

With regard to the 'Palmerin d'Inglaterra,' the author of that romance is clearly proved, in the same article, by a discovery recently made of the secret contained in some acrostic verses at the beginning of the book, which disclose the following words: 'Luis Hurtado, autor, al lector salud.' There still remains, however, to Francisco e Moraes the honour of being the first who clothed these two romances in a Portuguese attire.

* These Letters, we observe, have been translated into English, by a Mr. W. R. Bowles, 16°, London. 1826.

† This article treats fully and learnedly on the Books of Chivalry.

ART. VIII.

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ART. VIII.—*Voyage dans les Petits Cantons et dans les Alpes Rhétiennes.* Par Mons. Kasthofer, Grand Forestier du Canton de Berne, &c. Traduit de l'Allemand, par E. J. Fazy-Cazal, Paris, 1827.

M. KASTHOFER visited those parts of Switzerland which are mentioned in the title-page, in the year 1822: his work appeared in German, at Berne, in 1825, and shortly afterwards it was translated into French by M. Fazy-Cazal. Our traveller's principal objects were, to examine into the condition and character of the mountaineers whom he visited, so as to be qualified to point out the best methods for their amelioration; and to register accurate and minute details of the state and nature of the vegetation in the mountainous districts which he traversed. From this it will be seen that statistics, and especially those branches of it which relate to domestic and rural economy, and to the causes which, by quickening or checking industry and skill, render the mass of the people poor or prosperous, form the chief and characteristic matter of this volume. Other topics, however, are by no means disregarded. Many curious and interesting illustrations of manners are given; physical geography is occasionally enriched with some striking and important facts, besides those which relate to the nature of vegetation at great altitudes; and to the etymologist and antiquarian, the notice of the Romansch language, though short and imperfect, will be highly attractive.

He who wishes to study, or to enjoy nature, where she exhibits herself in her most mysterious guise, and in the greatest variety of her beauty and sublimity, should follow the track of our author. The structure of the mountains, the forms into which they are thrown or broken, the nature of the intervening vallies, the course of the rivers, the avalanches and glaciers, are calculated at once to arrest the attention of the abstract physical geographer, and to satisfy the imagination and feelings of the enthusiastic lover of nature. Nor will the track followed by our author display man in circumstances less instructive to the political or moral philosopher, or less attractive to those who are fond of viewing him remote from the influence of high civilisation and artificial manners. In all these respects, Switzerland is rich above any other country in Europe, and the districts visited by M. Kasthofer are rich beyond any other part of Switzerland.

Our limits oblige us to confine this article to the rural and domestic economy of that country, the state of vegetation at different altitudes, and a few remarks on some other points of physical geography, omitting, for the present, at least, what we had

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had to offer on the subject of the Romansch language. In order, however, that our readers may be exactly acquainted with those parts, to which the sketch of rural and domestic economy more directly and strictly applies, we shall trace, very shortly, the route pursued by this intelligent traveller.

He commences with Brientz; and on this place and the Oberland his first chapter is particularly full and instructive. The second chapter conducts him across the Brunig, from Brientz to Sarne, and is interspersed with remarks on popular education, and sketches of characteristic manners. The route from Schwytz to the Baths of Pfeffers occupies the third chapter. Our author next proceeded from Coire to Davos; his remarks on this route, and an excursion to the High Prettegau, form the subject of the fourth chapter. The passage of the Fluella to Tarasp, and the journey from Tarasp to St. Maurice, fill up the fifth and sixth chapters. The high Engadine, with many valuable remarks connected with the particular object of our author, are given in the seventh chapter. Maloya, Casaccia, Vicosoprano, Porta, Castelmuro, Pleurs, Chiavenna, Campodolieno, Isola, and the Splugen were the places next visited, and a description of them, with an account of the destruction of Porta, and the dismemberment from Switzerland of the Valteline, Bormio, and Chiavenna, form the contents of the two next chapters. The tenth chapter, which describes the route from Splugen to Ræzuns, contains our author's observations on the comparative conveniences and advantages of the routes by the Splugen and the Bernardin, as well as by the grand routes across the mountains of Switzerland into Italy, in general, and these observations display much good sense, and acquaintance with the subject.

If our readers have traced M. Kasthofer's route on the map, they will perceive that, at Coire, where he afterwards arrived, he had completed a course nearly circular, having passed through the Rhetian Alps, and those of Lombardy. The last chapter conducts him from Coire to Lucerne, by the vallies of the Higher Rhine, and of Tarvetsch, and by the passage of St. Gothard.

Having described his course, we must now attend to the various statements respecting the condition of the people, their rural economy, and their general character. Their poverty, defective agriculture, and rage for emigration, struck him every where; but especially in the Oberland: and it is in his chapter on this district that he enters somewhat minutely into this subject. The complaints he makes on these points are, however, by no means, new. M. Herzell, in his Rustic Socrates, (which was published half a century ago,) speaks in nearly the same terms of remonstrance and lamentation. The

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The following statements, though they have an especial reference to the community of Brientz, may, he assures us, give, at the same time, a clear and just idea of the condition of a very large portion of the mountaineers of Switzerland. As the food of the cattle is sought for six months in the year in the mountains, the proprietor or his servants must thus consume a large portion of their time. But, in the winter, there is comparatively little necessity or opportunity for work. The consequences of such a constant and regular alternation must be injurious, both to the condition and the character of the people. In summer there is unremitted activity, with little beneficial result: in winter, the sedentary habits necessary for manufacturing employment, are repugnant to those habits acquired during the summer; idleness, therefore, and mischievous and hurtful employments occupy their winter hours. The peasants of the Oberland are, besides, suffering under the pressure of heavy mortgages on their lands, due either to the community of Berne, or to individuals there; and as their debts were contracted when money was of comparatively less value, or, what is the same thing, when their produce sold at a higher rate, the pressure of these burdens is most severely felt: * other causes

* M. Kasthofer, being an employé of the Bernese, touches rather lightly on this evil: but we may add here, that the distress in the Oberland of the Canton of Berne is increasing to a frightful extent; for the peasantry, once wealthy and independent, have become tenants of the aristocracy at Berne. We feel it our duty to state, that the aristocracy of Berne, in order to break the proud spirits of the people of the Oberland, has for years been inducing this state of things. The Oberland has been long disaffected to the patricians of Berne; many of their old rights had been nullified, and, as late as 1814, an insurrection broke out against the government of Berne, which was only crushed by the most violent measures. Hence the aristocracy thought, that, in possessing itself of the greatest part of the landed property, they would render the inhabitants of the Oberland dependent on themselves; and it became, therefore, a concerted plan to buy up every freehold property in the district. Under the pretence of assisting the Oberlanders in difficulties, loans were made to them, and when payment was not forthcoming at the appointed day, their property was wrested from them with heartless cruelty. Advantage also was taken of the famine, in 1817, and of the subsequent general stagnation in trade; and, at length, the system having been pursued with unrelenting obstinacy, the wealthy part of the inhabitants of the Oberland found themselves surrounded by mere tenants of the patricians of Berne, indeed, by a class of *serfs* to all intents and purposes. Then they perceived that it was useless to stem the torrent of patrician influence, and most of them withdrew even from the election of country members for the council of Berne.

But it was more easy to dispossess the people of the Oberland of their landed property than to foretel the exact measure of their poverty and beggary. With the loss of property their hearts were broken, and the stimulus of activity was gone. A number of respectable small proprietors had either been changed into poor tenants, or into lazy vagabonds. A high rent soon brought the former to a level with the latter. Workhouses and poor laws made the thing worse; and we are sorry to say that it will, in the present state of things, be difficult to devise any efficient remedy.

As we before mentioned the Council of Berne, we beg leave to say, that this Sovereign Council consists of two hundred and ninety-nine members, two hundred being patricians, and ninety-nine country members. It is evident that an opposition of ninety-nine

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causes tend to the same result—poverty and distress. Among these may be enumerated, the minute division of the land by the operation of the law of inheritance—the system of common lands, and the increasing population. The law of inheritance has, indeed, been long in operation; but, while the people were in better circumstances, it seldom produced a minute division of land,—one of the sons renting or purchasing his brother's share. Thus, on the death of the father of Klizogg, the rustic Socrates, M. Herzell informs us, that his eldest brother took his portion in land, and his other brothers sold their share to Klizogg.* An increasing population with diminished resources or industry, tends necessarily and uniformly to diminish still more those resources and that industry.

'When the great mass of a people,' observes our author, 'pursue a species of industry, which they either cannot, or know not how to render more productive, which, however, occupies every day, but not so as to fill up all their time, and which does not permit them to engage in such additional work as would enable them to obtain, besides bare subsistence, comforts and a small capital; and when this portion of the people, which merely vegetate, increase, while the class immediately above them diminishes, it is evident that such a state of things must have an evil influence on the character, as well as the condition of the community at large.'—pp. 28, 29.

In proof that the evil is spreading in the mountainous districts of Berne, he cites many facts, all of which show an increase in the poorer classes, and a concomitant diminution in the richer. He asserts that it would be difficult to find in all Oberland twelve peasants who possessed twenty arpents of land in cultivation, or such an extent of meadow as would winter twenty cows. The increase of the population, the consequent subdivision of the land into smaller and smaller portions, point out the resulting poverty in no respect more clearly and strongly than in the diminution of the number of *paysans à vache*, and in the proportional

ninety-nine against two hundred would be unavailable, even if the ninety-nine were all unanimous. But the fact is, that the patricians get themselves again elected in the country, and we have just shown, that it cannot be difficult for them to carry their election in the Oberland. More than half of those who should be representatives of the country, are, in this way, also patricians. These patricians elect themselves for life. The nearest relatives may sit in the council. Therefore the concession of ninety-nine country members by the aristocracy to the people is a mere mockery.

For more than a year the aristocracy of Berne kept Switzerland in the dread of civil war; it made efforts at the Congress of Vienna to recover the Pays de Vaud, and Argovia, and to deprive those cantons of the independence which they had acquired by solemn treaties. But public opinion was so decidedly against the aristocracy of Berne, that the allied powers would not comply with their request.

* In the canton of Schwytz the land is not exposed to this minute subdivision, as there the management of it is, by law, given exclusively to the youngest son. In the Emmenthal, a valley celebrated for its beauty and cultivation, the land descends to the youngest son, who pays his brothers and sisters their portion by mortgaging it.

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increase of goats. He who is not able to keep cows, prefers goats to sheep; they yield more milk, and being kept in sheds during the night, they afford a considerable quantity of manure: whereas the sheep, remaining night and day during summer on the mountains, do not produce the same advantage.

M. Kasthofer's remarks on the measures adopted by the government of Berne, respecting the poor, are worthy of notice.

In 1643, 1676, and 1690, they established regulations evidently borrowed from the poor-laws of Queen Elizabeth. The regulation of 1690, which was made after the plague had ravaged the district, complains of the numerous hordes of beggars that oppressed the country. This fact, our author seems to think, deserves particular notice. At this period, he remarks, the common lands were not distributed; few goats were kept; potatoes were not known; commerce was free; the land was not, as at present, subdivided into minute portions; and the small-pox was constantly repressing the population, scanty as it then was. Can then, he asks, the regulations, formed under these circumstances, be effectual at present, when nearly all the common lands are distributed; the number of goats is very great; the culture of potatoes can hardly be extended; commerce is paralysed, and vaccination has put a stop to the ravages of the small-pox? And yet one of the regulations of 1690 enacted, that those who married, and were reduced to a state of poverty, should have no claim to parish relief. The necessity of such an enactment, at present, he seems to admit; but he justly doubts whether it, or any other mode to check marriages, could be carried into effect. It appears, however, that, in many of the communities, a bounty is actually given on marriage; for, as soon as a young man marries, he obtains a portion of the common land, as well as other privileges, which he could not possess as long as he was a bachelor. The encouragement thus given to marriage was, indeed, in some measure counteracted by a regulation common to all Switzerland, which made it necessary for every peasant to provide himself with the arms and uniform of a militia-man, before he could obtain permission to marry. This would at once limit the number of marriages, and promote industry and economy; but the law has been repealed, or fallen into neglect, since the political revolutions in that country. A law somewhat similar prevailed in the seventeenth century in several places betwixt Hanau and Francfort; no young farmer being there permitted to marry till he had planted a certain number of walnut trees. A little reflection, however, will convince us that no regulations, the object of which is to check marriages, can be extensively

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extensively or permanently effectual. There are always modes and opportunities of evading them; and even if in no case they could be evaded,—if no marriage could take place, but under the strict regulations of the law, the unavoidable consequence would be, that the passions of human nature would get the better of morality, and that all the evils which illegitimacy produces to the parents and the offspring, and to the community at large, would be added to the evil of an excessive population. Nor would the mischief be less, if a law were passed interdicting all relief to those who married and fell into distress after such a law. Granting that public relief were refused in strict and stern compliance with this law, even in cases of the most urgent distress, occasioned by no want of industry or economy, the feelings of individuals would supply what was refused from the public funds; and it is well known, that though the public funds for the relief of the poor are not administered with much judgment or discrimination, yet private benevolence, in most instances, displays much less.

The check to excessive population in Switzerland, and all other countries, must be sought in the people themselves. Extend and improve agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and thus create a greater demand for labour: but this is only attacking the evil on one side. If the price of a commodity is too low, it will be raised to its proper level most speedily and effectually, if we can, at the same time, augment the demand for it, and diminish its supply. So with human labour: increase the demand for it certainly, by opening new sources of industry; render industry and capital more productive by improvements in agriculture, &c.; but, at the same time, diminish the supply of labour in the market. And this, as we have observed, can be done only by the labourers themselves checking their own increase. This, however, they will not be disposed or enabled to do, till they are imbued with sounder principles, with greater comprehension of mind, and with less grovelling and narrow views. Then, regarding as indispensable for themselves and their offspring, what they now consider as unnecessary and unsuited to their station, and having their views and their desires so steadily fixed on their well being, as to look beyond their own immediate gratification, they will deem it equally their duty and their best interest not to marry, till they can see a much greater probability of securing for themselves and offspring the higher and more extended objects of their desire, than they do, at present, of obtaining the mere necessaries of life. Then, indeed, the supply of labourers will diminish, and wages will rise, so as to place the mass of the population

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tion much higher in the scale of comfort than they are. But the disposition to act in this manner, to be themselves the curers of the misery by which they are depressed, can only be generated, and founded on such a basis of principle, feeling, and habit, as will secure them against every trial or temptation, by the culture of their minds, so as to weaken the influence of the present moment, and to enable them to regulate their conduct, and form their sense of duty, by views of future and permanent interest alone.

We have dwelt thus long and strongly on this subject, because our author, in his zeal for the improvement of agriculture and the introduction of manufactures, seems to think that these measures of themselves will thoroughly and permanently remove the evils under which his country labours, in common with most other countries in Europe.

Emigration cannot be an effectual remedy for the misery of an excessive population; the source must be cut off in the manner we have indicated, otherwise, as fast as the overflowing and injurious population is drawn off, its place will be supplied, and the evil continued. But, independent of this consideration, emigration to foreign countries ought not to be encouraged, so long as the native country contains uncultivated land. In Switzerland, the people seem to emigrate from districts where they might find employment; this is particularly the case in the Grisons, and they do not emigrate to other districts, where, according to our author, labour is scarce, and wages high,—but to America. We can hardly suppose, however, that the Swiss, who are proverbially attached to their native land, even to the nostalgia, would quit it, unless there were some regulation which opposed the exercise of their industry at home in a profitable and agreeable manner.*

We

* One such regulation our author mentions and reprobates. In the high districts of Berne, the farmers are not allowed to sell their hay beyond their parish till they have offered it to those within it; and, nearly over all the alpine districts, no stranger can rent or purchase land. This restriction necessarily tends to prevent improvement, as well as competition for labourers.

The agriculture of Switzerland, and more especially of those parts which our author visited, is necessarily of a peculiar nature, and on a very confined scale: it is a country strictly pastoral; little corn is produced, and the crops are scanty and precarious. Cattle, sheep, and goats, constitute the chief riches and dependence of the inhabitants. There are, properly speaking, no farmers; each proprietor farms his own small portion of land; or the mountainous tracts belonging to the communities are pastured in common. But whether private or common property, it is evident that mountainous pastures are little susceptible of improvement. They may be stocked fully with the best kind of cattle; and, where they admit of it, they may be planted with those kinds of trees, the leaves and small branches of which will supply the largest quantity of nourishing fodder. Indeed

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We have already mentioned that sheep are not a favourite stock in many parts of Switzerland; the difficulty of procuring food

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Indeed, the procuring a sufficient quantity of fodder, for the winter support of the cattle, is the great difficulty in these parts of Switzerland; without this, they can have little manure for the improvement of their valley-lands, and the condition of their cattle must be deteriorated. Every blade of grass, therefore, is collected with the greatest care.

"In places inaccessible to cattle," Mr. Malthus informs us, "the peasant sometimes makes hay with crampons on his feet. Grass is cut not three inches high, in some places three times a year; and in the valleys, the fields are seen shaven as close as a bowling-green, and all the inequalities clipt as with a pair of scissors. In Switzerland, as in Norway for the same reasons, the art of mowing seems to be carried to its highest state of perfection." We may add, that in no country are so much skill and attention required in harvesting corn and hay as in Switzerland, in consequence of the uncertain nature of the climate.

Unsusceptible, however, as the agriculture of those parts of Switzerland visited by our author is of much improvement, in some respects it might be rendered more productive. The non-application, or the injudicious use of manure, the neglect of the means of increasing the quantity of manure, of winter fodder, of irrigation, and of green crops; the rude and imperfect implements, especially ploughs, used on their arable lands—these are points on which our author dwells with much emphasis and judgment. It is, however, just and proper to state, that, in some parts, very minute attention is paid to forming and collecting manure, especially that liquid manure, which, in the German cantons, is known under the name of *Jauche*, or *Mist-Wasser*, and in the Canton de Vaud, of *Lisier*.

Cows, goats, and sheep, as we have already remarked, constitute the principal means of support and wealth of the Swiss farmers; or, to discriminate more accurately, the goats, in a great measure, support the poorer class; and the cows supply the cheese from which the richer derive their little wealth. The extent of a pasture is estimated by the number of cows it maintains: six or eight goats are deemed equal to a cow; four calves to the same, four sheep, or four hogs; but a horse is reckoned as five or six cows, because he roots up the grass. Throughout the high Alps they are of opinion that sheep are destructive to the pastures, in proportion to their elevation, because the herbage, which they eat down to the roots, cannot, in such a cold climate, regain its strength and luxuriance. The mountain pastures are rented, at so much per cow's feed, from the 15th of May to the 18th of October; and the cows are hired from the peasants for the same period: at the end of it, both are restored to their owners. In other parts, the proprietors of the pastures hire the cows; or the proprietors of the cows rent the land. The proceeds of a cow are estimated at 3*l.*, or, 3*l.* 10*s.*;—viz., 25*s.* in summer; and during the time they are kept in the valleys or in the house, at 2*l.* The Grindelwald Alps feed three thousand cows, and as many sheep and goats. The cattle are attended on the mountains by herdsmen; when the weather is tempestuous, they are up all night, calling to them, otherwise they would take fright and run into danger. Chalets are built for the use of the herdsmen: these are log-houses of the rudest construction, without chimney, and a pit or trench for the fire, dug round by way of a seat. To those chalets, the persons whose employment it is to milk the cows, and to make cheese and butter, ascend in the summer time. When they go out to milk the cows, a portable seat with a single leg is strapped to their backs; at the hour of milking, the cows are attracted home from the most distant pastures by a handful of salt, which the shepherd takes from a leathern pouch hanging over his shoulder. During the milking the *Ranz des Vaches* is frequently sung.

The Swiss cows yield more milk than those of Lombardy, where they are in great demand; but after the third generation their milk falls off. In some parts of Switzerland, they yield, on an average, twelve English quarts a day; and, with forty cows, a cheese of forty-five pounds can be made daily. In the vicinity of Altdorf, they make, in the course of a hundred days, from the 20th of June, two cheeses daily of twenty-five pounds each, from the milk of eighteen cows. On the high pastures of Scarla, a cow, during

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food for them in winter is one cause. M. Kasthofer, however, mentions a fact, which, if uniformly the case, would, in a great measure, do away with this ground of objection to sheep. He was

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during the best season, supplies nearly sixty pounds of skim-milk cheese, and forty pounds of butter. Reckoning twenty pounds of milk, observes our author, equivalent to one of butter, the produce in milk will be eight hundred pounds for ninety days, or less than nine pounds a day. This small supply he ascribes to the great elevation of the pastures, and the bad keep of the cows in the winter.

Great variety of cheese is made in the districts of Switzerland visited by our author; the most celebrated is the Schabzieger. This is made by the mountaineers of the Canton of Glarus alone; and, according to his account, in its greatest perfection in the Valley of Kloen. The dairy is built near a stream of water; the vessels containing the milk are placed on gravel or stone in the dairy, and the water conducted into it in such a manner as to reach their brim. The milk is exposed to this temperature, about six degrees of Reaumur (forty-six Fahr.), for five or six days, and in that time the cream is completely formed.* After this is skimmed off, the caseous particles are separated, by the addition of some sour milk, and not by rennet. The curd thus obtained is pressed strongly in bags, on which stones are laid; when sufficiently pressed and dried, it is ground to powder in autumn, salted, and mixed with either the pressed flowers or the bruised seeds of the *Melilotus officinalis* (melilot, a species of trefoil).† The entire separation of the cream or unctuous portion of the milk is indispensable in the manufacture of Schabzieger. The unprepared curd never sells for more than threehalfpence a pound; whereas, prepared as Schabzieger, it sells for sixpence or sevenpence. Our author is, therefore, surprised that other cantons do not follow the example of Glarus; and he advises other aromatic herbs to be used, and thus a variety of such cheeses manufactured. In the Upper Engadine, cheese is made, which, in mellowness and flavour, equals the Gruyere, and which was formerly in great demand in the Italian monasteries.‡ The cheese of Switzerland must have been for a long period a great article of commerce; for Myconius of Lucerne, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in a commentary on a poem of his friend Glarianus, expatiates on the large quantities of butter and cheese, which his fellow-citizens sent into Burgundy, Swabia, and Italy: he adds, that twenty cows would bring in annually a net sum of one hundred crowns. And in 1563, a law was passed in the Upper Engadine, to guard against fraud in the manufacture of cheese meant for sale. Formerly the depots of rich cheese were principally near lake Como; it was supposed that the exhalations, at once warm and moist, ripened the cheese, without drying it too much; at present, however, those depots are not nearly so numerous. In the Higher Engadine cheese loses, by drying, a twentieth part of its weight in the ten first weeks; and skim-milk cheese the half of its weight in two years. Of the quality of cheese exported from

* There are several natural and artificial cold-caves, in the districts visited by our author, used for keeping milk, &c. They were examined by Professor Pictet, with a view to ascertain what was the cause of their temperature being so much below that of the district in which they are. At Chiavenna, where they are called *castines*, they rest against a rock, whence issues a current of air, which, in August, at noon, was 45° Fahr., while the external air was at 70°. On the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, and at the foot of one of the bases of Mount Pilate, are little wooden huts (except the back wall, of stone), used as cold-caves. On the 31st of July, the heat in the shade was 73.9°; and within the huts 39½°. Milk could be kept for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries for twelve months. In one hut snow was preserved all summer.

† The practice of mixing the flowers or seeds of plants with cheese, was common among the Romans—thyme was generally used by them. That a similar method was pursued in the middle ages is apparent, from an anecdote told of Charlemagne. When travelling without attendants, he arrived at a bishop's palace; it was a fast day, and the bishop, having no fish, was obliged to set cheese before the monarch. Observing some small specks (parsley seed) in it, and mistaking them for rotten parts, he took the trouble of picking them out with his knife. The bishop told him he was throwing away the best parts of the cheese; on this the monarch ate it as it was, and liked it so much that he ordered the bishop to send him, every year, two cases of such cheese to Aix-la-Chapelle; and, in order that the cheese-merchant might not send cheeses without the seeds, he directed the bishop to cut each in two, and afterwards to fasten the parts by means of a wooden skewer.

‡ In 1698, Memoirs from the Intendants of the provinces of France were laid before the Duke of Burgundy. In that from Franche-Comte, it is stated that, in certain mountainous districts of that province, named *Gruyeres*, cheese of the same name was made, much esteemed in France, and sent into Germany and Italy; and at present the Jura mountains supply a species of Gruyere cheese.

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was assured that sheep, suffered to remain on the mountains during winter, procure food for themselves sufficient, not merely to support life, but to keep or render them fat; and he adds that, in Norway, when winter fodder fails, the sheep are turned out, and by scraping away the snow, forage for themselves: the same is the case in Iceland. The Bergamese seem the most industrious and skilful sheep-masters. They rent the pastures of Mount Splugen, which keep nine hundred sheep, and one hundred and fifty horses during twelve weeks; they have regularly rented them for many generations; they pay about seven hundred francs annually. These Bergamese, as soon as they arrive with their flocks, divide them into four parcels, each of which during this sojourn is kept separate, under the care of a shepherd. One division consists of those which are suckling; another of those meant for the butcher; the third, of the young sheep; and the fourth, of the sheep that are in milk, but without lambs. Those for the butcher are pastured on the highest ground, because the short and dry food there will put them into the best condition for slaughter; those in milk, on the other hand, feed lower down, where the more luxuriant and succulent pasture will keep them in full milk. These sheep-masters, however, pay no attention to improving the breed; a heavy carcass for the butcher, a heavy fleece for the manufacturer of coarse cloth, and cheese and curd, are all they look to.*

In many respects the forests of Switzerland are of great use and importance: they supply the principal winter food for cattle, &c.; they shelter the corn, and even the pastures, in exposed situations; and they are the best preservatives of villages, built at the foot of mountains, against avalanches. Our author's remarks and suggestions on this topic are extremely judicious. He observes, that the native trees of any district are not, of course, the most useful or profitable trees that might grow there; he would therefore ascertain which are the most useful for fodder, or pro-

from Switzerland we have no information that can be relied upon; but it is computed that thirty thousand hundred-weight of Gruyere alone, fit for exportation, is annually made; and that, from the middle of July to October, three hundred horses, weekly, are employed in transporting Swiss cheese over Mount Grias.

* They make the cheese with one measure of ewe milk added to three measures of cow milk; they use little rennet, and no acid, because, according to them, the mixture of the two kinds of milk is of itself almost sufficient. It is to this management that our author ascribes the greater delicacy of flavour possessed by the ewe-milk cheese of the Bergamese over that made in the Oberland.

The celebrated cheese of Roquefort, in France, is made of a mixture of ewe and goats' milk; the cheese of Sassenage, in Dauphiny, of ewe and cow milk: it is said that a mixture of all the three, cow, ewe, and goat, makes the best cheese.—Scheuchzer (author of Itinerarium per Helvetiæ Alpinæ Regiones, Leyden, 1723, much enlarged, and published in German, Naturgeschichte, &c., Zurich, 1748) describes the very various preparations of milk made and used by the mountaineers of Switzerland.

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fitable for their timber, and these he would substitute for the native trees. He would likewise improve the forest lands, where practicable, by cutting down the trees at certain periods, and alternating corn crops: in some places he would substitute trees for corn, or pasture, while in other places he would convert forest land into permanent arable or pasture land. One of the most useful trees in Switzerland is the Pinus Cimbra, or Stone Pine: it is, indeed, of very slow growth: one of them, cut down when nineteen inches in diameter, displayed three hundred and fifty-three concentric circles. Its usual growth is a span in height in six years. The timber of this tree has a most agreeable perfume, and is much used for domestic utensils, as well as for wainscoting rooms. When our author visited the chateau of Tarasp, he was struck in almost every apartment with the perfume of this wood: and he remarks it as a surprising and inexplicable circumstance, that the wood should have exhaled this perfume for some centuries in undiminished strength, and without the wood itself having suffered any decrease of weight. But this wood possesses another recommendation—rooms wainscoted with it are not infested with bugs or moths. Its seeds are esteemed a delicacy; they are eaten in great quantities at the winter parties; and on those occasions the female sex, our author assures us, display, in extracting them, a high degree of skill, mixed with much innocent gaiety and vivacity. He censures, however, in another place, this use of the seeds, and recommends that common in Siberia; there, according to Pallas, an oil is extracted from them which is used at table, and might be in the manufacture of soap. This species of pine is becoming very rare, and he, therefore, strongly recommends attention to its cultivation*.

* In order to expedite and secure its growth, and thus remove the principal objection to its cultivation, he advises that the seeds should be deposited in a compost of earth, and the clippings and leaves of the pineaster and the larch; or that this compost should be put round the roots of the young plants. The larch is a valuable tree, not only for the purpose of forming manure, but also for its durable timber. This lasts four times longer than pine-timber grown at the same elevation. If, therefore, the larch were planted where the pine now grows, it is evident, as our author remarks, that much forest ground might be gained and applied to pasture. The foliage of these and other trees is carefully collected on the mountains for winter fodder, put into large nets, and then hurled down into the valleys. Near Seldun, the leaves of the nut and the elm are used in a particular manner: gathered when in their prime, they are dried and ground into powder; in this state they are given to swine mixed with their customary drink, in the winter; and our author was assured that this food fattened them as well as barley-meal. In the Oberland, the bark of the young oak, peeled off in the spring, dried and ground, is found to be equally healthy and nutritive for all kinds of cattle. We mention these things because a knowledge of them may be useful in the mountainous districts of our own country. With this object we mention the following application of sage (*Salvia glutinosa*) in the Oberland: they spread the stalks under the beds, or they draw a broom made of them gently and slowly along the floor; by this means *unpleasant* insects are destroyed, as they get fastened to the glutinous surface of this plant.



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For the satisfaction of our readers, we subjoin, in a note, the state and nature of the vegetation at different elevations in the districts which he visited. He seems to have bestowed great pains on this part of his work; to have ascertained, as accurately as the barometer would admit, the elevation, and to have registered carefully the cultivated plants, as well as the different kinds of forest trees that were growing at each different elevation, as well as the state of their vigour or productiveness. The details we have collected with great care from different parts of the book, and arranged them in the order of increasing elevation *.

Such

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* *State of Cultivated and Spontaneous Vegetation.*

| *Place.* | Elevation above the level of the Sea, in Fr. feet. | |
|---|---|---|
| Embs..... | 2200 | Buck wheat, sown after rye is reaped, ripens: at Ilanz it does not come to maturity; and a little higher, the forty days maize (quarantino) is very precarious; at the same height in the valley of the Upper Rhine, the vegetation of this plant ceases altogether. |
| Castasegna ..... | 2300 | At this place, near the borders of Lombardy, is the limit of the cultivation of the white mulberry: at a greater elevation, neither this tree nor silkworms are seen. |
| Tavanessa, between Ilanz and Truns..... | 2400 | The last walnut-trees are seen: it is remarked, that this fruit-tree thrives better in valleys with an east exposure than in those with a north, even though the elevation and other circumstances are the same. |
| Sta. Maria | 2750 | The vegetation of the chestnut-tree ceases near this place. |
| Porta..... | 2810 | The limit between the vegetation of the north and the south is generally fixed here: a little higher, on the side of Bergonovo, a few straggling and stunted walnut-trees are seen, while at the base of the rock on which the ancient and lofty town of Porta is built, walnut and chestnut-trees flourish in luxuriant fruitfulness; and at a short distance from Porta, the fig-tree adorns and enriches the gardens, and the flanks of the mountains are covered with the cytisus and the broom. |
| Churwalden ..... | 3800 | Here flax, hemp, and barley are cultivated with success: winter rye is not so certain a crop. Cherries ripen; but fruit with pips (apples, pears, &c.) is not grown. At Parpan, a village six or seven hundred feet higher than Churwalden, they do not cultivate any species of grain: different kinds of trees, such as the Italian poplar, the ash, and the wild cherry, which grow at Churwalden, will not vegetate at Parpan: the only cultivated plant at this latter place is a species of the *Rumex Alpinus*. |
| Vilo ..... | 3880 | Different varieties of the fir-tree compose the entire and exclusive vegetation. A little lower, larches, intermixed with some of the pinus cimbra, or stone-pine, commonly called *Arvier*, are seen: all the more common species of grain are sown, and potatoes are generally introduced. Maize, which succeeds perfectly a little lower, ripens here also in ordinary seasons. In another part, however, our author seems to fix an elevation of two thousand, or two thousand five hundred feet, as the limit of the productive cultivation of maize. He also remarks, that an elevation of three thousand feet, with a southern exposure, will allow the cultivation of buck wheat (*blé sarrasin*) even after the winter rye has been reaped. |

It will be curious, and may be instructive, to compare the limit, in respect to elevation, that bounds the profitable culture of maize in this part of Switzerland, with the limit, in respect to latitude, that bounds its profitable cultivation in France. According to Arthur Young, the line

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Such is the substance of the most important observations made by our author on vegetation, as affected by altitude. Alti-

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tude,

| Place. | Elevation above the level of the Sea, in Fr. feet. | |
|---|---|---|
| | | line of separation between maize and no maize is first seen on the western side of the kingdom in going from the Angoumois, and entering Poitou at Verac, near Ruffec: in crossing Lorraine, it is first met with between Nancy and Luneville: in crossing from Alsace to Auvergne, the limit is at Dijon. Hence, it appears that the limit of the maize culture is two degrees and a half farther north on the eastern than on the western side of France; the northern boundary on the west side being about forty-six degrees and a half, and on the east side about forty-nine degrees. From this fact, connected with the two other facts, that the northern limits of the vine and olive culture in France are parallel to the northern limit of the maize culture, Mr. Young inferred, that the eastern side of France is two degrees and a half of latitude hotter; or, if not hotter, more favourable to vegetation than the western. |
| Isola ..... | 3900 | Potatoes are fit to be taken up and barley to be reaped here a month earlier than in the Oberland, where the elevation is only three thousand four hundred feet, but where there is a northern exposure. Flax and hemp succeed here, and in the small and sheltered inclosures the sunflower flourishes in all its splendour and magnificence: in the meadows the maple and the ash exhibit every symptom of healthy and luxuriant vegetation. Our author very justly remarks, that the ripening of the seeds of trees is a surer criterion of the comparative temperature of different situations and climates than the ripening of grain or other cultivated vegetables, since the maturity of these must often depend on fortuitous circumstances, or on the skill, labour, manure, &c. bestowed on them. |
| Wiesen... | 4400 | Near this village, on the declivity of a mountain facing the south, rye sometimes reaches maturity, provided it is sown immediately after harvest; and hemp not unfrequently succeeds. |
| Zernetz... | 4400 | The inhabitants obtain a crop of rye; but in order to succeed it must be sown in a particular manner, viz. in the spring, along with March barley: after this is reaped, the rye is mown, and at the next harvest time of the barley it also has arrived at maturity: the rye is sometimes sown along with peas instead of barley. Potatoes were not tried till after the scarcity in 1817: they succeed well. Hemp also thrives: but flax, more delicate and susceptible of cold, is not cultivated at Zernetz. |
| Casaccia... | 4600 | On the higher grounds in this neighbourhood the pineaster, or cluster-pine-tree prevails: the larch is seldom seen, though this and the stone-pine constitute the chief part of the forests of the Higher Engadine. At a lower elevation the service-tree flourishes, and lower still, near Casaccia, the alder-tree (*Betula Alnus Viridis*) covers the side of the mountain. No species of corn is cultivated. Our author observed a small extent of potatoes, which seemed planted solely as an experiment, and did not appear as if they would ripen. |
| Selva..... | 4900 | The stalk as well as the seed of flax comes to perfection here; hemp also has occasionally succeeded. Between one hundred and one-hundred and fifty feet higher up, that is, at an elevation of more than five thousand feet, barley ripens on the sides of the mountains exposed to the sun. Some cherry-trees grow near Selva, and the cherries occasionally ripen. |
| Valley of Au..... | 5270 | In the Garden of the Inn, our author found carrots, cauliflowers, *raves*—a kind of turnip with a carrot root, long, thin, and poor—and the white cabbage; the last, however, not well-hearted. Potatoes are not grown. |



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tude, however, alone, independent of exposure and other circumstances, is no indication of the nature or variety of vegetation; on these points some incidental remarks have already been given. We add other results to which he came. He remarks generally, that, in the valleys of Switzerland, the temperature of districts

| *Place.* | Elevation above the level of the Sea, in Fr. feet. | |
|---|---|---|
| Samaden | 5300 | Raves succeed here, as well as turnips: potatoes do not. One hundred feet higher, on the side of Celerina, barley and oats ripen. This fact excites our author's surprise, but he does not account for it. He informs us that, in the upper district of Berne, neither oats nor barley are grown at a higher elevation than four thousand feet; and that in a Bernese valley, with only three thousand four hundred feet elevation, turnips, sown in the spring, perish from the cold; whereas the *navets d'hiver* (species of rape?) do not suffer, and yield abundance of oil. |
| St. Maurice | 5500 | In the kitchen-gardens here, our author found the turnip-rooted cabbage, peas in flower, carrots, raves, lettuce, and cabbages, very indifferently hearted. |
| Scarla | 5580 | Notwithstanding this great elevation, a considerable quantity of corn is grown: barley alone succeeds, and often the premature frosts of August or September destroy it. |
| Campfer, between and | 5600 5700 | Barley and potatoes sometimes succeed in this district. Our author regards this as the limit of their vegetation. Trefoil will not grow higher than at Lutz, five thousand three hundred feet; and, in 1822, there was no barley harvest higher than at Celerina. |
| Sertig | 5650 | Near the church of this place a few raves were growing; but no potatoes nor grain. About two hundred feet lower, in a sheltered situation, is a forest of pine-trees: potatoes and barley often arrive at full maturity here. In consequence of the northerly exposure of the ground near the church, carrots will not grow, though they succeed in a more elevated situation than that at which potatoes and barley usually ripen. At the same height, and with the same exposure, melilot, a species of trefoil, flourishes. As this plant grows spontaneously in Lybia, and succeeds in the cold climate of the Alps, our author suggests the practicability of enriching the mountains of Switzerland with the indigenous plants of warm climates, and especially with those of the papilionaceous class. The melilot (*Lybian trefoil*), growing at the foot of the glaciers of Scalitta, and the apricot-tree, acclimated in the Grindenwald, justify his suggestions and hopes. |
| Maloya | 5730 | No grain, flax, nor kitchen vegetables grow here. |
| Splugen | 5850 | The elevation of the *hospice* on this mountain is equal to that of the hospice of the Grimsel in the Oberland; but vegetation is much more varied and luxuriant. |
| Tchugen | 5900 | At this high elevation the only plant cultivated is the *Rumex alpinus*.* About three hundred feet lower, the stone-pine and the larch present a healthy and vigorous appearance: the seed of the former arrives at maturity in the beginning of October. |
| Berenboden | 6225 | Though neither the soil nor exposure were favourable, larches, a foot and a half in diameter, and sixty feet high, grew here: the stone-pine and common fir also flourished: six hundred feet higher, some of these trees were growing on the top of a rock, probably at the greatest elevation at which they will grow. Neither the alpine-pine nor the aquatic-alder |

* This species of sorrel is cultivated in many of the mountain districts, for the purpose of fattening swine in the winter. The roots are twisted till the cellular tissue is detached; then they are put, with a small quantity of salt, into a trench, lined, and covered with plan s, over which stones are placed.

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districts at a short distance from one another, often varies extremely. The elevation of the valley of Untersee is the same as that of Gestein; yet the thermometer in 1822-23 fell only to 8° below zero in Untersee; whereas at Gestein, it fell to 10½°, and at Berne, to 16°. The depth of the valleys influences vegetation; the deeper they are, the more intense the cold on the summits of the surrounding mountains: thus, the pine does not thrive on the Bragel, an elevation of 5100 feet, whereas, it thrives at the same elevation on the Rhetian Alps; the valleys of the Linth, the Muotta and Kloen, being deeper than those of the latter district. In like manner, in the valley of Davos, agricultural produce succeeds in places much more elevated than in the Bernese vallies, because the latter are deeper. The warm winds from Italy have a perceptible influence on the vegetation of the contiguous parts of Switzerland; but the degree of this influence depends on circumstances. In the valley of the Inn, barley and flax are cultivated with success, at an elevation of more than 5400 feet; whereas at Laret, in the valley of Davos, though the elevation is only 4900 feet, no grain will thrive. Yet these valleys are alike in most respects, and are surrounded by mountains of the same height; they are both sheltered from the north-east wind; their soil is of the same nature: but in the valley of the Inn, the warm winds from Italy are intercepted only by a single chain of mountains, whereas two chains lie between Italy and the valley of Davos; and besides, the latter being of less extent than the former, admits of the reception of less heat from the sun. In the Oberland of Berne, an increase of height, of 2000 feet, diminishes the crop one-third. A singular fact in vegetation presents itself at the Glacier of Roccosecco, which forms one of the branches of the Berneria: on its summit there is a valley nearly horizontal, filled with ice; on this the avalanches have brought down masses of earth. This earth, thus resting on a basis of ice, produces a number of alpine plants, that supply abundant and nourishing food to the flocks of the inhabitants of Samaden. There are documents which prove that this singular pasture has been used since the year 1536.

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| Place. | Elevation above the level of the Sea, in Fr. feet. | |
|---|---|---|
| | | alder were to be seen; but only some wild medlar-trees. None of these (with the exception of some larches) seemed degenerated; whereas, on the mountains of Berne, forest trees grow stunted, and perish gradually in proportion to the elevation at which they are found. |
| | 7400 | At the highest point of the passage of Fluella, forest vegetation had ceased: abundance of the *poa alpina*, however, was growing. A little lower down, in a southern exposure, the first pines, mixed with juniper berries, were to be seen; whereas, on the northern side, only *azaleas*, the rusty colour of whose leaves indicated the severity of the climate. |

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We subjoin other facts relating to this branch of the physical geography of Switzerland. According to Humboldt, on the southern Alps, between the latitudes of 45¼° and 46°, an extent which comprises most of our author's route, the inferior limit of perpetual snow is at the height of 1370 fathoms. According to other authorities, the height at which it never melts is 1448 fathoms. The mean annual heat at the former height, according to Humboldt, is 4° by the centigrade thermometer; the mean heat of winter, 1°; the mean heat of August, 6°; the distance between the trees and the snow 450 fathoms; the upper limit of trees, 920 fathoms; the last species of trees towards the snow, the pinus abies; the upper limit of the ericineæ 1170 fathoms, where the rhododendron ferrugineum is found; and the distance between the snow and the corn 700 fathoms. Plantations on mountains in England seldom succeed above the height of 1200 feet. One of the very highest inhabited districts in Europe is the village of Grindelwald in Switzerland; the site of the church being 3150 feet above the level of the sea.

Facts connected with other branches of the physical geography of the districts which he visited, are seldom noticed by our author; and then only incidentally and cursorily. Some of these, however, deserve our attention. On the summit of the Ballenberg, a mountain near the lakes of Thun and Brientz, there is an immense block of granite resting on the calcareous rock. Whence, or how, did it come thither? Our author adopts the common opinion, that it was brought by water. He gives plausible reasons for supposing that the waters of the lakes, as well as of the Aar, were formerly much more elevated; and he asks, whether one of the inundations, at this remote period, may not have reached the summit of the Ballenberg, and there deposited this block of granite? This opinion is by no means tenable. No force of water could move such masses of granite as are found here and in other parts of Switzerland, at a great distance from their original site; much less could any force of water raise a block above its own bed to the summit of the Ballenberg. Between those boulder stones, (as they are called) and the supposed parent rock, there is often an interval in which none of them are seen. Thus, on the slope of the Jura, and also on the slope of the Saleve, towards the Alps, especially in the great gap of the latter mountain, they are numerous; the solid contents of some, a thousand or twelve hundred cubic feet: they are exactly like the granite of the High Alps. If they were brought by water, how could they be raised to the height of nearly six thousand feet on the Jura? and how comes it that few or any are found between Geneva and the foot of the Saleve, while farther off they become more numerous?

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The distance from their native bed in the High Alps to the Saleve is thirty-six miles, and to the Jura fifty-four miles. The phenomena of these boulder stones in Switzerland, but more particularly of those in the north of Europe, which have been traced upwards of four hundred miles from their native site, and are scattered from Holland to Petersburgh and Moscow, afford only one of many proofs, that a power has been at work on our globe, of the nature and magnitude of which, as well as of the causes and circumstances attending the commencement and cessation of its operation, neither the most profound science, nor the most unfettered and creative imagination, can form any idea.

In different parts of his route, our author met with quarries of gypsum, and he judiciously recommends that it should be used in improving the marshy soil of the drained lake of Gessail. Rock crystal, which forms, perhaps, the chief export of Switzerland, is not mentioned by him: it is found sometimes in pieces of seven or eight hundred weight. An immense quantity was discovered in 1720, in a cavern of the Grimsel; some weighing from four to eight hundred pounds. The value of the whole was estimated at thirty thousand florins; the largest of those measuring three feet and a half by two and a quarter, is deposited in the Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle au Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. Near the summit of the road over the Splugen, fine white marble is found; of this the inhabitants of the village make very beautiful articles: this is not mentioned by our author; nor is the rock of asbestos near Chiavenna. Besides this rock, several mountains in this part of Switzerland yield the same substance: the best is found in the mountains that inclose the valley of Malenco. The canton of Glarus abounds in slate quarries; the principal is in the valley of Sernft, where they are obtained of a size large enough to serve as tables: formerly Great Britain was furnished with writing-slates from these quarries. A curious circumstance connected with the natural history of the salmon in Switzerland, was communicated by Mr. Pennant to Mr. Cox. This fish forces its passage annually from the sea as high as the Linth, in order to deposit its spawn; its progress is up the Rhine, from that river up the Aar, and through the lake of Zurich into the Linth, a course of many hundred miles; they are taken in September and October, about the weight of seventeen or twenty pounds.

On domestic economy and manners our observations will be short. Manufacturing for sale is little practised in these districts of Switzerland; the situation and the character and habits of the people are against it; and in general, where it has been introduced, it has failed, and produced much misery, giving an unnatura

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unnatural stimulus to an increase of population, and thus spreading poverty, when the new source of demand for labour was removed. This was strikingly and most lamentably exemplified in the cotton manufacture: it is still, however, followed by the Glarnais. But though manufacturing for sale is little practised, domestic manufacture, especially of linen from the flax they grow, and of coarse cloth from the fleeces of their sheep, is almost universal among the inhabitants, especially the mountaineers; they also dye their cloth, and are frequently very skilful and ingenious in the different processes of this operation. The inhabitants of the High Engadine not only supply themselves with cloth, but manufacture sufficient to procure in exchange, from the Italian Grisons, wine, corn, and rice. The women give a beautiful blue colour to their cloth by the use of myrtle-berries. This shrub is, indeed, of service to them in various ways; it supplies food to their sheep, fuel for their fires, a beautiful and valuable dye; and they add, brandy (*l'eau-de-vie*) and materials for tanning.

Most of the villages stand very high, to be near their pastures and cattle. The cottages are generally of wood, with roofs projecting, covered with slates, tiles, or shingles. Some are built of trees piled one upon another; others have stone foundations, and the upper parts wood; round or near, is a small inclosure or two for a watered meadow, dry pasture, and the culture of some oats, rye, or barley, for the family. The gardens are large in proportion: hemp, flax, tobacco, potatoes, and turnips, are grown here. Various contrivances are adopted, in order to secure their houses from avalanches; sometimes strong walls on the side of the danger; sometimes, in addition, a triangular building, as high as the roof, the acute angle of which breaks the shock. In the valley of St. Anthony, in the Prettigau, these pyramids are formed of snow. Over the angle towards the danger a beam of wood is placed, and then water is poured over the whole: a solid mass of ice is thus formed. When the season arrives during which avalanches do not fall, black earth or powdered charcoal is scattered over the side of the pyramid exposed to the sun, and thus the melting is accelerated. In other places, they dig deep trenches at the foot of the mountains; these arrest the avalanches in their progress. This plan, however, sometimes produces an evil as great as that which it is meant to prevent; the trenches loosening the soil, an *éboulement de terre*, or falling down of a mass of rock, takes place.

The food of the mountaineers is very simple, consisting of milk prepared in a variety of ways; cheese, butter, melted and put into bottles, bread made of rye or barley, baked into little round

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round cakes, two or three times a year, sometimes so hard, that it must be broken with a hatchet; walnut and chestnut cakes (*pain amer*), potatoes, beef, and goats' flesh. A family of seven persons living on the mountains lay in for their winter (eight months) stock, generally, one hundred weight and a half of cheese; one hundred weight of bread; nine or ten hundred weight of potatoes; seven or eight goats, and three cows for milk or meat. At this season, however, they live much on salted meat; their chief employment then is making the family linen and cloth.

The remark that, in travelling through Germany and Switzerland, the Protestant districts or villages can immediately and certainly be distinguished from the Catholic, by the superior industry and comfort of the former, has often been made; yet, as it has also been ascribed to prejudice, we shall adduce additional instances of its justice from our author.

The inhabitants of the Canton of Glarus are acute, ingenious, enterprising, and industrious: pass into the contiguous catholic cantons of Schwytz, the inhabitants are bigoted, superstitious, indolent, and without enterprise or industry.* Tarasp is the only village in the Engadine which adheres to the Catholic faith; and it exhibits a striking contrast to all the rest of the district, being dirty, dilapidated, and miserable. Bregaglia is of the reformed religion, and part of the inhabitants of Puschiavo; in point of manners, civilization, and the comforts of life, they are advantageously distinguished from the valleys of Misocco and Calanca, the soil and climate of which are similar; and even from the Valteline and Chiavenna, the soil of which is much more fertile. We add other instances: Stolberg remarks, that the canton of Lucerne, like most of the Catholic cantons, is deficient in industry; its situation is more convenient than that of Zurich: yet what comparison between the trade of the two cantons? Mr. Cox represents catholic Constance as dreary and almost deserted, grass growing in its principal streets; whereas, the contiguous small territory of St. Gallen is alive with industry and activity. In Appenzel, the Protestants and Catholics have, since 1597, inhabited different districts, and lived under separate governments: the Protestant districts are better peopled, and, in general, more commercial and industrious. We shall make only one

* There are some Catholics in the canton of Glarus; but 'the Protestants, during the two last centuries, have increased considerably in number, and their industry in every branch is greatly superior.' (Cox, i. 46.) The same author observes, 'about a mile from Richterswyl is a single house, standing on a gentle acclivity, the walls of which divide the canton of Zurich from that of Schwytz, and, at the same time, set instant bounds to that industry and population, which had hitherto attracted our wonder and delight.'

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more remark on this subject, adduced by the author of a 'Six Weeks' Tour in France and Switzerland:'—'on passing the French barrier, a surprising difference may be observed between the opposite nations which inhabit either side. The Swiss cottages are much cleaner, and the inhabitants exhibit the same contrast. This superior cleanliness is chiefly produced by difference of religion. Travellers in Germany remark the same contrast between the Protestant and Catholic towns, although they be but a few leagues distant.' p. 40. In what respects the influence of the Catholic religion is unfavourable to the well-being of the people, we shall not here inquire. We cannot, however, agree that its bad influence is confined to what is implied in an answer given by a Swiss postilion to a traveller, who inquired how it happened that, as soon as ever he passed from a Protestant to a Catholic canton, he passed from an excellent to a very bad road, '*C'est un pays ferie*,'—was the reply.

We have already noticed the rage for emigration which prevails; most leave their native country never to return. But in the Grisons, and particularly in the Engadine, they emigrate to Germany, France, or Italy, where they follow the business of confectioners, pastry-cooks, and liqueur manufacturers, &c. As soon as they have made a competency, they return to their native place. Sometimes two enter into partnership; one emigrates and the other remains at home for a year, and so they alternate; these partners are equally faithful and industrious. Our author gives an interesting account of M. Josti, a native of Sils: he was originally a groom, but, running away from a tyrannical master, he hired himself to a confectioner in a German town: being industrious and skilful, he afterwards was appointed chocolate-maker to the reigning prince, and accumulated a large fortune. Yet, at the height of his favour and prosperity, he every year visited his native place, and spent the summer months with the humble companions of his youth.

In the midst of the most impressive and sublime scenery of this country, there is one custom which even adds to the feelings it creates, and is strongly characteristic of the primitive simplicity of the inhabitants. This custom is not noticed by our author, but it is described by Reichard; and with a translation of his account we shall conclude this article:

'The horn of the Alps is employed, in the mountainous districts of Switzerland, not solely to sound the cow-call (Kühreihn, Ranz-des-Vaches), but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summit of the mountains, then the herdsman who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth,* "Praise

* Ruft durch diess Sprachrohr. God

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God the Lord." All the herds in the neighbourhood, on hearing this, come out of their huts, take their horns, and repeat the words. This often continues a quarter of an hour, whilst on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A profound and solemn silence follows; every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees, and with uncovered head. By this time it is quite dark,—"Good night," trumpets forth the herd on the loftiest summit; "Good night" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herds and the clefts of the rocks. Then each one lays himself down to rest.'

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ART. IX.—1. *Armance, ou quelques Scènes d'un Salon de Paris, en* 1827. 2 tom. Paris. 1827.

2. *La Cour d'un Prince Régnant, ou les Deux Maîtresses.* Par le Baron de Lamothe-Langon, auteur de 'l'Espion de Police,' &c. 3 tom. deux^e. éd. Paris. 1827.

3. *Il Castello di Trezzo, Novella Storica di* G. B. B. Milano, 1827.

4. *Cabrino Fondulo, Frammento della Storia Lombarda sul Finire del Secolo XIV. e il Principiare del XV. Opera di* Vincenzo Lancetti Cremonese. 2 tom. Milano. 1827.

5. *Sibilla Odaleta, Episodio della Guerra d'Italia alla Fine del Secolo XV. Romanzo istorico d'un Italiano.* (*In continuazione alla Biblioteca amena ed istruttiva per le Donne gentile.*) 2 tom. 1827.

6. *Schloss Avalon. Frei nach dem Englischen des Walter Scott, vom Uebersetzer des Walladmor.* In 3 Bänden. Leipzig. 1827.

7. *Valdemar Seier, Valdemar the Victorious; an Historical Romance. By* B. S. Ingemann. Copenhagen. 1826.

THE Grub-street—

Χαιρ' Ιθάκη! μετ' ἄεθλα, μετ' ἀλγεα πικρὰ,
'Ασπασιως τέον οὐδας ἱκανομαι—

(to borrow Dr. Johnson's affectionate salutation of our mother-country,) the Grub-street population of every land carefully follows, at a great distance of course, the example set by those dwelling in more favoured spots of literature. The apprentice boys of the Strand or Cheapside do not make a more vigorous attempt at imitating the fashions of St. James's-street, or succeed more awkwardly. We run as little chance of mistaking the hack author, the literary ticket-porter, when aping the style of his masters, as we do of being duped by Tom Errand, dressed in Clincher's clothes. We shall confine ourselves, on the present occasion, to novels, though the rule is universal, and applicable to all classes of the *servum pecus*, from avowed fools to professed philosophers.

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philosophers. In England, one great author has opened the almost untrodden path of the historical novel, and accordingly we find that every ingenious youth or literary spinster, who can read an abridgment of history made easy, favours us with a distortion of the historical catechism, in which every element employed by Sir Walter Scott in his novels is sedulously imitated, except his genius. The very kind of hero, the double heroine, the exact sort of soldier, of lawyer, of landlord, the very cant words, every thing down to the mistakes, are preserved with an industry worthy of a better fate. There is to be sure the one thing wanting; the crew of imitators have gathered the dry bones, but they want the power of inspiring them with life.

The same class in France have caught their tone in some measure from England; but it is a tone which partakes more of Lord Byron, than of Sir Walter Scott. The gloomy and misanthropic view of human affairs in which his lordship indulged was amazingly popular in Paris. It was a fine thing to be miserable for nothing, and what could be more cheaply romantic than 'to bear about a clouded brow' in scenes of gaiety? Even in good society there was something quite attractive in this masquerade sorrow which suited the essentially theatrical character of the French; in low life it was irresistible. The 'muscadin au cinquième' was as high in soul and forehead, if possible, as his lodging; and his revels at a guinguette, or his woes on a lacrymose expedition to Père la Chaise, to hang fustian flowers upon the tomb of kindred genius, were rendered more striking by the occasional adoption of the gloomy bearing of Lord Byron's single hero, Childe Harold. This gentleman, or other more direct imitations of his German prototypes, figures in one shape or another in a thousand novels; and his tone of sentiment, and manner of regarding human affairs, meet us in almost every *roman* we take up.

At home, their great exemplar is the Viscount de Chateaubriand, who has formed his novel style upon an imitation of the faults of Bernardin St. Pierre. The Viscount's Atala is a careful selection of whatever is feeble in thought in Paul and Virginia or the Indian Cottage, delivered in a style which is a cento of whatever can be found inflated in diction in the worst written passages of Florian. His Natchez is a still more striking combination of meanness and *phebus*. Madame de Cottin, in her beautiful tale of Elizabeth, alone succeeded in catching the tone and feeling of St. Pierre, and it appears to have deserted her in her other works. The novels of Madame de Staël in their *novel* part were German, not French; in other respects they were the brochures of a critic, a reviewer, a smart literary lady, distinguished in salons, moving among diplomatists and statesmen; of the daughter of Necker, intent on

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on inculcating her father's maxims of government; of the learned blue, bent on disseminating, through the shape of a novel, the critical doctrines which she had elsewhere poured, *ex cathedra*, upon her readers in works professedly devoted to criticism. We should be sorry to have it thought, that we are inclined to disparage the talents or labours of the most remarkable woman of our times; but we believe, that even her friends will agree with us in saying, that in a *précis* of French novels of the nineteenth century, we may, without any injury to her fame as an authoress, omit the names of Corinne or Delphine.

But we are conscious that this is too heavy a head for an article on the current novels of the year in Paris. Suppose, then, that we waive for the present all discussion as to the sources or appliances of the modern French novelists, the Grub-street purveyors for the reading public in France, and take, without further ceremony, the first couple that have come to our hands, as samples of the whole. We shall be quite impartial in our choice, and commence by assuring our readers that there has been no very remarkable novel in any *genre* this year among our neighbours. We may, therefore, without any injustice take the first pair that lies on our table.

'Armance, ou quelques Scènes d'un Salon de Paris en 1827,' is a piece of superfine sentimentality. Its title is rather deceptious, for it hardly purports to give scenes of fashionable life, and those with which it does present us, paint the manners of good society in Parisian salons with much the same accuracy that novels of the same class depict the manners of our gentlemen and ladies in England. If any thing like the 'goings on' described in 'Armance' be the common usages of Parisian company, they ought to cease to accuse us of amusing ourselves 'tristement,' for any thing more 'lugubre' than the doings of the salons of Madames de Malivert and Bonnivert cannot be conceived. The editor, however, very indignantly disclaims any personal applications in the manner of those romances *très piquans* Vivian Grey, Almacks, High Life, Matilda, &c. *qu'on fait à Londres*, and which by this time, we may assure him, have quietly descended to the tomb of all the Capulets—

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Octave, the hero, is quite a model for young gentlemen in that situation. He is a young man of abundance of 'esprit' (which unfortunately, however, he keeps carefully concealed throughout the book,) a lofty stature, noble manners, the handsomest large black eyes in the world, but yet with something so sombre in those mild orbs, that they were more the objects of compassion than envy. Young as he was, nothing gave him either pain or pleasure.

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pleasure. Like his literary parents, Childe Harold and Co., he was a misanthrope, 'avant l'age.' What the proper age for misanthropy is, we are not informed.

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His mother, the only person of whom he is fond, calls in Dr. Duquesnel and other physicians, who put him under a regimen for an affection of the chest. This was rather agreeable, for 'but for their medical disputes, in which they speedily engaged, not a sound of the human voice would have been heard in the nobly furnished but sombre hotel de Malivert.' We have then some twenty pages on the state of Octave's chest, in the course of which we learn that his mother pawns her jewels to the amount of 4000 franks (160*l.*) to buy him an English horse.

His father was an old royalist, whose politics had diminished his property to some 20 or 30,000 francs, and who is very miserable on that account. The law of indemnity, however, replaces him in his property, and puts Octave into high society, where every body is anxious to show attentions to the heir of two millions, viz. francs. One young lady, however, Armance de Zohnloff, his cousin, does not seem dazzled, and, of course, he falls in love with her. Displeased with the sycophantic company whom he has met, he determines on walking home in a heavy shower of rain, which gives him a great deal of pleasure; and ruminates very pathetically upon love, when he is upset by a carriage, the wheel of which drives him against the wall and tears his waistcoat. Though he regrets that he was not annihilated by this noble accident, it had considerably refreshed him, '(la vue de la mort lui avait *rafraichi* le sang,') and when he goes home, the first reflection that occurs to him is, that his bed chamber is too low: the salon of the hotel Bonnivert, he remarks, is twenty feet high, which is much more conducive to health. His next determinations are noble; for he resolves upon having a small key for his library, ('une petite clef d'acier imperceptible, plus petite que celle d'un portefeuille,') and a set of large looking-glasses, seven feet high; on which he plays over an act of Don Juan, and goes to sleep.

Shortly afterwards he runs out into the streets for no particular reason, but what the gentlemen of the police would call a 'lark,' and is wounded. This incident leads to nothing; and the next particular of importance which we learn of our hero is his overhearing Armance telling a female friend, that 'the soul which she had thought so beautiful was entirely '*bouleversée*' by two millions.' Here, for the first time, we learn that Armance was a young lady of a quiet, asiatic aspect,—(she was born in Sebastopol) —but of a very firm determination, and what is of more importance, 'à de grands yeux bleus foncés,' which had ever made her the affection of all the 'femmes distinguées' of her acquaintance.

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The course of true love never does run smooth; and accordingly Octave is soon entangled in a very considerable flirtation with a Madame de Bonnivert. This lady is a mystic, and is very anxious to understand Octave. He promises to tell her what he is, if she will keep it secret; she therefore produces an iron cross made at Konigsberg, on which she swears never to betray what he tells her, and accordingly the important secret is discovered to be—that he has no conscience.

In fooleries like this the book proceeds. It is absolutely impossible to wade through the commonplace dulness of the second volume, and we therefore proceed to the dénouement. The hero is wounded in a duel, fought heaven knows why, and his danger, *à l'ordinaire*, discovers the till then hidden love of Armance. After some skirmishing in the old and approved style, everything is arranged for their marriage. It is now discovered that there is some dreadful secret weighing upon the mind of Octave, which is at the bottom of all his singularities. This secret he is proceeding to tell his mistress, (p. 182,) when a cursed servant comes to announce that *le déjeûner va sonner;* and, wonderful to relate, the young lady prefers a *petit pâté* to a secret.

However, it comes at last. After a thousand protestations of love, and exclamations of horror at what he is about to tell, Armance, forgetting her usual restraint, pressed his hand, and conjured him to speak. Her face was in a moment so near that of Octave's, that he felt the warmth of her breath. This sensation melted him, and speaking became easy. 'Yes, dear friend,' (we have not a word for *amie*,) he said at last, looking her in the face, 'I adore thee—thou canst not doubt my love; but who is the man who adores thee?—he is a *monster*.' After such an avowal as this, it is no wonder that '*le déjeûner fut silencieux et froid*.' Armance is sadly puzzled to conjecture in what way her lover has earned so desperate a title as that which he gives himself; but, making up her mind that it must be something very terrible, begins to accustom herself to be in love with an assassin, and succeeds completely ('bientôt elle se trouva habituée à aimer un assassin.') In fact, she writes him a letter to say that she loves him more since the confession than before. Octave having gone to Paris, (then great events occur in the country,) after consultation with a friend, resolves on writing the 'secret fatal' to his mistress. He does so accordingly at the next café; but, as ill luck would have it, cannot find a post-office. On this he reflects that he ought not to send a letter of this importance (!) by post, fearing, we suppose, that M. de Villele would not hesitate to intercept a document of such high consequence, and he determines to take it himself. In the meantime, however,

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however, a relation of his, who is anxious to break off the match, resolves on the novel expedient of forging a letter from the lady to Miss Méry de Tersan, 'son amie intime,' which is put on the very spot where Octave is to leave his. How it was discovered that he was to do any such thing, the author does not deign to inform us. Octave of course finds it, and, though he perceives it is intended for another, with the high sense of gentlemanlike feeling which pervades the whole book, he reads it. We need not say that its contents inform him that Armance does not care a farthing for him—that she marries for convenience—and that she takes him principally because she wishes to have a *mari amusant*. If we may judge of the gentleman by what we find in this novel, the lady would have been sadly disappointed had she formed such a wish.

Octave is thunderstruck with her avowal, and tears the letter which contained his secret, by which means it is lost for ever to an inquiring public. He resolves to marry Armance, and then die at the end of a month. He goes to his mother and his mistress, and tells them that he wants to be married at once; but this intelligence, generally so agreeable to young ladies, is expressed in so harsh a tone as to dispel all pleasurable ideas; in fact, the author adds, with admirable *naïveté*, the resolution which he had taken to die gave his manners 'quelquechose de sec et de cruel.'

They are married after all. Octave still kept his secret, although one day, when walking with the lady in the woods at Ecouen, he was near betraying it. Armance had said that she wished she could commit some crime equal to his; and Octave was so struck with the love and tenderness of this wise wish, that he actually put his hand into his pocket to take out the letter which he had torn, and which contained his secret, when unfortunately it touched the satin paper of the pretended letter from Armance, *et sa bonne intention fut glacée*.

The lady is very happy, as ladies ought to be, during the honeymoon, but the husband does not participate in her bliss. The idea of being merely a *mari amusant* breaks his heart. Belzebub is good, Lucifer is good, Amaimon is good—and yet they are devils additions—but *mari amusant!* That is the worst of insults; and in truth, so far as his readers are concerned, he takes very good care not to perform the character for a moment.

The young couple visit his estates in Dauphiné, and go thence to Marseilles. Here he discloses his intention of proceeding to Greece, in order to prove, that, although he hates the military, he can handle a sword. Armance was so happy since her marriage, that she readily consents to let him go; which we confess appears to us rather a whimsical reason. He sets sail, and then follows an admirable

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admirable device. He feigns a mortal disease; and luckily for his slaughterous design, the surgeon of the vessel happens to be an old carpenter, who pronounces his case hopeless. At the end of eight days, when he thinks the fit time for dying *secundum artem* is at hand, he draws up a will, leaving all his property to Armance, on condition that she will marry in twenty months after his death; in case of failure of this condition, he leaves it to his mother. This being executed, he writes to Armance, incloses the letter which he had written at the café, and the forged letter to Méry de Tersan. His happiness is then complete.

'In a week, a cabin-boy, from the top of the mainmast, cried "land." It was the soil of Greece, and the mountains of the Morea then appeared above the horizon. A fresh wind impelled the vessel with rapidity. The name of Greece awakened the courage of Octave. "Do I see thee," said he, "O land of heroes?" and at midnight on the third of March, as the moon rose behind Mount Kalos, a mixture of opium and digitalis, prepared by himself, gently delivered Octave of the burden of a life which had been to him so agitated.'

The exact chronology of this important death is very satisfactory. He looked beautiful in death, and nobody in France, but his wife, suspected how he died. The old Marquis of Malivert died also; Armance and her mother-in-law went into a convent; and thus ends the story, the merits of which we fairly leave to our readers to appreciate. We are sorry that we cannot gratify them by telling poor Octave's secret, for we do not know it; and it must therefore remain, with the authorship of Junius, the executioner of Charles I., and the Egyptian hieroglyphics, among the *res incognitæ* of the world.

The other novel which fell in our way is 'La Cour d'un Prince Regnant,' but the narcotic was too strong. We attempted to read it in vain. These dull volumes, the scene of which is laid in Germany, exhibit a union, which, we are sorry to say, has too often happened of late in France, of the worst qualities of literature of the two nations. Its wit is as heavy as if it were the very essence of high Dutch, and its serious writing as frivolous as if it were composed by a little French milliner. The sooner that the French throw themselves back on their own resources the better; they may depend upon it that they cannot Germanize.

We turn now to sketch a few Italian novels.

Strange to say, although the very name is Italian, and though the 'Novelle' began among them, there has not been any attempt at what the rest of Europe calls 'novel-writing' in Italy until lately. This deficiency in their literature the author proposes to fill by his work—not that he flatters himself he can be compared with Sir



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Walter Scott, Richardson, de Staël, Sismondi, and *pochi altri*, 'but to be named after these *sommi* is a glory of which one may be justly ambitious.' We fear that the interval between these chieftains of literature and our author, will be rather longer than his 'amour propre' might suggest; but his novel is not unentertaining.

The time is laid during the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, one of the most interesting periods of history. The author, as usual in such compositions, makes the intricacies of a love story dependent upon the movements of the invading king; but he has given his work too historical an air. The novelist is neglected for the historian, and we are sometimes inclined to look upon the love adventures of Annibale Trivulzio, a young gentleman 'bello come Rinaldo, e non men prode di lui,' and his mistress Lucilla, as intrusions on an historical treatise, which is every moment occupied with descriptions of battles and sieges, and discussions upon treaties and constitutions. We shall give a hasty sketch of the story, without touching upon the other matter of the novel.

The daughter of an Albanian officer, Odaleta, who was serving in Cyprus, was carried off when five years old by a Jew. Her mother, Camilla, was informed that this man, who was a physician, wanted the child for the purpose of obtaining her blood, to transfuse into the veins of one of his patients; and, on further inquiry, she was assured that the little girl had been killed by him in Rome. The most ardent desire of vengeance fills the mother, and she determines to satiate her wrath in some dreadful manner, if she should ever have it in her power. She succeeded in tracing him, after some years' search, and 'would have been able to have effected his arrest, and to have consigned him to the arm of justice, which, although corrupted and venal, would with difficulty have excused itself from the task of condemning him to the last punishment: but this was by no means her design. From the first, it was her firm purpose to take vengeance with her own hands: she possessed courage to seize the miscreant by his gray hairs; and, in the open Piazza and in the presence of the collected multitude, to have planted twenty times her reeking dagger in his breast. But, in the lapse of so many years, various circumstances altered this her resolution, and gave her a more atrocious purpose for the execution of the deed. . . . . The youth (her son) grew up, as we have already described. The unfortunate circumstances were narrated to him, with every attendant particular, to give a blacker character to the story; and as he felt its barbarity, he firmly believed that he lived only to inflict that vengeance so imperiously and importunately demanded by his mother..... The cabalistic science, by whose principles alone she appeared to regulate her actions, was only, so to speak, a pretext, to which, however, she seemed to give the

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the fullest confidence. A close communication with an extensive sect of exaltés, who were then scattered throughout the principal cities of Italy and Germany, afforded her the most certain information of the movements of her victim; and applying, as though involuntarily, this information to her cabalistic calculations, and to the unchanging and sure influences of the stars, she drew consequences, true perchance in calculation, but totally false in principle..... She formed the resolution of stabbing the Jew's daughter in the presence of her father, and afterwards of making him a more complete victim to her immeasurable fury!'—pp. 427, 428.

Malvezzi's supposed daughter—for the reader is soon informed that she is not his—was as beautiful as a heroine of romance ought to be, and of a character quite contrary to her Jewish guardian. He had bestowed the utmost care upon her education, and made her mistress of all female accomplishments, for the sordid purpose of fitting her for the seraglio at Constantinople, where he intended to sell her. Unluckily for him, he had consented to attend Ludovico Trivulzio, the governor of Castel Uovo, who was severely wounded, in his capacity of physician, and take his daughter with him into the castle. The old governor stoutly defended his fortress against the French, and Malvezzi had no means of getting away. His daughter, who accompanied him, wins the heart of the governor's nephew, Annibale, and

'The mutual flame was quickly caught,
And quickly too revealed.'

Much amorous conversation occurs in this part of the volume, but our readers will not lose any thing if we take the liberty of passing it over.

Malvezzi becomes very uneasy, and longs for an escape. He tampers with a soldier, who was discontented with the governor on account of a flogging he had received, and persuades him to desert, and take a communication to the enemy. The man consents, and makes the attempt, but, in so doing, contrives, while striking a light in a dark passage, to set fire to a barrel of gunpowder, which blows up him and a bridge of communication at the same time. The attention of the governor is drawn to this; and on the body being found, Malvezzi's treasonable letter is discovered. Without a moment's delay, he is ordered into a subterranean dungeon, called the Torre del Diavolo. In the interim between the accident and his discovery, his fears of detection lead him to inform Lucilla that he is not her father, and to promise the disclosure of the real secret of her birth, if she will employ her influence with the Trivulzj to save his life. She loses no time in communicating this information to her lover, who rejoices, of course, in discovering that the object of his affections is not the daughter of a Jew.



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Malvezzi, however, escapes without her influence. He amuses himself in his miserable confinement with reading the inscriptions on the walls of the dungeon.

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'One ran thus: "Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem." At this he shook his head, to show its unpalatable nature. He read another—"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito." "Fine words, in truth," exclaimed Malvezzi; "Marvellous stoical firmness, though taught only in pompous books! If the author, instead of being seated in his closet surrounded by the luxurious and lavish gifts of Mæcenas and Augustus, had only found himself in my situation, that arrogated firmness which induced him to offer such advice to others, would have been immediately melted in the bitter tears of despair." On turning his eyes a little from the spot, he saw that terrible verse of Alighieri written on Hell's portal: "Lasciate ogni speranza o voi che entrate." These words horrified him, and he turned away in despair. But his surprise was extreme on perceiving, in the obscurest corner, some Hebrew lines. The very sight, before even he had deciphered the meaning, made his heart beat with joy. . . . . But he immediately thought that they only contained some fruitless complaint, or the moral comfort given by some hopeless victim. . . . . The ray of joy, however, which had lightened his breast was increased to extasy when he discovered the following direction, of which we at once give the translation, without quoting the Hebrew:

"In the direction of this corner, between the boards of the floor and the ground, there is a cave. Unhappy son of Israel, if thou hast courage—descend; open,—and thou shalt find safety."

. . . . . He sought some time in vain, although he invoked all the patriarchs and prophets to boot. He had nearly lost all hope, when, in the line of the corner between the two walls, he found an iron ring hidden in a cavity, which seizing with two fingers of his right hand, he, with great difficulty, raised the cover of the cave. . . . . On looking down, however, he was horrified at the darkness,—equal, says the author, to that of Egypt; and the dashing of the sea, which appeared to the Israelite not many feet from the level of his dungeon, was by no means calculated to *throw oil* on the disturbed state of his mind. For a long time he stood irresolute, when he thought of the very significant words of his captive predecessor—"se hai coraggio, scendi," and then beginning to bethink him of David and Gideon, and other celebrated examples of courage; he called to heaven for resolution.

. . . . 'Thrice did the old coward endeavour to descend, and thrice he withdrew the leg which he had introduced: an hour and a half had expired whilst he remained in this state of indecision; and he would, perhaps, have shut the trap-door, and returned to the dungeon, had not the dread of perpetual imprisonment prevented the measure. A distant sound began to echo along the extended corridor, and announced to him the tidings that the guards might be approaching, who were to conduct him to punishment, and this caused

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caused him to let his feet fall this time much lower than before. In this position he remained for some time; and the rolling surges below having become at this instant a little quiet, he distinctly heard the grating of the heavy chains of the first door, when thinking instantly of the executioner, the tortures, and his death, from sheer terror, he loosened his hold, and fell heavily to the bottom.' The spring-door instantly shut down—the guards entered, and were astounded at the discovery of the bird's having flown.

Search is made, but in vain, and every body comes to the conclusion, that as the Jews are in alliance with the devil, it is quite useless to confine them in the Torre del Diavolo. The only two who had ever escaped from it were Jews.

The old man drops into a spacious vault which he finds had been inhabited. He here discovers biscuits and wine, of which he makes use, and, what is of more permanent advantage, a plan of a tunnel under the sea from Castel Uovo to the main land. The author here indulges in some rather sorry wit, at the expense of Brunel, little suspecting that his own device of an escape through the Thames tunnel had been made matter of jest, in a burlesque directed against novelists of this class.

His passage through this tunnel, which is tediously and obscurely described, leads him into a cemetery, where he sees a lofty lady in a black mantle, mourning over a cenotaph, and this lady is Camilla. He does not know her, but, terrified by her wild gestures, he dares not venture on appearing. In the mean time, the Castel del Uovo has been taken, but the Trivulzj, with Lucilla, whom the old governor has taken under his especial patronage, escape through the same passage as Malvezzi, having, under the conduct of an unknown knight, approached it by a different route. The Jew finally obtains refuge in the house of a rich brother Israelite, where he is sadly grieved about the loss of his ducats and his daughter.

Many adventures, not very important towards carrying on the story, follow, but at last the Jew obtains an audience of the Viceroy, the duke of Montpensier. The duke had heard his history from the Trivulzj, whom he had taken under his protection, and Malvezzi's reception is ungracious enough. Montpensier promises that he will inquire into his case, but orders him to be detained until he is confronted with Trivulzio. In the mean time, a tumult, suddenly arising, calls away the viceroy, and the unfortunate Jew is left in the hands of the governor whom he had betrayed. Camilla had not lost sight of him, and the hour of her revenge was now at hand. Lucilla enters the hall, and the dagger of the vindictive lady is raised to stab her from behind, when Camilla, agitated by her emotions, falls senseless on the ground.

Her

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Her dagger had not been perceived, and the bystanders, thinking her mad, do not interfere with her movements. After some time she succeeds in getting into the chamber where the Trivulzj, with whom was Lucilla, had summoned Malvezzi. The expected coup de théâtre—we have kept the author's secret as well as he does himself, but every body must see it from the beginning—now comes on. At the moment she discovers that Lucilla is her long-lost daughter—all winds up at once; Malvezzi confesses his villany, and dies of terror and remorse, and Annibale marries Lucilla, who is now found out to be Sibilla Odaleta.

We find, scattered through the book, witches like Meg Merrilies; dwarfs, as Flibbertigibbet and other mischievous urchins, whom it delights the author of Waverley to patronize; boisterous squires, chivalrous masters; in short, the whole suppellex of a romanzo istorico. The author intimates, in his book, that he has not long left the benches of school, and he possesses some talent which may hereafter enable him to do better.

The author of the 'Castello di Trezzo' is also, we are informed, a young man, and his story is even more inartificial than that which we have just analyzed. John Galeazzo Visconti had imprisoned his uncle Barnabò in the castle of Trezzo, where the old man is followed by Donnina, of the family of Porri, and his daughter Ginevra. A gallant cavalier, Palamede, loves this girl, and the nodus of the novel consists in his attempt to release her. The intrigues of a false friend, Aldobrado, place him in great danger, while, under pretence of endeavouring to get him into the castle, he really desires to expose him to assassination. The friendship of Enzel Petraccio, a fortune-teller, or *ariolo*, a character who, in historical romances, always plays a conspicuous part, serves to guard Palamede from these perils; but at last the hero is obliged to give up attempting any entrance into the castle, and he resolves on going to Milan, to pray for the deliverance of his mistress from John Galeazzo. By a piece of good fortune, which commonly attends heroes, he chances to discover that Aldobrado has a design to assassinate Duke Louis of France, who has come into Italy for the purpose of marrying Valentine Visconti. This assassination he prevents by bravely coming forward to the defence of the prince, and the scene in which he rescues him from the attack of his assailants is executed with much spirit and vigour.

This gallant action wins Ginevra for Palamede, but John Galeazzo, at the same time that he gives the lady to her lover, orders the poisoning of Barnabò, with whose death the book concludes.

The style is harsh and full of awkward idioms, and, on the whole, we fear that the work is one of those which is likely not to be agreeable

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able to gods, men, or columns. The young gentleman who writes it is a much better antiquary than a novelist; and his knowledge of the localities and town of Milan would fit him for a cicerone.

'Cabrino Fondulo' is little more than an historical fragment. The scene of this novel also is laid in the time of John Galeazzo. The author is a man of some power, and the alternation of the character of Cabrino, the hero, through vice and virtue, is rather well managed, but we have not room for extracts.

We had marked one novel of a much higher class than these, Manzoni's 'I Promessi Sposi,' for the subject of a review; but we prefer giving a history of the literary career, and a précis of all the works of that very clever author. It would be perfectly unfair to insert this in an article, which has stretched to a length far beyond what we expected, but we shall certainly make room for it in our next.

Among the literary novelties of Germany, 'Schloss Avalon' an historical romance, in three volumes, attracts our notice, inasmuch as the title-page asserts it to be from the English of Sir Walter Scott, by the translator of Walladmor. The writer, who uses the nom de guerre of Willibald Alexis, a German novelist of some repute, is editor of a clever Berlin paper, and esteemed for his talents. This is an old trick, and a successful one: his countrymen, however, early discovered it, and forgave the delinquent; but he has been so enamoured of his soi-disant title of Translator, that he has contented himself with appearing only as the foster-father, not the actual parent of the Schloss Avalon. Wherefore he chose thus to designate his work we know not, unless it was because, as he himself confesses, the name has a good sound*. In fact, as a foreign critic has remarked, it is more a romantic chronicle than an historical romance, though it comprises a series of years, during the reigns of the two last princes of the Stuart family, till the arrival of William of Orange and the Restoration. We doubt, too, whether the author intended Robert Fletcher of Saltoun, or Raleigh Loscelyne of Avalon as his hero, so equally is our interest divided between them; and even of these we often lose sight for a considerable time, while other actors, among whom the unfortunate Monmouth is a conspicuous figure, occupy the scene. Both Lady Harriet Wentworth, also, and Anna Tennison, possess nearly equal claims to be regarded as the heroine. If, however, the plan selected by the author does not admit of that unity of interest which we look for in a work of

* The Castle of Avalon is a classic name in romantic Legend, being celebrated as the abode of Arthur Morgue La Fay, as we learn from the history of Ogier le Danois. Here the name is given to the family-mansion of the Loscelynes, supposed to be situated on the Avon.

fiction

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fiction—if the personages of his romance seem rather the *staffirung* to an extensive historical back-ground, than the principal features in the composition, we are not disposed to censure him on that account, although we may be puzzled how precisely to designate his work. The attention of the reader is at least kept alive from beginning to end, for though the interest shifts from one object to another, it rarely can be said to flag; since even such merely episodical scenes as those in which the poet Otway is introduced, and which might be cut out without at all affecting the rest of the narrative, are not without their value as historical accessaries. The number of characters introduced is so great, that of the major part of them we obtain little more than occasional glimpses. Among the portraits of this class, we may mention Russel, Essex, Sunderland, Godolphin, Rochester, Churchill, Judge Jefferies, Dr. Oates, and a variety of other well-known personages of that period. In the second volume the duke of Monmouth, and in the third, the unhappy James II., are drawn more at length. The multiplicity of events, and the rapidity with which they succeed each other, render it difficult to give a tolerably connected abstract of them; all that we can here do is to notice some of the more prominent among them. One of the earliest scenes is the shipwreck of the Duke of York on his return from Scotland, when he and his train reach the shore in safety, and stop at the 'Protestant England,' which is kept by Sandy, a Scottish Covenanter who has fled to England, and who afterwards becomes an important character in the piece. The rest of the crew perish, except Raleigh Loscelyne, who reaches the shore after having witnessed the death of his uncle, the gallant Sir Philip Loscelyne, the commander of the vessel. He is conveyed into Sandy's house, where he is recognized by his friend Robert Fletcher, son of the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun. On leaving the inn they separate, and Fletcher falls in with two suspicious persons, along with whom he is afterwards apprehended, and conveyed before Sir Thomas Powle. Here he is about to be committed by the zealous magistrate, being known as the son of a noted republican, when the arrival of the Duke of Monmouth liberates him from his unpleasant situation. Raleigh in the meanwhile hastens to visit his mistress, Lady Harriet; he reaches her residence by moonlight, and after gazing some time into her apartment, is at length seen, and receives a signal to enter. Flying with impatience to meet her, he stands struck with horror, on discovering that he is not the person expected; and the lady confesses, that she has, during his long absence from England bestowed her affections on another, but assures him that he still retains her esteem. She implores him to retire, as she now sees her husband approaching through the garden.

Raleigh

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Raleigh obeys, and in order to escape being seen himself, he steps into a dark recess, while two strangers pass by him. One of these is Robert Fletcher, and he has now no doubt but that his friend is his successful rival. It is Monmouth, however, whom Robert accompanies, who has triumphed over Harriet's constancy, and induced her to enter into a secret marriage.

Raleigh proceeds towards London, but the shock he has received, and his subsequent agitation, prevent him from reaching the capital, and he is detained for some time by illness, at an inn where he overhears a plot against the Duke of York. As soon as he is convalescent, he escapes, and on his arrival in London, hastens to inform Lord Sunderland of the conspiracy; but that minister treats the affair very lightly. He then visits the Marquis of Halifax, and it is in that nobleman's antechamber that we first meet with the poet Otway. Shortly after this, Fletcher arrives in London, and pays his respects to Dean Tennison and his niece, soliciting the hand of the latter; but the dignitary, who is a high churchman, and entertains a strong dislike both towards soldiers and republicans, instead of listening to his suit, informs him, that he must not think of repeating his visits until he is prepared to discharge certain bonds to a large amount, given by his father to the father of Miss Tennison.

Shortly after this, the scene shifts to a tavern, where Rochester and a party of his mad companions are holding a nocturnal revel in the disguise of beggars—accident leads Raleigh to the spot, and curiosity induces him to enter the house. Beneath the same roof an assembly is held by some conspirators: the military enter to arrest them, and Lord Howard is seized by them, but the rest effect their escape. Lord Essex, whose name had been mentioned as concerned in the plot, is apprised by his friend Raleigh of his danger, and urged to flight; but he refuses, and is conveyed to the Tower, where he shortly after destroys himself. Raleigh is obliged to appear as a witness against Russel, whose trial and execution furnish some interesting scenes.

The events succeeding the death of Charles II., Monmouth's escape, his subsequent appearance in the west of England, and his defeat at Sedgemoor, occupy a considerable portion of the second volume. Just before the rising of the insurgents, Fletcher is decoyed by a stratagem to a house in the country, where he finds himself detained a prisoner, although in other respects treated with great courtesy. The only person he sees, besides the domestics who attend upon him, is an old French lady, who dines with him every day. At length, determined on escaping from this singular captivity, he prepares to gag her, and then rush out, while the servants are engaged in removing the dinner; when, to his

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his great astonishment, he finds that his tormentor is no other than his mistress, the lively Anne Tennison, who has deprived him of his liberty, in order to prevent his siding with the rebels. Notwithstanding this, he afterwards escapes and joins Monmouth, but, before the battle, is dismissed for having shot a presbyterian. After the Duke's defeat, however, he meets with him again; but while he goes to seek assistance, a party of his pursuers come up and make the noble fugitive their prisoner, and Fletcher himself escapes with difficulty. Monmouth's execution, and the parting scene preceding it with Lady Harriet, terminate this portion of the work. In the third volume Dean Tennison makes a conspicuous figure in several of the early chapters: a rather awkward incident introduces him to James, who, struck by the charms of his niece, accedes to her petition, and grants a pardon to the proscribed Fletcher. The monarch's impolitic measures, in the meanwhile, accelerate the impending storm; and the imprisonment of the Bishops, which gives rise to a well-depicted historical scene, serves only as the prelude to greater disturbances. But we must pursue the dean and his niece, who on that eventful day quit London, and are benighted in a wood during a violent storm. Here they fall in with a party of covenanters, at the head of whom is Sandy, whose fanaticism since the dreadful death of his daughter has attained such a height, that he vows to sacrifice the dean to his resentment, as a conspicuous member of that church which he holds in utter abhorrence. The dignitary is rescued from this perilous situation by the arrival of a messenger from Sunderland to Sandy, as one of the leaders of the Presbyterians, promising to restore them to their rights, on condition of their making common cause with the Catholic party against the church. Fletcher, in the meanwhile, who regards himself as the murderer of Sandy's daughter, having killed her bridegroom, and thereby been the cause of her distraction and death, filled with horror and remorse, has turned quaker, and refuses to listen either to Sunderland himself or to Lady Harriet, each of whom attempts to gain him over to their respective parties. Raleigh, who has been sent to the Tower, on suspicion of disloyalty at the battle of Sedgemoor, and of having favoured Monmouth's escape from the field, is at length liberated by his sovereign, when the latter finds himself deserted by most of the nobles on whose co-operation he relied. The arrival of the Prince of Orange, accompanied by the statesmen who had gone to invite him over, hastens the crisis of affairs. In spite of all his injuries, still faithful to his sovereign, Raleigh marches at the head of a troop of the king's forces against the Protestant party; and here he encounters Lady Harriet, who has taken up arms, and, like another Joan of Arc, is determined to fight for the rights

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rights of her country. In vain does she implore him to lay down the sword he has drawn in an ill-advised cause, and come over to her side. Loyalty proves stronger than affection, and the gallant cavalier fights till the fortune of the field declares in favour of Orange. He yields up his sword to the prince, but is permitted to be the bearer of the sad tidings to the unfortunate James. He afterwards assists the queen in her escape to France; and likewise follows the king on his flight from Whitehall, but is treacherously stabbed by a sailor in the boat while crossing the river. Lady Harriet attends on him in his last moments, and receives his parting breath: after which she embraces the Catholic religion, and retires to a convent in France. Fletcher, with less desert, is more fortunate, for after three years' abjuration of all worldly vanities, he is reconverted by his mistress, and rewarded with her hand.

Such are a few of the leading incidents of this tale: nor have we here room either to notice any of the other events we have passed over, or to enter into any observations on the merits of the work.

To those who have watched the progress of Danish literature, Mr. Ingemann is already known as an elegant dramatic poet. The work now before us is, we believe, his first romance.

Valdemar the Second flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century, and was dignified with the title of the Victorious, which, in the later years of his reign, he changed for one more noble, though less pompous—that of the Legislator. The story commences with the year 1204, and is opened by a conversation between four of the learned men of that period;—the Archbishop Andreas Suneson of Lund, author of an old Latin poem on religious subjects, called Hexaëmeron; the learned monk, Gunner of Roeskild; the royal physician, Henrik Harpestraeng, and the old historian Saxo-Grammaticus, who is surprised by the three former in the cell of his cloister at Soroe, while engaged in compiling his history of Denmark. The archbishop delivers to Saxo's care and tuition an orphan boy, Karl de Riese, who, in the course of the romance, fills a principal character near King Valdemar. The incidents soon multiply, and the reader's attention is well engaged by vivid description and striking delineations of character. Among others, we have the bold and gloomy Count Albert of North Albingia, one of Valdemar's most distinguished generals; the Lady Helena, who employs her fascinations on the king; and, lastly, the King himself. At a banquet, on beholding her portrait, he becomes enamoured of Margaret, daughter of the King of Bohemia, and sends Strange, one of his Knights, to solicit her hand. This mission is, of course, fatal to the ambition of the Lady Helena, who loses her intellects with her hopes of royalty, and for the rest of

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of the romance dwindles into a wandering Witch. Strange succeeds in his mission to the Bohemian court, and stands as his master's proxy during the marriage. We may here mention the two ceremonies which followed the royal marriages of that period. The first is, that the bridegroom played at chess with the bride, and the latter was required to lose thrice. The second we give in the author's own words. The bride, being invited to proceed to the bridal chamber, goes through the ceremony, which is thus related:

'The knight rose, respectfully presented his arm to the Princess, and followed by the whole court, led her to the magnificent bridal chamber, where she had to recline on the nuptial couch in her full wedding robes. The knight then sat down on a chair beside her, and, having first carefully wiped his boot of Morocco leather, placed his right foot on the side of the bed, but on the extreme edge, and so lightly, that his golden spurs made not the smallest rent in the royal linen. This ceremony was observed with great grace and decorum, and the knight, having gently touched the sheet with his boot, replaced his foot upon the carpet, and then both arose. The knight then respectfully saluted the young queen and left the bridal chamber, accompanied by all the guests and witnesses.'

But while this ceremony was performing at Prague, the fickle Valdemar fell in love with the fair but haughty Princess Berengard of Portugal, whom he had met while on a visit to Count Schwerin the Black. Under the influence of this new attachment, he dispatched a messenger to the Bohemian court, desiring his proxy, Strange, to proceed no further in his mission: but the marriage had been already solemnized. The meek temper of Margaret soon won the affectionate esteem of Valdemar, and the enthusiastic veneration of the people. Her Bohemian name, Dankmar, was changed by her subjects into Dagmar, signifying Aurora, the mother of day. The memory of the Princess Berengard was fresh in Valdemar's recollection; and to divert his growing melancholy, he engaged in a Crusade against the Pagans of Livonia, and appointed Queen Margaret to the regency during his absence. On the return of the king she procured the release of Bishop Valdemar, who had been a close prisoner for several years; but the artful Ecclesiastic employed his liberty in rekindling old animosities against the king. The second volume is principally filled with descriptions of the wars in which Valdemar was engaged. It also relates the death of Queen Dagmar, an event which occurred shortly after the birth of the Prince Valdemar, and then the king's marriage with the Princess of Portugal was quickly effected.

Among the old ballads of that period, the popular hatred is strongly expressed against this Queen. Valdemar continued a victorious career against Otho, Emperor of Germany, (who had formed

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formed an alliance with Henry the Black and Bishop Valdemar:) but Otho dies, and Valdemar is victorious, and captures Hamburgh, and again engages in a grand Crusade against the Pagans of Livonia. Here, though his army consisted of seventy thousand veteran soldiers, he was in great danger, and, according to the old songs and chronicles, was delivered by the especial interposition of heaven; for an enchanted standard is said to have fallen from the clouds. The author's favourite hero, Karl de Riese, is bearer of the celestial standard, and the Christians are victorious. The Crusade concludes with the baptism of the Livonians, and Valdemar returns in triumph. But the Queen's haughty bearing promotes discontent, and she falls by a bow shot from an unknown hand. Valdemar spent three years in seclusion, till, being visited by his reconciled foe, Henry the Black, in the island of Lyoe, he was by him treacherously seized in his sleep, and taken prisoner. The people endeavoured to effect his release by force of arms, but in vain; and at length procured it by paying an enormous ransom. The public feeling on this occasion was expressed in the following old verses, taken from the songs of the warrior's Kæmpevisen:—

Thanks, noble maids and ladies fair!
Whose kindness sav'd your king;
Ye gave the gold that deck'd your hair,
And costly chain and ring.

Right glad were all the Danish men
Their king was freed from woes,
As joyful as the angels when
Their Lord from death arose.

Tak have ædle Jomfruer og Fruer!
De vare deres herre saa huld,
De sparte for hannem ei Linde ellerKjæder,
Og ikke deres hovedguld.

Saa glade vare alle de danske Mænd
Deres herre var læst of Mœde,
Som Englone vare Paaskemorgen
Vor herre stod op of Dœde.

On regaining his liberty, the King devoted himself to the restoration of internal order, which had necessarily been interrupted during his absence. He had taken an oath, previously to his liberation, not to resent the insult of Count Henry, nor to seek reparation for the losses which he had sustained. Being, however, absolved from this obligation by a papal bull, he proceeded against his enemy, and lost the battle of Bornhæved through the backwardness of the Dithmarses, after having been wounded, and left on the field, when he was taken prisoner by his mortal enemy, Count Adolph of Holstein. This hero, however, disguised himself and led the king to Kiel, where he delivered him over to his friends. On being asked by the King who he was, and why he liberated him, he refused to answer the former question, and to the latter, replied with the words, 'forgive us our trespasses as we forgive others.'

After this defeat the King never more drew his sword in ambitious projects, but employed himself solely in promoting the peace and happiness of his subjects, to whom he gave various useful institutions,

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institutions, and a code of laws which obtained for him the title of the 'Legislator.'

The reader will probably be of opinion that the materials are abundant; in truth we think so too: but the author has managed them with great skill. His style is uniformly excellent. The amatory scenes, (for these are grand staple commodities in all novels,) though they have not been his principal care, yet are described with taste and feeling. The astrological dissertations, however, are tiresome; and the witchcraft, the presentiments and prophecies are cumbrous pieces of machinery, and could have been well spared.

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ART. X.—*I Lombardi alla prima Crociata, Canti* 15 *di* Tommaso Grossi. 3 vols. 8vo. Milano. Ferrario. 1826.

IN order that our readers may better judge of our observations upon this poem, (hitherto unknown in England,) we deem it necessary to give a short analysis of its contents.

When the Crusaders, who set out after the council of Clermont, held in 1095, were on their way to the siege of Antioch, they were compelled to traverse a steep and broken mountain, described, by contemporary historians, in terms of unfeigned terror.* The poem opens, at one of the Passes, where, secluded in a cavern called the 'Bocca delle Prede,' lived a hermit, who beholds the army of the Cross filing its ranks along a narrow path, and recognises among them his own countrymen, the Lombards. With these advanced a lady of dazzling beauty, who is nearly precipitated by accident into the gulph below, when a young knight adventures for her safety, and rescues her. But he becomes the victim of his own daring, and would have been dashed to pieces, had he not been supported by some underwood—and, finally, carried by the hermit into his cavern, where he expends on the knight's wounds all his saving powers of medicament.

Shortly after arrives an Armenian, from whom they learn tidings of the Sultan's measures. With this Armenian for his guide, the knight determines to rejoin the Crusaders. Before his departure, however, he informs the hermit that he is Gulfiero, the son of Arvino, chief of the Lombards, and relates the principal events of the Crusade. Among other particulars, he adds, that he is the brother of one Reginaldo, the principal Croisé chief

* Jacob Bongarsius, in his 'Gesta Dei per Francos,' &c. calls this mountain 'Diabolicam Montanam.' The above work was published in 2 vols. in folio, at Hanover, 1611.

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of an unsuccessful expedition against Nice; but since become a Renegade. The hermit, though bound by a vow, yet wishes to join the Crusaders; and he, therefore, delegates the Armenian to demand his absolution from Peter the Hermit. The Lombard and his guide then depart, and arrive at the Christian camp under Antioch.

Arvino, on his son's arrival, communicates to him the capture of his sister by the Saracens. This was the same lady who had been in such peril at the mountain pass. Arvino gives the Armenian a sword, to be presented as a mark of his gratitude to the anchorite, (an odd gift, truly, for a hermit,) and the guide departs in search of Peter. Shortly after, there follows a skirmish, in which Gulfiero is on the point of being slain by Saladin, a Saracen chief, when his life is spared by his foe, who, it will presently be seen, has ample reason for this act of generosity.

The fair Giselda, Gulfiero's sister, was, on her capture, placed in the seraglio of Acciano, Lord of Antioch; and there formed a strict friendship with the Sultan's favourite wife Sofia, by birth a Greek, and in faith a Christian. This lady takes the utmost interest in Giselda's fate. She has a handsome son, who has free access to the beautiful captive, and to him she relates the occasion of her pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which was to discharge a vow made by her mother, Vielinda, whose possession had been bitterly disputed by two brothers, Arvino and Pagano. The latter, having been guilty of some flagrant excesses against his brother, went into exile, while the fortunate Arvino gained the hand of Vielinda. Pagano subsequently showed himself desirous of a reconciliation, in which he succeeded, and presented himself at Milan, the native place of the parties. Apparently repenting of his crimes, he was received back with open arms: this deportment, however, was merely assumed; for, with the most cold-blooded treachery, he set fire by night to his brother's palace, designing to assassinate him in the tumult. In mistake, however, he killed his father, Folco; and, assisted by many of his accomplices, (among others one Pirro,) carried off Vielinda, Arvino's wife, who then makes a vow to send her daughter to Jerusalem, if she escape, and this, in fact, happened; for Pagano, seized with horror, upon learning that he had assassinated his own father, permitted her at once to go free, and betook himself to flight, no one knew whither.

Saladin, as will easily be supposed, was touched with this account:—Giselda wept: 'Or che non puó di bella donna il pianto?' The transition from pity to love is natural and rapid. Saladin becomes enamoured, and meets with responsive love; while Giselda learns from her admirer of her brother's safe return to the Croisé camp. A scene,

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A scene, unimportant to the progress of the poem, meanwhile takes place at the 'Bocca delle Prede,' where Peter the Hermit with difficulty prevents a serious scuffle between the sturdy Anchorite and the Prince Tancred. The party, however, next morning, set out together to rejoin the Christian camp. On their arrival, Prince Tancred can scarcely protect Peter the Hermit from the popular indignation consequent upon his pusillanimous flight.

A truce then existed between the Christians and the besieged, and the Lombard hermit, apprehensive of being recognised, retires to the quarters of Boemondo. But while the Saracens are wandering about in the Christian camp interring their dead, a man in search of the body of his slaughtered son, discovers, in the features of the Lombard anchorite, the parricide Pagano, and this last recognises in the Mussulman his former accomplice Pirro. While the latter relates his adventures, the truce is suddenly broken, and Pirro, who had the command of two towers in Antioch, escapes with difficulty the pursuit of the Crusaders.

Among the Saracen captives of Boemondo, Pagano happens to discover the son of Pirro, whom the father supposed slain. Taking advantage of this incident, a treaty is set on foot by Pagano and Pirro; who, in order to release his son, proposes to betray the towers in his possession, and consequently Antioch, into the hands of Boemondo. This is done accordingly; and Pagano has hardly entered the city before he obtains possession of Giselda's person. While engaged in placing her in safety, he meets a group of women, taken prisoners by the Christians; and among them Giselda recognises Sofia, who is murdered while Pagano is adventuring her rescue.

Giselda is then overtaken by Saladin; and, notwithstanding his ineffectual attempts to re-obtain possession of her person, is conducted to her father's tent by Pagano, who instantly disappears. The father, stung by her attachment to an infidel, overwhelms her with reproaches; when she is prevailed on to fly, by an emissary of Saladin; and after a long and fatiguing journey, the lovers arrive on the Lebanon.

Meanwhile, the Persians happen to reduce the Christians in Antioch to extremity. A Provençal priest declares that he has discovered in a dream the spot where lies buried the identical spear which pierced our Saviour's side; and a spear is actually found. The Christians, now confident of victory, attack and rout their enemies. Boemondo, with the Lombards and the Count of Thoulouse, besiege and take Marra; and Pirro, who serves Boemondo, is recognised by Arvino, and a duel ensues, in which the latter is worsted, though his discomfiture is attributed

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buted to witchcraft. Gulfiero hears that Pagano has appeared in the Christian camp, and determines to have an encounter with the parricide. This latter person is, however, in search of Giselda, whom he discovers in a cavern, weeping over the wounded and dead Saladin. Pagano consoles her, inters the body, and leads her towards the Christian camp, which now lies under Jerusalem. The soldiers of the Crusaders, meanwhile, had grown weary of the continual dissensions of their chiefs: during which, the Provençal, who had foretold the discovery of the lance, underwent the ordeal of fire. He died a few days after; though it was doubted whether by fire, or owing to the excessive veneration of the people, who threw themselves upon him in extasy, after seeing him issue uninjured from the flames.

The joy of the Crusaders, however, on beholding the Sacred City, was soon calmed by the pressure of physical wants, more particularly that of water.

It is, when reduced to these extremities, (fully described by our poet,) that Pagano and Giselda arrive at the camp. The lady suffers most dreadfully under the deprivation; and, notwithstanding the periodical influx of the Siloe, Gulfiero, the brother sees her only in time to witness her miserable death. But Gulfiero had already recognised, in Pagano, the Hermit of the 'Bocca delle Prede.' A squire of Arvino, however, communicates the fact, that the assassin Pagano was actually in the camp, when the young soldier swears revenge; and the sudden disappearance of the hermit, with other circumstances, sufficiently identifies him in Gulfiero's mind with Folco's murderer.

The City of Jerusalem is closely besieged; the engines of war are in readiness, and all is prepared for the grand assault. It is reported, that a Genoese fleet, chased by that of the Egyptians, had arrived at Joppa; and that having burnt their vessels, the crews, together with the pilgrim passengers, were coming to Jerusalem. Vielinda, on their arrival, is found among the number. On the eve of the assault, public prayers are made, all animosities and jealousies reconciled, and the Crusaders embrace like brethren. Pagano falls at the feet of Arvino, to whom, as well as to Vielinda, he is fully reconciled. Upon the ensuing day the assault of Jerusalem takes place; and here Pagano is mortally wounded as he ascends the walls. The Christians put to death all who fall into their hands. Among the dead is found the body of the renegade Reginaldo. Godfrey is elected King of Jerusalem. Subsequently, an Egyptian army, marching, at first, with the intention of raising the siege of Jerusalem, and now to reconquer it, is met by the Crusaders, and defeated. Gulfiero and Arvino, who are engaged in this battle, (not here described) then



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then return to Jerusalem, where they had left the wounded Pagano. They find him attended by Peter the Hermit and Vielinda, and at the point of death. He dies at last, and Arvino, Vielinda, Gulfiero, and many others, take their departure from the Holy Land, for their own country, accompanied, in capacity of Squire, by that same Armenian, who had before served as Gulfiero's guide to the Christian camp.

Signor Grossi, certainly one of the best Italian living poets, is a follower of the Romantic school, and a native of Milan, which may be called the high school of the sect. In the 82d number of the Journal 'Il Conciliatore,' there published, and the great vehicle for the opinions of this class, is the following observation, 'That the plan of the Jerusalem Delivered is not such as a poet should select in our times.' Signor Grossi, accordingly, has fashioned his labours by the advice of the Milanese critic.

As we gather from the title, Sig. Grossi's object was not to celebrate the first crusade, but the exploits of the Lombards. It is known, however, that the Lombards, as a nation, took no part in the first Crusade. After the taking of Jerusalem, they entered the Holy Land under the conduct of their Archbishop and other chiefs, but they experienced a dreadful overthrow. Fulcherius Carnosensis makes mention of all the nations who were at the first Crusade, but says nothing of the Lombards.* Some individuals, indeed, are obliquely alluded to as followers of Boemondo and Tancred. One Pagano is among these, though only as an attendant, and a coward. Arvino di Ro is not spoken of by any historian; only Corio relates a tale about a Giovanni di Ro, but in so ridiculous a view as to excite laughter and compassion.

To us it appears ill judged to have selected as heroes of the poem, characters wholly unknown, or recorded only as attendants and poltroons. This is still worse, if we consider that the names of the principal heroes of the cross are so well known to us, more especially since the poem of Tasso, that to attempt to obliterate them in favour of others is much the same as if we were to describe the Siege of Troy without alluding to Achilles and Agamemnon, or only to represent them as surpassed in valour by one of their slaves. Sig. Grossi, therefore, does not quite observe his promise to celebrate the Lombards, because he mentions only the Milanese, and his real argument is the Milanese at the first Crusade.

By his servile adherence, on one part, to history,† and by his desire

* 'Franci, Flandri, Frisi, Galli, Britoni, Allobroges, Lotharingi, Allemanni, Baiorarii, Normanni, Scoti, Anglici, Acquitani, Itali, Apuli, Yberi, Daci, Græci, Armeni.' —*Fulch. Carno.* Gesta Pereg. Franc. c. 5.

† That Signor Grossi must have bestowed much attention upon the history of the first

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desire on the other to celebrate his nameless Milanese, Sig. Grossi has composed a poem which may be distinctly divided into two different portions. The Milanese, or rather their heads, Arvino, Giselda, and with her Saladin, Gulfiero, and Pagano, form one division; and the expedition of the whole Christian army against the Saracens is another. The war itself would proceed with equal vigour, without the intervention of Pagano, Arvino, and Giselda. Nor does the capture of the cities of Antioch and Jerusalem, along with the most famous exploits of the Crusaders, at all concern the quarrels and the reconciliations of Pagano and Arvino, any more than the fate of Giselda. In short, if we fairly divide the stanzas belonging to one part from those belonging to the other, we should have, in the former, a chronicle in verse of the first Crusade; and in the latter, the life and death of Pagano, Saladin, and Giselda, with the lamentations and the return of Arvino, Vielinda, and Gulfiero.

Among all the characters there is not one in which we can feel the slightest interest, and the noble art of making the greatest exploits dependent upon the presence of a few individuals is wholly neglected. Arvino, Gulfiero, and Pagano never distinguish themselves: but this is nothing; the worst is, that the glory of those great men, Godfrey, Tancred, Baldwin, Boemondo, and Raimond, is thrown into shade. Tancred, perhaps the bravest of all the Crusaders, is represented as having been nearly thrown from a precipice by Pagano, mentioned by historians as a mere poltroon. In Cant. 10, st. 60, of Sig. Grossi's poem, there occurs a quarrel between this hero, described in history as an attendant, and Raimondo, the most powerful among the Crusade Princes. Pagano draws his sword, and Peter the Hermit, a diminutive personage who made so inglorious an escape from Antioch, interferes, and deals Pagano a blow with his fist upon his sword arm, and this latter personage lets fall his weapon. How is this credible in a man who is represented by the poet as more powerful than Tancred himself? Here we may observe that if this ridiculous circumstance is made truly exquisite in Ariosto, from whom it is evidently borrowed, as applied to the incidents and personages,* it is a mere piece of buffoonery in the hands of Grossi.

first Crusade is evident, for he has not scrupled to put into verse the most ridiculous and incredible circumstances, rendering word for word the old historians of that expedition. Yet he has subsequently departed from truth in speaking of numerous facts and personages. At the very outset, for example, we meet with these two lines:

'Capri vedi e montoni, maiàli e cani,
D'Armi, di scudi, e di bagaglia onusti!'—c. 1. p. 7.

This is surely neither probable nor poetical; but it is enough for Signor Grossi that an old historian mentions the fact, and he never once stops to reflect that the writer is unworthy of credit. There are many specimens of the same kind.

* Orland. Fur., c. xxvii. st. 63.



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Moreover, it is not surprising if the ideal characters introduced by Grossi fail to interest us, when there are some, and more particularly Pagano, the leading personage, whose qualities excite only horror and aversion. It was certainly an odd fancy to select for the chief Hero of the Crusades an attendant and a poltroon, as he is described in history, and to invest him with all the qualities of the most abandoned criminal, in order to present him as an object worthy of all our admiration. His qualifications are already before our readers. It only remains to add, that Sig. Grossi does not scruple to represent Pagano, in the act of dying, as still clinging to his execrable passion, and not ashamed to attempt to justify it. He commits incest, he is a traitor, he attempts his brother's life, and assassinates his own father. Such a monster should shrink from the sight of his fellow-beings, as an object of general horror and disgust.*

Saladin and Giselda are evidently copied from Ariosto's Zerbino and Isabella; characters upon which the poet has lavished all his graces. The passion, the affection, and ingenuous feeling with which Isabella relates her adventures to Orlando, are touched with so much delicacy and skill as to leave no chance of success for his imitators.† In

* 'In such richness of true characters,' writes the romantic author of the already mentioned article in the eighty-second number of the Conciliatore, 'reflecting upon Tasso, do we feel any want of an imaginary character like that of Rinaldo? Or shall we have cause to regret the absence of Solyman and Argante? A much greater warrior was David, the sultan of Erzerum.' Assuredly we shall not do Tasso's genius such wrong, as to compare his imaginary Rinaldo with the imaginary Pagano of Signor Grossi. We merely cite these words, to show how the taste of the Romantic school can see so much to find fault with in the one, whilst it extols the other. We ought here likewise to remark, that this passage betrays the astonishing ignorance of the Reviewer as far as relates to the history of the Crusades; for, in fact, the character of Rinaldo is not altogether imaginary, a chief of that name having been present at the first Crusade, and mentioned by historians as commanding a division of the army at the battle of Antioch.[a] This is sufficient to distinguish him surely as an historical personage, and one of superior rank and importance. As his family too was not pointed out, the poet was at liberty to refer him to the house of Este, so celebrated in the history of Italy —powerful even at the period of the first crusade. There is a still more egregious error, as regards the character of Solyman, the name given by historians of the first Crusade to that sultan, of Erzerum, called by Michaud, David, the only author who seems to have been consulted by the reviewer, who reproaches Tasso with having introduced Solyman and not David, although they are one and the same person.

† Lo! I am Isabel, who once was styled
The daughter of Gallicia's hapless king:
I said aright, who *was;* but now the child
(No longer *his*) of care and suffering.
* * * * * *

Isabella son io che figlia *fui,*
Del re mal fortunato di Galizia:
Ben dissi *fui;* che or non son più di lui
Ma di dolor, d'affanno e di mestizia.
* * * * * *

Whilom

[a] Gest. Francor., p. 21. Baldric., l. iv. p. 120. Besides, there being more than one Reginaldo mentioned in history, Tasso (who has admirably replied to the numerous objections made against his poem) observed, in a letter to Sig. Curzio Ardizio, dated 25th Feb. 1585, 'Of Reginald, there is mention made in history; and Rinaldo from Reginaldo, is said, with the same mode of expression as Goffredo from Gottifredo.'

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In respect to Zerbino, he is a perfect knight; full of courtesy towards Medoro, of honour towards Gabrina, and of gratitude towards Orlando.*

The account of his death, incurred wholly by his gratitude to Orlando, is so much the more affecting. It is remarkable that, generally, in the ancient poets, and precisely as it applies to Ariosto in the instance of Isabella and Zerbino, the virtues and accomplishments of the Christian knights are always irresistible for the Saracen ladies. In proportion as the merits of the Christian chiefs gain upon us, the faults of these ladies are excused. The Coran yields to the Gospel; but Sig. Grossi considers the matter in a contrary point of view. A Christian lady elopes with a Saracen, and the Coran triumphs over Scripture. Saladin's love for Giselda is second to his attachment to Mahomet; and she loves him better than her own religion. These contrasts, in our opinion, are assuredly not in favour of Sig. Grossi. Neither Giselda nor Saladin are so readily appreciated and so agreeable as Ariosto's Zerbino and Isabella. Besides, we may briefly mention the impossibility of Saladin and Giselda remaining upon the Lebanon, quite unknown and without succour. Their flight, which happened in the manner described;† Pagano's journey in search of Giselda; their meeting, again, in a grotto exactly at the time of Saladin's death; his bearing her to the camp, and the long journey of the horse during such intense heat, that at length Giselda perishes of thirst, while the horse seems never the worse, are only part of the innumerable incongruities with which this poem abounds. Nevertheless, we shall make a few observations upon the death of Saladin and Giselda. In the poem of Grossi, Saladin arrives at a desert spot, and expires in the arms of his beloved, like Zerbino in the arms of Isabella. But because, in Tasso, Tancred affords baptism to his Clorinda previously to her death; so Giselda, when Saladin is about to

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Whilom I lived, content in Fortune's smile,
Rich, blameless, fair, and young. to sad reverse [vile,
Condemned, I now am wretched, poor, and
And in worse case, if any yet be worse.
—*Rose's Translation.*

Io me viveva di mia sorte felice,
Gentil, giovane, ricca, onesta, e bella,
Vile, povera, or sono, ora infelice,
E s' altra è peggior'sorte io sono in quella.
*Orlan. Furioso*, c. xiii. st. 4 and 5.

* . . . . . of all his following
Is none so beauteous: nature broke the mould
In which she cast him, after fashioning
Her work: Is none in whom such chivalry
And valour shines.—*Rose's Translation.*

Non è un si bello in tante altre persone,
Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa,
Non è in cui tal virtù, tal grazia luca,
O tal possanza.
*Ib.*, c.x. st. 84.

† Giselda is borne, for days together, before her guide, on horseback, and supported by one of the Knight's arms, proceeding at a rapid rate. Thus, too, Brunello was carried by Marfisa, who held him by the hair. See Orl. Furioso, c. xxvii. st. 94.

expire,

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expire, runs for water with a similar intention. But in the interval, as if the laws of the Romantic school would not admit even the sad consolation of seeing any relief bestowed in those trying moments; or because the smile that illumines the features of Clorinda, dying in Christian charity, dismays all imitators, Saladin is made to yield up the ghost before Giselda can reach him. This event, too, spares the poet the necessity of revealing the lover's last words to the object of his affections,—the safest plan to avoid a comparison with Ariosto, whose dialogue between the dying Zerbino and Isabella presents a most exquisite passage of true poetry and passion.

What can be more simply affecting than the action of Isabella, after she feels assured of Zerbino's death, throwing herself in a flood of grief upon the dead body of her lover—

'Chiamando sempre in van l'amato nome.'

At the same time, it is only just to acknowledge, that in this place there are some stanzas, in Sig. Grossi's performance, by no means unworthy of a poet. The following, for instance, describing the lamentation of Giselda over the dead body of Saladin, are deserving of quotation:—

Ah, wretched me! thus cried the' afflicted one,
By struggling sobs and tears too oft re-
Hast thou, dear heart, left me to weep alone,
A widow'd love, by every care opprest.
Such woeful fate heaven destined for my own,
It was not thus you promis'd on my
Are these our nuptials, this the blest repose,
You promised, that at once our eyes should close?

Me misera! (dicea la voce afflitta
Da singhiozzi e da lagrime repressa)
Così, dolce cor mio, m' hai derelitta,
Vedova, sola, dai disagj oppressa?
Sì amara sorte il ciel m'avea prescritta?
Così così mi serbi la promessa?
Queste le nozze son? questa è la speme.
Che chiusi avremmo gli occhi stanchi insieme?

Cold are these hands, this brow, and cold this face;
Cold are thy lips, these kisses cannot warm;
Where are thy eyes' bright beams, the smile to chase
All sorrows from thy loved one, every harm.

Fredda è la man, la fronte, e freddo il viso,
Freddo il labbro che i miei baci non sente:
Ov' è il lume degli occhi? ov'è il sorriso
Che rallegrar solea questa dolente?
Saladin! Saladin! dunque diviso
Sarai dalla tua donna eternamente?
Non ti vedrò mai più? Dimmi, più forte
Dell' immenso amor mio sarà la morte.

Oh Saladin, my Saladin, what place
Divides thee from me—what the endless term,
Ere I shall see thee more? Or say, shall death
Be stronger than my love—my latest breath?

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

And now while bitter tears her transports prove,
His lifeless form embracing, Hear, she sighed,
Oh, hear me, in those blissful realms above,
Where rests thy weary soul! Oh, let thy bride

Ascoltami (seguia la dolorosa,
Parlando a quel cadavere che abbraccia,)
Ove l'anima tua stanca riposa
E questa mia raccogliere ti piaccia
Non son io la tua amica e la tua sposa?

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Share thy sweet home: by all the vows of love
I call, and by my troth in sorrow tried,
By all those dearest ones on earth to me,
That freely I forsook to follow thee.

Una promessa eterna non ci allaccia?
Non ho io, per seguirti, abbandonata,
Qual m' ebbi in terra creatura amata?
*C.* xi. st. 18, 19, and 21.

And when, on Pagano discovering himself, she swoons in his arms, and then by degrees restored to herself, and, imagining she is in the embrace of her lover, smiles mournfully, the description is extremely poetical.

But as again she wakes, and sudden feels
She wakes from that sweet error—all too vain
—She starts, she bursts from his embrace, and steals
An eager look around her, stung with pain;
Then, as she sees her lover's form, she reels,
She falls, she clasps *him* to her *breast* again,
And kisses his pale stiffening features long
With desperate sorrow — in her love still strong.

'Ma come si destasse in quel momento,
Del vano error che la deluse accorta,
Da lui si strappa, e in atto di spavento
L'avido sguardo d'ogni intorno porta,
E dell' amico che all suol giace spento
Vista la faccia irrigidita e smorta,
Prona su lui con disperato affetto
Cadendo, il bacia e se lo stringe al petto.

She smote her fair brow, gazing on the sky
In madness, and his pale corpse then addrest.
And on his lips, as waiting his reply,
She fixed her silent eye-balls, till her breast,
With grief o'erflowing, heav'd the bursting sigh,
And floods of tears supplied a bitter rest;
And mov'd to pity, o'er the guilty one,
The stern Pagano weeps to hear her moan.'

Poi volta al ciel siccome furibonda
La fronte con le palme si percote,
Parla all' estinto, e quasi ei le risponda,
Gli tien sui labri le pupille immote;
Perenne intanto alla dogliosa inonda
Largo pianto amarissimo le gote.
A tanto duol commosso, in sulla rea
Nipote il fier Pagano anch' ei piangea.'
*C.* xi. st. 35 and 36.

Then Giselda, as we have stated, died of thirst. Previously, however, to her decease, we are presented with a description of the sufferings of the crusaders from this cause. The scarcity of water, and other deprivations, are facts recorded by all the old historians, who, with the exactness of chroniclers, relate the various methods contrived by the crusaders to mitigate the severity of this dreadful visitation. Signor Grossi, as usual, has in many stanzas extracted the accounts of these chroniclers, word for word. We shall give one instance, among many of the kind:

'In the damp earthy cisterns, foul and low,
Some steep their mantles, first let down with cords,
And eagerly they suck the drops that slow
Ooze from the cloth, such drink as it affords.
Others, raw hides of sheep and oxen throw
Round their parched limbs, uttering unearthly words,
And more throng round with savage, lurid glare,
To quaff the new-drawn blood, with reckless care.'

'Nelle cisterne uliginose ed ime
Con lunghe funi cala altri i mantelli
E ingordamente nella bocca esprime
Quindi il poco umidor raccolto in quelli;
Chi, buoi scannati e pecora, le opime
Si ravolge sul corpo umide pelli,
E una lurida turba, atroce, esangue
A tutta gola ne tracanna il sangue.'*
*C.* xii. st. 45.

Although

* This stanza is merely a translation of the following words from the Abbot Guibert: 'Hic fuit tanta sitis et ariditas ut flebotomo equis suis asinisque illato animalium cogerentur haurire cruorum. Alii in piscinam zonam dimittentes, atque panniculos, eaque in os exprimendo suum, remedii bi aliquid contrahere videbantur,' &c. This passage will convey

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Although not new, the following idea, expressed by Grossi in one of his stanzas, is highly poetical. Giselda is reduced to such extremity of thirst—

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'That every leaf which in the forest stirs,
Like murmuring of some stream her fancy caught:
Whence comes the sound? she turns her eyes and ears,
And opes her lips, parched with the long sad draught.'

'Che ogni fronda che storma alla foreste
Udir murmure d'acqua si figura
E onde n' esce il fragor, tosto converte
Gli occhi nitenti, e le labbra aride aperte.'*

A description

convey a just idea of the different paths pursued by Tasso and by the author. The latter borrows from history both facts and circumstances, and rendering the bad Latin of the old historians into Italian verse, can only boast of having described what is stated as historical truth. The former takes merely the leading facts of history, and upon them founds poetical incidents and circumstances conceived by himself. He always distinguishes between historical truth and poetical probability—between bare truth and ideal beauty. He describes, as a poet, a fact authorised by the historian; while Signor Grossi clings to it with all the literal minuteness of historical veracity. Thus he describes the condition of the horses in extreme want:

'And reeling here and there mid the parched plains
With drooping heads all faint, and tottering slow
The generous steeds,' &c.

'Barcolando quà e là per gli arsi piani
Dimessi il muso, errar debili e lenti
Generosi destrier,' &c.

In order to justify the exactness of this description he might call to his assistance the Archbishop of Tyre, who observes, in his history, 'Neglecta porrò animalia, et quibus domini sui providere non poterant, per campos lento gradu, et deficientibus viribus vagantia, equi videlicet.' &c.

Tasso, with the enthusiasm of a great poet, thus describes the effect of thirst upon one of these animals:

'Sickens the late fierce steed; untasted, loathed
Stands his once relished, once saluted corn;
The dancing mane and neck with thunder clothed,
But late superbly in the battle borne,
Drops to the ground; the pride of laurels worn
No more elates his nostrils, swells his veins;
Glory his hatred, victory seems his scorn,
His rich caparisons, embroidered reins,
And sumptuous trophies, all—as baubles he disdains'—*Wiffen's Translation.*

'Langue il corsier già sì feroce, e l'erba
Che fu suo caro cibo, a schifo prende,
Calcitra il piede infermo e la superba
Cervice dianzi, or giù dimessa pende;
Memoria di sue palme or più non serba
Ne più nobil di gloria amor l' accende.
Le vincitrici spolia ei ricchi fregi
Par che quasi vil soma odj e dispregi.'

*Among many other writers, Tasso must also, we suspect, have supplied Signor Grossi with these lines, in one of his most celebrated stanzas:

'If any e'er 'twixt shady woods has seen
Cool glassy lakes in liquid silver sleep,
Quick fountains, bubbling up from mosses green,
Slide down smooth hills, brooks querulously creep
O'er lustrous stones, or Alpine torrents leap,
Roaring from heaven, he paints them o'er and o'er
To his enamoured wish, sweet, icy, deep,
And, tasting them in fancy, tortures more
A heart already fired, tormented to its core.'
—*Wiffen's Translation.*

'Se alcun giammai tra frondeggianti rive
Puro vide stagnar liquido argento,
O giù precipitosa ir acque vive,
Per alpe, o in piaggia erbosa a passo lento,
Quelle al vago desio forma e descrive
E ministra materia al suo talento,
Che l' immagine lor gelida e molle,
L'asciuga e scalda, e nel pensier ribolle.'

Here

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A description of a dream of Giselda appears to us so beautiful in its way, that we shall, at least, present our readers with some part of it. Giselda, returning under the care of Pagano to the city of Jerusalem, begins to feel the effects of extreme thirst, and both she and her guide at length stop to repose themselves :—

Her steed dismounting, 'gainst an aged tree,
The long night thro' she lean'd her tender side,
While the cool midnight gale that wander'd free,
A solace to her fever'd lips supplied :
Nor to her weary frame, as well might be,
Was nature's soothing quiet here denied,
But stunn'd alas ! by grief, in restless haste,
Her mind revolves the sorrows of the past.

Dal cavallo discesa, il debil fianco
La notte appoggia al tronco d' un abete,
Nel respirar l' aura notturna almanco
Il tormento aleggiando della sete.
Dal rezzo confortato è il corpo stanco
E dalla nova tacita quiete.
Stupida intanto fra se stessa, e quasi
Trasognata rivolge i proprj casi.

Now less and less distinct, in memory's seat,
In mingling crowds her imag'd woes arise,
Faint and more faint appears, and now retreat,
And from her brain the fading vision flies ;
More slowly now her labouring pulses beat,
While heaves her tender breast with broken sighs,
Till in deep-troubled slumber sinking quite,
She for some moments shuns life's hated light.

Più incerto a poco a poco e più vaganti
Le immagini fugaci le si fanno :
Confusamente in novi aspetti e tanti
Nella mente accoppiando le si vanno ;
Tutto le si dilegua alfin dinanti,
Del petto infermo addoppiasi l'affanno,
E in grave sonno e torbido sopita,
Sfugge un istante al cruccio della vita.

And

---

Here Tasso has been extolled by some, even above what the occasion warrants, for though the lines are doubtless very fine, and the application of the image appropriate, both to the time and circumstances, the original idea belongs to Dante. Maestro Adamo, tormented by thirst, on perceiving Virgil and Dante journeying through hell at their pleasure, addresses them in the following lines, than which Dante himself produced few better.

' O ye, who in this world of misery,
Wherefore, I know not, are exempt from pain,'
Thus he began, ' attentively regard
Adamo's woe. When living, full supply
Ne'er lack'd me of what I most coveted ;
One drop of water now, alas ! I crave.
The rills that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casantino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view ; and not in vain ;
For more the pictur'd semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh
Desert these shrivell'd cheeks. So from the place,
Where I transgress'd, keen justice urging me,
Takes means to quicken more my lab'ring sighs.
There is Romena, where I falsified
The metal with the Baptist's form imprest,
&c.' *Cary's Translation.*

O voi che senza alcuna pena siete,
E non so io perchè, nel mondo gramo,
Diss' egli a noi, guardate e attendete,
Alla miseria del maestro Adamo.
Io ebbi vivo assai di quel ch' io volli,
E, ora, lasso ! un gocciol d'acqua bramo.
Li ruscelletti, che de' verdi colli
Del Casentin discendon giuso in Arno
Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,
Sempre mi stanno innanzi e non indarno;
Che l'immagine lor via più m'asciuga
Che 'l male, ond' io nel volto mi discarno.
La rigida giustizia che mi fruga
Tragge cagion del luogo ov' io peccai
A metter più gli miei sospiri in fuga.
Ivi è Romena, là dov' io falsai
La lega suggellata del Battista, &c.'
*Inferno*, c. xxx. ver. 58

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And lo! in dreams, seems it she now perceives
Her long-loved mother stand before her eyes,
Arrayed in snowy vest—who smiling leaves
A flowery mount, whence two fresh fountains rise;
And there she sits, and quaffs, and flow'rets wreaths.
In the cool stream she dips her hands, and lies
Pleased on its banks—she quaffs, she bathes agen,
And on her face she feels the cool drops then.

Ah! how she runs to gain and clasp her there,
And beg some drops of that most precious dew;
Then at her voice she sees with wild despair,
Her mother fly—and ever as she flew
Thro' the long vale, with grieved heart full of care,
Did she in vain her mother's steps pursue,
Till snatched from view,—the cheating vision gone,
She dreams she tracks the dreary scenes alone.

Ed ecco che sognando erale avviso
Di veder la diletta genitrice,
In bianca veste, sorridente in viso,
Discender da una florida pendice:
Ove un bel rio discorre in due diviso
S'asside la contenta: acqua n' elice:
Nel fresco umor la man diguazza, e beve,
E sul volto gli spruzzi ne riceve.

A lei corre anelando l' assetata
E di quell' acqua per pietà le chiede,
Ma fuggersi dinanzi spaventata
Di sue parole al primo suon la vede,
Per una valle lunga, sterminata,
Lassa la segue con infermo piede;
Dagli occhi alfin l' è tolta, e sola, incerta
Corre una landa sterile e deserta.'
Cant. xii. st. 38, et seq.

Here, unfortunately, the romanticismo mounts into the poet's brain, and leads him to represent Giselda as listening to the voice of her deceased lover, who is sent to perdition because she was not in time to baptize him. She next imagines that she falls into a torrent of scalding lava, and that then she is given to drink

'Vessels of lead all liquefied—and pitch,'

along with other revolting ideas of the same kind. At length he ceases to speak of Giselda, in order to dwell upon the sufferings of the camp. This, however, is at the expense of the interest we feel in Giselda; and what is worse, he goes on to describe circumstances wholly of a burlesque character. For instance, there is one relating to a certain enchantment, borrowed from some old Milanese (but not Lombard) superstition, which belongs to the middle ages.* Another relates to Pirro, who, arriving at the camp with a skin filled with water, is assailed by a number of the thirsty soldiers: he is killed, his water-skin pierced, and all the water spilt to no purpose. At length the Siloe is filled with water, though too late to save Giselda, who unluckily is already deprived of the power of deglutition, and she, of course, dies of thirst. Certainly, he could hardly have allotted his heroine a more excruciating kind of death, or more militating against the feelings.

* This superstitious practice is recorded by Decembrio; cited by the indefatigable Muratori, in his Dissert., 59.—Antiquit. Ital. M. Æ., t. v. p. 74. Signor Grossi has evidently translated Decembrio.

This

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This, however, the poet contrives, in part, to make us forget, by interspersing the account with many pleasing passages, while his heroine dies with a smile playing upon her lips, and a last ray of peace diffused over her calm brow. Here follows the last stanza of Canto xii., which describes the death of Giselda:—

Just then with lively hope all animate,
She fixed her eyes on heaven with one last look,
And so expired: too short her beauty's date,
Which, lingering yet on her fair features, took
The fancy captive. Still the lily sat
Upon her cheek. Her lips that smile forsook
Not yet. On her calm brow lay peace enshrined
And shed a halo round that throne of mind.

Allor di speme vivida atteggiata
L' ultimo sguardo al ciel tenendo fiso
Spirava, e intanto alla bellezza usata
Ricomponeasi a poco a poco il viso:
E' una neve la guancia delicata;
Sta sulle labbra immobili il sorriso,
E per la fronte che serena tace
Lieve un raggio diffondesi di pace.

In the duel between Pirro and Arvino, Signor Grossi suddenly forgets his historical authorities, which present no instance of formal duelling—a practice never permitted among the crusaders; for the 'God's truce' obliterated all existing quarrels and animosities. A large portion of the details is wholly incredible, and the greater part is copied from other poets. There is only one circumstance which it is here our intention to notice. Pirro is stated as the victor, though it is doubtful whether he did not succeed by necromancy, as he threw a girdle, supposed by the spectators to have been charmed, into Arvino's face. One reason for our noticing this circumstance is, that it affords occasion for speaking of a charge brought against Tasso, by two elegant writers, intended to show that this great poet failed, in point of costume, in an important part of his poem; or, in other words, in regard to the machinery of his work. This we do in the note below.* When

* It is generally known that the machinery of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' has subjected the author to many grievous charges. If we peruse these criticisms, and compare them with the poet's works, we shall be compelled to admit the truth of all that the latter wrote concerning his critics to his friend Ardizio: 'Perhaps there was no objection they could bring against me which I had not already anticipated, and concerning which I had not either written or spoken.' We are desirous of giving here also the opinion of Tasso respecting the use of the marvellous in an epic poem, because it appears that nothing can be more conclusive, after all that has been written upon the subject, and because his prose writings and letters have been too much neglected by critics of the 'Jerusalem Delivered.' It would be a gigantic, though extremely useful undertaking, to illustrate such a poem in a critical and historical manner. In speaking generally of the marvellous, as applying to the epic, Tasso has observed: 'Yet, though I would confine the epic poet to a constant observing of the probable, I would, at the same time, not debar him from employing the marvellous; on the contrary, I am of opinion, that one and the same action may at once partake of the marvellous and the probable; and there are many methods, I believe, of uniting these very discordant qualities. The poet, for instance, may attribute certain operations, altogether beyond human performance, to the deity, to angels, and to demons, as well as to those to whom may be delegated

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When he describes, however, Pagano's state of mind as he is in the act of bearing Gulfiero, still insensible after his fall, into the

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delegated this supernatural power by the Deity, or by demons. Now such are the saints, the magicians, and the fairies. And these operations, if considered in themselves, will appear wonderful, or rather miraculous, in the common acceptation of the term. These too, if we take into consideration the virtue and power of their employer, will be judged as probable, because mankind having imbibed this opinion in their infancy, it is afterwards confirmed by religious instruction; namely, that God, his ministers, demons, and magicians, he permitting, may be enabled to perform supernatural actions. And as mankind is every day in the habit of hearing new examples of it, that cannot appear to them at all improbable, which they believe not only to be possible, but that it has already many times occurred, and may do so again. So likewise by the ancients, who lived under a false religion, the miraculous actions attributed to their deities, both by poets and by historians, were never esteemed improbable. Moreover, though men of science might consider them (as they were) impossible, yet the poet might in this, as in many other cases, depart from exact truth, to follow popular opinion.'[a]

Such is the language of this poet, when treating of a general principle. Speaking of his own poem, and of the character of the marvellous which he has introduced into it, in a letter, dated 17th September, 1575, addressed to Scipioni Gonzaga, afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, he thus writes: 'The poets represent things either as they are, or were; as they are in possibility, or as they ought to be, or as they appear, and are so declared and believed to be. These words, or such as these, are to be found in Aristotle. Now, under the third head of this division, will the whole of the marvellous be perfectly included, and defended from every unjust attack; insomuch that it seems superfluous to inquire how far the power of the magician's art may be allowed to extend. It is sufficient to know to what degree it is countenanced by popular opinion (for the poet speaks often according to the popular mode, and writes to the people). Since, therefore, men who are not theologians, conceive the power of demons to be greater than it really is, as also the efficacy of the magical art, the poets who flourished before us were permitted, with an easy conscience, to follow the popular opinion. If then I can boast so many examples, why should I longer remain in doubt? Let, then, Signor Flaminio, and also you, my esteemed Sir, throw off the character of the theologian, and assume one of a more popular description. Then you may moot the doubt, and leave me the care of replying; and if you start the doubt against me, why do you not do the same against Homer and Apollonius? For not even theologians attributed omnipotence to their magicians.'[b]

Two passages there are, doubtless, which have been regarded even by liberal and sound judges as a decided abuse of the marvellous. One of them is to be met with in C. viii. st. 39, when the poet speaks of the sudden appearance of a sepulchre, in which was inclosed the body of Sveno; the other in C. x. st. 66, in which he relates the metamorphosis of some knights into the shape of fish, through the magical arts of Armida. Not one, however, among Tasso's friends, much less among his enemies, was ever so considerate as to observe that it was his fixed intention to strike out these objectionable passages from his poem. In a letter dated 30th March, 1576, he writes to S. Silvio Antoniani, as follows: 'I intend to erase from my poem, not only several stanzas considered as too amatory, but also some portion of the miracles and enchantments; so that neither the metamorphosis of the knights into fishes will be suffered to remain, nor that miraculous appearance of the sepulchre, truly too singular in itself; nor also that other metamorphosis of the eagle, nor Rinaldo's vision, both in the same canto.'

Two elegant French writers, M. Michaud, in his 'History of the Crusades,' and M. Ginguené, in his 'Literary History of Italy,' have likewise brought a charge against Tasso, which, if substantiated, would, indeed, redound to his discredit. They assert that he has attributed to the Crusaders a belief in magic contrary to the fact. 'Ideas of magic did not obtain until some period subsequent to them (viz. the Crusades) in the course of the 15th and 16th centuries.' These are the words of Michaud. Ginguené

[a] Opere di Torq. Tasso (edition of Venice), vol. v. p. 492.
[b] Tasso Op., vol. i. p. 120.

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the cavern, and the objects around them, his language is extremely noble and poetical :—

'The shades of night, meanwhile, come stealing slow
Round the deep-sounding cliffs in thickening gloom,
While numerous fires, at distance, 'gan to glow
Along the hills, which scatter'd bands illume,
Glared from the heights upon th' abyss below,
In dark and sullen grandeur, yielding some
Brief bursts of light to guide the hermit's way
Through clouds and mist that on the valleys lay.

Mid the deep silence of the night he hears
The mountain-torrents rushing on their way
From their eternal springs—then it appears
As if the tramp of troops—the wild dog's bay,—
Mingled with pilgrim's holy lays and tears,
And shepherds' songs—all usher in the day.
He hears the burden of the alternate prayer
Each band takes up to show its pious care.

That long deep murmur, that wild harmony,
Sounds in his ears like voice of years gone by.
Again he seems his native land to see—
His native land, long lost with many a sigh.
Meanwhile, the youth shows languid signs that he
Still lives, and, hoping now he will not die,
The pious hermit feels a holy joy
To think that he has saved that gentle boy.

'Le tenebre frattanto eran discese
Pei burron risonanti, a poco a poco,
Ma i molti fochi che a rincontro accese
L' esercito sbandato in più d' un loco,
Facean dall' alto il nero antro palese,
Inviandovi un lume incerto e fioco
Che a traverso le nebbie della valle
Quel pietoso reggea per l' arduo calle.

Ei fra i silenzi della notte, fuore
Dal reboato assiduo del torrente,
A quando a quando uscir sente il fragore
D' una lontana innumerevol gente,
E gl' inni che notturna erge al signore
De' peregrin la turba penitente,
E de' pastori, e delle affrante schiere
L' assueto alternar delle preghiere.

Quel lungo mormorar, quell' armonia
All' orecchio di lui tant' anni muta,
Al pensier gli riduce la natia
Terra diletta ch' egli avea perduta.
In tanto sospirar languido udìa
Risentito il garzon della caduta,
Ond' ei commosso a un senso è di segreta
Religiosa gioja irrequieta.

Yea

borrowed the assertion from Michaud; but this latter writer has not informed us on what authority he maintains that ideas of magic became prevalent only long after the period of the crusades. In the laws of Rotario, to say nothing of other documents, it is expressly laid down upon the subject of duels, that each combatant is bound to enter the arena without having recourse to the aid of charms. Precisely too, in the year 1098, which is that of the first Crusade, a duel took place, in which one of the combatants having flung an embroidered glove into his adversary's face, the spectators accused him, with loud cries, of employing magic. Here we have the original of Sig. Grossi's incident, when Pirro throws the girdle in Arvino's face, which was viewed as an act of sorcery; nor will any one doubt, after these two authorities, but that a general and popular belief in magic prevailed among the people in the time of the first crusade. That the Turks believed in it is an indisputable fact. Ismeno's appearance between two witches upon the walls for the purpose of directing his magical arts against Godfrey's tower, was suggested to Tasso by history. In fact, we find it related that, during the last assault, two witches came upon the walls to enchant the same tower; but a fragment of rock, which was hurled against the walls, crushed the magicians, and effectually destroyed their enchantments. Tasso, therefore, was justified in supposing, not only that the warriors whom he celebrated entertained a belief in it, but had he represented them otherwise, he would have described characters very different to those of the crusaders. It is curious to observe, that those who have been most eager to accuse Tasso of having adopted the supernatural machinery which he did, are the same who declare that he failed in preserving the costume of the times. So true it is, that these critics of the Italian epic are themselves so little acquainted with the real facts of history upon which they presume to decide.

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Yea, one of his own faith, of Lombard birth,
And bent on service in the holy war,
Is this same youthful knight, whose hopeful worth
He snatched from death in saddest plight—so far
From his lov'd home. He too all lost to mirth,
An exiled wanderer 'neath the eastern star,
Felt it most sweet to hear the native sound
Of his own language dear, on foreign ground.

Un di sua fè, nel suol Lombardo nato,
Onde s' è tolto per la santa guerra,
E' il giovin cavalier da lui salvato
In sì lontana abbandonata terra.
Dacchè ramingo senza nome e stato
Profugo e tristo pel Levante egli erra,
Dolce all' orecchio mai, mai non gli scese
Il caro accento del natìo paese.

And now, after the lapse of long sad years
Passed mid the trembling hopes, deluded still,
Of promised joy, to which none like appears,
That joy flows glad as a fresh sparkling rill.
Long treasured names—fond memory that endears—
Youth's early scenes—all throng his fancy, till
He seems once more to pace that hallowed ground
As when a boy—and hears each well-known sound.'

'E or dopo il volger di tanti anni amari
Fra il trepido desir sempre deluso,
D' una dolcezza cui null' altra è pari
Il purissimo fonte gli fia schiuso,
E 'l suono inebbriante udrà dei cari
Nomi ch' ei porta in cor per sì lungo uso,
E finalmente pur fia che ritorni
Alle memorie de' suoi primi giorni.'
Cant. i. st. 42.

There are few poets who might not be proud of having composed the three following stanzas, which contain a description of the onset of the celebrated battle of Antioch. It relates to the moment when the outposts of the Saracen army being put to flight, the Christians rush out of the walls of the city to commence a general assault, while the Infidels as busily hasten to defend themselves from the unexpected attack.

'With tumult fierce and wild barbaric sound,
Hoarse echo the surrounding vallies far,
As thronging rush from all sides to the ground
The pagan hosts to mingle in the war:
Like mountain streams that burst their neighbouring bounds,
In fury driven, loud neigh the steeds, and dare
The onset, urg'd by shrilly fife and drum,
And clashing arms that near and nearer come.

'Di feroci barbarici ululati
Echeggiando le valli orrendamente,
A caterve accorrean da tutti i lati
Gl' infedeli a sembianza di torrente:
Nitrir cavalli a gran furor cacciati,
Timpani e trombe strepitar si sente,
E 'l suon dell' armi a quel fragor si mesce
Che ad ogni istanta più s' avanza e cresce.

Like the fierce lioness with cubs in lair,
That hears from far the terrors of the chase,
The mingled bay of dogs—the hoarse shouts where
The hunters follow on her secret trace,
She sniffs the wind, growls low, and pricks the ear;
Trembling with rage, she shifts and shifts her place,
Summons her fury—gnashes with her jaws,
With hair erect, bright eyes, and outstretched claws.

'Come leona che de' figlj al nido
Stormendo approssimarse oda la cacia,
E de' veltri il latrar diffuso e 'l grido
De' cacciator correnti alla sua traccia,
Leva il muso odorando il vento infido,
Soffia, e di cupo fremito minacia,
Erte le orecchie, digrignando i denti,
Ritto il pel, l' ugne stese, e gli occhi ardenti;

So the fierce Saracens undaunted stand,
All eager for the onset of the foe—

'Tal la crociata in generosa e fiera
Sembianza a repulsar l'oste s' appresta,

Strung

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Strung every bow, each vizor lower'd, each hand
With brand or lance in rest, prepared to show
The terrible front, the charge of every band,
Still as the air, ere tempests 'gin to blow,
When hark, how wildly comes the fearful crash,
The din of arms, all shouting onward dash.

Teso ogni arco, calata ogni visiera,
Levati i brandi e con le lancie in resta:
Terribile dal fitto d' ogni schiera,
Quasi tuon che precorra la tempesta,
Esce un rombar confuso, escon feroci
Nitriti e suoni e fragor d'armi e voci.'
Cant. x. st. 15.

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It is to be regretted that Signor Grossi did not favour us with more similes, like the one above quoted. The single blemish which we have remarked, consists in the 'de veltri il latrar,' because it is known that greyhounds never bark at all during the chase; neither are they formidable enemies to the lioness. These, however, are trifles. In some instances, perhaps, his lines are hardly sufficiently studied. We are not pleased to meet with such passages as the following:—

'Annunzian la vittoria le campane,'
'Sentono la sua fervida presenza,'

with others of a similar description. Moreover, we could have wished to have seen fewer familiar and low expressions put into the mouths of the principal personages. Raymond calls Pagano a coward; and the latter had previously bestowed the epithet of 'infamous wretch' upon the other. Peter the Hermit arrives, and apostrophises them as

'A vile race depraved,
From hell's most deep abyss in vengeance sprung.'

Cherboja calls the ambassador Peter 'a dog;' which the latter retorts upon him with 'you obscure, creeping worm.' The same Peter applies to the first crusaders the terms of impious, voracious robbers—a generation of vipers, traitors, and counter-parts of Judas, with similar elegant phraseology. Tancred calls his common soldiers, among the crusaders, pests of the camp, coward populace, impious race of vipers, greedy and villain souls, a reprobate race, &c. &c.

The Romantici of Italy have so often asserted and repeated that it is only by following their school, that a poet must pretend to invention; and they have accused so loudly their opponents of servile imitation, that we should have expected at least originality from a Romantico. What, then, was our surprise on reading Signor Grossi's poem, the most important of any which we have yet received from an Italian of the romantic school! If poetry ought to be characterised as invention, we are sorry to declare, that the fifteen Cantos in verse, by Signor Grossi, are not poetry, inasmuch as they lay claim to no degree of invention. From the first to last, both the principal facts and most minute circumstances, even 'il flagellarsi

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flagellarsi a due mani,' by Pagano, all are copied from the histories of the crusades or legends of the middle ages; or from the productions of the poets already known, for the most part Italian, and even from that great Tasso, with whom Signor Grossi has ventured to compete. Yet, while in his character of a Romantico, he is by word obliged to decry the merits, in fact he renders to him the greatest homage by his frequent imitation, not only of the ideas, but of the versification and style, even to the very phraseology. We should, however, have supposed that the example of Lucan would have sufficed to deter any other writer from pursuing a similar track. All the incidents, however, are narrated with minute historical accuracy, in the style of a chronicler, embracing the least circumstance, if we only except the battle of Ascalon. This omission is not owing to the Lombards having borne no part in it, but because one of them, namely Pagano, took no part in it, being then about to expire of the wounds which he had received at the capture of Jerusalem. And, indeed, he richly deserved to have taken leave of the world some twenty years before, by the hand of the common hangman.

Should these observations fall under the eye of Signor Grossi, we would earnestly suggest to him, to be cautious how he suffers himself to be carried away by the metaphysical precepts of a school foreign to the genius of Italy. Italian poetry has its peculiar character already formed, of which it is impossible to deprive it without destroying its entire principles, its very language, and its literature, by means of another middle age. This genius is founded upon the works of about six of the greatest poets in the world, whether we choose to refer them to the classical or to the romantic school. These formed themselves upon the schools of the Greeks and the Romans, and followed paths very opposite to those pursued by the modern Italian romantici. They left works of a stamp wholly distinct from what is now imprest upon the poetical works of Italy, by our authors of the romantic school. We would advise Signor Grossi not to be elevated by the praises of a few fanatical innovators, and not to imagine that to succeed in pleasing his contemporaries, is enough to constitute the reputation of a great poet. None were ever more extolled, or more popular than Marini: who is there at this time bold enough to commend his works? We could wish Signor Grossi, then, to reflect, that between the servile imitation of the ancients, and the extravagance that scorns every rule, there exists a just medium, which we could desire to see him pursue, no less out of regard to his own reputation than for the honour of Italy.

ART. XI.

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ART. XI.—*E. J. Stagnelii Samlade Skrifter. The collected Works of E. J. Stagnelius.* Edited by L. Hammarsköld. Stockholm. 1824-25-26.

STAGNELIUS was one of those truly poetic beings to whom Goëthe's beautiful comparison, likening the life of a poet to the gentle, ever-working existence of the silkworm, may be justly applied. He was so thoroughly a poet, that all his thoughts, words, deeds, and even his errors and excesses, bore the stamp of poetic impulse. He is remarkable for a strain of deep melancholy, a profound mystical intuition of life and nature, and a longing for the moment when the imprisoned *anima* might burst its earthly tenement, and soar to the *pleroma*, as he terms it—the purer regions of celestial air. These sentiments, cherished by the philosophy of Schelling, and the gnostic doctrines of the Nazareens, contained in the Adam's Book,* distinguish the poems of Stagnelius from all that we have seen of Swedish poetry. Among foreign poets, we can only compare him with the German Novalis. Both thought they saw in this visible world merely the symbolic expression of a more ecstatic order of things, and both were early summoned to those blissful regions after which they so fervently aspired—whose bright effulgence seems to have enchanted their mental gaze while yet inhabitants of earth.

Of the three volumes before us, the first contains the epic poems of Stagnelius, which are, Wladimir the Great, Blenda and Gunlög, with two epic fragments; the second, his dramatic pieces, among which are five tragedies; and the third, his didactic poems, the Lilies of Sharon (a collection of religious lyrics), elegies, idyls, sonnets, romances, and translations. This valuable treasure was the fruit of a poetic career of about eleven years, from 1812 to 1823.

His epic poems are, we think, his least successful efforts. Among them, Wladimir occupies the first place for vivid description, and also for the purity of the hexameter. The subject of the poem is, the Campaign of Wladimir, the famous Russian prince, against the Byzantine town of Theodosia, and his conversion to Christianity by the beautiful sister of the Greek Emperor Basilius. 'Blenda' is founded on a Swedish story of the Valiant Women of Smaland, who, by a kind of Sicilian Vesper, destroyed the Danes who had invaded their country during the absence of the Smalandian Warriors.

* Edited by the late Dr. Norberg, the famous Swedish orientalist, and published at Lund.



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The subject of Gunlög is taken from the northern mythology, but this poem is left unfinished, and is chiefly remarkable for the enthusiastic love of his art which the poet displays throughout.

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As a dramatic writer, we cannot give Stagnelius that high rank to which we think him entitled as a lyrical poet. In his dramatic efforts, indeed, he resembles an enthusiastic sculptor, who, with a strong intuitive conception of his art, knows neither the kind of marble he should use, nor what implements are most proper to give life to his conception. Yet, with all their deficiencies in execution, these dramas bear the marks of unquestionable genius; and, in order to estimate them fairly, we should consider the peculiar opinions of the author concerning the Old Classic and New Romantic Tragedy. In the introduction to 'The Bacchants,' these opinions are expressed in the following words, which may serve as a specimen of his mystical style of criticism:—

'There are only two kinds of poetry, the Classic and the Romantic. They are distinguished solely by their direction. The former descends from a supernatural world, to reflect its beauty in the tide of time and things. It metamorphoses the internal into the exterior, the ideal into the real; while the latter works in a directly opposite ratio. Classic poetry is a Venus, descending to the vales of Spring—the romantic, on the contrary, is an Astræa, returning from blood-stained plains into her native skies. Both have equal claims on our admiration, both are beautiful in their different kinds, and both belong to one common country. To prefer the one to the other would be vain, for they are the poles of conception and fancy.

* * * * * *

Classic tragedy aims for effect, not at individuals, but nations. The Romantic, on the contrary, addresses itself solely to individuals. The relation in which these dramatic forms stand towards each other, is sufficiently demonstrated by the subjective nature of the one, and the objectiveness of the other. The one descends fondly from the skies—the other fondly returns thither. It is said in the Eastern tale, genius may more easily put on material clothing than lay it aside. Hence, the astonishing difference between the simplicity of the classic, and the party-coloured appearance of the romantic poetry.'

In 'The Bacchants,' Orpheus, after having enchanted Orcus, seeks, by the power of his heavenly art, to free mankind from the rude religious Orgies, with which the bearers of the Thyrsus worshipped Dionysius, and to give them a purer intuition of the Deity through a profound perception of all Nature. He falls a victim to the vengeance of the God whom he had slighted.

The

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The tragedy, 'Sigurd Ring,' is founded on an old northern story. The victorious Sigurd Ring, ruler of three kingdoms, woos the sister of a petty sovereign, named Alf of Jutland. His suit is rejected, the lady being already betrothed to Ragnar, her brother's companion in arms, whom she tenderly loves. The incensed monarch then summons Alf and Ragnar to the conflict; and, although unequal to contend with such a foe, Alf refuses to resign his sister, but presents her with a cup of poison, which she cheerfully receives. As was expected, Sigurd Ring is victorious, and Alf and Ragnar fall in battle, when the conqueror returns and finds Hilma dead. Thus deprived of the only fruit which he had hoped to reap from victory, he orders the body of Hilma to be brought on board his ship, where the funeral pile is erected. The king having set fire to the pile, cuts away the anchor, and puts to sea, where he perishes amid the conflicting elements.

'Wisbur,' the third tragedy, is also founded on an ancient northern tale, by Snorre Sturleson. Wisbur, of the race of the Ynglings, which had possessed the throne of Upsala since the days of Odin, is the happy consort of Hildur. But their happiness is interrupted by the arrival of Oeda, a Finnish princess, whom Wisbur had repudiated and banished. She is accompanied by her two sons, Gissler and Auder, and demands the delivery of a mysterious golden chain, which Wisbur had presented to her as a wedding gift. This request is denied, the chain having been since given by Wisbur to his favourite Hildur. Oeda then calls on her sons to avenge her cause—the palace of Wisbur is assaulted and burnt—Hildur is found strangled in the golden chain, and Wisbur falls by the hand of his son Gissler. The piece concludes with a prophecy from the Enchantress Huld, who proclaims destruction against all future possessors of the chain, and devotes the race of the Ynglings to internal broils. These three poems are all written on the model of the ancient Greek tragedy, and the Chorus appears in each of them; but, in 'The Bacchants,' it loses its true classic character, by becoming an active agent in the piece. In the two latter tragedies, the Chorus, like that of the ancients, appears merely as the calm poetic commentator on the action.

The two tragedies, 'The Knight's Tower' and 'The Martyrs,' belong to the modern, or romantic poetry. Indeed, Stagnelius himself calls 'The Martyrs' a romantic poem, and does not even give it the name of tragedy. 'The Knight's Tower' displays unpardonable bad taste in the choice of the subject, which is scarcely redeemed by the highly poetic passages which it contains. Olivia, the wife of Count Rheinfels, is imprisoned in a secret



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tower, for the violation of her marriage vow. Her daughter, Matilda, having learnt the secret from a faithful servant, supplicates the liberation of her unhappy mother; when the Count, inflamed with an incestuous passion for his child, fixes her infamy as the price of her mother's freedom, and threatens, in case of refusal, to let Olivia starve in prison. Filial fondness for her mother triumphs—innocence is sacrificed, and Olivia released; but the wretched Matilda, unable to survive her ignominy, perishes by suicide. From this revolting and disgusting subject, we turn with pleasure to 'The Martyrs,' in which religious enthusiasm, Christian fortitude, and unsullied poetic sentiment are expressed in language suited to the subject, which is throughout sublime, equable, and pure. It never can become an acting piece, and, like the Genoveva of Tieck, is, with all its beauties, deficient in stage-effect. Its great charm lies in the flowery, and, at the same time, simple beauty of the style, the strikingly descriptive contrast drawn between the paganism of the Romans and the purity of the primitive Christian faith, and the vein of chaste and sacred feeling which pervades the whole. The heroine of the play is Perpetua, a noble Roman lady, who, according to the legend, was put to death by the satellites of the Emperor Septimius Severus, for her inflexible adherence to christianity, which was proof against the allurements of her kindred as well as the intrigues and the menaces of the proconsul. To give some evidence of the chaste and elevated view of thought and expression which pervades this piece, we here give a translation of a well-known legend, related by one of the Christian presbyters to his audience.

MARCION. In the vale of Tiber,
Near to the gates of high and awful Rome,
There dwelt a Saint. The humble hut still stands,
Cover'd with weeds and shaded by tall pines,
In which she spent her earthly life: alone
Her earthly life; for, soaring far above
The chrystal vault of stars, that purer flame
Of life, which Earth could not retain, was borne
Unto the Tabernacle's kindred rays!
A Maid she was as daylight chaste and fair,
Pure as the jewel in the kingly crown,
Spotless and beautiful as is the lily!
Her name was Theodora. Blest within
That humble hut's obscurity, the care
Of Christian parents watch'd her infant steps,
And train'd her for the heritage of light. The

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The sun of all creation's systems gave
To her a glorious growth, and yet in Spring,
The plant bore golden fruits, purpureal blooms!
For God alone the maiden's bosom burn'd:
And ever, when upon the eastern hills
Aurora rais'd the flag of day, or when
The ev'ning star-lamp trembled in the west,
The lovely maiden prostrate pray'd in tears
Before the sacred cross, nor thought upon
That cruel world of darkness and of crime,
So near the shelter of her blooming groves.[1]

A Voice. O blissful knowledge! knowing nothing more
Beyond the Saviour's wounds and heav'nly love;
Dissolving in a tearful stream, to glide
In Love's wide ocean, heedless of the world!

Mar. Thus life flow'd on—no change its course disturb'd—
Until one eve, returning from the chase,
The Emperor beheld her steal along
The valley's path with timid steps, to seek
The cave of congregation. And a beam
Celestial from her pure blue eyes inflam'd
The tyrant's tiger-breast, and kindled there
Wild passion's lawless fire. For natures vile
Forget how far above them shine the pure,
(As children vainly wish to play with stars:)
To the imperial halls the weeping maid
Was forced to follow in the tyrant's train.

A Voice. Who was this Emperor? He who governs now?

Mar. My friends, what boots it if his name we know?
Not ours is it to judge, or hate, or curse.
Yet duty bids me tell you all. Know, then,
'Twas cruel Commodus, Aurelius' son,
He, who, all-clothed like Hercules, was seen
To drench the sand of amphitheatres
With streams of blood from elephants and slaves.

Several Voices. Speak! Speak! Our eager bosoms beat to learn
The triumph of a Christian's piety.

Mar. Two sceptres have the lords of earth, wherewith
Their slaves to sway—with promises and threats;
With promises the Cæsar long besieged
The heart of Theodora. All that most
On earth is praised by man's inebriate mind—
Gold, songs of lutes, and soft voluptuousness,
Were held before the captive maiden's gaze,
In long perspective of delight. But vain,
My friends, are life's allurements, weak

Their

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Their spell, against a Christian breast, inspir'd
And penetrated by celestial love!
Then furiously the tyrant turn'd to threats.
O wrath most impotent! The heart whose strength
Is proof 'gainst Pleasure's overpowering smiles,
Can ne'er be conquer'd by the throb of pain;
For, manacled with heavy chains, within
The dungeon's depth was Theodora plung'd.

EUBULUS. All hail! all hail! ye dungeons, bonds, and death!
O sons of darkness! you, yourselves, thus lead
The longing martyr to the gates of heav'n;
Your murky cells present a boon to him—
A sweet asylum from a world of woe!
There love divine in secret breathes, and there
Calm Contemplation lights her golden flame;
And Silence, o'er the germ of inward life,
Spreads the warm shelter of a mother's wings!
'Mid dreariest darkness true light beams and smiles,
To bless the soul's fond gaze! And when the frame
With iron bonds is rudely bound, oh, then
The mind shakes off its chains with joy! But say
How suffered, and how died the Christian maid?

MAR. Hunger, and cold, and darkness, now combin'd
In vain to bend her lofty heart to crime.
Fierce serpents hiss'd within the prison-walls,
And there did loathsome lizards dwell, and there
The toads crawl'd forth upon the clammy earth,
While from the roof monotously fell
The chilly ceaseless drops. No sunbeam came
That gloom to cheer. But as among
The mould'ring tombs a lonely lily rears
Its balmy crest, so bloom'd that pious maid,
And sweetly smil'd amidst surrounding gloom!
Calm was her soul—for, when celestial love
Is burning on the altar of the heart,
We heed not outward things; and while illum'd
By beams from the unclouded Sun, what cares
The body if its earthward shadow be
Of morning or of eve? The tyrant, thus
Beholding Theodora's heart unmov'd
Alike by pain and pleasure, gave revenge
The place of hot desire, and doom'd her death.
He sent a chosen freedman, with a slave
To execute his fierce and murd'rous will,
Who, when they reach'd the dungeon cave, beheld
Amid the darkness, like an angel's look,
The beaming light of Theodora's smile!

She

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She heard the word with joy, and calmly clasp'd
Her hands in pray'r, then, with enraptur'd thought,
Exclaim'd, 'All hail, blest isles of paradise!
Ev'n now the breath of roses from your bow'rs
Is wafted towards me!' And the freedman smil'd
In scorn, and, jesting, said, 'Send me, fair maid,
From those celestial groves, for which you leave
Our sinful world, some wreath of purple blooms.'
Then Theodora bound her flowing hair,
And, gently blushing, bar'd her iv'ry neck;—
One cruel blow—and down that fair head fell—
Its golden locks ensanguin'd, but the smile
In death unalter'd still! The sand drank in
The crimson tide of life. An earthquake shook
The vault, the torch extinguish'd, and around
Impenetrable darkness spread—when, lo!
A light, like spring-time's golden eves, illum'd
The cave, and show'd a lovely, beaming boy,
Whose snow-bright robe a starry girdle bound.
A basket on his lily arm he bore,
With flow'rets of the rainbow's thousand hues;
And, calling on the freedman by his name,
In tones, whose sound was musically sweet
As bridal songs, the heav'nly envoy said,
'Behold, how Theodora sends you flowers
From Paradise; then come, oh! come and choose.'
Senseless to earth the freedman fell—and lay
Till waken'd by a mighty earthquake's voice.
The vision then had fled—but day-beams through
The shatter'd cavern shone, and lit their steps,
'Mid crumbling ruins from the awful scene.

But it is the third volume which contains the brightest triumphs of this author's genius. From such a rich assemblage of beautiful pieces, all exquisite in their kind, it is difficult to select any as worthier of notice than the rest. No one can peruse his 'Kyrkogarden' (The Churchyard), or his 'Flyttfoglarne' (The Birds of Passage), without admitting the claim of Stagnelius to a place among the highest order of poets. The collection of religious poems, under the title of 'The Lilies of Sharon,' would, of themselves, have secured for him the meed of immortality. With regard to the present edition of his works, we can safely assert, that the noble editor, whose recent demise we sincerely lament, has conferred a lasting benefit on Swedish literature, by the scrupulous care with which he has collected the costly gems of this distinguished poet. It is true, that among them there are many which

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which want that fine polish, which, according to Horace, can only be given by the *nonum prematur in annum*, but all bear evidenec of a poetic mind. We here subjoin translations of a couple of the smaller lyrical pieces of Stagnelius, which may convey some idea of his style, amatory and religious:—

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| THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE. | FLYTTFOGLARNE.* |
|---|---|
| Behold! the birds fly | Se foglarnes skara! |
| From Gauthiod's strand, | Till främmande land |
| And seek with a sigh | De suckande fara |
| Some far foreign land. | Från Gauthiods strand. |
| The sounds of their woe | Med vidren de blanda |
| With hollow winds blend; | Sitt klagande ljud. |
| 'Where now must we go? | 'Hvar skola vi landa? |
| Our flight whither tend?' | Hvart för oss ditt bud?' |
| 'Tis thus unto heaven that their wailings ascend. | Så ropar den fjädrade skaran till Gud. |
| 'The Scandian shore | Vi lemna med oro |
| We leave in despair, | De Skandiska skär. |
| Our days glided o'er | Vi trifdes, vi voro |
| So blissfully there! | Så lycklige där. |
| We there built our nest | I blommande lindar, |
| Among bright blooming trees; | Der nästet vi byggt, |
| There rock'd us to rest | Balsamiska vindar |
| The balm-bearing breeze:— | Oss vaggade tryggt. |
| But now to far lands we must traverse the seas. | Nu sträckes mot okända rymder vår flygt. |
| With rose-crown all bright | Med rosiga hatten |
| On tresses of gold, | På lockar af guld, |
| The Midsummer night | Satt midsommarsnatten |
| It was sweet to behold! | I skogen, så huld. |
| The calm was so deep, | Ej kunde vi somna— |
| So lovely the ray, | Så dåglig hon var— |
| We could not then sleep, | Af vällust blott domna, |
| But were tranced on the spray, | Tills morgonen klar |
| Till waken'd by beams from the bright car of Day. | Oss väckte på nytt från sin brinnande char. |
| The trees gently bent | Ljuft träden då sänkte |
| O'er the plains in repose; | Kring tufvor sitt hvalf, |
| With dew-drops besprent | Dem perlor bestänkte |
| Was the tremulous rose! | Der törnrosen skalf. |
| The oaks *now* are bare, | Nu sköflad är Eken, |
| The rose is no more; | Och rosen har flytt. |
| The zephyr's light air | Af vindarna leken |
| Is exchang'd for the roar | I storm sig förbytt. |
| Of storms, and the May-fields have mantles of hoar. | Af frostblommor hvita är majfältet prydt. |

Then

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* We are sorry to say, that it was impossible to give the Swedish more correctly. We have placed the Italic *a* instead of the *o*, peculiar to that language, as the Printer was not able to procure the type with the proper vowel point.

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Then why do we stay
In the North, where the sun
More dimly each day
His brief course will run?
And why need we sigh?
We leave but a grave—
To cleave thro' the sky
On the wings which God gave;—
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave!

Hvad göra vi klagre
I Norden? dess-pol
Blir dagligen trängre,
Mer dunkel dess sol.
Hvad batar att qvida?
Vi lemna en graf,
Att fly i det vida,
Gud vingar oss gaf.
Så varen oss helsade, brusande haf!

Of rest thus bereav'd,
They soar in the air,
But soon are receiv'd
Into regions more fair;
Where elms gently shake
In the zephyr's light play,
Where rivulets take
Among myrtles their way,
And the groves are resounding with Hope's happy lay.

Så foglarne qvida,
På skyndande färd,
Snart mottar de spida
En skönare verld,
Der rankorna skälfva,
I almarnes topp,
Der bäckarne hvälfva
Bland myrten sitt lopp,
Och lundarne klinga af njutning och hopp.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the days darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,—
Weep not, O my soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom;
A land smiles for thee,
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never fading its beauties illume!

När grymt sig förbyter,
Ditt jordiska väl,
När höstvinden ryter,
Grät icke, O själ!
Det ler bortom hafven
Mot fogeln en strand.
På hinsidan grafven
Är äfven ett land,
Förgyldt af den eviga morgonens brand.

## AMANDA.

Where sun and flow'r are beaming
Amanda's charms appear;
Her beauty's rays are streaming
Round all this earthly sphere!
The breeze when gently blowing—
The rose that scents the grove—
The vine, when brightly glowing—
All tell of her I love!

I hear her song's sweet numbers,
When Zephyr's breezy wings
Sweep o'er the gold harp's slumbers,
And wake its tuneful strings.
All—all the charms of nature
Amanda's beauty bear;
And show, in ev'ry feature,
Her godhead imag'd there!

The spirits of the dying
Must quit this clay's controul;
But they to rest are flying
In regions of the soul!
The floods, now onward striding,
Are foaming, fierce, and free;—
Yet soon their waves, subsiding,
Will slumber in the sea.

## AMANDA.

I blomman, i solen,
Amanda jag ser;
Kring jorden, kring polen
Hon strålar, hon ler.
I rosornas anda,
I vårvindens pust,
I drufvornas must
Jag känner Amanda.

När guldharpan klingar,
När vestan sig rör
Med susande vingar
Amanda jag hör.
Allt, ängel! bestrålar
Din himlagestalt
Lik Skaparns, i allt
Din gudom sig målar.

Se! själarne ila,
Vid dödsängelns bud
Till gyllene hvila
I famnen af Gud.
Se! floderne hasta
Med skummande fart,
I hafvet de snart
Sig dånande kasta.

But

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But *I* must vainly languish
For joys I ne'er can know,
And wear a cureless anguish
In loneliness and woe!
Fair goddess! I shall ever
Behold thy beauty shine
Like stars above—but never
Can hope to call thee mine!

Men aldrig min trånad
Till målet skall nå
Blek, suckande, hånad
Jag enslig skall gå:
Skall evigt, Gudinna!
Lik stjernan dig se
Högt öfver mig le,
Och aldrig dig hinna.

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These must serve as specimens of Stagnelius. We shall conclude with a short sketch of the history and present state of Northern literature.

The Icelandic language, which is still spoken in Iceland, is the mother of the Swedish and Danish dialects. These last appear to be merely different modifications of the same tongue, and the only dissimilarity between the Norwegian and Danish is, that, in the northern provinces of Norway, the language partakes more of the Swedish. But we go farther, and contend, that both the German and English are descended, however remotely, from this great and copious parent stock. We are aware that the Moeso-Gothic, as it is found in the gospels of Ulphilas, is generally regarded as the origin of the German language: but this Moeso-Gothic, of which we have relics from the fourth century, was a dialect derived from the Old Gothic (spoken on the banks of the river Tanais and the shores of the Pontus Euxinus) mixed with Greek, and probably some Teutonic dialects now unknown. For Odin, with his Asen, who migrated to Sweden some years before the Christian era, belonged to the tribe of Goths, who, some centuries later, became so terrible to the Roman empire. It is well known that Odin founded several dynasties on his way from the banks of the Tanais and of the Palus Mæotis, and we may reasonably suppose that the language of the victor did not differ very widely from that of the vanquished in the conquered countries of North Germany and Denmark. At all events, it is recorded that he found, in Sweden, a language which he understood; and this fact, without reference to other historical reasons, sufficiently confirms the conjecture that an early migration of the Goths to Sweden must have taken place. Descendants of these Goths appeared in Germany during the fourth century, under the name of Sassen. Among them, as among the kindred tribe in Sweden, Odin was worshipped as a god, under the name of Wuodan. They were accompanied by the Angles, under the command of Hengist and Horsa, in their migration to England, and there originated that language known as the Anglo-Saxon, and on which the English language is primarily founded. In Germany the tongue was divided into two distinct dialects, viz.,

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viz., the Suabian, and the Lower German (the Dutch). The Suabians were so called from the German word *schweben* (to wander); and the Saxons also derived their name from a German word *sassen* (sat). In process of time these two languages became amalgamated, and thus produced the High German language as at present written; but the Low German, or colloquial language of the lower classes, still bears marks of its affinity to the English and Swedish languages.

Down to the middle ages, the ancient Gothic, or Icelandic, was the language generally used in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the Färö, Shetland, and Orkney islands; but the English and German languages had then undergone a decided alteration. All the old provincial laws of Sweden and Norway are written in a language differing but slightly from the Icelandic, and their antiquity may be determined by the comparatively close or distant relation they bear to each other. The Icelandic bards, *Skalds*, were easily understood in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, during the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and were, like the old bards of Ireland and Scotland, until the thirteenth century, an indispensable ornament to the northern kingly courts.

But the northern languages degenerated during the middle ages, by their union with the German, and perhaps Anglo-Saxon dialects, which, as is expressly remarked by the northern Herodotus, Snorre Sturleson, the Icelander, were not understood by the northern nations. The learned Dane, E. C. Rask, bears testimony to the extraordinary copiousness, flexibility, and force of the old Icelandic, which in these qualities he affirms to be superior to every modern language. The Danes, as a border people, must necessarily have received into their language many terms and phrases from the neighbouring north German nations, more particularly as some of the German Provinces were subject to the Danish crown. Nor is the Swedish language perfectly free from this German influence; yet, notwithstanding its intercourse with the Hanseatic towns, and the effects of the thirty years war, Sweden has preserved the elements of the original tongue with comparative purity,—a tongue which may be said to rival the Greek in its grammatical combinations, and facility for creating words.

While these derivative languages were gradually losing their original character, the mother tongue found an asylum in that isle, whose solitary situation, bordering on the arctic zone, protects it from frequent intercourse with the more southern nations of Europe. Ancient northern language and poetry were cherished in

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in Iceland, and to this island we are indebted for the possession and comprehension of all that remains of the vivid and natural style of the olden poetry. The recent revival of the study of the Icelandic language in Denmark and Sweden has shed over the Cimmerian darkness of northern history a clearer light than the accounts of Greek and Roman authors, deficient and defaced as they are, could possibly afford. This assertion is amply borne out by the recent work of Professor Geijer, entitled *Svearikes Häfder*, Upsala, 1825, the second volume of which we hope to see in the course of the present year.

In its present form the Swedish language is among the most musical in Europe. Flexible, yet strong, flowery, yet concise, it combines the gravity of the northern with the melodious beauty of the southern languages; and, equally free from the hissing sounds of the German and English, as from the nasal tones of the French, it is peculiarly suited to a softer northern character. If this language be allowed the formation of new words, an attempt which has of late been successfully made by the Swedish poets, it will not fall short of the German in profound and comprehensive character. In order to exhibit the relation to which we have alluded as subsisting between the Icelandic, English, German, and Swedish languages, we here give a comparative list of words taken indiscriminately.

| *Icelandic.* | *Swedish.* | *German.* | *English.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| fraendi | frände | freund | friend |
| draumr | dröm | traum | dream |
| fadir | fader | vater | father |
| sök | sak | sack | sack |
| smidr | smed | schmid | smith |
| hey | hö | heu | hay |
| gras | gräs | gras | grass |
| lunga | lunga | lunge | lungs |
| hjarta | hjerta | herz | heart |
| eyra | öra | ohr | ear |
| steinen | sten | stein | stone |
| konungr | konung | könig | king |
| auga | öga | auge | eye |
| brenna | bränna | brennen | burn |
| sitja | sitta | sitzen | sit |
| rida | rida | reiten | ride |
| renna | rinna | rinnen | run |
| fylja | följa | folgen | follow |
| hanga | hänga | hängen | hang |
| sverja | svära | schwören | swear |
| slippa | slippa | schlüpfen | slip |

From this list, which we could easily enlarge, were it necessary, it is clear that, without due reference to the Icelandic, no perfect etymological

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etymological system can be formed in any of the modern languages. Though we are by no means favourable to the etymological niceties and lingual trifling of many modern scholars, (by which science is little benefited,) yet we venture to assert without fear of contradiction, that lawyers like Savigny, and historians like Raumer and Hallam might gain immense stores of learning in history and laws from this long-neglected mine. They might, for instance, compare the old German and Anglo-Saxon with the primitive northern provincial legislation, provided they possessed a competent knowledge of the language, as is the case with Jacob Grimm, of Cassel. The popular poetry of the Scandinavians rivals that of the English and Scotch in beauty and intrinsic worth. The sublimity, pathos, proud contempt of death, and lively love for freedom which they express, are the true impressions from the popular character. The appellation of *northern Frenchmen* has been recently given to the Swedes; but nothing can be more absurd. The comparison can only be partially justified among the highest class, which, through the influence of Gustavus III., strengthened by the philosophy of Voltaire and Helvetius, may in some measure have assumed a frivolity of manner, for which polite demeanour and gentleness of disposition cannot always atone. But, throughout Europe, the higher classes bear a close resemblance to each other in point of manners, cultivation, and employment of time, and can never be fairly taken as a criterion by which to judge of national character. In no European country is the great body of the people less infected with pernicious refinement and immoral contagion than in Sweden; and we believe this moral superiority is supported by proportionate mental cultivation. His legislative right gives the peasant a knowledge of history and of the constitution of his country, while in other parts of Europe the peasantry are either the serfs of the nobility, or wretched dependants on an overbearing aristocracy, or have totally disappeared as an independent class. No where is this element of a sound social order represented as an important part of the nation except in Sweden, where it forms the most incorrupt and powerful portion of the people, and therefore justly participates in the legislation.

A country, whose inhabitants have never borne a foreign yoke, and who have always broken the chains of despotism,—a country which has remained free from those two great cancers of the social order, the feudal system and bondage,—a country which, although poor in gold and silver, is rich in iron, and in men capable of handling it most effectually,—a country where sciences and arts, language and literature, have for centuries been cultivated, surely deserves to be better known to its neighbours.

In

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In the annals of all mankind the clear day of history is preceded by the mystic twilight of mythology; through the veil of which the historical inquirer beholds the blending of truth and fancy. In the mythological tales of every country, the traces of a higher knowledge of divine things are clearly perceptible; but, in proportion as people degenerate from the source of truth, the more various, confused and sensual become these allegories. They are converted into hieroglyphics, which none understand, because the key to such understanding is no longer to be found. The northern mythologies, like the Greek, contain the idea of an omnipotent Father of gods and men; and, as far as they have reached us, prove to be poetical images from popular creeds or higher esoteric doctrines symbolically represented.

In the north as in the south, Christianity put an end to this primitive poetry; and the giant shapes of the northern world returned to their misty regions, whence the Scalds had drawn them forth; yet for a long time was the hammer of Thor celebrated, and the praise of Odin and Freia chaunted by the enraptured poet.

Odin taught this Asen the Runick and songs. The priests only understood the charms of incantations; and we believe with *Gejer*, that the Asamàl, which is mentioned in the Edda, was the art of the Scalds, which had been introduced by Odin and his Asen, and confined only to the initiated. It presents us with that rich mythology, which, in power of imagination, in exuberance of images, seems to surpass even the Greek predecessor. Neither Homer's description of the gods, nor Hesiod's theogony, can stand the comparison with the awful Voluspa, which, as the trumpet-sound of the past, relates the creation of all things, and announces, with the enthusiasm of the prophet, the final ruin of the heavenly empire, the last day of gods and men, when a new reign of everlasting bliss will commence under the Father of all. But when the government of the kings ceased to be theocratical, and when the northern mythology became more sensual, descending from the upper into the lower regions, as we find it in the younger or prosaic Edda, so that the magnificent Asgard rather resembled the court of a king with his Thignarmen or Jarls, than the godly seat of the wise Odin, then the court-poets or scalds began to flourish; and then kings were celebrated, their deeds compared to those of the gods,—the scalds forming a particular tribe which belonged to the suite of the king. They were as necessary to his fame as his berserkers, and therefore the welcome visitants at the feast, which they embellished with tale and song. From them

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and the narratives of his predecessors, Snorre Sturleson, the noble Icelander, composed, in the 13th century, his history of the kings since the time of Odin, called 'Heims Kringla,' which will for ever remain a model of noble simplicity of style, and of pleasant and lively diction. He has preserved in it many couplets of the ancient scalds.

In the old or poetic Edda, also called the Sämund's Edda, because the Icelander Saemund, surnamed Frode, who died in 1133, collected the tales and songs of which it consists, we find the remnants of the ancient poetry of the priests, to which the younger Edda (which is probably written by Snorre Sturleson, and is only a kind of prosaical mythology with an *Ars Poetica*, called 'Skulda') refers; but the last part of the more ancient or Saemund's Edda, is formed by the heroic tales, which show that, besides the priest and court poetry, there also existed a popular poetry. The tales of Sigurd Fofnisbane and Brynhilde, of Volsungen and Niflungen, Völund and Helge, are fragments of old popular traditions, whose origin may be traced from the highest antiquity, and which passed over into the poems of the kindred Teutonic people. We are indebted to the Icelanders for the preservation of the language and literature of the old northern people; for when the zeal for the propagation of Christianity led to the destruction of the dark and impious recollections of the gentile times, and monkish science and rhymes had chased away the old literature and language, they found an asylum in the distant Iceland, which became the pantheon of the Northern Gods and heroes. Norwegian noblemen, who fled before the powerful arm of their King Harald Harfager, brought indeed the Christian religion to Iceland; but this did not prevent the Icelandic people from preserving the monuments of a venerable antiquity, as well as their old classical language, whence only modern historians are enabled to avail themselves of the true northern traditions.

The last Scald mentioned in history was the Icelander Sturle Thordson, of the court of Birger Jarl, about the middle of the thirteenth century. Whilst the Troubadours in the south of Europe were celebrating the courage and glory of chivalry, and the love and beauty of their 'ladyes,' the voice of poetry was mute in the Scandinavian peninsula. For three centuries the people carried on a bloody struggle for freedom, and Swedish history presents but dry lists of northern kings, and some old traditions in rhymed chronicles. The old provincial laws, however, and popular songs, all of a deep tragic character, which were preserved by the people, prove that the rage of factions, and the tyranny of foreign intruders, could never destroy entirely the sense of the people for poetry. A new morning dawned with Gustav Erichson

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Erichson Wasa, the Bruce of Sweden. The Reformation brought a new life into the north; the ice of monkish torpidity was broken, and the stream of imagination and knowledge began again to flow; but it took some time before it could regain its wonted channel.

The two Reformers, Olaus and Laurentius Petri, who were distinguished for ecclesiastical eloquence, were the first who proceeded to the study of history with sound critical judgment. Olaus Petri combated with success the erroneous views of the last Catholic bishop, Johannes Magnus, who in his historical work on Sweden had accumulated the most gross falsehoods. The two Petri were followed by the *Messenius*, father and son: the first endeavoured, like Shakspeare, but with inferior talent, to embody the history of his country into dramatic composition. Olaus Rudbeck would have been more useful to his country by the extensive knowledge he displayed in the Atlantis, if he could have guarded himself from the extravagances of his imagination. Men like Skytte, Schäffen, Loccenius, Peringsköld Stiernhök, are, in the history of Sweden, of worthy and exalted memory. Their indefatigable researches in history and antiquities have paved the way to modern historians, more than the latter venture to acknowledge.

The two Peringsköld especially revived the study of Icelandic literature. Under the protection of Charles XI., who certainly exerted himself more than all his predecessors for literature, the elder Peringsköld succeeded in republishing Snorre Sturleson, and many of the most beautiful northern traditions. Charles XII., a man of considerable knowledge, did not advance the noble cause which his father had so strenuously advocated. The sound of arms frightened away the Muses. Dahlin, a greater historian than poet, was the forerunner of the brilliant period under Gustav III. He published, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the first literary periodical in Sweden, and the several societies which were formed for the cultivation of sciences prove the intellectual progress of the nation.

Stjernhjelm, a contemporary of the great Gustav Adolph, of Oxenstjerna, and the whimsical Christina, was the first poet of note. His performance, Hercules, in hexameters, indicates a bold and powerful mastery of his native tongue; but the influence of the German language was too visible. This influence increased so much at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, that Swedish poets, as Columbus and Lars Johnson, preferred to write their verses in that dialect. The Italian language was at this time studied by Swedish noblemen who visited the southern universities.

Dahlstierna

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Dählstierna introduced the Italian stanza, and translated the Pastor Fido of Guarini; and Nicodemus Tessin, the great architect, and builder of the palace at Stockholm, together with David Klöcker Ehrimstrahl, the painter, both favourites of Charles XI., owed to a long stay in Italy their highly cultivated sense for the fine arts.

With the reign of Gustav III. begins a glorious period for Swedish literature. His panegyrists, as well as his detractors, have done injustice to this prince; he had an earnest wish to render his people happy, although he did not always choose the proper means. When he ascended the throne, the French language was predominant on the continent; he had become himself, during his stay in France, an enthusiast for Voltaire, Corneille, Racine, and Molière; and Boileau seemed to him to wield the sceptre of good taste and sound criticism, and he proposed them to the Swedish as models. Hence the poetry of this time bears a French physiognomy, although a few, like Bellmann, Kellgrèn, Lidner, and Thorild, preserved a national character. The king was indefatigable in his endeavours to encourage talent, and inexhaustible in his rewards. All the eminent men of the nation flocked round the court; the nobility was distinguished for literary attainments, as the Counts Creuz, Gyllenborg, Oxenstjerna, Baron Adlerbeth, and Silverstolpe, amply prove. He liberally supported and patronized the two universities, Upsala and Lund, established several academies, and did not consider it derogatory to his dignity to contend for the prizes with the distinguished men of his time. It is well known, that his discourse on Thorstenson carried the prize of the Academy.

Whatever may have been the political conduct of Gustav III., as long as the memory of Linnæus, Ihre, and Sergel (who first distinguished himself as a sculptor) will live, that king can never be forgotten who fostered them into excellence. Without his liberal support, Bellmann could not, 'procul negotiis,' have wielded his humorous thyrsus, and Kellgrèn and Lidner would have grovelled in want and distress, and never ventured, in bold flight, towards the empyrean of poetry.

Since the death of Gustavus III. literary activity has been continually increasing in Sweden: the taste for literature and the fine arts is generally spread. Sweden rivals in this respect England, France, Germany, and Denmark. The erudite researches of the Danish Suhm, Nierup, Finn Magrusson, Müller, and of the German Büsching, Von der Hagen, Docen, and the two brothers Grimm, in the northern antiquities, induced in Sweden the study of language and literature, which since the time of Peringsköld had been neglected. The periodical Iduna published



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lished by Geier in Upsala, the excellent translation of the Edda, and of the Heimskringla of Snorre Sturleson, by Afzelius, were the first fruits of the revival of the study of Icelandic. The gods of Greece ceased to play the principal part in Swedish poems. The well of Mimer became the Castalian fountain; Bragur conquered Apollo, and the Olympus fell into the back ground before the beautiful Asgard and Walhalla. Powerful antagonists of the French taste arose, and the German critics, the two Schlegels, and Tieck, lent the weapons for the national combat. Geijer, Atterbom, Palmblad, and Hammersköld were the leaders of the romantic school, and the periodicals Phosphorus, Polyphemus, Hermes, and Svea, supported their cause. The Allmäna Journal, and the Stockholm Post, were their antagonists. The consequence of this struggle has been, that the Swedish academy is no more regarded as a legislative authority; Shakspeare has been translated and studied, and the German literature has been generally preferred to the French.

Among the poets of our days rank highest Stagnelius and Tegnèr, but Atterbom August Nicander, and Bernhard Beskow's last productions have been pleasant phenomena on the horizon of Swedish literature.

The study of philosophy has been pursued of late with great vigour. The systems of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling have been carefully examined by the professors Höijer, Biberg, and Grubbe. In history are distinguished Hallenberg, Hans Järta, and Geijer. Of all the Swedish authors, the two latter and Palmblad write the best prose. The discoveries of Berzelius, the chemist, are well known in England; and the works of Ehrenheim, Wahlenberg, and Nilsson deserve to be known.

The study of law has hitherto been unwarrantably neglected: the government endeavours to remedy this defect. The edition of the old Swedish provincial laws, at the expense of government, undertaken by Collin and Schlüter, will prove very welcome to every lawyer. A committee has been appointed by the king several years ago, to revise the code of 1734: the president of which is Count Gyllenborg, and the most active members Rückert, Zenius, and Staf; and an important part of a new code has already been submitted to the sanction of the diet. The French and Bavarian codes of law, and the works of Beccaria, Filangieri, Feuerbach, and Grollmann have been carefully consulted, and the principles of the old northern law preserved, wherever it was consistent with the present circumstances.

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ART. XII.

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ART. XII.—*Charte Turque; ou Organisation Religieuse, Civile, et Militaire de l'Empire Ottoman, suivie de quelques Reflexions sur la Guerre des Grecs contre les Turcs.* Par M. Grassi (Alfio), Officier Supérieur, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, tom. 2. Paris. 1825.

'L'ORGANISATION de l'empire Ottoman est peu connue en Europe,' observes M. Alfio Grassi, in his preliminary notice on the Turks, and he thus continues; 'et ce peuple n'est presque connu parmi nous, dans ses lois, ses mœurs et ses coûtumes, que par les contes des Mille et une Nuits, ou quelqu'autre histoire mensongère.' In this observation he has our cordial assent, and perhaps it is the most veracious thing in his two thick octavo volumes. He speaks in big terms of the darkness of ages, the veil of time, and the mendacity of historians, but the boaster has done nothing to elucidate the subject: and as for truth, his prototype is the far-famed Mendez de Pinto. As a motto to his work should be inscribed the following witticism of the facetious Master Parolles:—'That though a traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, yet one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.' If this rule were observed, the flagellation of poor M. Grassi would be infinite. He thinks of the Turks what some of his countrymen have imagined the Chinese—gods walking the earth. He idolizes their manners, customs, habits, peculiarities, laws, institutions—every thing. We shrewdly suspect, from the vivid and epicure-like *goût* with which he has recounted the usages of the seraglio, that had he ever been at the great eastern capital, he must have spent his days in all the Sybarite luxuries of that city instead of employing the laudable curiosity of an intelligent traveller to procure correct information. But we much doubt this his boasted visit to Constantinople. He is so wretchedly ignorant of the Turkish language, that even the most learned linguist cannot guess at his meaning; every page is overrunning with palpable errors. He is not more happy in his friend, for his main authority is a certain Syllostri, a Greek Candiot, but a Catholic and an Abbé. Even if such a writer had existed, which we doubt, those two qualities of a Catholic and an Abbé, in Greece and in the seventeenth century, are sufficient to testify against his impartiality, and to prove his devotion to the Turks. The present struggle of the Greeks has too completely unmasked the patriotism of the Greek Catholics, to whom the catastrophes of Scio, Psara, and Missolonghi were the subjects of public exultation.

Even the very title militates against truth. The author calls



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his book the 'Charte Turque.' The Charte Turque! We, who were born in Constantinople, and have spent there the earlier portion of our life—we, who have witnessed the confiscations and murders which are every-day scenes in that seven-throned city—we who have beheld the horrible inflictions and plague-like calamities showered on the people by the Ottoman Sultan—we know full well how to estimate the value of the 'Charte Turque.' The very Turkish epithet for the sultans gives the lie sufficiently to M. Grassi:—they are styled *yoularsiz arslan*—unmuzzled lions.

We differ entirely from the Panegyrist. The religion of the Turks would disqualify them from deserving such applause as he has lavished upon them. Of all the theocratic governments, that of the prophet was the most arbitrary, the most absurd, and the most degrading to the human species. The legislator of his people, without deigning to assume the title, Mohammed interspersed the Koran with his laws, and by that means he gave them an irrevocable authority, as having been sent from the highest heaven by an angelic messenger. Having appropriated to himself, in the name of God, an absolute power, he pretended to prescribe to his successors their duties towards their subjects; the contract containing those duties was declared by God; the infraction of its articles was to be judged by divine arbitrement. It was thus very easy for him and his successors to speak of their obligation to govern with justice. The Mussulman subjects were called by them *ibad-ullah*, or 'God's servants,' and the subjects not Mussulmen, *vediat-ullah*, or 'God's deposit;' but these servants of God were too inferior to the mighty prophet, to the *habib-ullah*, or 'favourite of God,' to dare to complain of him. And this prophet and favourite was believed to possess the right of treating them according to the divine will, which was not revealed, except to himself alone, and through him to his successors. As to the subjects not Mussulman, to whom he gave the name of God's deposit, they were at the entire disposal of those to whose care they were confided.

By the schism of Aly, by the divisions of the Caliphate branches, and by the irruption of the Tatars under Tzenghis-Khan and his descendants, the theocratic authority of the Caliphate lost much of its arbitrary character; but Osman, or Ottman, the usurper of the throne of other usurpers, the Seldgiucides, undertook to replace it in its primitive vigour; and established, as an incontestable attribute of his crown, the abnegation of the rights of life and property on the parts of his subjects in general. He says, 'all property belongs to the Sultan:' again, that 'The neck of a slave is slenderer than a hair.' 'Mussulmans or no Mussulmans, all his subjects

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subjects were considered by him as his slaves.' Thus all Mahometans termed themselves the Sultan's slaves, wearing on their neck the chain of servitude. He degraded them to such a baseness, that they not only boasted of being slaves of the king of kings, but also, when they belonged to other Mussulmans who bought them in Circassia, in Georgia, or in any other country, they took a pride in declaring their wish, never to be emancipated, and they used these words:—'We are slaves who do not accept emancipation.' It was in consequence of this most abject degradation that the Circassian and Georgian slaves, purchased by other Mussulmans, and then enfranchised, became afterwards Grand Viziers, Grand Admirals, and the chief dignitaries of the empire, their only claim being the lucky chance of having been purchased and brought up in slavery. The present Grand Admiral, Khuchrew-Pacha, and the Commander-in-Chief, Kioutahy Rechid Pacha, are freed Circassians, who boast of their ancient condition of *kiolé*, or slave sold in the market.[1]

It is true Osman entrusted the judicial power to the Seïul-Islam, or the great Ottoman Pontiff, whose *fetva*, or sentence,[2] was to determine upon the life or death of an accused person. But in practice this check was nugatory, for the Mufti, when he contravened Osman's will, was deposed.

He also established, by an ordinance, that neither he nor his successors should ever have the power of declaring war, or concluding peace, without the previous consent of the higher clergy, the ministry, and the military chiefs; but the Ulémas, the Ridzals, and the Asqueris, are slaves, whose lives depend on the will of their master. Besides, by a gratuitous contradiction, he assumed

(1) The predilection entertained by the Mahometans for their slaves bought in the market, had its origin in the time of the ancient caliphs. Egypt was governed by slaves, who had been freed by other slaves. It was, so to say, a slavocratic order (*Δουλοκρατία*). Mamlook is an Arab adjective, characterizing any thing acquired as property; applied to men it is used without its substantive; Abdi Mamlook, a slave acquired as property, Mehmed-Aly Pacha, when he undertook, for the first time, the reform of the army narrowly escaped being massacred by his undisciplined troops. He was consequently obliged to order eight hundred of his Circassian slaves to learn the European exercise, in a province remote from Cairo; declaring, at the same time, that he compelled nobody to enter this regular corps, but that those who would enter into it should receive quadruple pay. This stratagem succeeded, and the love of money triumphed over the *esprit de corps*. As the nucleus of Aly-Pacha's regular troops has been composed of slaves, and as almost all the chiefs of the disciplined army are taken from this nucleus, if any revolution should happen in Egypt, that country would again fall into doulocracy, or the government of the Mamlooks.

(2) Mustapha III., the father of the sultan Selim, having taken steps to put unjustly to death Gregory Callimaky, the Hospodar of Wallachia, required the sentence to be signed by the great Mufti, called Osman-Mulla. The latter refused to issue an unjust sentence; so that Mustapha, becoming furious, abolished for ever, by an imperial decree, the right which, until then, had been exercised by the Grand Mufti. The just and courageous Osman-Mulla was struck the next morning with apoplexy, and thus escaped the punishment which was preparing for him.

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the title of possessor of the sword and the pen;[1] that is to say, of the power to make war and to conclude peace.[2] The successors of Osman followed his steps: Sultan Murad the First created the corps of Janissaries and Spahis, to strengthen his absolute power. He called them *kioul*, or, 'especial slaves.' Sultan Suleïman, surnamed Kanooni, or the legislator, established new ordinances, all tending, under the appearance of public good, to the increase of despotism.

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We need not be astonished, at the immense accumulation to the despotic authority of these Ottoman sultans. They did not create it; they are indebted for it to Mohamedanism and its founder. It was Mohammed who gave so unmeasurable an extent to arbitrary power. He indeed experienced no difficulty in establishing theocratic despotism, in an age in which every broacher of a new religious system could easily obtain a crowd of proselytes, full of raving fanaticism, and in a country in which tyranny, like an endemic malady, had accustomed the people to suffer it patiently, as the neighbouring inhabitants of volcanoes resign themselves to the desolation of its eruptions. Thus, the Arabs endured the evils of tyranny, as indispensable, and their proverbial expression was,[3] 'There are three merciless things, fire, the sultan, and time.' The Persians with similar apathy say,[4] 'That the vicinity of the sultan is a burning fire;' and the Turks, as we have already observed, declare, 'that their sovereign is an unmuzzled lion.'

The theocratic despotism of the Mohamedans prescribes to them only two objects of indispensable duty; religion and mo-

(1) In the way of all conquerors, Osman and his successors, keeping themselves constantly on the offensive, did not require, either to declare war, or to sign peace, the previous consent of the three orders of the government. Their treaties of peace were only brief truces. The causes of war remained—the causes for resuming hostilities were permanent. For this reason, since Osman, all the Ottoman sultans have been always prepared to meet the enemy. Their orders, even in times of peace, have been considered as emanating from those who were prepared and willing for war. It is said, for instance, that such a firman has resulted from *rikiabi-humayoon*, or, 'the imperial stirrup.' Every time that the Grand Vizier, with the ministers of the Porte, the great Mufti, the two Cazi-askeres, and the Great Admiral, repair solemnly to the audience of the sultan, it is said that they present themselves to the *rikiabi-humayoon*.

(2) All property which is not annexed to the Mosques belongs to the crown; and as the possessors of immoveable property pay annually to the imperial treasury a fixed sum, in order to enjoy the right of usufruct, the sultan is not entitled to deprive them of this possession; but, by putting them to death, on any pretext, he repossesses it by confiscation. Presumptive heirs to the crown receive a very shabby pension. Having ascended the throne, they become the irresponsible guardians of all the treasures of the crown, and of all its revenues. Although these treasures, kept in apartments for that purpose in the Seraglio, bear the name of *béitoul muslimin*, or, 'the deposit of the wealth of the true believers,' the sultans, deriding their duty of inspectors of this national property, dispose of it according to their own caprice.

(3) *Salassata achyden léïsa siha amânu: an-nâru, vas-Sultanu, vaz-zâmanu.*

(4) *Kurb-i-Sultan, âteshi suzan est.*

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narchy, all other relations, even the most sacred, are secondary. Attachment to country is not an absolute and independent duty, but only a feeling which religion does not disavow: 'The love of one's native land is permitted by religion.' Thus the Mussulmans never say that they fight for their country, but for religion and monarchy.[1] 'It is absolutely necessary to sacrifice one's head and one's life for religion and monarchy.' When the Sultans order a Mohamedan to plunge his country in fire and blood, he punctually executes the commands of his master, however unjust they may be, with a perfect conviction that he has achieved a meritorious work.[2]

When the Sultan puts unjustly to death the father or the children of a Mohamedan family, the remaining members think that he does nothing which inevitable fate does not prescribe. They suffer this act of tyranny with resignation,[3] exclaiming *Padichah Sagolsoun*, that is to say, 'long live the Padichah.' The violation of the honour of a Mohamedan subject is an insult to the person of the Sultan. It is said,[4] 'individual honour has its source in that of the Padichah.' Thus, when any one is insulted, he has recourse to the prince for revenge; but for that very reason, as no one is the proprietor of his own honour, and as he derives it from the sovereign, who can either grant it or withhold it, at his caprice, it follows that a Mohamedan, when his honour is attacked by the Sultan, believes that he has neither right nor reason to complain.

The Koran is also the source of the civil code of the Mohamedans. The immediate successors of Mohammed collected the scattered laws in that book, and commented upon them, so that the Mussulman people, perfectly convinced that they had a god for a legislator, say, when they make their appearance before their judges, that they give themselves up to the laws of God. It follows, that the Mohamedan jurisprudence, founded on principles as inviolable as the religion, is necessarily narrowed in its limits, and can never be extended. Nevertheless, what a crowd of false interpretations, of cunning subterfuges and sophisms are introduced into it! How many false witnesses[5] swarm the Ottoman courts!

(1) *Dinlet devolet uguruna fédaï bachou dzan itmak vadzibéden dir.*

(2) The Sultans seldom send any one to punish a Mohamedan province but a Pacha who is a native of it; and who goes beyond the order of his master, not from any private animosity which might lead him to revenge, but because he is perfectly convinced that he performs a work pleasing to God, and to the Sultan his shadow *(zil-ullah)*. Therefore, he ravages the unhappy country which is his own, slaughters its inhabitants, and, in his dispatches to the Porte, pompously writes these words, *tache u'erinè, tache burahmadin*, 'I have not left one stone upon another.' There are, in the Ottoman chronicles, many instances of this horrible devotion to the Sultan; the effect of a religion which stifles all feeling.

(3) *Kasayè riza*, that is to say, 'resignation to fate.'

(4) *Irz padishahin dir*, that is to say, 'honour proceeds from the Sultan.'

(5) *Yalan Shahidler.*

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courts! How many advocates under the name of *wékili cher'i*, although they do not exercise that function, are nevertheless received and recognised by Mohamedan justice! A swarm of pettifoggers called echirra, are the scourges of justice, and fatten at the expense of truth and reason, which they falsify. The fetvas, or the sentences of the Seïd-ul-Islam, or the Grand Mufti, are sold, and return him annually large sums. Frequently two contradictory sentences, purchased by the two antagonists, have been produced in the same matter of litigation, and have disconcerted the knowledge and the gravity of the judges. These contradictions happen so often from the inadvertence or the cupidity of the Great Mufti, that they have passed into a proverb.[1]

After the fall of the eastern empire by the fall of Constantinople and Trebisond, Mohamed II., having nothing to fear from the Greeks, had only for his enemies the people of the west, particularly the powers bordering on his empire. For these his religion bade him to entertain profound contempt and implacable hate; and though sometimes obliged to conclude a peace, he endeavoured to prevent all moral communication between the Franks and his subjects. The object of this system was, to perpetuate in the hearts of the Mahometans that great incitement to conquest, national and religious antipathy to enemies. This sultan and his immediate successors scarcely tolerated the Frankish inhabitants of Galata.[2]

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(1) *Mes'élé tzatallandi*, that is to say, 'the case is divided into two contrary points.' The small number of law-suits, in comparison with the population, is a remarkable fact in the judicial administration of the Ottoman empire. This is occasioned by two causes. Every Mahometan subject, and, *à fortiori*, every subject of another religion, avoids, as much as possible, commencing proceedings on questions of inheritance, of purchase and sale, and of commercial transactions; because his property, until then concealed with the utmost mystery, would be exposed, during the suit, by the adverse party, and would excite the avidity of the Sultan and the local authorities. In the second place, as civilization introduces luxury, and this creates a multitude of fictitious wants, fraud and crime are multiplied in such various ways, as to defy the anticipative remedies of the legislature. The Ottoman empire, without civilization, is also without artificial wants.

Let any one judge, then, what must be the nature of that judicial administration in Turkey, by which the Mohamedan judges are enriched, although their functions last but for a year, and law-suits are comparatively rare. We will cite the following instance: the *Kazi-asker* of *Room-ili*, or the supreme judge of European Turkey, residing at Constantinople, and considered as the second person, after the Mufti, among the clergy, fills that office only during a lunar year; and, nevertheless, in that short space of time, he accumulates so much treasure, that he builds villas, buys leases of farms, jewels, handsome *dzariyé*, or slaves, every one of which costs one, five, or eight hundred pounds; added to which he keeps a battalion of Mohamedan servants, composed of a hundred persons.*

(2) The ill treatment which the Franks suffered from the Turks was scarcely mitigated under

* A *Kazi-asker* of *Room-ili*, called Moorad-Molla, in the reign of Abdool-Hamid, the father of the present Sultan, had six or seven country-houses, all elegantly built and furnished; each of which was

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From all that we have just stated, it may easily be inferred that, from the reign of Mohamed II., there has existed a hatred, and a line of moral and religious separation[1] between the Ottoman people and European nations. There is no cordial and familiar intercourse between the Franks and this fanatic horde; no moral affinity:[2] the true and only reason why the Europeans have never known, and do not even now know, except indirectly and superficially, the character of this people.

A European cannot be a competent judge of the Turks in time of peace: in time of war, many Europeans have fallen into their hands, and become slaves—are well acquainted with their ferocity, which is the more dreadful, as it is authorised by the Koran; and for that reason is incorrigible. The Europeans who visit the dominions of the Ottoman empire are of three classes: ambassadors and their suites; commercial people; and travellers. The ambassadors and their suites, dreaded in consequence of the public character they bear, must not be ill-treated

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under Francis I. France surpassed the other nations in endeavours to gain the good will of the *Khunkiar*;* and as the reward of her officious diligence, she obtained, among other prerogatives, that of having under her protection the three Catholic churches at Pera; namely, those of St. Pierre, St. George, and St. Benedict; as well as the two others of St. Louis and St. Anthony at Galata. Austria also succeeded at a later period to the protection of the third church at Galata, St. Mary. Those are the only six Catholic churches which are barely tolerated at Constantinople: there is no Protestant church. The quarter of Pera, and the village of Buyook-dérà, on the borders of the Bosphorus, are appropriated to the residence of the ambassadors and their suite; as well as of other Europeans of distinction. It is only in those two places that they are permitted to have property. The European merchants who inhabit Galata are the tenants of the houses and warehouses which they occupy.

(1) The celebrated Missionary, Forbin Janson, during his excursion in Greece and Asia Minor, in 1816 and 1817, undertook to make proselytes among the Greeks and Armenians. He openly preached Catholicism; attacking some as schismatics, others as heretics. He was at Smyrna when the present Sultan, apprised of his conduct, flew into a rage, and addressed to his Grand Vizier a thundering order, in his own hand, that the Missionary should be expelled by the French Ambassador from all the Ottoman states; if not, he ordered that the agitator should be beheaded. This system of the Ottoman government against the Franks was the cause of the ill-treatment which the Catholic Greeks of the Archipelago experienced. Ignorant of the Ottoman policy, these islanders of the Western Church attributed to the intrigues of their countrymen of the Eastern Church, the ill-will of the Turks towards them. Thus the fever of religious fanaticism acquired greater malignity by the poison of jealousy.

(2) The Ottoman government prohibited all communication with the Franks, not only from the Mahometans, but even from their Christian subjects. No one of these dared, in asking for a passport, formally to announce his intention of travelling in Europe. Merchants and students were compelled to go to Wallachia and Moldavia, and thence proceed to Russia or Austria; others to the Ionian islands, and thence to Italy. The Greeks, who, after having studied Medicine in the European universities, returned to Turkey, wore the European dress, and concealed their origin from the Turks.

was occupied by one of his favourite female slaves, whom this luxurious *Kuzi-asher*, this second person of the clergy, visited in her turn.

* A Persian word more forcible than Sultan; and a title exclusively employed for the person of the Ottoman sovereigns. All the officers of different ranks of the seraglio, when they speak of the Sultan, employ the title *Khunkiar*.

by

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by the Turks. The two other classes, being also under the protection of their respective sovereigns, are on the footing of the ambassadors. If the merchants, in their commercial relations with the Turks, find them sincere and honest, those two qualities are only the precarious effect of their ignorance in commercial affairs, and of the comparison which they draw between the Europeans, who pay them punctually, and the local Ottoman authorities, who snatch from them the fruits of their labour.

The travellers, furnished with a firman, or order of the sultan, or with a *maktub* of the grand vizier, and almost always escorted by a janissary, are everywhere well received; and the more so, as they pay liberally for what they purchase during their journey; while the greater part of the Turkish travellers board and lodge at the expense of their hosts, and brethren in religion. Besides, the character of the Turks is not uniform. The character of the Ottomans of Asia Minor differs from that of the inhabitants of European Turkey; and each of the provinces has its different manners and customs. The character of the Turks in the villages, the towns of the second rank, the capital towns, and the commercial and manufacturing towns, also varies considerably. The Turk of Bulgaria is rude to ferocity; of Thrace, haughty and fanatic; the Macedonian is covetous and distrustful; the Thessalian wicked and cowardly; the Albanian murder us, thievish, and insatiable; the Bosniack inhospitable, savage, and bloodthirsty. The Turk of the commercial towns is rapacious and perjured; the Turk of Asia Minor is rendered ferocious by fanaticism, and by destitution in the interior provinces; insolent, a spoliator, and a tyrant, in the maritime districts. The Turk of Constantinople, not only to show his dissatisfaction at the abuses of government, but also to plunder the houses and shops of individuals, sets them on fire, and commits most frightful acts of barbarity.

M. Grassi quotes passages from the description of the Ottoman empire by Muradza, of Ohson.[1] Certainly Ohson, who was of Armenian origin, and had many relations of that nation, some bankers, others merchants in Turkey, and who knew perfectly the oriental languages, especially Turkish, described accurately in some respects; but to know the civil and religious code of a nation, the etiquette, and exterior forms of its administrative proceedings, is one thing, and to distinguish the nice shades of

(1) This writer is also the principal authority on which Lord John Russel has written a very clever little work, entitled 'The Establishment of the Turks in Europe.' Though the facts in the book have not any novelty to recommend them (to use his own words), yet they show his Lordship's industry and research, and place the subject briefly but clearly before the reader.

manners

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manners which characterise it, either collectively or individually, is altogether another. Muradza studied the Turks in their books, and in their *techrifat-defterléri*, or protocol of their etiquette and public ceremonies: but the books of an enslaved people are never the mirrors of truth; they do not reflect the manners of the different ranks and conditions of the nation, except in the forms which please the despot. Besides, intending to present this description to the ministers of the Porte, and to the dignitaries of the Seraglio, as well as to the members of the high clergy, he could not but embellish it with brilliant colours.

It was quite natural that a people, separated from all others, imbued with religious principles which induce them to regard themselves as super-excellent, destitute of all means of instituting a comparison between their moral condition and that of other nations, and resembling persons who, having been born blind, do not regret the light,—it was natural that they should be satisfied with their situation. In order, therefore, that these people should feel the bad effects of their government, and become exasperated, it is necessary that their sufferings should become insupportable. Such is now the case in Turkey.

Although the state of the Turkish people differs from that of the Christian and Jewish subjects, by the political rights which they enjoy, and by their exemption from the haradz, or poll-tax, and other horribly vexatious imposts reserved for the subjects who are not Mussulmans, they nevertheless pay quite enough. The agriculturists, besides tithes, the merchants, besides enormous custom-house duties, the artists and the workmen, besides the expenses which they voluntarily contribute to their respective corporations, besides the innumerable vexations inflicted upon them by the local authorities, also pay a mass of *Salyuné*, and of Takialif, or taxes; Such are those under the name of presents[2] for the feast of the Baïram; of expenses for the[3] fast of the Ramazan; of presents for the pacha,[4] and for his highness's stirrup;[5] of expenses for the repair of his seraglio,[6] and his country-

(1) Muradza was so far from knowing the character of the Turks, whose empire he described, that he was foolish enough to lay his large folio volumes at the feet of the Turkish ministers, among whom was the great admiral, the famous Husseïn Pacha, who did not refuse Muradza's offer, but sent for a very near relative of ours, Costaky Sootzo, then the principal agent of the Hospodar Callimaky, and said to him, 'Look at Muradza's present. Chiaskin Ghiaour, the silly infidel, has dared to offer me this book, as if I wanted him to teach me—him, the impious wretch! to teach me, a Mussulman, my religion, and the government of the Padichah, my master! Take it, and do what you like with it.' All the copies offered by Muradza to the other Ottoman ministers and dignitaries experienced the same fate, and poor Muradza believed that he had rendered an agreeable service to these incorrigible barbarians!

(2) *Idiyé.* (3) *Ramazaniyé.* (4) *Dzébi humayoun.* (5) *Ribiabiyé.* (6) *Taamiri Séraï humayoun vé Sahilhanéha.*

houses;

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houses; of expenses for his stables,[1] of his kitchen,[2] and pantry.[3] After which come the taxes called equivalents;[4] as for example, the equivalent for the building of men-of-war;[5] that for the sheep for provisioning the seraglio, and the capital;[6] that for the posts,[7] and the couriers of the government and the pachas;[8] that for the building and repair of fortified places,[9], &c. &c. All these taxes, unequally distributed, and collected with violence, would be less ruinous were they not tripled by the rapacity of the functionaries charged with their collection; and as if the sultan were moderate in his demands, as if he left to his functionaries something to glean, his absolute lieutenant and his pachas in the provinces, who are frequently changed every six months, compel the people, for their own account, to pay an imposition which is called *Kudoomiyé* or congratulation on their happy arrival.

How then can a people, destitute of the resources of commerce and industry, bear up against so many imposts and abuses? The misery of the Turks, both in Europe and Asia, has arrived at such a height, that, driven to despair, they abhor the government, and frequently take the part of their governors and primates when openly revolting against the Porte, and with deep sighs, dare to declare (we have often heard them) that if they were to fall under the domination of the infidel English or Russians, they should be less unhappy, and should live tranquilly like the Tatars of the Crimea.[10]

Religious cant is so common in that country, that the Arabic word corresponding to that of 'hypocrisy' is in full use among the Turks. They call *riya*, hypocrisy, and *muray*, hypocrite. There are even satires written against them.[11] No nation is so ardently fond of strong liquors as the Turks: wherever, therefore, there are public-houses, the people throng into them, intoxicate themselves, and commit a thousand outrages, even assassinations.[12]

Hospitality

(1) *Méssariſt istabli humayoon.* (2) *Messariſt Matbahi amiré.*
(3) *Kiléri padichahi masraſt.* (4) *Bédéliyat.* (5) *Calyoon bédéliyessi.*
(6) *Cooyoon bédéliyessi.* (7) *Menzil bédéliyessi.* (8) *In'am bédéliyessi.*
(9) *Incha, vè taamiri kilaï khakaniyé bédéliyessi.*

(10) If Alexander Hypsilanty, knowing this disposition of the Turkish people, had abstained from abstractions, ridiculously liberal, because they were premature, and if he had combined the cause of the Greek people with that of the Ottoman nation, he would probably have electrified the greater part of the Mahometan population, as well in Europe as in Asia, and would have there excited many revolts, which would have become the more alarming and serious on account of the haughty and furious character of the Sultan.

(11) We remember only the last two lines of a Turkish quatrain on false devotees:—

'*Tighi ahi didighi Soſinin Chiki ifrendzi dir assa itzré.*'

that is to say, that what the hypocrite calls the sword of his repentant sigh, is but the stiletto of the Frank sheathed in a cane. The orientalists employ the metaphor *sword*, to imply that the sighs of devotion cut sins like the sword.

(12) A great number of young Turks, who are rich heirs, consume their patrimony in debauchery:

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Hospitality is practised among the Turks for two reasons:— First, from a religious motive. The Koran commands them to welcome their guests with kindness, even the impious. Certain of the reward which awaits them from heaven, they do good. Their journalist is their conscience, and its gazette is not composed to be read in coffee-houses, in literary societies, in the closets of ministers and lords, or to be repeated in drawing-rooms, or even to be blazoned in foreign countries. By God alone is it read and appreciated. At his dinner-hour the Mahometan is kind, affable, and circumspect: he makes no display of plate and porcelain. His hilarity is the ornament of his abruptly-prepared table. The door of his house is open during dinner, and entrance to his dining-room is forbidden to nobody. What we say of Mahometan hospitality may be extended to all the people under Ottoman domination, except the Jews.

Thus, the first cause of hospitality among the Turks, is religion; the second, which is no less strong, is the tyranny of the government. As riches are dangerous in Turkey, and as the opulent man is a mark for the rapacity of the government, he is obliged to spend a portion of his income in the exercise of charity, in order to acquire the reputation of beneficence, and to obtain the good-will of the public. An example set by a superior man is soon imitated by others, so that the hospitality frequently dictated by political views on the part of the rich Ottomans, becomes, at last, a national virtue; but if the Turks were sure that they would be secured in the possession of their riches; if they had nothing to fear from the cupidity of the government, hospitality would speedily disappear from their country, and they would hasten to close their doors against the poor, with the insensibility of aristocratic avarice. We have known several of them, hospitable in their own country, entirely abjure that virtue after their settlement in Christian Europe.

Highwaymen are so numerous in the sultan's dominions, that when the caravans are not well escorted, they are attacked and plundered by bands of them; those of Asia Minor are called *kessidzy*,[1]

debauchery: and, nevertheless, the correctional police, having a good understanding with the keepers of the houses of corruption, attends to its own advantage, and, far from preventing, provokes the depravation of public morals. The dinner of a rich Ottoman, although without knives and forks, or chairs, is generally composed of a score of dishes; and his cookery forms the principal item of his expenses. Dress is the predominant passion of the Turks. An Ottoman minister would be capable of betraying the interests of the empire for a sable pelisse. An Ottoman of the lower class would sell his honour and his most sacred duties for a scarlet caftan. It is true that their coxcomb youths make no use of cosmetic toilets, and all that which constitutes the science of their European brethren; but their wardrobe is so costly, that a blockhead in a turban would buy, with his single Cashmere sash, the entire wardrobe of his brother blockhead in a hat and coat, who flutters in the saloons of Paris or London.

(1) A Turkish word, literally translated from the Arab, *Cutaou-t-tarik*, or those who stop the highways.

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or 'road stoppers,' and those of Europe, *haidout*, or 'banditti.' At four leagues from Constantinople is a forest, called *harami*, or 'the valley of malefactors.' It is a spot extremely dangerous to travellers. There are many of these valleys, which are the terror of caravans.[1] Merchants, therefore, unite, to travel safely, and sometimes obtain from the government a firman, by the authority of which they are escorted from town to town, and from village to village, by troops, called *dzébélys*. Nothing is so common at Constantinople as assassinations. First, the principal assassins are, the sultan, the grand vizier, and the grand admiral, when they are in the capital. The suburb of Galata is the resort of a considerable number of people destitute of character, and of Turkish sailors of the Black Sea, who are the most abandoned of their nation. Even the porters, being all enlisted in the corps of janissaries, and depending on their protection, commit thefts, and other misdeeds; they have been known, in mid-day, to carry off modest women, whom they frequently assassinate, after having gratified their brutal passions. There is also another species, under the denomination of *bataktzy*, or 'drowners,' who embark in the night in light boats, and chase and attack persons crossing the Bosphorus.

Burglaries are so frequent at Constantinople, that very often the doors of the mosques, which are the depôt of the most valuable effects of individuals, are broken open. Pickpockets swarm in this capital to such a degree, that the government is compelled tacitly to recognise their chief, who is called *Bodzek*, or 'insect.' People who are robbed immediately have recourse to him, pay him, and recover their property by his intermediation.

It would be useless to recapitulate all the other marks of an impotent and barbarous administration; but if we examine the whole system for the highest authorities downwards, we shall not be astonished at its total unfitness for all purposes of government. The presumptive heirs, who bear the title of *shah-zadé*, or sons of the shah, are shut up, each separately, in an isolated apartment in the interior of the seraglio, in the middle of a large garden. Their apartments are prisons, called *Kafésses*, or iron cages. Surrounded by high walls, these apartments contain only these unhappy *shah-zadés*, attended by four or five eunuchs, and five or six slaves, old enough not to become mothers. The reigning sultan, seeing in their persons so many rivals, constantly watches their conduct; lets no one approach them; prohibits, under pain of death, all correspondence with them; and leaves them to vegetate in entire ignorance

(1) *Kan déressi*, the valley of blood; *Dzéhénnem déressi*, or the valley of hell; *Shéïtan déressi*, or the valley of the devil, &c. &c.

of

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of every thing passing in the empire. He appoints for their preceptors persons in whom he has confidence, old decrepit men, who teach them the rudiments of the Arabic [1] and Persian languages, as well as writing; and for their amusement he appoints some of his eunuchs to be their pages, who instruct them in some of the most vulgar mechanical arts. When the reigning sultan has younger brothers, he conducts himself towards them in the same way. The sons of the reigning sultan are also totally neglected, in point of education, during their adolescence. This, in a few words, is the distinguished education which those receive who are destined to govern such an empire.[2] The greater number of the sultans are already old when they mount the throne. If the revolt of the Janissaries had not precipitated Selim from his throne; if his nephew, Mustapha IV., the brother of the present sultan, had not experienced a similar fate, Mahmud would have reigned in his decrepitude. These heirs of the empire, passing the greater part of their lives in the prison of the Cafissa, in the lassitude of complete idleness, deprived of every kind of pleasure and amusement, no sooner quit their state of imprisonment, than, surrounded by a swarm of flatterers, by handsome slaves, and by various objects of enjoyment, they blindly plunge into Sardanapalism, and abandon to the mercy of their eunuchs and their flatterers, rarely to the administration of their ministers, the affairs of empire, in which they have never been exercised, and of which, therefore, they are totally ignorant.

Immediately after the elevation of a Sultan to the throne, the

(1) Almost all the Sultans, after Suleïman, who established the imperial ordinance of shutting up the presumptive heirs till the day of their elevation to the throne, were in the grossest ignorance on quitting their prison. The Spartan brevity of their autographic orders betrayed their lack of knowledge. They consisted but of three words, *mudzébindzé amel oloona*, that is, 'let every one act in conformity thereto.' We must add, by the bye, that the orders said to be the autographs of the Sultan, are only one, two, or four lines, written in his own hand, at the top of the order drawn up and written by the clerks of the public offices of the Porte. We have seen several notes by the Sultan Mustapha IV., the brother of the present Sultan, addressed to his favourites. They were so full of orthographical errors, and the writing was so bad, that they could not be deciphered. Mahmud, who was especially beloved by his uncle Selim, received a more careful education, that is to say, he studied Arabic and Persian, and read and digested the Koran, which rendered him extremely fanatic and superstitious. His autographic orders were full of verses of the Koran. He highly prized fine hand-writing. On his elevation to the throne he ordered all the penmen of Constantinople to send him specimens of their talents. One of the ministers of the Porte, called *Mazhar-éfendy*, presented also his own to his highness, who considered it superior to all the others. The base minister, to thank his master, and, at the same time, to show his modesty, sent him, in writing, the celebrated line of a Persian poet:

*Béher aïbi khe shah bepésendid huner est;*

that is to say, 'All defect, approved by the Shah, becomes excellence.' This vile and absurd flattery pleased the Sultan, who named him *Réise-éfendy*, or minister for foreign affairs.

(2) They are right to name their will and their orders *ilhamati rebbaniyé*, or, 'divine inspirations.' Not knowing any thing, it is necessary they should be inspired.

eunuch

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eunuch who attended him in the cafissa in the quality of first page, becomes his *Kizlar agassi*. This title literally signifies 'superintendent of the girls;' he generally bears that of *Darus'-saadé agassi*, or 'Master of the Palace of Felicity.' As ignorant of the art of governing as his master, this chief of the black eunuchs enjoys full power, both in the seraglio and throughout the empire. His person, rendered hideous by his physical impotence, is considered sacred, and his rank is equal to that of the grand vizier; not only in his quality of first chief of the imperial harem, but also because he is *Harémeïn mutévellissy*, that is, 'inspector of all the revenues of the *Kiabé*.' His influence is so great, that he frequently changes and appoints the grand viziers, the grand admirals, the ministers, and the pachas, governors of the provinces.[1]

The *Silih-dar*,[2] or the sultan's sword-bearer, being the chief of all the dignitaries of the seraglio, the eunuchs excepted, has also considerable influence in the affairs of the empire. If he be a skilful intriguer, from his own apartment he deposes, appoints, and causes the decapitation of grand viziers and pachas. In the same way, the inferior dignitaries, such as the first page,[3] whose

(1) The annals of the Turkish empire mention many *Kizlar-agassi* who played a great part in the affairs of the state. Under the reign of the Sultan Achmet III., his chief of the black eunuchs was the factotum of his empire. According to his caprice, he appointed, deposed, and caused to be put to death, the Grand Viziers, and the ministers. One of the Grand Viziers, foreseeing the fate which awaited him, resolved, at the peril of his life, to get rid of this monster. He feigned one day to be seriously ill, and wrote to the Sultan a short note, saying that he had to disclose to him a most important secret, and pressing affair: and that, being extremely weak, he was not able to state it in writing, and, therefore, humbly prayed him to order the chief of the eunuchs to call on him incognito, that he might communicate the business to him. The sultan immediately sent the black to the vizier. On his arrival, the vizier's pages seized him, stripped him, dressed him in the habit of the black slaves which they wear when they are exposed for sale in the market, and immediately summoned a slave-merchant, whom they enjoined to take the slave to the bazar, to put him up to auction, and, having ascertained the price that he would fetch, to bring him back to the vizier's palace. The merchant, not knowing the eunuch, punctually executed the orders of the grand vizier. The *Kizlar-agassi*, seventy years of age, was estimated in the market at twenty-five Turkish piasters; and then brought back to the vizier. The latter then wrote a second note to the sultan, the purport of which was, that seeing that a eunuch directed and governed the empire, he had been desirous to ascertain his intrinsic value, and had caused him to be exposed at the bazar, where, during five hours, only five and twenty piasters had been offered for his purchase; and that, if his highness would deign to confide anew the reins of his government to the hands of a black who was worth only twenty-five piasters, he might do so, if he chose. This conduct of the grand vizier made such an impression on the mind of the sultan, that he told him, in reply, to dispose of the eunuch at his own pleasure. The vizier caused him to be strangled.

(2) The *silih-dar* is so powerful and so worshipped in the Seraglio, that when he leaves his apartment to cross the immense halls of the palace, to go to the Sultan in his *mabéïm*, apartment, situated between the harem and the *sélamlik*, he is always preceded by officers, called *tzakiv-challagas*, that is to say, who wield sticks like a caduceus All those who may be in his way, of what rank soever, must absolutely draw back and withdraw, under the penalty of being knocked down.

(3) *Bache-Tzookadar.*

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function it is to put on and take off the sultan's boots; the individual who[1] presents him with a cup of coffee; his first barber[2], or any other of the sultan's dignitaries, if they succeed in obtaining his favour, govern the state. The first barber, above all, as he handles the sacred head of his highness, and as he has the common privilege of his trade, that of gossiping, amuses his master, and often becomes the favourite, and consequently the dispenser of the dignities of the empire. The Validé Sultana, or sultan-mother, when she has any influence over her reigning son, plays the first part in the empire. Her intendant, who bears the title of *Validé Ketkhoudassy*, or intendant of the validé, governs at his will the state[3]. There have also been sultan-sisters and sultan-aunts, who have had sufficient influence to meddle in the most delicate affairs of the government.

Such is the portrait of the sultan, and of the first dignitaries of his *séraï humayoon*. Let us now proceed to their ministers.

All the pachas of three tails, who are governors of provinces and of entire countries, bear the title of vizier; but the governor of the capital bears the title of supreme vizier, or *viziri-aazam*. He is decorated with various other exclusive titles: he is called *vékili-mutlak*, or the sultan's absolute lieutenant, *sahib devlet*, or the possessor of the government, *sahib muhove*[4], or the keeper of the imperial seal, *sadri aazam*, or supreme place[5]. It is to him that the grand admiral and the pachas of the provinces address their official reports, and, after having read them, he writes with red ink, on the margin of each, an abridgment of its

(1) *Kahvedzibassy.* (2) *Perber-Bachi.*

(3) We will cite only the example of the mother of the sultan Selim. Her intendant, called Youssouf, was, during the life of his protectress, the main spring of all the affairs of the state. The sister also of the sultan Abdul-Hamid, the father of Mahmud, called Asma, enjoyed such credit, that her banker, the Greek Demetry Sea-navy of Scio, was respected and feared even by the ministers and the pachas.

(4) The sultan's seal is gold, and of small size: the sultan's cipher, called *toogna*, is engraved upon it. The grand vizier carries it always in his breast, without using it in any act or order whatever. When the sultan wishes to depose him. he sends to him one of the great dignitaries of the seraglio, who wrests from him the seal, the badge of his dignity.

(5) The Grand Vizier also bears the title of Sadriuazam, or place supreme, that is to say, he occupies the angle, or the principal point of the sofas of the chamber of audience. He yields this angular post only to two persons, the grand mufti, and the chief of the black eunuchs, when they officially visit him at the Ottoman Porte. Then the grand vizier retires from his corner of honour, and leaves it empty, to show that he receives his equals. The ambassadors of the Christian powers, were they even field-marshals, barons, marquisses, or princes, are on the day of their audience received by the grand vizier, who occupies his angle, and requests the foreign minister to be seated on a stool before him. When the ambassadors present themselves to the grand signior they perform a less agreeable part. Two chamberlains take them by the shoulders like criminals, as well as all the persons of their suite, and conduct them abruptly into the presence of the sultan (*huzoori humayoon.*) Then the ambassador, standing, pays the usual compliment to the sultan, and receives his answer at second hand, that is to say, through the grand vizier present at the ceremony.



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contents, and adding his opinion,[1] sends them to the sultan by an officer called *telhitzy*. All the affairs of the empire, both foreign and domestic, must pass under his eyes. In time of war, it is he who commands the great army. All the other pachas, with their respective divisions, are under his orders. As he is the supreme judge in civil and criminal affairs, his *arz-odassi*, or court of justice, is without appeal. He hears appeals every Wednesday and Friday, assisted by the two *kazi-askers* of *Room-ily*, and of Natoli, of *Stambol éfendy*, or master of the police, and of the three mollas, or judges of Galata, of Eyoub, also a suburb of Constantinople, and of Scoutari, the ancient Chrysopolis. On Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, he alone sits in judgment on criminal cases. His sentence can be annulled only by his successor. He is the supreme chief of the police of the capital, and frequently, especially on Fridays, in quitting the mosque, he changes his dress,[2] and explores the streets of Constantinople incognito, attended by some of the officers of his court, and by a train of executioners. Woe then to the man who by an inconsiderate step, by his dress slightly contravening the sumptuary laws, which are frequently ambiguous and retrospective, or by an air of giddy gaiety, displeases the vizier. He suddenly turns to his officers, makes a sign to them, and whilst he continues his way, the head of the wretched man falls under the blows of the executioners. The grand viziers have a maxim worthy of themselves: they say, *dévlet siyasset dimek dir*, that is, 'the word government, in its proper sense, signifies punishment.' There have been epochs when these grand viziers deserved their place. Such were the *Kioproolus*, the *Tzorlolus*, the *Raghibs*, the *Kara-vizirs*, and the *Izzets*, but it was chance, and not their personal merit which raised them to that

(1) The Grand Viziers, in consulting the other ministers of the Porte, always state their opinion on the margin of the reports which they read to the sultan. The latter, a convenient reader, who knows neither the pro nor the con of any proposition, makes no objection or observation, but when he has some prompter among his favourites, who dictates to him a decision contrary to the opinion of the grand vizier. It is truly ridiculous to see in these *telhisess*, or reports from the grand vizier, the epithets which the flattery of a slave can invent to please his master. In submitting the decision of every affair to the judgment of the sultan, the Porte loads him with these absurd adjectives, that is to say, 'the glass which reflects the truth;' or 'the balance which weighs the slightest things;' or 'the knowledge which adorns the universe;' or 'the science which appreciates the depths of nature,' &c. &c.

(2) In 1817, being the agent of the Prince of Wallachia, we, accompanied by a relation, one day went out through the gate, called Sublime: we were pursuing our way, when we met the grand vizier of that period, called Raouf-Pacha. He was incognito, and wore the Bosniac costume. We immediately recognized him, and casting a glance at the three or four executioners who followed him, we trembled with fear. The vizier perceived it, and turning towards his Silih-dar, or 'sword-bearer,' 'The agent of Wallachia and his friend,' said he, smiling, 'have been frightened.' These ferocious animals are delighted with the terror which they inspire.

eminent

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eminent post. The proof of this is, that they were supplanted by rivals who were not worthy to be their grooms.

As the career of the Grand Viziers is almost always terminated by their having their heads cut off, or at least by their being exiled and their property confiscated, the ministers of the Porte, and the *Silih-dar*,[1] or the sultan's sword-bearer, avoid that post, and if they have any influence, they select one of the pachas of three tails, and by their intrigues, facilitate his promotion to the rank of grand vizier. These pachas are originally household officers; after having served grand viziers, grand admirals, and pachas of three tails, as their pages, and then as their lieutenants or their treasurers, they obtain, under the auspices of their masters, the title of chamberlain,[2] or of the grand signior's master of the horse; afterwards, they are appointed governors[4] of two tails, in the second rank of provinces, and at last they become governors of three tails. These gentlemen, extremely limited in the circle of their knowledge, very often not knowing how to read or write, having no notion of the political[5] and diplomatic affairs of the empire, recommend themselves by their ignorance to their protectors, whose principal interest it is that the grand vizier should not have the slightest capacity. Frequently these pachas, in accumulating riches by the easy means of exactions, share them with their protectors, gain by repeated presents the favour of the sultan, and the most lavish of his gifts, the least able to manage public affairs, and consequently, the least to be feared, obtains the place of grand vizier. Encumbered with an enormous weight of multiform affairs, the new vizier directs them by chance, and scarcely does he begin to learn something by routine, before he is replaced by another more ignorant than himself. Sometimes, the Yénitzéri Agassi, or chiefs of the Janissaries, have been promoted to the office of grand vizier. These men, brought up in

(1) In his quality of first dignitary of the seraglio, the *silih-dar* is the only one who is entitled to pass immediately from his function to that of the grand vizier.

(2) *Capudzi-Bashy.* (3) *Sélahcuhori chetwiyari.*

(4) The governors of one tail bear the title of *miri-liva*, or Sandzak-Béy; those of two tails are called *miri-miran*, and those of three tails, viziers.

(5) A grand vizier, believing that the foreign ministers were merchants, proposed to the Austrian internuncio, in a full audience, to procure for him an assortment of glasses to furnish his apartment. Under the reign of Mustapha III. a grand vizier, on the receipt of dispatches from the hospodar of Wallachia, containing news respecting the events in Europe at that epoch, summoned the prince's agent, and told him, with a furious air, 'Thy hospodar goes out of his sphere: Why does he meddle with the affairs of the Franks? How dare he write to the Sublime Porte things with which he has nothing to do? Write to him, to take care henceforth, and cease to embroil Europe, otherwise he shall repent it.' The vizier then rose, and went to the divan, or court of justice, to sit in judgment as usual. The agent, surprised at so absurd a reprimand, went to the Réïs-éfendy, and said to him, *éfendimiz divané tzikti*: this phrase has an equivocal meaning, it signifies, 'our lord has gone to the divan:' it also signifies, 'our lord has become mad.' The Réïs-éfendy perceived the Greek's pun, and burst into laughter.



barracks,

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barracks, exclusively military, and knowing nothing but the business and the interests of their corps, are generally so ignorant and so rude in their proceedings, that when they become grand viziers, they do nothing but blunder.[1]

The Minister of the interior[2] has no idea of the statistics of the empire. All that is required from him is a superficial knowledge of the Arabic and Persian, in order that he may be able to read the various reports of the governors of the provinces, as well as the petitions, which are afterwards presented by him to the grand vizier. As for the applications of the inhabitants of the capital, after having looked over them, he disposes of them according to the nature of the subject, and refers them to the departments to which they belong. He writes on the margin only these words: 'Let this be examined with attention; let the archives be searched, and let measures be taken accordingly.' In this consists all the administrative science of the home-minister. Many of the officers of the Porte are under his superintendence. All the orders which emanate from the Porte, and which are addressed to the governors of provinces, or to the functionaries of the capital, are drawn up in these offices, and are sent through the department of the minister of the interior. It is to him that the *Kapu-tzookadars*, or confidential persons about the Porte, and the governors of provinces, address themselves. The minister of foreign affairs[3] is a stranger to them in every sense of the word. He has no notion of history, geography, statistics, forms of government, diplomacy, or the interests and

(1) Under the reign of Mustapha IV., the brother of the present sultan, the Ottoman minister, in order to oppose all the propositions of Sebastiani, without his having the power to complain of the ill-will of the Turkish government, sent for the chief of the Janissaries, who, after having dethroned Selim, had a great influence. This chief of the Janissaries, at every claim made by the French minister, shut his mouth by these words, 'That cannot be; the Janissaries will not allow it.' *Cout kabool itmez.* All his diplomatic knowledge consisted in these two words, which nevertheless paralyzed all Sebastiani's eloquence.

(2) He bears the title of *Kethkudaï Sadri Aly*, or lieutenant of the sublime post of the grand vizierat.

(3) He is called *Réïs-éfendy*, or *Réïs-ul-Kiouttab.* In the first war of Catherine II., when the news spread that a Russian fleet was to pass Gibraltar, the Ottoman ministry were alarmed. Nevertheless, they did not know where Cronstadt, Gibraltar, the Mediterranean, or the Archipelago was situated. Geographical maps were sought for, but none were in their possession. They had recourse to the Hypsilantys, to the Mourouzys, to the Caradzas, and to our grandfather. These persons showed the Baltic, Gibraltar, &c., in the map, to the Turkish ministers, on which the secretary for foreign affairs said to them disdainfully, 'How could vessels of the line possibly pass through so narrow a strait?' He believed that the strait of Gibraltar was as narrow as it was marked on the map. He taxed them with ignorance, and sent for a certain Greek called Missoglou, a sheep-dealer, who was attached to him: he asked him his opinion of the Russian fleet. The dealer, a native of Epirus, who knew no other sea than the Adriatic gulf, answered, that the Russian vessels could pass in no other way to reach the Egean sea, than by the gulf of Venice: and this satisfied the Turkish minister.

relations

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relations of foreign states.' He is never conversant with foreign affairs, because he knows no European language; he is ignorant even of the number of sovereigns and governments. It may be objected, that many of the Turks employed in embassies to Christian powers have filled, after their return from Europe, the post of minister of foreign affairs. But had they acquired sufficient knowledge for the office? We answer, that the Turks sent in the capacity of ministers to foreign courts knew no European tongue; and that it was the Geeks, their interpreters, who generally directed them, hap-hazard. During the whole time of their embassy they did nothing but intrigue for their prompt return to Constantinople. Despising, like all their countrymen, European languages, they abstained from giving themselves the trouble to learn them. For want, therefore, of proper means of information, these gentlemen, the Turkish ambassadors, returned home as ignorant as they were before their appointment. Such were Azuis and Izzat, the ambassadors at Berlin; Ratib and Ibrahim, the ambassadors at Vienna; Aly, Galib, Halet, Vahid, and Muhib, the ambassadors at Paris; Rassih, at St. Petersburgh; and Youssouf Aghiah, at London.

(1) The following incident occurred under the reign of Abdul-Hamid. An English traveller wished to see the Ottoman Porte and its ministers. Accompanied by the interpreter of the English mission, he went to the department of the *Réïs-éfendy*, and was presented by the interpreter and the porte to his excellency. This minister was called Haïry-éfendy, he who was afterwards drowned in the impetuous river of Bozée, in Wallachia, following the complete rout of the grand vizier's army at Rimnik. The Réïs-éfendy inquired of the Englishman the number of regular troops belonging to each of the principal Christian powers; and, at every reply of the traveller, the astonished Turk exclaimed, 'Ah, the rascals! Ah, the infidels! Ah, the dogs! Ah, the beggars!' The Englishman, not knowing the meaning of these reiterated exclamations, asked the interpreter to explain them to him. The interpreter replied that they were interjections of admiration; and that the oriental people were accustomed to such exclamations; and concluded by a great display of his vast knowledge of the manners of the Turks, so that the English traveller went away satisfied with his visit, and with the impression which he had made on the mind of the minister.—The Greek hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia expended annually nearly fifteen thousand pounds sterling, for the correspondence which they have with Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. Their correspondents were in the offices of foreign affairs; so that the hospodars received official, fresh, and very important intelligence, by express. In 1813, when the writer was the agent of the Prince of Wallachia, he one day received some of his dispatches drawn up in the Turkish language, and containing news of the defection of the Bavarians. He went to the minister of ——, and gave him the dispatches. After having read them, 'We expect the hospodar,' said he to him drily, 'to write us news of battles; what is the defection of Bavaria!' 'But, my lord,' replied the writer, 'the adhesion of this power to the cause of the allies, is worth more than three battles. It cuts off Napoleon's retreat.' 'Go away,' said the enlightened minister, 'write to your prince that we require news of battles.' Selim, reputed the most enlightened of sultans, repairing one day to the admiralty, desired to see the basin intended for the building and repair of first-rate vessels; and ordered questions on the subject to be put to the architect, who was a Swede. No person was able to speak to this European. A clerk of the admiralty department, called Salih-Dzanib-éfendy, having some knowledge of the Maltese patois, had an understanding with the architect, satisfied the sultan, and gave him so high an opinion of his familiarity with the European languages, that the sultan, two months after, appointed him, of his own accord, and to the great scandal of the porte, minister of foreign affairs. The

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The minister of finance bears the title of Defterdari-chikki evvel, or keeper of the register of the first division of the exchequer. His department is divided into various offices: such is that of confiscated property,[1] or of property belonging to persons dying without heirs; that of debts to the state;[2] that under the name of Piscopos.[3] The intendant of the great custom-house,[4] as well as those of Galata,[5] of the snuff[6] and tobacco[7] custom-house, the office[8] of the receiver-general of capitation, called *Haradz*, and many other offices, are also under the financial minister. Persons are frequently appointed to this important place, who are ignorant of even the first four rules of arithmetic. If the minister of finance be in his noviciate, the clerks, and the chiefs of his various offices, to be sheltered by his credit and protection, give him a part of that which they steal from the state. If he be not a man to be duped, he plays the part of the lion in the fable with his subalterns; and as nobody cares for the dilapidations of the exchequer, and as nobody is qualified to examine the *soi-disant* budget, every minister of finance enriches himself at the expense of the state, exhibits at the end of the year an enormous deficit, which is supplied by anticipating the revenues of the next year, and so on. This succession of deficiences reduced the treasury-chest to such distress in the reign of Selim and of his successors, that in order to provide for the urgent expenses of the state, such as the pay of the Janissaries of the capital, and of the garrisons of fortified places, they had more than ordinary recourse to confiscations; and the government seized all the property of the condemned persons, without paying their creditors.[9] The

(1) *Muhallefat Calemi.* (2) *Zimémat Calemi.*

(3) *Piscopos Calemi.* This office, as it is occupied with drawing out the diplomas of the Greek patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops in the states of the sultan, bears the title of Office of Piscopos, a word corrupted from the Greek σκηπτοῦχος, or bishop. The patriarchs and the bishops, in order to be recognised by the Ottoman local authorities, and to be sheltered from their exactions, are furnished with these diplomas, called *bérats*, containing certain privileges.

(4) *Buyook ghioumrukzy aga.* (5) *Galata Ghioumeroukdzeassi.*

(6) *Emfiyé Ghioumroukdzussi.* (7) *Tutun Ghioumroukdzussi.*

(8) *Haradzi-bachi aga.* The inspector of strong liquors, or *Zédzriyé émini*, is also under the minister of finance.

(9) The sultans, in confiscating the property of the grand viziers, the grand admirals, the ministers, and the governors of provinces, refused to pay their creditors, such as bankers, goldsmiths, jewellers, furriers, and drapers of all kinds. The creditors were frequently involved in the disgrace of those whom they served. A rich Armenian, of the name of Caspar, the banker of Aly Pacha of Tépélen, was hung before the door of his house, his sole offence was in having been Aly Pacha's banker in his financial affairs at Constantinople. When the present sultan unjustly condemned the Armenians Douz-Ogloo, bankers of the mint, he confiscated not only all the property which belonged to them, but also that of their friends and relations. As those bankers likewise carried on the trade of jewellers, many Greek, Armenian, Jewish, and even Turkish diamond merchants, experienced

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The ministry of war is divided into several intendancies: there is an intendant minister of the cannon-foundry,[1] one of the powder-mills,[2] another of the projectiles,[3] a fourth, of the ammunition.[4] All these ministers make reports to the grand vizier, who presents them to the sultan. Affairs of such great importance, and which require precise and detailed knowledge, are thus conducted by ignorant people;[5] and then revised by one more ignorant; and end by being decided and confirmed by the sultan, who is usually most ignorant of all.

The ministry of the marine[6] superintends the considerable revenues annexed to the Admiralty. It is this department which presides over the purchase and the provision of all that is necessary for the building and equipment of vessels of war. It is from the chest of this department that the captains of vessels, the naval officers, and the sailors receive their pay. It, nevertheless, is almost always intrusted to persons who have not the slightest idea of affairs so complicated as those of the marine. And the revenues of the Admiralty are received by the clerks, the directing minister,[7] and the grand admiral.

The Turks have never made a particular study, or even an assiduous practice of the art of navigation. Their national mercantile marine has never been sufficiently numerous to form by means of it a military one. The commerce with Egypt and Syria was in so miserable a state, that only about thirty large vessels were engaged in it. The ports situated on the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea, and those of the Crimea, before its conquest by the

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experienced considerable loss. In vain did they supplicate the sultan, showing, by unequivocal proofs, what was due to them by the condemned persons. The impudent rapacity of the sultan was such, that his favourite minister, Halet, presided at the auction of the goods of these unhappy people; and one day, many of the creditors seeing exposed to sale jewels which belonged to them, began to implore the restitution of their property. 'Rascals,' said the favourite to them, 'know that if my father himself were among the goods of the infidels Douz-Ogloo, I would sell him by auction.' The *Cazi-asker* of that epoch, called Hadzy-khalil éfendy, one of the most distinguished personages, and minister of the conferences, was present one day at the sale of the effects of these unfortunate Armenians, and seeing exposed to auction his own snuff-boxes and watches set with diamonds, which he had given them a few days before to put in order, he did not dare to claim them; but bought them as if they had not belonged to him. The sultan gained, by this act of violence, more than forty million Turkish piasters.

(1) *Tophané naziry.* (2) *Barut-khané naziry.*
(3) *Khoumbara naziry.* (4) *Dzébékhané naziry.*

(5) What distinctly shows the inconclusiveness of all the actions of the Turkish government is, that whilst Selim established the Engineer schools (*Muhendis-khané*) at Scutari, the ancient Chrysopolis, and at Has-Kioi, a village situated at the bottom of the Ceratian Gulf, and endeavoured to form artillery-men and engineers, he appointed as ministers to the different branches of the war department, men who were ignorant even of the nomenclature of the articles of ammunition; and who, before their appointment, had never heard the names of fortification, cannon-founderies, and projectiles.

(6) *Tersané-émanéty.* (7) *Tersané-Emini.*

Russian

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Russian armies, were furnished only with about a hundred vessels called Saika; built so strangely and unskilfully, that they appeared more like floating carcasses than regular ships. If the Turks ever undertook any maritime expedition, it was the spirit of conquest which incited them. Their celebrated admirals were indebted for their victories to the vigour of the first period of the Ottoman dynasty, and to the credit of the second. They were indebted for their exploits to the continuation of the maritime war with Venice and with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; to the discord and rivalry of the Christian powers; to the want of sufficient means of attack and defence on the part of the abandoned knights; and to the aristocratic timidity of the Venetian government, which was rather occupied by underhand machinations, than by splendid national actions. Such were the causes which contributed to the celebrity of the Barbe-rossas, the Pigalys, and the Mezzo-Mortos. The spirit of conquest, residing in the sole person of the despot, is but precarious and momentary; whilst the spirit of gain, being common to all, becomes national and lasting. Having no active and extensive commerce, enabling them to engage in distant expeditions, it being out of their power to repair to the ports of Christendom, where they could find no mosques, the Turks could never form sailors. The Ottoman government, having consolidated their possessions in the Levant and in the Archipelago by the conquest of Eubœa, the Peloponnesus, the islands of Candia, Rhodes, and Cyprus, as well as by the acquisition of all the African coasts, where they established odzassi, or regencies; after having seen Venice incapable of attacking them, and the knights expelled from their principal military stations; after having lost the habit of naval warfare by the prolongation of peace with the Venetian republic; in fine, after having been undermined by organized vices, which enfeebled them more and more, ceased to aspire to conquests beyond sea. The Ottoman government neglected their marine, both with respect to its *matériel* and to its physical force. From the last quarter of the seventeenth century to the peace ratified at Cainardza, the Ottoman marine was in a pitiable state. The men-of-war were clumsy and ill-proportioned machines; and as the insular Greeks were not possessed of the experience which they acquired after the first war with Catherine the Second, the Turkish squadrons were commanded by ignorant admirals and officers, served by unskilful gunners, and worked by inexperienced sailors.

The situation of the Capudani-Derya, or grand admiral, was sought for in consequence of his revenues, his rank, and his éclat. The most favoured dignitaries of the seraglio aspired to and obtained this

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this lucrative and brilliant post.[1] These admirals of the parade, who did not know the cardinal points, who thought that the compass was a magical discovery, who had never seen any other sea than the strait of the Bosphorus from the Sultan's gondolas, and the Propontic sea from the windows of the seraglio, went out every year from Constantinople with a part of the fleet, disembarked on the islands of the Egean Sea, spread alarm and desolation among them, visited the commercial town of Smyrna and the new seaports, plundered and annoyed the inhabitants; and in order to show their sovereign that they had put his maritime possessions in order, in making their triumphal entry into Constantinople, they ordered some innocent islanders to be hung in the rigging of the admiral's ship: and it was in such operations that their naval science consisted, and their expeditions terminated. As for the subaltern commandants of the fleet, they put them to any death, on any simple and absurd calumny; or from mere jealousy of their personal merits. Condemning them without any of the forms of justice, they had only to send to the Ottoman Porte an account of their imaginary crime, and of their real punishment.[2] The officers of the marine are rather a kind of satellites of the grand admiral; they perform the office of executioners. As they are always armed with the *yatagan*, or 'the cutlass,' they frequently massacre, in the presence of the admiral, those who incur his displeasure.[3] These officers,

(1) The famous Husseïn Pacha, Lord Elgin's friend, was elevated to the dignity of grand admiral, from being the Sultan Selim's first page. On the entrance of Admiral Duckworth into the Dardanelles, the grand admiral chosen to oppose him in the passage was the Mirahovi-ewal, or the first master of the horse to his highness, called Salik Pacha. In consequence, the poor man at the sight of the first English division, commanded by Sir Sydney Smith, ran back immediately in a packet-boat; and Selim discovered to his cost that no one can attack the English with grooms. A chief of the butchers (cassabbachy), called Hassan, who knew nothing but how to provision the capital and the seraglio with sheep, became the grand admiral. Several bostandzy-pachy, or chiefs of the Grand Signior's guard, were appointed to the post of grand admiral. As these bostandzy-pachy govern the helm of the Grand Signior's gondola when he crosses the Bosphorus, it is supposed that they already possess the art of directing entire fleets. Men born and brought up in the heart of Asia Minor and Syria, who had never seen the sea, were also promoted to the post of grand admiral; and to the shame of the Sultan who appointed them, they were assisted when they ascended the ladder of the admiral's vessel, for fear they should fall into the sea.

(2) Seyid-Aly-Pacha, appointed grand admiral after the entrance of the English fleet into the Dardanelles, having been beaten in sight of the island of Scopilos, by the Russian admiral Sinnavin, to exculpate himself, attributed his defeat to the treason of the four most able commanders of the Ottoman fleet, put them to death, and, after their execution, communicated the fact to the Porte.

(3) A very near relative of ours, when he was the Admiralty interpreter, incurred one day the wrath of the grand admiral, called Hafiz-Aly-Pacha. This sanguinary and rashly ferocious man ordered his Tzavouches to cut him in pieces. Already had these executioners drawn their *yatagans*, when, happily, the vice-admiral, and two commanders of ships of the line being present, threw themselves at the feet of their chief, and obtained his

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officers, called *Tersané* and *Cdlyoun Tzavoucheléri*, furnished with a *buguruldi*, or 'order from the admiral,' visit, under the name of *mubachir*, or 'commissioners of the isles,' the maritime towns of European Turkey, of Asia Minor, of the Euxine Sea, and of Syria, and commit all sorts of atrocities. The number of these *Tzavouches* amounts, usually, to three thousand. They receive a very miserable pay from the admiral's chest; nevertheless, the single article of their laced uniform, and their arms, costs above eight thousand Turkish piasters. Each spends annually, on an average, five thousand piasters for food, and other necessaries, as well as for his amusements. Whence do they procure so much money?—From extortion and rapine.

After the Ottoman fleet had been burnt by the Russians in the harbour of Tzechemé, Hassan-Pacha,[1] surnamed Pala-Buyuklou, or 'with great mustachios,' became grand admiral. As he had been, from his infancy, employed in the navy of the barbaric regencies, he had acquired some experience, and much improved the Turkish marine by the selection and discipline of his officers, and by the improvements he made in the mode of building men of war. His almost immediate successor was Hussein-Pacha, the first page, and the prime favourite of sultan Selim. When he was elevated to the post of grand admiral, he knew nothing but how to draw off his highness's boots when he dismounted from horseback. But, thanks to the long interval of peace, this boot-catcher paraded tranquilly about the Egean sea, at the head of the Turkish squadrons. Uniting astonishing activity to a natural sagacity, he surpassed his predecessor in all that he did, with reference to the matériel of the marine. He sent for European builders, and constructed very beautiful ships of war of all sizes, composed their crews of insular Greeks,[2] excavated a

his pardon. In the first days of the insurrection of the Greeks, the sultan ordered his admiral to put to death Prince Nicolas Mourouzy, then the Admiralty interpreter, and cruized purposely in his gondola before the place of the arsenal, to satiate himself with the spectacle of his punishment. In fact, the sultan grazed the quay of the Admiralty with his boat, and the Tzavouches surrounded the unhappy prince, drew their *yatagans*, and cut him to pieces.

(1) This admiral, a Georgian slave, was celebrated in the affair of the Trhesme; but he acquired more reputation by his undaunted courage, and by his extraordinary intrepidity. In the Empress Catharine's second war, having engaged in a naval combat with the Prince of Nassau, in the Black Sea, he was beaten, and forced to take flight in a galley, called, in the Turkish language, *kirlughitz*. Pursued by the prince, he kept saying to his crew, who were dreadfully frightened by the balls which whistled about their heads, '*Kovkman yoldachelar karbouz dirlar*' — 'Comrades, do not be afraid; they are only melons.'

(2) The Ottoman fleet, before the insurrection of Greece, were manned by the Greeks of the Archipelago; above all, by those of Hydra, Spezzia, and Psara. Their pay was furnished by the Greek nation. The patriarch of Constantinople was empowered, by an express order from the Porte, to impose the requisite sum, called *méllahiyé*, or 'the sailor's pay,' on the Greek inhabitants of the capital, and of the provinces, by the medium of their archbishops and their respective primates.

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dock sufficiently large for the building and repair of first-rates; in fact, he created fleets for the nation, but without creating sailors. Enjoying the favour, or, rather, the unalterable friendship of Sultan Selim, who was his firm supporter against the janissaries, he obtained from his master a *carte blanche* respecting all affairs regarding the marine. Indulging in the most prodigal expenditure for the building, equipment, and superfluous decoration of men-of-war, and for a thousand other purposes of ultra-oriental luxury, he not only consumed the revenues of the Admiralty, but emptied the chest of the Imperial Treasury. Woe to the minister of finance, if he had made the slightest resistance to the payment of the sums which Hussein demanded! He would not have scrupled to repair at the head of four hundred armed naval officers, to the department of the minister, and to plunge a poniard into his breast.[1] The expedition by sea and land which he commanded against the famous rebel Pasvand-Ogloo of Widin, cost, in six months, in consequence of his prodigality and want of economy, more than a hundred millions of Turkish piasters.[2]

The maritime expeditions also, under his command for the recovery of Egypt, invaded by Napoleon, and for the expulsion of the French from Naples, as well as from the Ionian Islands, exhausted the Ottoman empire by extraordinary imposts, and served to swallow a great part of the treasures of the seraglio, so that, after his death, the Ottoman marine began visibly to decline, and fall into a state of languor and decay.

Our limits forbid us to proceed; but we shall take an early opportunity of laying before our readers an account of the Turkish priesthood, the Turkish land-forces—particularly the late janissaries, and the Seraglio.

(1) The Grand-Admiral is obliged, when he is at Constantinople, to appear every Friday, in state, at the Ottoman Porte, and to pay homage to the Grand Vizier. Although he has the rank of a Pacha of three tails, he acknowledges the superiority of the Sultan's absolute lieutenant. When, therefore, he approaches him, he makes a profound bow, called *témémna*, and advances to kiss the hem of his pelisse; but the Grand Vizier, on his part, rises, draws back his robe with haste, and salutes, in the same manner, with a bow to the ground. The admiral, Hussein Pacha, angry with the minister for foreign affairs, called Atif Efendy, because he destroyed the effect of one of his reports to the Porte, repaired to the Grand Vizier's, with the intention of poniarding the minister as soon as he presented himself to the Vizier. The Minister, apprised of the Admiral's intention, furtively quitted the Porte, under the pretext of indisposition; repeating the trick every time the admiral visited the vizier, until he had succeeded in appeasing his rage.

(2) The Turkish piaster was then worth about twenty pence.

SHORT

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## SHORT REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

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*Gaii Institutionum Commentarii quatuor e codice rescripto Bibliothecæ Capitularis Berolinensis. A Federico Bluhmio iterum collato. Edid. Jo. Feder. Goeschen. Editio altera.* Berolini. Impensis Geo. And. Reimerii. 1824.

*Gaii Jurisconsulti Institutionum Commentarius quartus, sive de Actionibus. Recensuit, &c. Augustus Guil. Heffter, Antecessor Bonnensis.* Berolini. 1827.

THE golden æra of Roman jurisprudence commences with the empire and ends with the accession of Alexander Severus to the throne. During this time, as is well known, no branch of study met with more encouragement than jurisprudence.

Among those who gave to this period a lustre unequalled in any other age or country are Servius Sulpitius, Offilius, Labeo, Sabinus, Julianus, Gajus, Papinian, Paulus Ulpian, Modestinus. Those of their works which have reached us are not less remarkable for the purity of style, than for the acuteness of reasoning, and for the diffusion of those liberal and philosophical views which gave to the Roman jurisprudence an everlasting influence over the whole civilised world. Unhappily, however, the most important of their works are lost, and we should even have been ignorant of their existence, if the commission charged by Justinian to form a code of laws had not preserved a collection of fragments, which, even in their mutilated state, command at the present day the admiration of the learned jurisconsults of Europe.

In this collection of fragments there are 536 of Gajus, whose opinions we find also quoted four times in the fragments of other jurisconsults. He lived under the emperors M. Aurelius and Commodus, and had written a work entitled "Institutionum Commentarii," and also another "De Rebus quotidianis," the first of which was highly estimated, not only by his contemporaries, who used it as a manual in the schools of law, but also by the lawyers in the time of Justinian—so much so, that Trebonianus confesses that he composed his Institutiones chiefly after those of Gajus. Many centuries elapsed without finding the original work, the loss of which was much felt by all writers on Roman law. At length (in 1816) Niebuhr, while on his travels to Italy, succeeded in discovering this treasure in Verona. The library of the chapter in Verona possesses many important manuscripts in parchment, among which are:—

1. Codex membranaceus rescriptus, olim xv nunc xiii.; in which, under some writings of St. Hieronymus, were found the Institutiones of Gajus.

2. Folium singulare membranaceum, containing a treatise on the laws of prescription and interdicts, likewise written by Gajus.

3. Folia membranacea duo, quæ tamen inter se cohærent, containing a fragment of an old jurisconsult on the "Right of the Crown."

The fragments contained in Nos. 2, 3, were discovered first by Maffei, and mentioned in his Verona Illustrata, Parte terza, Verona, 1732, 8vo. cap. 7. p. 464, but did not obtain great attention.

In the year 1816, however, Niebuhr, when passing through Verona, examined different manuscripts, and discovered that MS. No. 1 was a rescript, and by using a chemical process he brought to light the hidden treasure;

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treasure; he copied a portion in haste, and sent it to Professor Savigny at Berlin.

This celebrated jurisconsult made known the important discovery to the literary world by his excellent review on historical jurisprudence; and the government of Prussia, in order to have a copy of the whole, sent two learned men, Professors Beckker and Goeschen to Verona; these gentlemen were afterwards joined by Professor Hollweg, who, animated by a love of science, proceeded to Verona at his own expense.

It is unnecessary to describe their mode of proceeding in copying and re-establishing this treasure of antiquity, the genuineness of which is fully proved, not only by a comparison with the Institutiones of Justinian, with the Breviarius of Alaric, but also principally by the fragments quoted in the digests and in the Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio, in which the identity of the original text and of the quoted fragments is completely established.

Two other manuscripts of the same work were discovered (at Vienna and Vercelli), the collation and examination of which enabled the editors of the works prefixed at the head of this article to restore the text of Gajus so much, as to render it useful both to the historian and the jurist. They enriched it by learned notes and commentaries, to which we refer those of our readers who are interested for a branch of knowledge, which is not less essential to the man of classical acquirements, than the acquaintance with the history of Rome, of which, indeed, the most important part consists in its legislature.

*C. Odofr. Muelleri de Phidiæ Vita et Operibus cum Tabula ære expressa, qua signa adumbrantur quæ fuerunt in Portico Hecatompedi fastigio.* Goettingæ. 1827.

The works of this ingenious and most accomplished German scholar deserve to be more known in this country. They are of the highest importance to the history and mythology of Greece. His archæological researches, particularly those referring to the history of the fine arts among the Greeks, display extensive erudition and acute observation. The Germans have done much in these departments; the works of Meyer, Hirt, Boettiger, Thiersch, Welcker, and Schorn ought to be in the hands of every Greek scholar. The work before us contains three dissertations, which were read to the Royal Society of Sciences at Goettingen. The *first* is a biographical sketch of Phidias, and establishes beyond doubt that Phidias began to emoellish Athens with his works of sculpture, in Olymp. 82 or 83, when Pericles was ἰσωτάτης; that he finished in the third year of Olymp. 85, the statue (χρυσελεφάντινον) of Minerva for the Parthenon; that the Elians, when the name of Phidias had become known all over Greece for the splendid works he had executed at Athens, induced him to come to Elis, and that he made there the statue of the Olympian Jupiter, between Olymp. 85, a. 3, and 86, a. 3.; and, finally, that after his return to Athens, Phidias was thrown into prison by the enemies of Pericles, on a charge of peculation and impiety, and that he died in prison, in the first year of Olymp. 87, in which year the last work of Pericles the Propylees had been finished. The *second* shows the state of the fine arts before Phidias, and to what height they were carried by his genius. The *third* gives a *new* explanation of the statues on the western front of the Parthenon at Athens, which, we hope, Colonel Leake, Cockerell, and other competent men of our country, will take the trouble to examine. The word γίγαντα, in the Schol. ad Æl. Aristid., applied to statuary, seems a stumbling-block to us; there might have been a painting in the Acropolis, perhaps in the γιγαντομαχίαν, to which the

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the words of the scholiast could refer; but the explanation of our author luckily does not depend on this passage.

*Deycks, F. de Megaricorum Doctrina, ejusque apud Platonem atque Aristotelem Vestigiis.* Bonnæ. 1827.

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An interesting and valuable treatise on the *Megaric* School of Philosophy. It is divided into two parts: 1. Megaricorum historia. 2. Megaricorum doctrina. Another private lecturer, at Bonn, Dr. Brandis, has published, in the *Rhenish Museum*, an excellent treatise on Socratic Philosophy. The history of Greek philosophy has been considerably enriched by the diligence and acuteness of these scholars.

*Sammlung Architectonischer Entwürfe, von Schinkel; enthaltend theils Werke welche ausgeführt, theils Gegenstände deren Ausführung beabsichtigt wurde.* Berlin. Gr. Quer. folio, Erstes-Sechstes heft.

Schinkel is the great architect of Berlin. The style of this master is purely classical, yet his designs are not so much copies of the antique, as a tasteful adaptation of its forms and details, so as to impart a considerable degree of piquant originality to his compositions, which are admirable examples of grandeur and richness of decoration combined with simplicity,—of unity of character joined to variety. The principal divisions are boldly marked and well contrasted, and there is at the same time a repose and soberness that serve as a relief to the embellishments, and heighten their effect.

The New Theatre and Museum are indisputably his two finest works; and for purity of style, yet decided originality, will not suffer by a comparison with any modern edifices. The first, which is entirely insulated, has four fronts, somewhat varied in design, but still preserving throughout that unity of character so essential in every work of art, and so conducive to grandeur of effect. The principal façade has in its centre an exceedingly noble hexastyle portico of the Grecian Ionic order, fluted, the ascent to which is by a lofty and magnificent flight of steps, the height of the basement. This certainly imparts an air of great majesty and dignity to the edifice, yet is not altogether adapted to a northern climate: in order, therefore, to obviate this objection, the architect has ingeniously contrived a covered carriage-way beneath the portico. The pediment has an alto-relievo representing Niobe and her children: within the portico itself are antæ, corresponding with the columns in front; and between these, and also on each side the portico, and on the other sides of the buildings, are two series of lesser antæ, the intercolumns of which form windows. Above the portico, but not immediately over it, rises a superstructure consisting likewise of antæ, and crowned by a second pediment filled with sculpture, and surmounted by a colossal figure of Apollo in a car drawn by two-winged griffins. There are likewise statues on the pediment of the portico, and on the pedestals at the extremities of the steps. The details are throughout exceedingly chaste and beautiful, the general outline bold and striking, the various features well proportioned to, and contrasted with each other; and harmony of character pervades the whole. The effect of the temple-like superstructure, with its roof extending in one unbroken line, in the centre of the building, is exceedingly classical and chaste. Indeed the whole structure is conceived in so grand a gusto,—so much in the spirit of antiquity, without betraying anything that can be deemed mere imitation, that it has more the air of some fabric designed by an artist for some classical historical landscape composition, than the creation of a modern architect. And here it may not be altogether irrelevant to ask how it happens that on can-

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vass,—in theatrical decorations, or in mere designs, we often witness such purity and elegance of taste, while in actual buildings we have generally to regret the absence of these qualities? Is it because architects disdain to study picturesque combinations, whether of form or light and shade; or because in what may be considered mere fancy designs, they give a scope to their taste? Whatever be the reason, we believe it must be acknowledged that the finest specimens of architectural taste will be found buried in portfolios. M. Schinkel at least must be admitted to have been exceedingly fortunate, for he has not only been employed on works of great magnitude, but, as it should seem, has been permitted to follow the impulses of his own genius, unfettered by those restraints which so often mar and cripple excellent designs. There have not, however, been wanting critics who have affected to censure the theatre of Berlin. It has been objected that there are too many windows, all the intercolumns between the antæ being glazed; and it is related as a current anecdote, that strangers ask what could possibly induce his majesty to build such a vast greenhouse in such a situation. But a joke is not valid criticism; for the most masterly productions of art may be turned into ridicule by a jest or a sneer.

The Museum, which is situated between two branches of the Spree, opposite the royal palace, with the arsenal and new palace bridge on one side, and the cathedral and new Frederick's bridge on the other, will, when completed—which it is expected to be in the course of the present year—be one of the most splendid repositories for works of art, that any city can boast.

The plan of the edifice is a parallelogram, measuring two hundred and seventy-six feet by one hundred and seventy. The principal elevation, namely, that towards the palace, consists of a single colonnade of eighteen Ionic pillars, and two antæ, forming a continued portico twenty-one feet in width.* This is placed upon a solid terrace, or substructure, about twelve feet high, in the centre of which is a flight of steps occupying the width of seven intercolumns; and within the portico, the five middle intercolumns are open, so as to admit a view into the vestibule and staircase, which are separated from the portico itself merely by a dwarf screen, one-fourth the height of the columns, producing thereby a beautiful intricacy and picturesque variety, without at all disturbing the general simplicity of the design. On each side of this inner colonnade, the upper part of the wall of the portico will be decorated with a very large fresco painting, beneath which will be bas-reliefs. The effect of these paintings, as seen between the columns, will produce a very rich and gay effect. Passing through the vestibule we enter a large rotunda, sixty-seven feet in diameter, having a colonnade of twenty Corinthian pillars supporting a gallery communicating with the upper floor. This truly noble and elegant hall is lighted, after the manner of the Pantheon, by a large aperture in the centre of its vaulted dome, which window is twenty-three feet in diameter, and glazed with glass of such extraordinary thickness as to be able to support the weight of a person standing upon it on the outside. Antique statues will be placed here, both between the columns and in niches in the gallery above. Immediately communicating with the rotunda, is a gallery, occupying nearly the whole of the back-front of the museum, two hundred and four feet long by thirty wide; the ceiling of which is supported by twenty columns.

* Above the columns in front is the following inscription, in gold:—'Fredericus Gulihelmus III. Antiquitatis omnigenæ et artium liberalium Museum constituit, MD,CCC,XXVII,' The word omnigena was not used by the pure latin writers before the time of Apuleius.

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This apartment will be appropriated to the reception of antique statues, busts, vases, and bas-reliefs. In each of the side fronts is a gallery one hundred and twenty-three feet by twenty-nine, and having ten columns. The hall of Egyptian antiquities, and the corresponding one, on the opposite side of the vestibule, which is intended to receive bronzes, terra-cottas, and smaller pieces of sculpture, are of the same dimensions, viz., fifty-three feet by twenty-nine. These two last-mentioned apartments look into inner courts, situated one on each side of the rotunda. There are lesser rooms for the collection of coins, ancient gems, &c. The upper floor, which is arranged so as to form a continued series of galleries, will be entirely appropriated to paintings, and will contain, besides the principal pictures from the palaces of Berlin and Potzdam, the celebrated Giustiniani and Solly collections, the latter of which possesses a number of very fine and undoubted specimens of the early German schools. As the dome does not rise sufficiently above the roof to be rendered a prominent feature externally, the architect has inclosed it entirely by four walls, at the angles of which will be placed colossal groups of Dioscuri, with their horses. The mass of structure thus formed not only gives an importance to the centre of the building, and imparts an air of extraordinary dignity and grandeur to the whole, but corresponds with the general character of the architecture better than even a dome would; at least we cannot help thinking so, notwithstanding that we are strongly prepossessed in favour of those beautiful hemispherical forms. Both this building and the theatre are fully illustrated by a variety of plans, elevations, sections, perspective views, and plates of details: the letter-press descriptions, too, are very satisfactory, and far more complete than what we usually meet with in works of this nature where they are generally little more than mere references to the engravings.

Among the other subjects contained in this publication, are designs for the Wacht-gebaüde, or guard-house, at Berlin; a church in the Spittelmarkte, ditto; the engineer and artillery-school, ditto; Schlosschen Tegel, a villa belonging to Baron von Humboldt; the villa of M. Behrends, the banker; a hunting-seat of Prince Radzivil, at Przygodzice; the pump-room at Aachen; and a design for a musical academy. The last-mentioned of these is, although on a small scale, inferior to none of the rest in originality and beauty. Exquisitely simple, and consisting but of very few features, it nevertheles displays so much character, something so peculiarly novel and attractive in its structure, such exquisite taste, that we know not whether we should not rather give it the preference to any of the other designs.

*Bötticher, W. Dr. Geschichte der Chartager nach den Quellen bearbeitet. Mit einer Karte.* Berlin. 1827.

Scipio shed tears on the ruins of Carthage, on the ashes of this once opulent, powerful, enterprising city. A mind less generous, less noble, would have rejoiced over the fallen fortunes of this dangerous rival of Rome; but Scipio, feeling how perishable human splendour and magnificence are, and how transient all glory and power, might be supposed to have been seized by a gloomy presentiment, that, after the lapse of some centuries, a similar fate would befall Rome. And surely Rome never had a greater enemy than that Cato, who pestered the senate with his Ego quidem censeo, Carthaginem esse delendam. From the destruction of Carthage, begins the decline of Rome.

If Greece distinguished itself chiefly by its splendid productions in arts and sciences, Rome by its persevering valour, and wisdom in legislation, Carthage

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Carthage must be allowed to rank first for navigation and commerce, or it has to share its glory only with its ancestors, the Phœnicians. The first naval battle which we know of in history, was fought between the Carthaginians and Etruscans on one side, and the Phoceans on the other, in the year 536 before Christ. The Carthaginians became, by their victory over the Phoceans, the first naval power in the Mediterranean; they occupied Sardinia, and the present capital of Sardinia, Cagliari, is a colony of this people. They made a descent upon Sicily, where the Phœnicians had already settlements; Palermo (Panormus) was founded by the same nation. They got possession of the Balearic islands (Majorca and Minorca) and the Pytiuses: Melita (Malta) and Gaulos (Gozzo) offered to them convenient harbours, and staple places for their trade. They followed the Phœnicians to Spain, and enriched themselves by its silver mines; in the ocean they occupied Madeira. They bought tin from the Britons, and gathered amber from the shores of the Baltic. Their commercial and colonial policy, their civil institutions, their economy, their religion, manners, and language, their naval expeditions, deserve our attention; and the unfortunate issue of their struggle with Rome cannot make us forget that Carthage has produced Annibal, the greatest warrior of the ancient world.

In the work before us, we possess, for the first time, something like a history of this nation. The first period of it begins with the foundation of Carthage till the wars with Syracuse, from 878-480; the second, from the beginning of the wars with Syracuse till the beginning of the wars with Rome, from 480-264; the third, brings the history down to the destruction of Carthage, 264-146; and a final chapter treats of the Roman Carthage, and its destruction by the Arabs 706 after Christ. All the materials have been most carefully collected, the authorities duly weighed, and the narrative is easy and fluent. We agree with the author that the story of Regulus having been put to death by the Carthaginians, is a fable, since he died, according to the testimony of Diodorus Siculus, a natural death, although otherwise we have no reason to give the Carthaginians much credit for their humanity; but we disbelieve the burning glasses of Archimedes, because the silence of Polybius is, upon this point, of greater weight than a positive assertion of Zonaras; and lastly, we must suppose, that the author has not seen the second edition of Niebuhr's history of Rome, or he would not have mentioned Laurentum instead of Aricia, among the towns which were included in the first commercial treaty between Rome and Carthage, in the year 509 before Christ.

*Tallmerayer, J. Ph. Geschichte des Kaiserthums von Trapezunt.* Munchen. 1827.

Gibbon and Ducange are the only historians who have given us some information about the empire of Trapezunt, and *they* even, have only skimmed the subject. The history of Trapezunt was considered, like the country itself, which is situated in the inmost recesses of the Euxine, dark and impenetrable; and all we have heard of its past magnificence, of its wealth, of the beauty of its females, such as they are extolled in the romances of the middle ages, was supposed to deserve little more credit than common Oriental tales. The author of this book, a professor of history at Landshut, and a pupil of the learned Professor Ast, the editor of Plato, has had the good fortune to meet, in the course of his historical researches, with the chronicle of Michael Panaretos, a Trapezuntian historiographer, which, together with the Greek manuscripts of Cardinal Bessarion, forms a part of the library of S. Marco, at Venice. This chronicle, of which Gibbon knew nothing, contains important information from the year 1204 till 1350, on the



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the names, age, and reign of the emperors of Trapezunt, on their family connexions, and wars, and on the revolutions which have taken place in the palace, and becomes still more rich in genealogical and chronological references, from the year 1350 till 1382. Without this chronicle, it would probably have been a hopeless task to write a history of Trapezunt. The author obtained also the support of Hase at Paris, of the royal library, who copied for him the journal of Eugenius, the nomophylax of Constantinople, who had made a journey to Trapezunt; and the celebrated S. de Sacy sent him extracts from the Persian historian Scherefeddin Ali. The author, an Oriental and Greek scholar himself, and versed in most modern languages, has done every thing to render his work complete and perfect.

Trapezunt is first spoken of by Xenophon, about 400 before Christ, and is mentioned as a splendid town in the time of Mithridates. The period of its foundation is unknown, but it was of Pelasgic origin. Trapezus in the Tauric Chersones, in Arcadia, and that on the Hellespont were colonies of this Caucasian Trapezunt. Pausanias, Arcad. 27, mentions that the Trapezuntians of Arcadia destroyed their town and returned to Trapezus in Pontus, when Epaminondas wanted to force them to come to the new built town of Megalopolis, in order to strengthen it against the Spartans, whose power he wished to break for ever. The Arcadians were well received in Pontus; Trapezus preserved its municipal freedom under the Romans, and Pliny calls it *oppidum liberum*, and Mela, urbem illustrem. It was a flourishing commercial town. Zosimus calls it πόλιν μεγάλην καὶ πολυάνθρωπον. Conquered by the Goths in the time of P. Lic. Valerian, it lost its wealth and its freedom under Diocletian and Constantine, whence Amm. Marcellinus calls it only oppidum non obscurum.

Under Justinian it became a provincial town of the Pontic Eparchia, of which Neo-Cæsarea was the chief town, and its importance grew during the wars of the Byzantines with the Persians and Arabs. And afterwards it became the metropolis of the Thema (new name for Eparchia) of Chaldia. The præfects of Trapezunt styled themselves princes in the 11th century. When the Seldschucks conquered nearly all Anatolia, and founded the empire of Iconium, Trapezunt maintained itself independent, until it was conquered by the famous queen of Georgia, Thamar. The death of the emperor Andronicus at Constantinople, (who by no means deserved the high praises bestowed upon him by our author,) brought his daughter, with the princes Alexis and David, and a number of other noble fugitives, to Trapezunt; and after the conquest of Constantinople by the Franks (1203), the prince Alexis made himself master of Trapezunt, and founded the dynasty of the Comnenes. Our author maintains that he assumed the title of emperor, or βασιλεύς, whilst Gibbon and Ducange, on the authority of Vincentius Belvacensis, Speculum Historiale ad annum 1240, assert, that before the Comnene John, 1274, the princes of Trapezunt were satisfied with the title of κύριος, Dominus. We confess that the evidence brought forward against Gibbon does not seem to us to be conclusive; for their not being acknowledged as emperors at Constantinople could not have prevented *Joinville*, a Frenchman, about 1253, to call a prince of Trapezunt emperor, if they actually had assumed that title; and as it cannot be denied that Alexis solicited the alliance of Baldwin and Henry of Flanders against Lascaris of Nicæa, it may be supposed that he would not have assumed a title which would evidently have displeased them. In general, we believe, a historian ought to hesitate before he contradicts positive contemporary evidence. But Gibbon is certainly wrong in maintaining that the title Μέγας-κομνηνός was derived from the stature of Alexis.

The conquests of the Trapezuntian princes in Anatolia were soon lost. Protected

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Protected as the Trapezuntians were by high, rugged, and inaccessible mountains, they remained unmolested during the first invasion of the Mongols, 1263; but our author shows against Gibbon, from a letter in Marini Sanuti, Vite dei Duchi di Venezia, which had escaped Gibbon, that Manuel, emperor of Trapezunt, was obliged, 1402, to do homage to Timur in person, and to furnish twenty vessels for the war against Bajazet. During this time Trapezunt had become a flourishing commercial town, although the Turkmann emirs of Sinope sometimes rendered the navigation in the Euxine sea insecure. These emirs of Sinope did at that time in the Black Sea what Algiers and Tunis still practise in the Mediterranean. A Genoese, and afterwards a Venetian factory at Trapezunt carried on a successful trade with India. Trapezunt was then the staple place, the centre of commerce between the orient and the occident. The costly merchandise of the countries of Asia to the east of the Black Sea, to India and China, were heaped up in the magazines and the bazars of Trapezunt. The vessels of all the western nations appeared on their coasts, for the purposes of exchange and traffic; gold stuffs from Bagdad and Cairo, silk and cotton manufactures from India and Sina (σῆρ' ἤμασα τῶν Σινῶν), pearls and gems from Golconda and Ceylon, cloth from Cilicia, Flanders, and Italy, glass and steel-manufactures from Germany, hemp and honey from Mingrelia, wheat from the Tauric Chersonesus, scarlet from Florence, and, in short, the produce of art and labour of Pisa, Florence, and Venice filled the markets of Trapezunt. The concourse of strangers was immense; a great number settled there, and all languages, costumes, and religions of the trading nations of Europe and Asia, together with those of the natives, could, according to Bessarion, be distinguished at Trapezunt. Between 1458-62 the Trapezuntian empire was destroyed by Mahomed II. shortly after the conquest of Constantinople. It lasted about 258 years. Its history is, on the whole, only a fac-simile of the history of the Byzantine empire. The Trapezuntians spoke Greek with great elegance, as they conceived, and this was their chief merit; for a bigoted degenerated people, weak voluptuous princes, a turbulent, ambitious, ignorant clergy, were seated in a terrestrial paradise, among groves of lemons and olives, in the shade of cypresses, amidst the luxuriance of vines and flowers, resounding with the sweet lay of the nightingales. The vine and the cherry-tree were brought from this country to Europe; Kerasus was the second town of the empire. The mild climate, the mountain air, and the cool transparent water produced that fine Caucasian blood, which rendered the beauty of the Trapezuntian princesses so celebrated that the palace of the Grand-Comnenes was often filled with enamoured suitors from Constantinople and all parts of Asia, and Servia, and Mitylene.

The author combines with profound historical researches a lively spirited style, and enters into many interesting details, especially with reference to commerce, and shows at the same time that he has contemplated history with the mind of a philosopher.

(The narrative of our author differs in some points from that in *Hammer's* History of the Osmanic Empire, vol. ii., p. 58.)

*Hammer, J. v. Geschichte der Osmannischen Reiches.* Erster und Zweiter Band. *Von der Gründung der Osmannischen Reiches bis zur Eroberung von Constantinopel,* 1300-1453. Pest. 1827.

It is superfluous to allude, during the present state of affairs in the East, to the importance of this work. It may also be acknowledged, that no European is better qualified to write a history of the Turkish empire than Hammer. For the last thirty years he has been occupied in collecting the



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materials for this work. Whilst our great Oriental scholar Sir William Jones confessed that he knew but a dozen works relating to Turkish history; whilst the public libraries themselves at Constantinople contain hardly more than two dozen of them, our author has either bought, or made use of two hundred Turkish, Arabic, and Persian works, which describe the whole period or a portion of Turkish history. The author has been twice at Constantinople (attached to the Austrian embassy), has travelled in the Levant, visited carefully the libraries and book-stalls, and carried on a correspondence since with Constantinople, Bagdad, Haleb, and Cairo, for the purpose of enriching his stock of materials for this work. He has besides availed himself of the libraries of Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Cambridge, Oxford, Paris, Venice, Florence, Naples, Rome, and Bologna. Among his numerous publications on Turkey, the work on the constitution and administration of the Osmanic empire (Des Osmanischen Reiches Staatsverfassung und Staatsverwaltung, Wien, 1815), has sufficiently proved how well Hammer has prepared himself for this great work. It must also be recollected, that the two European powers which have been for centuries struggling against Turkey were Austria and the Republic of Venice, and that the archives of these two states must, in consequence, possess the most important materials concerning the history of Turkey. Is it not surprising, when Turkey approaches the most dreadful crisis, that these two powers (we beg Austria's pardon for calling Venice a power) should remain passive spectators, or act only in favour of Turkey? The preface is followed by a long list of the Oriental works, documents, &c.; of the genealogical or chronological maps, which the author has had the use of. The present volume itself embraces the history of the Osmanic empire from its foundation till the conquest of Constantinople; at the end are given explanatory notes with reference to the authorities; after these, genealogical tables of the Osmans, and the whole is accompanied by a small map representing the Turkish empire in its embryon state in Asia Minor. We shall not enter, for the present, into the particulars of the work, as we may, perhaps, in a future number, give a detailed account of it.

*Kruse, D. F. C. H. Hellas, oder Geographisch-antiquarische Darstellung des alten Griechenlandes und seiner Colonien, &c.* Mit Kupfern und Charten. Leipzig, Erster Theil, 1825. 2tes Theil, 1ste Abtheilung, 1826. 2tes Theil, 2te Abtheilung, 1827.

This Work really deserves a more detailed account than we can here afford, for it is unquestionably the most useful work which we posses on the geography of Greece. The author, professor of history and geography at Halle, deserves great credit for its plan and execution. It contains an immense mass of valuable information, collected not only from ancient writers, but also from modern travellers and geographers, as Stuart, Dodwell, Gell, Leake, Hobhouse, Holland, &c. We are glad to remark that he generally follows the best authorities, as Leake and Gell, and that, very judiciously, he refers to Pouqueville in a subsidiary way only. Some inaccuracies will naturally slip into a work of such an extent, especially where he had Pouqueville for his only guide. Thus *Lidoriki*, which lies on the road from Amphissa to Calydon, about eight leagues from Amphissa S. W., falls, in Kruse's map, to the north of Amphissa. On the road from Distomo to Delphi we miss on the map the village of Arachova. Ambryssos, now called Distomo, or better Dystomo, from δυο and στομα, from the two orifices of an excellent fountain at the place, lies to the N. W. of Stiria. His reasons for putting the town of Sunium to the east of the Cape, what no geographer has done before him, have failed to

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to convince us; and we think that the author would have done better not to transfer his conjecture from the text of the book to the map. But these are trifles, if the merit of the work altogether is taken into consideration.

*Johannes Wit genannt von Döring. Fragmente aus meinem Leben und meiner Zeit.* Braunschweig. 1827.

For very obvious reasons, the Germans do not excel in political literature. On this head the Leipsic catalogues are very flat. A short time ago, however, a political autobiography was published, and excited great sensation.

The name of the biographer is John *Wit* (lucus a non lucendo) *alias* Baron Döring. When student at Jena, he took it into his head to parade before the world as a demagogue, dressed himself as a minstrel in the most ludicrous way, with feathers in his cap, and carried pistols, whence he ran the danger of being horsewhipped by the officers at Cassel. He then professed himself the author of a libellous poem, published anonymously by Dr. Follenius, at Jena, yet was not bold enough to take his trial, nor desirous of the glory of a martyr, but took to his heels; on which occasion the Prussian government gazette presented the world with his pedigree, informing us that this pretended baron is the son of a horsedealer at Altona.

He visited England, France, Switzerland, and Piedmont, successively; and, in the course of his travels, he boasts of having become connected with all the Jacobins, Carbonari, and Illuminati—in short, with all the conspirators and revolutionists in Europe; pretends to have known all their secrets, their plans, and machinations, and to have been initiated into their societies, till he was stopped in the middle of his triumphant career, and arrested in Germany in 1824, when he thought best to play the part of a repentant sinner, and to denounce to the Prussian and Austrian police all those who had had the misfortune to know this errant knight, or to receive him hospitably from a feeling of compassion, since he represented himself everywhere as the victim of persecution. Thus some highly-respectable ladies of Switzerland came to a place in the Prussian catalogue of Jacobins. His biography contains a public avowal of all this, and a full recantation of his former jacobinical principles. He probably acted upon the devise, Nel Mondo mutabile e leggiero: Costanza è spesso variar il pensiero.

It is said at Berlin, that he expects an appointment from the Prussian government; but those who know more of the secret, maintain that he has been a spy of the police a long while. He confesses himself, that he was already, in 1820, distrusted by the German Liberals; and we know it as a fact, that he was regarded as a spy by the Swiss governments during his stay in that country. He says, that whilst the Holy Alliance was continually reproaching the Swiss confederation for offering an asylum to the Italian and German refugees, secret agents were sent, who, with pretended liberalism, endeavoured to ensnare the unwary, and to betray them into a criminal correspondence, which might be used on a future day as evidence against them. The head-quarters of these agents, as he informs us, still was at Geneva; there he lived in close friendship with some French and Austrian spies, till the police of Geneva ordered him to quit the canton.

The son of the Neapolitan Duke of Fra Marino, Carlo Chiricone, was furnished by the Austrian police with forged diplomas of the Carbonaria, and sent as a spy to Switzerland, although Wit represents him as a deputy of the Neapolitan Carbonari: a French count, Beaumont de Brivasac, acted the same part; and thus the different agents met together at Geneva to play the spies in the country, and to regard with suspicious scrutiny the actions of each other.

We need not say how diseased and anomalous such a state of society must

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must be: everybody will agree with us, that this mining and countermining of conspirators, and of the police, is paltry and despicable in the extreme; and in a country like England, where publicity is the shield of freedom, such a thing could never take place. But the conduct of some of the continental governments was absurd; for they had themselves, at a former period, sanctioned what they afterwards attempted, in so ill-contrived a manner, to prevent. When groaning under the despotism of Buonaparte, they formed and promoted secret societies against his overwhelming power: these alone kept alive the dying flame of patriotism, and enabled the governments to assume again, with the first opportunity, at the end of the Russian campaign, a bold and martial attitude; the spirit of the nation then burst forth in enthusiasm, because it never had been conquered or broken, although the governments had been deeply humbled. It is an undeniable fact, that the Tugendbund was encouraged by the highest authority in Prussia; but, when the war was over, those men who had bled in the field of battle would not consent, without a struggle, to be duped by their government at home.

The right, we know, to put down these societies, belongs unquestionably to every government de facto; but we maintain, that the most efficacious remedy, and perhaps the only one, is publicity, and an administration consonant with the feelings and wishes of the most intelligent part of the nation.

As to this Mr. Wit, we care but little whether he was a spy or not; his unprincipled conduct renders him, in both cases, unworthy of the confidence of any government: the charges he brings forward against various individuals deserve not the least credit, and we have reason to believe they would already have been disproved in Germany, if the censorship did not prevent every refutation. We know, that Professor Cousin, of Paris, when travelling in Germany, was arrested a short time ago on the deposition of this Wit; but he proved the evidence of this informer to be a tissue of falsehood, and was set free.

We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that a book like this can recommend the author to the good graces of the Prussian government; a book, we say, full not only of the most deliberate falsehoods, but also of the most disgusting anecdotes, the congenial food of a profligate memory and a debauched imagination; a book which presents us,—we hardly trust our eyes,—with an apology for suicide, and with a defence of adultery, p. 487; a book, in short, the most pardonable doctrine of which is, that absolute despotism is most favourable to literature. Did the writer wish to please the Prussian government by such a doctrine, or did he mean to insult it?

To give our readers, however, a slight notion of the important disclosures of this work, we shall make only a few extracts:—

P. 33. The fourth degree of the Carbonaria, the degree of the Apostoli, enjoins to the members to work the ruin of all monarchs, and especially of the Bourbons. He informs us, that the Carbonari of Naples were countenanced during the reign of King Joachim, by the English government, and that Lord Bentinck himself was one of the earliest of the number!!

P. 34. The adept of the seventh degree, P. S. P. (Princeps Summus Patriarcha), swears against *every* religion, and *every* form of government. Assassination, poison, perjury, everything is allowed. Credat Judæus!!!

P. 37. There is a secret society in Italy, Spain, Germany, France, Switzerland. Their object is to destroy the Austrian power in Italy, and to restore the Catholic church as it was before the revolution. The late Pope was the head of this society. They call themselves Consistoriali, Crociferi, Societa della Santa Fede, del Anello, &c. &c.; of these, Count Le Maistre was the provincial chief for Piedmont; after him Count Borgarelli, the archbishop

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archbishop of Turin, and the vicar-general of Asti. The true head in Upper Italy is the Duke of M. (Modena); this party is supported by France. The King of Piedmont (p. 42) is also a member of it; and the Prince Hohenlohe Schillingsfürst, in Germany. Most members are of the ancient nobility and the high clergy!!!

What will the continental governments say to this? Here is a secret society again, countenanced by kings, dukes, princes, nobles, archbishops, and other dignitaries of the church; and what for? To re-establish the catholicism of the middle ages, to restore the supremacy of the pope, and to lay the nations again in most abject, brutal, and depraved spiritual thraldom!!!

To substantiate one charge against the biographer, of having brought forward disgraceful anecdotes, from which he draws the most unwarrantable inference against whole classes of society, we beg to quote only one from page 87.

The Marquis P. comes home one evening, unexpectedly, very early. He enters the room of his wife, and an accidental glance at the looking-glass, which hangs opposite, shows him his consort, in the neighbouring *boudoir*, in close tête-à-tête with his friend, the Marquis of St. M. Without giving the least sign of astonishment, he walks up to the looking-glass, coughs loudly, and sets his neckerchief aright. In the mean time, his rival slips out of the door; and approaching the boudoir, all he says to his wife, who had almost fainted away, are the words, "Mais, Madame, de laisser la porte ouverte! si quelqu'un des domestiques était entré!"

Another anecdote is told of Canning, which the *bragadoccio* pretends to have heard himself, in the tribune of the ambassadors at the Chambre des Députés at Paris. During the revolution of Naples and Piedmont, a Latin proclamation was spread among the Hungarian regiments, to excite them to rebellion against Austria. Canning, to whom this Wit, alias Baron Döring, showed it, remarked, "Shocking! these fellows use a deponens for an activum!" And this had actually been the case.

*Dorn, B. Dr. Ueber die Verwandtschaft des persischen, germanischen, und griechisch-lateinischen Sprachstamms.* Hamburg. 1827.

We make the greater progress in the oriental languages, the more it becomes evident, that not only the materials, but also the superstructure of the Greek and German languages bear a close affinity to the Persian and Sanscrit. The little volume before us contains much useful information on this subject, which now occupies the attention of various distinguished oriental scholars in Germany.

*Dætsky Sobesædnik.* Published Quarterly. 8vo. 1826, &c.

The Dætsky Sobesædnik, or Children's Visiter, which commenced in 1826, is an exceedingly useful and well-conducted periodical; and we are persuaded will contribute much towards establishing an improved system of education for children. The articles consist of tales, conversations on natural history, and scientific subjects, narratives from Russian history, grammatical dialogues, &c. Some of the tales are from the pen of the celebrated poet Zhukovsky, who thus laudably employs some portion of his leisure in contributing to the amusement and information of the rising generation.

*Narezhny, Slavenskie Vechera.* 2 vols. 12mo. Petersburg. 1826.

A new edition of Narezhny's Sclavonian Evenings evinces the popularity of this interesting collection of traditional and historical narratives. They are written in a kind of poetical prose, and have a considerable degree of Ossianic

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Ossianic colouring, which well befits their subjects. Bursak, another production by the same author, is also a very successful attempt at an historical romance, descriptive of the manners of several of the tribes in Little Russia. The characters are varied and forcibly drawn, the incidents well imagined, and the descriptions of scenery and customs highly picturesque. It is, however, altogether different from former productions.

*Danmark's og Hertugdommens Statsret.* Copenhagen.

One of the most important works which have issued from the press in Denmark, during the last year, is Schlegel's *Danmarks og Hertugdommens Statsret*, (on the Constitution of Denmark, &c.) In the first volume, which is all that has yet appeared, the author treats—1. of the Danish monarchy in general; 2. of the ancient independence of Denmark; 3. of the constitution prior to the foundation of the monarchy; 4. of the introduction of the royal power, and of the jurisdiction of the sovereign, &c. Prefixed to the work itself, is an introduction on the merits and utility of this branch of diplomatic science. M. Schlegel, who was before favourably known to the public by his 'Juridical Encyclopædia,' has shown himself a thorough master of his subject, and has brought together a mass of information highly interesting and valuable to the statesman, the historian, and the legal antiquarian.

*Benj. C. H. Hoijer's Samlade Skrifter. The collected Works of Benj. C. H. Hoijer.* 1825-6.

After the various systems of modern philosophy—the dualism of Descartes, the pantheism of Spinosa, the empyricism of Locke, and the rationalism of Leibnitz, had been succeeded by the calm, deep-cutting scepticism of Hume, Kant appeared, who soon effected a complete revolution in the field of philosophy. By his *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, this writer proved the insufficiency of all previously received philosophical demonstration. If Bacon had the merit of pointing out the errors of the philosophers who had gone before him, Kant was the great practical reformer who opened a new road to the halls of true philosophy. But, as in politics, so in philosophy, conquests, however great, are seldom lasting, and youthful warriors not unfrequently turn their weapons against the leader, of whom they learned the art of conquest. Fichte and Schelling, both nursed in the cradle of the Kantian school, soon became the opponents of their great master, and, at the commencement of the first decennium of our century, the followers of Kant, of Fichte, and Schelling, waged open war against each other. At present, though the followers of the Wissenschafts Lehre (Doctrine of Science) have, to all appearance, relinquished the contest, yet it still continues between the Kantites and the natural philosophers; and when Schelling shall have submitted a *complete* system of his philosophical principles* to the scrutiny of scientific inquirers, an event most anxiously awaited by his disciples, it is probable that fresh fuel will be added to that flame of contention which formerly burnt so fiercely. While England, France, and Italy were perfectly indifferent to the struggles of the German philosophers, the new doctrines of Kant, Fichte and Schelling excited considerable interest among the learned men of Sweden, a country where, comparatively speaking, the study of philosophy had then made but little progress. This interest is proved by the works of Hoijer, which comprise eleven philosophical essays, all containing matter of the greatest

* We understand that this will be done by the publication of a work called *Die Vier Welt alter*,

importance

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importance for those who cultivate the study of philosophy, or who wish for a review of the chief points of contest between the German philosophers. Hoijer avows himself a supporter of the doctrine of transcendental idealism, and thus ranks among those who are inclined towards the system of Fichte; which, however, does not prevent him from pointing out the great philosophical errors of that eminent thinker.

Our limits do not admit of our quoting even the titles of Hoijer's several dissertations. The first, however, in the first volume, contains a short and spirited review of the results of the principal philosophical systems from the Greek philosophers down to the time of Kant. The first essay of the second volume (almost the only one which is complete) contains a very elaborate analysis of philosophical construction. It is written in a style, combining the acuteness of Hegel, with the firm demonstration of Fichte, and the elegant simplicity of Schelling. The discussions on the character of objectiveness, of freedom and necessity, are written with great force of argument, and are intended to supply the deficiencies of Kant's treatise, *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft.* The author's attempts to prove the possibility of an unerring scientific construction in philosophy are well-drawn. His fifth essay in the first volume, and the two essays in the third volume, 'On the Philosophy of the Fine Arts,' and 'Ideas on the History of the Fine Arts,' though they are only sketches, yet drawing, as they do, a strong line of comparison between ancient and modern art, deserve to be ranked with the æsthetical essays of Schelling, Schlegel, St. Paul, and Bouterweck.

It is the intention of the editors to follow up the present edition of Hoijer's works by three additional volumes, containing the remainder of his posthumous writings. We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the successful skill with which the abstruse and abbreviated manuscript of Hoijer has been deciphered by the editors. We understand that the learned Dr. Grubbe, Professor of Philosophy at Upsala, is one of them, and we imagine that it is to his profound philosophical knowledge that we are indebted for the manner in which the mutilated passages have been supplied.

*Poésies, par Mde. Amable Tastu.* Paris. 1827.

It is a singular fact, that a nation whose earliest associations are so romantic and so poetical; which was the birth-place of the Troubadours; and in after-times, not only the most civilized, but, indeed, the most forward in literary progress,—should possess no poetry. Setting the drama aside as involving too much of old dispute, and, moreover, conceiving a tragedy may be very effective without being poetical, we must again repeat our assertion, that there is no poetry, properly so called, in France. Spain, Italy, Germany, and England, are the most poetical countries in Europe; the poetry of Spain is the stirring memory of her ancient chivalry, veined with the rich passion and imagery which the Moors have left, like the ruins of the Alhambra, as their trace behind them; that of Italy is the inspiration of the fairest earth and heaven, that ever made beauty the element of man's fancy. In Germany and England there is less of ostensible cause; there is no reason of climate or association why they should be more poetical than France, yet no one will deny that they are so. But the wonder of those who examine the character of the French will soon cease; their philosophers were wits, their poets epigrammatists, their lovers men of gallantry, all lived with the fear of ridicule, like the sword of Damocles, for ever before their eyes; their feelings were scenes, their enthusiasm a fashion, and their very intrigues a feather for their cap or a step to their preferment: but the insincerity that prevailed amongst them was a yet greater

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greater barrier to the attainment of poetical eminence. Everything was doubted, nothing believed; sceptics in morals as well as in religion, there was nothing whereon to ground belief, and poetry, like religion, asks faith. Destroy its credence in the finer sympathies, the higher and holier impulses of our nature, and we destroy its existence. The compliment was elegantly turned, the satire was keenly pointed; so much for the higher ranks: and as for the lower, no peasant poet ever made his native valley vocal with his songs, till nature, borne on the wings of music, like Psyche wafted by the zephyrs, found her way even into palaces. The degraded state of the peasantry made this impossible: the wildest tribe that ever roamed the desert may be poetical, the civilized savage never. Where, in such a state of society, were the excitements or the materials of poetry? for, though devout believers in the original existence of genius, separate and self-supported, as the fire of the volcano, yet we also think there must be a peculiar state of atmosphere to call forth the liquid flame.

To take a moment's glance at the list of French poets, as their names occur, we have the Abbé de Lille's 'Jardins,' whose pastoral and rural sketches are about as natural as the pictures when it was the fashion for ladies to be drawn as shepherdesses; their ideas of Arcadia being composed of a nosegay, a crook, a large straw hat, and a long green sash; and where, in the odes of J. B. Rousseau, (save only that Pindaric address to Fortune,) shall we look for the exquisite imagery of Collins, the classical power of Gray, or the reflective philosophy of Wordsworth? Perhaps a few words on the Henriade will show the defects of French poetry; they may be principally comprised under three heads; its being made the vehicle of courtly flattery, its adherence to mythological imagery, and its utter ignorance of natural beauty. The gods of Ethnic faith are too awkward and too senseless for worship in the present day; for poetry must, to a certain degree, be truth. Their magnificent deities, their lovely goddesses, their graceful train of nymphs, nereids, &c., were beautiful and efficient in the hands of the Grecians, for they believed in their existence. Such was the state of the more imaginative parts of literature previous to the Revolution. That has indeed effected a mighty change; freedom, like pure air, has cleared and lightened wherever it past, and nowhere are its effects more felt than in the mind. It is not in the midst of terrible events that people lie down to meditate upon them, but in the after-hours of tranquillity. France is more likely to produce fine poetry now than ever; men's thoughts and feelings have received a new stimulus, old prejudices have been forcibly trodden down, old customs shown to be of no avail, foreign models contemplated, and a new standard of taste introduced. In every work which now issues from the French press, the influence of this renovated spirit is felt. As yet indeed, no master minstrel has arisen to give his own tone to minor writers (for though we do full justice to the talents of Messrs. Delavigne and Delamartine, yet they are not men who stamp the character of a language); but we do firmly believe there is more of imagination and taste at this present moment in French literature, than would have served the whole Siècle de Louis XIV.

Perhaps the volume which suggested these remarks will illustrate, as well as any, the change which we hold to have taken place. It is a little book full of simple and natural feeling, with veins of that melancholy whose very existence is poetry. '*Les poésies*' of Mde. Amable Tastu consist of some very graceful translations from Moore, and many short original pieces whose sadness and tenderness appear to be what the inspiration of the minstrel should ever be, from the heart. In translating two or three of our favourite pieces, we shall endeavour rather to follow the meaning than the

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the measure: for example, in the following stanzas we have given the more recitative part of the ode in blank verse, and we shall only have recourse to rhyme, where either the nature of the poem requires it, or where such a style being peculiar to both languages, the metre will not interfere with the turn of a single idea.

*Song of Sappho at the Pyre of* Erinna.

Happy the priestess of the poet-god
Whose songs, young Lesbians, the Aonian maids
Alone have taught! oh! happy she, who sleeps
Ere wakened from the error which but wakes
To know itself the nurse of long regrets,
Or envy her who dies and leaves behind
Songs pure as ever her own features were.
Weep, maidens, weep, the daughter of the lyre
Who asks in vain from a once high pure love
Its vanished dream, whose glory and whose shame
Are linked together, she who paid happiness
Her price for genius, but enjoyed it not.
She who is struck by slander's poisoned tongue.
But this is not Erinna! alas, not she.

We will pass over the next two stanzas as too mythological, and leave the jealousy of Plutus, and the anger of Venus, for the following exquisite cluster of images alluding to the death of Erinna.

She has past as the day-break
Fades on the hill-side,
As the swan's sad low singing
Borne away by the tide.
As the rose flower droops
When the night hour's come on,
As the silver stream tumbles
And dries in the heat of the sun.
But weep for her, who is suffering still,
Waiting that hour for which perhaps she prays.
Dark night has brought its visions, she has seen
Each muse in silence hide her radiant brow,
And when day sinks to darkness, hears she not
From the cold waves a voice which calls her there.
But this is not Erinna! alas, not she!

The following is in a lighter vein, imitated from one of Thibaud's, The King of Navarre.

Greeting lovely ladies all, Who have welcomed me in hall,
Be ye merciful as fair, While the minstrel 'ssays declare
One! that well to you belongs, Of his noble master's songs,
Tears in each dark eye may swell, While the death of love I tell.
'Tis not love which liveth now,
He hath died of broken vow,
False love now hath all the sway,
Please you all for true love pray.

Sweet where true love's smiles and sighs, Morning's light was in his eyes,
With all deemed that he could be Only a divinity.
One of you may say 'mine own,' To the portrait I have shown;
I will not the truth betray, But, perchance, his blushes may.
'Tis not, &c.

All too soon the weight of age Came, despite youth's hour of charms;
Worn with cares, and worn with griefs, Love expired in my arms.
Saw I how his strength decayed, Saw death on his features graved,
Saw him die beneath neglect, Whom a look, perchance, had saved.
'Tis not, &c.

Flung I on the funeral pyre, Amorous scroll, vows false and fair,
Azure from deceiving scarf, Faded flowers, and auburn hair.
As the Eve Star rose above, Laid I the remains of love,
Down, amid my tears fast rain, There he might have died again.
'Tis not, &c.

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In a little lonely wood, There is laid love's funeral stone;
There the simple peasant dreams, As the twilight hours steal on.
Would, that some inconstant heart, Passing near the haunted place,
Might by the carved marble pause, And sigh its graven words to trace.
'Tis not, &c.

One beautiful simile, alluding to herself and the remembrance she leaves behind in song, and we have done.

As in a vale some solitary flower
Fades, and then dies, leaving for memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Frail playthings for the wind.

We have now only a few words of praise and welcome to the fair lyrist whose music we have been endeavouring to catch. There is a delicate tone of feminine feeling which pervades the whole, and, if report speaks truly in saying that she is collecting materials for a volume of legends, from the olden times of France, we congratulate both herself and her readers.

*Essai Historique sur la République de San-Marino: par Auger-Saint-Hippolite. Paris. Librairie de Delaforest*, 1827.

Ten miles from Remini, on the summit of a mountain called by the Ancients Mount Titan, and at present named Mount della Guaja, is situated the town of San Marino, the Capital of the Republic of the same name. In the time of the Emperor Diocletian, this territory, then an uninhabited waste belonging to a rich Pagan Lady, named Felicita, was chosen for a place of solitary retirement by one Marinus, a pious Christian mason, whom Diocletian had sent to restore the walls of Remini. From his seclusion he frequently descended to the vallies, in order to collect the scattered Christians, and to convert the heathens to the pure faith of Christianity. Among the number of the latter who became his disciples was Felicita, who with her two sons and fifty of her dependants, embraced the Christian faith. So great was the influence of his preaching, that the inhabitants of the surrounding villages left their homes and followed the hermit to his solitude on the Mount, where they formed themselves into a Christian community, under his direction. They supported themselves and their families by cultivating the lands, and other industrious employments. Felicita, at her death, left Marinus sole heir to this property. He continued, however, to live among his followers, and instituted among them a system of perfect equality, so that all was in common among the brethren. The laws were passed in the full assembly of the people, held in the church; and their magistrates, to whom they paid implicit deference, were chosen at the same public meetings. Before his death, Marinus had the satisfaction of beholding a town and cultivated country, where he had found a wilderness, and also of witnessing the flourishing state of the Institutions which he had established. When he found his end approaching, he assembled the people in the church; and, after admonishing them to live peaceably and piously under the laws which he had given them, he bequeathed to the Community the Mountain, with all the properties thereto belonging. In testimony of their gratitude, his disciples dedicated a church to his memory, and worshipped him as a Saint; but the best worship which they did, or could pay him, was their invariable adherence to the principles of fraternal love and Christian liberty which he had inculcated. In progress of time, as their numbers increased, they purchased additions to their territory; and in order to secure themselves against the disturbances of the Middle Ages, they fortified their chief town with three towers. During the unfortunate struggles between the Guelphs and Ghibelins they maintained a strict neutrality, which was only interrupted on one occasion, when they took arms in favour of the Ghibelins. They, however, soon withdrew

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withdrew from the contest, and acted on the defensive against both parties. About this time, the constitution of San Marino received that form which it preserves to the present day. The sovereignty of the people is vested in its general assembly, which elects a supreme council of sixty citizens, chosen for life. This council, called 'Consilio Principe,' is the legislative body, and appoints to the magistracy. The executive power is intrusted to two Capitani, elected every six months; and for the administration of justice, there are two judges of peace, six of appeal, and twelve of revision. Every citizen, capable of bearing arms, is a soldier. They pay no taxes, the estates belonging to the community being fully adequate to meet the government expenses.

Pope Gregory the Seventh extended his ambitious views even to this solitary republic. His legate at Pentapole was instructed to demand from the inhabitants of San Marino the payment of a small tribute, which they unequivocally refused; and, tenacious of their independence, sent ambassadors to Rome. Gregory, astonished at the boldness with which they maintained their rights, sent a commissioner empowered to investigate the point between them and the legate. The documents relating to this mission are preserved in the Archives of San Marino, and have been published by Delfico, in his excellent history of this republic. On being asked by the papal messenger, what they understood by the terms *liberty* and *exemption*, they replied, "The not acknowledging any dominion whatever, paying no tribute, and performing no act of homage, as they owed an account to none but to the Lord their Saviour." Similar attempts, made by other Popes and Princes of Italy to subject this people, met with similar success; and the few internal disturbances were speedily quelled. Simplicity of manners, virtue, and wise legislation, have always kept the spark of liberty alive among this people; and when the destruction of the Bastile proclaimed to Europe the morning dawn of regeneration—when the sun of victory, leading his glorious host of warriors, descended the Alpine rocks, and freedom's voice resounded through all Italy, San Marino enjoyed, in peace, those high advantages which not the force of arms, nor the tide of human blood, but the pure principles of Christianity had given. Its existence, fraternally saluted by the French republic, was respected by the French usurper; and it remained unmoved amidst the storms of revolution and continental war.

All the important facts and documents relative to this interesting Republic, the only one in the world which owes its origin to Christian principles, have been collected by Melchiore Delfico, in his admirable work called *Memorie Storiche della Republica di San Marino*, on which the volume before us is founded.

*Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoléon, par lui-même au tribunal de César, d'Alexandre et de Frederic.* 4 vol. Paris, 1827.

The name of General Jomini is already sufficiently known among the military writers of France—more particularly by his 'Traité des Grandes Opérations Militaires,' and by the supplement to that work, under the title of 'Histoire critique et militaire des Campagnes de la Révolution,' and his translation into French of the Principles of Strategy, attributed to the Archduke Charles. In the present work he shows us Napoleon as General, Consul, and Emperor, and critically discusses all his actions.

He commences with a rapid sketch of the General's life, but he enters only into detail from the period of the Directory—when, indeed, Buonaparte achieved his great exploits in Italy, and so cunningly and opportunely absconded from Egypt. He proceeds with the transactions of the Consulship,

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sulship, the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden, and the acquisition of imperial sway by the Corsican. Then, indeed, a continued success did not follow the strides of ambition—then, indeed, unjust aggressions, and cruel and disgraceful reprisals began to mark the conduct of the imperial chief; —then, indeed, great military prowess, and still greater military faults characterized the autocrat. All this M. Jomini has not had the candour to avow; but it is, nevertheless, no less true.

Here, also, we have the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, which Buonaparte wished to justify on the plea of baseness of police agents and fanaticism: but his own word, and his own atrocious heartlessness, were the oracles which pronounced the unhappy prince's doom; and, as for the police, it was the fruit of his own care, for he had re-organized it himself. Here we have also the condemnation of Moreau and other conspirators, and the final exaltation of the Consul to the throne of the most Christian Kings—invested with the imperial purple, clothed with the attributes, and possessed of the leonine heart of the god of War. And this again is followed by arguments on the absolute necessity of an hereditary government, which is most appositely applied by the General to the case of the First Consul.

The campaign of Austerlitz augmented the military renown of Napoleon; and its description gives a powerful representation of the precipitation of the Emperor's movements. The whole of this portion of the book is well and vividly executed by General Jomini.

The writer endeavours to justify the invasion of Spain, and then passes to the German Campaign, crowned by the victory of Wagram. After this he exposes the motives of the Russian invasion, and recounts the adventures accurately, holding a middle path between the Baron Fain and Comte de Ségur. This is followed by the Campaigns of 1813 (terminated by the battle of Leipsic), of France (terminated by the abdication of the humbled Chief), and 1814, so glorious for the British arms.

The spirit of the book is eulogistic of Buonaparte—indeed, that seems to have been General Jomini's great inducement for the undertaking. Hence he has failed: no blame for want of skill, however, can be attached to the author; for the General, however clever, is by no means conjurer sufficient to work impossibilities.

*Benjamin Constant. De la Religion, considérée dans sa source, ses formes, et ses developpemens.* 3 vols. Paris, 1827.

The third volume of this work has been published this year. It is not inferior to the preceding ones, and surprises us by the same erudition and philosophical deductions, for which the two first volumes have proved so interesting. The sixth Book treats of the constituting elements of the sacerdotal polytheism, and Chapter 1 of the combination of the worship of elements and the stars with that of the fetiches; chap. 2 of the popular part of sacerdotal polytheism; chap. 3 of the secret doctrines of the sacerdotal corporations of antiquity; chap. 4, instances of this combination among the Egyptians; chap. 5, instances of this combination in the religion of the Indians; chap. 6 of the causes which have modified this combination in India, without prevailing over the priesthood; chap. 7 shows that instances may be found among all nations subject to priesthood. The seventh book treats of the constituting elements of polytheism, independent of sacerdotal government. The most interesting chapters are, chap. 2, of the state of the Greeks, in the heroic times; chap. 5, of the embellishment of the divine forms in the Homeric polytheism; chap. 6, of the character of the Homeric gods; chap. 7, of the notions of the Greeks on fate. And the last book, or liv. viii., shows that the religion of the Odyssey is of

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of another period than that of the Iliad, and that its composition was also of a later date.

The author has availed himself of the writings of all the eminent German scholars on the subject, especially of Ottfried Muller, whom he calls 'un des écrivains les plus savans, et les plus ingénieux de l'Allemagne:' he has been very cautious in following Creuzer, and, we think, justly gives the preference to his antagonist, Hermann. Nothing, surely, can show better the difference between the two scholars, than the definitions they have given of Mythology. Creuzer says, Mythology is the science which teaches us how the universal language of nature expresses itself, in various symbols. This, though fanciful, is most vague and indefinite! But, Hermann says, Mythology is the science which shows us what notions and ideas the ancient people represented, by certain symbols, images, or fables. When, Iliad xxi. 34., Vulcan fights against Scamander, Creuzer, on the authority of Philostratus, assures us that this shows the combat of the humid against the dry; but we are convinced that Homer never dreamt of such nonsense: these divinities fight against each other as the other gods, Minerva and Apollo, do. Those who still cling to the good-natured belief, that Homer is the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey, may read Benj. Constant's arguments on the subject: they are not more powerful than the Proleg. of Wolf, but equally convincing. That the Odyssey was not written by the author of the Iliad, has been already established by certain ancient grammarians, called the Chorizontes, as was proved lately in a clever dissertation in the Rhenish Museum, edited by Niebuhr; but Benjamin Constant endeavours to point out the internal discrepancies of the two works: he shows, incontestably, that the Iliad belongs to the heroic age, but the Odyssey to a civilized time, when society, religion, and manners had already undergone material revolutions. What he says on the tragic writers is also very true:—Æschylus and Sophocles were believers in the ancient mythology—they took it as they found it; but Euripides was the Voltaire of his time: the popular divinities were to him only physical forces, or metaphysical abstractions, and he employed the religious traditions only for theatrical effect, as a vehicle for his own philosophical notions. The death of Socrates may have embittered him, and shaken the last remnant of belief; for persecution, we observe, makes generally more unbelievers than converts; but, then, Euripides ceases to be a sure and infallible testimony, with regard to ancient mythology. This may suffice to show the importance of this work: we should have shortened our remarks, had it ever been noticed before by any of our contemporaries.

*La Congiura de' Baroni del Regno di Napoli di Camillo Porzio.* Milan, nou. edit. 1 vol. in 16.

Camillo Porzio, a Neapolitan lawyer, is the Sallust of modern Italy, and of his works two different editions have been recently printed.

The character of Ferdinand I., of Arragon, is well known. His son, the Duke of Calabria, was of a disposition unquiet, warlike, and most greedy of power and riches. Although young, his influence was most decided over state matters; of this, however, the great age of his father was one main reason. He was, however, equally detested by his own subjects and strangers; more particularly by the Italian princes, whom he was constantly endeavouring to embroil in warfare, by the most insidious machinations: his design, in this, was to extend his own dominions. In this scheme he was too successful, for he seized on Siena and some neighbouring cities, and the only resource of the Florentines was, to make a diversion in their favour through the instrumentality of the Turks, who

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who, from Albania, passed into Southern Italy, and seizing on Otranto, pillaged the surrounding country. He was thus forced to abandon his ambitious views on Tuscany: but being destitute of means to resist the Turks, in consequence of the impoverished condition of the country, and the irritation of the aristocracy, he thought fit to complain to his father of the repugnance of the Barons to grant him assistance, and proposed their spoliation, to furnish supplies for the war. This proposition, however, was principally levelled against two individuals; the first was Anthony Pistrucci, who, from the lowest condition, had, by his great talents, raised himself to the principal ministry, amassed extraordinary wealth, and gained immense power, by territorial purchases and family alliances with the principal nobility: thus he became the most powerful of the barons. The second was the Count Sarno, who, poor at first, although belonging to the ancient nobility, had, by successful traffic, become so rich, that the king himself desired to participate in his speculations. This circumstance opened to him the doors of the council chamber, and heaped upon him such credit, consideration, power, and fortune, that he in fact swayed the reins of government. These two individuals, though different in temper, proceeded together with the most decided understanding.

Count Sarno first complained to the king of the duke's propositions, which were by no means secret, and offered up his whole fortune, if necessary, to save his majesty from the ignominy of committing open violence. A similar scene took place between the king and the minister Pistrucci. Before both, the monarch disavowed all intentions of force or injustice; on which these two nobles fitted out an armament against Otranto, and, in succour of Rhodes; and as this was eminently successful, they acquired the surname of "Deliverers of their Country."

The Pope, however, had confederated with the Venetians against the Duke of Ferrara, who demanded succour of the Duke of Calabria, of whom he was brother-in-law. This was instantly granted. The Florentines, and Ludovico Sforza, had also declared for Ferrara, and it was agreed that they should annoy the Venetians in Lombardy, while the latter attacked the Pope. In this he was altogether unsuccessful, for the papal troops, commanded by Malatesta, wholly routed his army at Velletri. But the pontiff was discouraged by the death of his general, made overtures to the duke, and allowed him free passage through his dominions. The duke then beat the Venetians on their own territories, although they had descended on Otranto, and seized several towns. But Sforza, in pursuance of the then Italian policy, equally feared the aggrandizement of his enemies and friends, and made peace with the Venetians on condition that they should restore to the King of Naples the captured places, and retain only a small portion of their conquests in the Ferrarese. This so infuriated the Duke of Calabria, that he wrote to his father, and desired money, to chase the Venetians from the Italian Continent. But the old king was nowise conditioned for the furtherance of the war, and was, therefore, glad enough to accept the treaty. This maddened the duke, and he reverted to his old project of despoiling the barons, as the only means of effecting his purpose. This intended measure was quickly spread throughout the country, and a grand conspiracy was projected, at the head of which was the Count of Sarno, with the Prince of Salerno and the Prince of Bisignano. They immediately armed their dependants, fortified their castles, and began to watch narrowly the conduct of the king and duke, until they were in condition to make manifest their intentions. For this purpose, the Count de Sarno remained at court; this, however wisely considered,

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considered, threw distrust on that individual, and fears were entertained of his truth. The minister also remained at court; this resulted from his ordinary timidity. But the conspirators turned for assistance to Pope Innocent VIII., who was newly elected, and was a known enemy to the Aragonese dynasty. To their wishes the pontiff made a favourable reply, and promised, moreover, to obtain for them the assistance of the Duke of Lorraine, of the House of Anjou, and a pretender to the crown of Naples. But the Duke of Calabria had received intimation of the conspiracy, and suddenly departed for Aquila, in the Abruzzi, the second city of the kingdom. There he artfully imprisoned the chief of the powerful family of the Camponischi, together with his wife and children; and levying violently large sums of money from the principal inhabitants, he left there a strong garrison. But the Aquilans revolted, and placed themselves under the papal banner, with the determination of taking full vengeance; and their feeling of absolute hatred spread rapidly throughout the kingdom, on the news of fresh atrocities committed by the prince in the Capuan provinces. The theatre of the war was, by turns, in Apulia, in the Abruzzi, and in the provinces of Capua, and was even shifted before the very gates of Rome. The country overflowed with blood, and was sadly impoverished. The people manifested great energy, notwithstanding the secondary factions of the Orsini and Colonesi. The plans of the barons were so well laid, that the only places open to the duke were the capital, and the road to Rome; but dissension manifested itself among the leaders, for the Count de Sarno and the Prince de Salerno had become irreconcilable foes. The Duke of Lorraine, moreover, had failed in the promised succours.

The pope, however, in order to recover for the barons those advantages which they had lost by their petty dissensions, raised up the Swiss against he Milanese, and the Genoese against the Florentines, who immediately wished to recal their respective forces from the royal army; but the trick of Ludovico Sforza saved the king and the duke, and destroyed the barons. He cunningly proposed to the pope a general peace—he assured him that the Neapolitan princes were ready to do him homage for their kingdom, to give a free pardon to their rebellious subjects, and to redress their injuries. The pontiff consented, and the barons were delivered up to the anger of Ferdinand and the Duke of Calabria. The barons were invited to the capital—they found themselves compelled to obey—all but the Count of Sarno, and he, knowing the leonine ferocity of the royal monsters, shut himself in his castle, determined to defend himself to the last. But the wily Aragonese was too subtle for the Neapolitan; he wrote him the most affectionate letter of forgiveness, and offered his niece in marriage to the count's son; the father made an immediate and joyful journey to the court, accompanied by his whole family. There he was kindly received, the day for the marriage was fixed, and the minister, his son, and the principal barons, were invited to the ceremony. When they had assembled, the palace gates were shut, the two principal nobles, with their families, were arrested, and thrown into prison. They seized, however, the eldest son of the minister, and, tying him to a wild horse's tail, he was mercilessly dragged to death. The count died under the executioner's axe. The minister was tortured, that he might discover his treasures, and at last underwent a death rendered atrocious by the most horrible cruelty; and, sooner or later, the other barons underwent a similar fate, while their once opulent families were reduced to the most abject poverty. Thus ended this Neapolitan tragedy.



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*Visconti, E. Q. Opere Varie Italiane et Francesi.* Milano, 1827.

The archæological treatises of Visconti are collected by Dr. Labus, and the engravings executed under the inspection of Pelagio Pelagi. Three numbers have appeared: No. 1 contains the treatise on the Monument of Scipio. The inscriptions upon it are highly interesting. The most ancient, that of Scipio Barbatus, was only found in 1780; the other, that of Lucius Scipio, has belonged to the Museo Barberino since the year 1616. Niebuhr supposes them to be transcripts of the *Neniæ*, or songs in honour of the dead. We wonder that he did not give a correct copy of the inscriptions, as they are but little known. We shall, therefore, insert them.

Cornelius . Lucius . Scipio . Barbatus . Gnaivod . Patre Prognatus . Fortis . Sapiensque — Qoius . Forma . Virtutei . Purisuma Fuit — Consol Censor . Aidilis . Quei . Fuit Apud . Vos-Taurasia . Cisauna Samnio . Cepit—Subigit . Omne . Loucana Opsidesque . Abdoueit.

Honi . oino . ploirume . cosentiont R (omani
Duonoro . optumo . fuise . viro
Luciom . Scipione . filios . Barbati
Consol . Censor . Aidilis . hic . fuet . a (pud vos)
Hec cepit . Corsica . Aleriaque . urbe
Dedet . Tempestatebus . aide . mereto

It is remarkable how nearly the Latin language approached to the Greek at that time, since they wrote, as in the Æolic dialect, oi instead of u, or oino instead of uno. Thus Æol Μοισαι—Μουσαι. The most interesting dissertation in No. 2, is that on two ancient Mosaics, which represents πυρομάντεις. Visconti informs us, that the ancient Mosaic is infinitely more durable than the modern, because they used simply chalk instead of mastix to glue the pieces together. We learn also that the statue, vulgarly called Pasquino at Rome, is a statue of Patroclus. In No. 3 are contained the Triopean inscriptions of Herodes Atticus, which are now in the villa Borghesi. There are still at Athens magnificent ruins of the Odeon of this Herodes Atticus, if the Turks have not destroyed them.

## SPANISH BOOKS.

The difficulty of procuring books from Spain is very great, even if the press teemed with publications; but the galling censorship prevents all free discussion: men of letters have, therefore, either left the country in disgust, or refuse to submit their performances to the severe measures of restriction. The consequence is, then, that not above two or three books emanate from the royal press of Madrid, and about as many from those of the provincial capitals. This being the fact, we cannot, in this number, preserve any uniformity with the shorter reviews on this subject; this difficulty, however, shall be obviated in the succeding numbers.

The following are the principal books published in the Peninsula, or abroad:—Vida y Hechos del pícaro Guzman de Alfarache, ó Atalaya de la vida humana, por Mateo Aleman. Lyon, 4 vol. 18mo.

This is a reprint of the 1st and 2nd part of Aleman's work, and one of the best specimens of the pure Castilian. It would be a good novel if the frequent digressions did not fatigue the reader.

Poesias Lyricas de Don Juan Bautista Arriaza, tomo 2. Madrid. Imprenta Real 1826, 8vo.

This is the 5th edition. The first volume was published in 1822. It is well done, and accompanied with plates engraved in London, which were also used for the English edition. The poetry, however, is more remarkable for easy versification than high flown genius.

Verdaderos principios de la Lengua Castellaña, or True Principles of the Spanish

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Spanish Language, together with an Appendix, containing a Treatise on Spanish Synonyms, and a selection of Proverbs in Spanish, French, and English. By Don José Barras. Belfast, 1827.

Tratado elemental de giro por Don José Maria-Brost. Madrid, 1827, 4to.

Filosofia de la Eloquencia. Por Don Antonio de Capmany y de Montpalan. Nueva Edicion conforme a la de Londres. Por Don José y M. P. y C. Gerona, &c. 1826, 8vo.

Atlas Historico, genealogico, cosmologico, geografico, etc. de Lesage, escrito por el Conde de las Casas traducido y aumentado por un Español Americano. Paris, 1826, royal folio.

Obras escogidas de Miguel de Cervantes. Nueva edicion clasica, arreglada, corregida y ilustrada. Con notas istoricas, grammaticales y criticas. Por Don Agustin Garcia de Arieta. Paris. Fermin Didot, 10 vols. 32mo. Paris, 1826.

Don Quijote. Paris. Imprenta de Aucher-Eloy, 1825, 6 vols. 32mo.

La misma Obra.—Madrid. Por Don Miguel de Burgos. 2 vols. 8vo. 1826.

The typographic execution of the first edition is worthy the fame of the printer. The portrait of Cervantes, and the fac-simile of his Letter to the King, are copied from the last edition of Don Quixote, by the Academy. The novel is remarkable for a correct text; but he has taken an unjustifiable liberty in extracting the episodes of the 'Curioso Impertinente,' and the 'Capitan Captivo,' and placing them among the novels. For the rest, the trouble of Don Agustin Arieta is confined to having appropriated the analysis of Señor Rios, and the Life of Cervantes, by Señor Navarrete, in the first volume; and in the five following volumes, in having taken numerous notes extracted from Pellicer, Navarrete, and Boroles, (which, however, are unacknowledged,) and from the Dictionaries of Covarrubias and the Academy. The seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes contain twelve small novels of Cervantes, added to which are the two above alluded to, together with the 'Tia fingida,' followed by some slight notes; and the tenth contains the 'Numancia,' the 'Entretenida,' and the nine Intermedes which were published in the seventeenth century.

The second edition is only conspicuous for its adoption of the modern orthography. It has the life, by Rios, and it is a cheap edition.

The third edition, which we have mentioned, is well and correctly printed, on very inferior paper. The text is the same with the (1819) last edition of the Academy. They have also copied the plates.

But the last edition of Don Quixote is that of Didot, published this year at Paris, in one vol. 32mo., accompanied with excellent engravings on steel, and executed in London. It is altogether a most beautiful little book.

Historia antigua de Mijico: sacada de los mejores Historiadores Españoles y de los manuscritos y de las pinturas antiguas de los Indios. Adornada con mapas y estampas e ilustrada con disertaciones sobre la tierra, los animales y los habitantes de Mejico. Escrita por Don Saverio Clavigero y traducida del Italiano por José Joaquin de Mora. London, 2 vols. royal 8vo, 1826.

There are, besides the above, some few other books of a more important character, and we purposely abstain from making mention of these, as it is our intention to devote articles to their contents.

The 'No me Olvides' has been lately published in London. It is a Spanish 'Forget Me Not,' for the introduction of which class of publications into this country we are indebted to the example first set by Mr. Ackermann. The exotic, however, found here a genial soil; and it has taken so firm a root, and shot up so luxuriantly, that this kind of production



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promises to become a permanent branch of our polite literature. Distinguished by the same graphic and literary beauties which recommend its English prototype, the present work is not only well calculated for general circulation in those extensive regions of which the Castilian is now the mother-tongue, but must also prove acceptable to all persons who wish to cultivate an acquaintance with that rich and harmonious language, for which object it would be difficult to find a more agreeable and interesting manual. In the preface, the editor, Don Pablo de Mendibil, speaks of his own labours with great modesty; but he and his associates have produced a very clever work. Besides the translations from the English Forget Me Not, which are ably executed, it contains several original pieces of great merit, in verse and in prose. These are probably supplied by a few of the unfortunate Spanish exiles in this country; and it is no slight addition to the pleasure which this charming little book affords, to reflect that the well-directed enterprise of the publisher may contribute to the relief of those honourable men, whose sufferings, on grounds of humanity, entitle them to general sympathy and respect.

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## NECROLOGY.

### PESTALOZZI.

PESTALOZZI was born at Zurich, 1745. He lost his father, a physician, very early, and was educated by pious relatives. The intention of entering the church was given up after an unsuccessful attempt at preaching, and he applied to the law. A disease, brought on by incessant and immoderate study, induced him to turn farmer. He bought a little estate, where a frequent intercourse with the common people laid open to his eyes the distressing state of the lower classes. Pestalozzi was not the man who could see misery without a correspondent feeling of compassion; he could not pass a wretched cottage without stretching out a friendly hand to the poor inmates, nor see a shivering orphan without taking it to his fireside. He began to feel a contempt for the splendour of cold-hearted opulence, and indifference to all the knowledge which can be acquired from books; he proposed to himself to study only the volumes of life, and the happiness of wiping off a tear from an orphan's cheek seemed of more value to him than all the glory of authorship. There were at that time in the canton of Berne, where Pestalozzi lived, plenty of beggarly children, who were taken care of by nobody; the haughty and greedy patricians of Berne thought little better of the people than do the eastern despots; the education of the poor was entirely neglected. Pestalozzi took a number of them into his house, and became their father and their schoolmaster. But the expenses of this undertaking soon made him poor, for he was more benevolent than prudent, and the kind disposition of his heart made him an easy prey to every designing villain. The loss of property did not depress his spirits, nor did the sneering of worldly men at his folly damp his ardour for improving the state of the lower orders. He wrote (1781) Lienhardt and Gertrud, an original novel, in which he embodied his own experience, presenting us a true, animated, vigorous picture of the people, with whose life, habits, manners, and propensities he had become acquainted. This novel, in its *genre*, is perhaps unrivalled in Europe for the humorous descriptions of country life. In 1798, when the French entered Switzerland, Pestalozzi declared himself a partisan of the Revolution, not from any partiality to the French,

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French, but because he had found that no reform, however necessary, could be expected from the old aristocracies. After the massacre of Unterwalden, which has been so affectingly described by Montgomery in his *Wanderer*, Pestalozzi went to Stanz, and formed an establishment, where he received all the poor straggling orphans; he became again the teacher, father, and servant of about eighty children. But he did not receive the support which he had a right to expect. His democratical principles rendered him very obnoxious to the patrician party, which could, however, not prevent his being sent as deputy to the first consul at Paris in 1802, and the pamphlet which he wrote after his return on the objects to which the legislation of Helvetia ought to attend, could not conciliate the numerous friends of abuses. Pestalozzi then had, for a short time, an establishment at Burgdorf and Münchenbuchsee, in the vicinity of M. Fellenberg, till at last he was invited to come to Yverdun. There with the assistance of distinguished collaborators, he tried his new methods of education and instruction. The fundamental principle of his system, that the development of the intellectual powers should be the chief object of education, not the acquirement of positive knowledge, is true, although Pestalozzi was not altogether successful in its application. Pestalozzi's mind was of an intuitive cast, unfit for the details of an establishment, which soon proved to him ruinous and unmanageable. His method, however, effected a gradual and important improvement of the country schools in Switzerland, and other parts of Europe; and in 1818 he, still impressed with the necessity of educating the poor, set apart 2000*l.* from the produce of a new edition of his works for the endowment of a school for the poor. His indefatigable endeavours to execute this one great idea, the generous disinterestedness with which he devoted his life and property to this object—a life fraught with trouble and bitterness, which might have been spent in ease and comparative opulence, will always endear him to the recollection of mankind. He could win the heart of a child in one minute by that good-humoured affectionate simplicity which lay in his countenance. Scholarship was not his pride. He was a complete *αὐτοδίδακτος*, but you could not converse long with him without perceiving that you spoke to a man of genius. Flashes of wit, following in quick succession like lightning in the summer season; thoughts which astounded by their depth and originality; a volcanic excitability of mind, a perfect absence of all selfish cares; and, lastly, a cynical appearance, left a lasting impression of this extraordinary man with all those who knew him. A short time before his death his establishment was completely broken up, and Pestalozzi returned once more to the humble mansion, where fifty years before he had commenced as a farmer, brooding over the gloomy reflection, that he had spent half a century in the service of humanity, and earned but the thanks of a few among the millions. Simple as Pestalozzi was in his creed, yet he was full of religious sentiment, which at times was bursting forth in a stream of devotion in the midst of his children; and thus we know that he died with all the resignation of a philosopher, and with all the piety of a Christian, the 17th February, 1827.

### CARL PHILIPP CONZ.

Carl Philipp Conz, who died on the 28th of last July, in his 65th year, at Tubingen, was professor of classical literature in that university, and obtained considerable reputation, both as a poet and a translator. In the former character, he displayed much depth of reflection and great energy, united to considerable sensibility; while his little anacreontic pieces, which are distinguished for liveliness attempered by philosophy, may be ranked among the best compositions of the kind in the German language. His translation of Æschylus, notwithstanding some defects, is a work of undoubted

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doubted merit. Conz also wrote a number of essays on literary and historical subjects, which are scattered in various publications, but which deserve to be given to the public in a collected form.

CARLO DE ROSMINI.

Carlo de' Rosmini, whose death occurred on the 9th of last June, was one of the ablest biographical writers of whom his country could boast in the present day. His lives of Ovid, Guarino di Verona, Vittorino da Feltri, Philelphus, Trivulzio, &c., have been deservedly recognized as models in this branch of composition. His latest and most extensive work is his *Istoria di Milano*, in four vols. quarto. This, however, comes down only to the year 1535 ; the remaining portion, which extends to 1740, the period of the death of the Emperor Charles VI. not being yet printed, although prepared for the press by the author. Since 1803, Rosmini resided in Milan, where he employed himself in studying, as materials for the above work, the numerous original and hitherto unexplored documents preserved in various libraries and archives.

VULPIUS.

Vulpius, author of the once celebrated romance, Rinaldo Rinaldini, and librarian and keeper of the cabinet of medals at Weimar, died in that city, four days after the completion of his sixty-second year. The vogue which he enjoyed as a novel-writer was as transitory as it was brilliant, for his Rinaldini, and the host of imitations to which it gave rise, have long been forgotten; or, if the former be remembered, it is only in consequence of the reputation it once enjoyed. Among his later productions, is his Curiositaten (Historical Curiosities), which appeared from 1811 to 1825, in ten volumes. He also edited the Journal der Vorzeit; and during the latter years of his life was employed upon a Dictionary of Northern Mythology, which has not, we believe, yet been given to the public.

AVANZINI.

Among the eminent individuals whom Italy has lately lost, Prof. Giuseppe Avanzini, who died at Padua, on the 18th of June, deserves to be recorded. His discoveries in hydrostatics, and his application in the physical and mathematical sciences, will perpetuate his name, as they have long since obtained for him the admiration of those able to appreciate his labours. In 1797, he was appointed Professor of Geometry and Algebra at the University of Padua; and in 1806, that of Physics and Mathematics. After Cossali's death, in 1815, he received the additional honour of being chosen to the vacant chair of the professorship of the the *Differential Calculus*.

EICHHORN.

J. G. Eichhorn was born, 1752, in the principality of Hohenzollern-Oehringen. He acquired his first celebrity as professor, at Jena, by his history of the commerce of East India before Mohamed, in 1775, whence he removed, 1788, to Gottingen. Being an excellent oriental scholar, he began, about the same time as Michaelis, to subject the bible to a more minute scrutiny. The critical study of the original text led him in his introduction into the New Testament, to start a new and ingenious hypothesis on the origin of the Gospels. There existed, Eichhorn asserts, an original document in the Aramaic language, from which the three first Gospels have been drawn: it contained but a short narrative of the principal transactions of Jesus Christ, from his baptism to his death, not in a chronological order, but composed from communications made by the Apostles. This groundwork formed the materials from which those Apostles, who had an intention to write, formed a more complete history.

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The hypothesis has been introduced into this country by the learned divine, the Bishop of Peterborough. It has never been abandoned by the author, nor ever been thoroughly refuted. The two last volumes of this *Introduction* appeared only a short time before Eichhorn's death. The hypothesis itself, although, indeed, more specious and dazzling than natural and satisfactory, has had this beneficial result, that it set the theologians, not only of Germany, but also of other countries, at work, and most important and useful researches have been made in consequence of it. On the other hand, this elaborate criticism has, unfortunately, occasioned in this country the condemnation of German divinity altogether.

Eichhorn, however, distinguished himself not only as an orientalist and divine, but also as an historian and bibliographer. He has published a 'History of Literature, from its Beginning to the Latest Times,' in 11 vols.; a 'General History of Culture and Literature of Modern Europe,' in 2 vols.; a 'History of Eloquence, in the Modern Languages,' in 3 vols.; a 'History of the Three Last Centuries,' in 6 vols.; besides a 'General Library of Biblical Literature,' in 10 vols.; and a 'Repertorium of Biblical and Oriental Literature,' in 18 vols.; an 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' in 5 vols.; and the 'Introduction to the New Testament,' of which we have spoken, also in 5 vols. He translated also the Hebrew Prophets, in 3 vols. From this list, which is far from being complete, our readers may form an idea of the indefatigable labours of the German divine. He was also the editor of the Goettingen Anzeigen.

The life of a scholar of this kind, who remains almost forty years in one spot, cannot be very rich in remarkable incidents, and we possess, therefore, no other materials for a biography. We can only add, that he enjoyed the highest reputation all over Germany, and that he was on terms of the most intimate friendship with all his colleagues at Gottingen. From the gradual decline of his strength, he felt the approach of death with the most imperturbable tranquillity, and he remarked, in the last hour, to his friend, the anatomist Langenbeck, and the celebrated professor Blumenbach, as a point of physiological curiosity, how he felt by degrees the vital spirit withdrawing from the different parts of the body, and, only a quarter of an hour before he breathed his last, he yet distinctly stated that life was becoming extinct in the spina dorsi. He died the 25th of June last. His son, also Professor at Gottingen, has distinguished himself by an excellent work 'on the History of the German Law.'

### HAMARSKOLD.

On the 15th October, 1827, died at Stockholm, Lorenz Hamarsköld, a distinguished scholar and philosopher, to whom Sweden is indebted for the preservation of two of its most eminent poets, Stiernhjelm, the patriarch of Swedish poetry, whose works he published; and Stagnelius, whose manuscripts he collected and edited. He lived to publish the fourth volume of his excellent History of Philosophy, which appeared only a short time before his death, and he has left behind him a volume of logic, ready for the press.

### HASCHE.

Johann Christian Hasche, author of the *Umstandliche Beschreibung Dresdens*, and the *Diplomatische Geschichte Dresdens*, 6 vols. 1816-22, died on the 25th July, in his 84th year.

STATE

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## STATE OF MEDICINE IN GERMANY.

In commencing a Quarterly Report on the Progress of the Medical Sciences in Germany, the subject will be better understood if prefaced by a short retrospect on the state of medicine in that country.

After the death of the great Haller, who, in conjunction with Boerhaave, may be said to have swayed the sceptre of medicine in his lifetime, the Vienna School of Medicine stood at the head of the profession in Germany. Van Swieten, the able commentator and favourite pupil of Boerhaave, first established its reputation, which was upheld by De Haen and by Stoll, the chief supporter of the Humoral Pathology, one of the most expert physicians of any age, and latterly by Peter Frank, the able author of the *Epitome de Curandis Hominum Morbis*, a work which, even in its unfinished state, has been deservedly recommended as the best existing compendium of medicine in any language. The fame of these great men was upheld by the lustre shed on them by being physicians of the Emperor of Germany, as well as by the superintendence of the large Vienna hospitals, and of the medical service in the Austrian monarchy, and by the numerous pupils who flocked to their lectures, and their clinical courses; and who afterwards spread their principles throughout the whole civilized world.

Such was the state of medicine in Germany, when a new system, invented in the metropolis of Scotland, by a man unnoticed in his own country, began to spread through the German lecture-rooms, and attracted the attention of Peter Frank, and was afterwards eagerly pursued and cultivated by his son, Dr. Joseph Frank, (still living on his villa near Como,) and by his followers, Weikard, Roeschlaub, and others. We speak of the Brunonian theory, invented by Dr. John Brown, and founded on the principle, that the causes of all the existing diseases may be reduced to two; viz. the *sthenic* cause, produced by an excess of strength; and the *asthenic*, the most prolific of all, by a state of debility. The natural consequence of the temporary triumph of this theory, which was upheld by all the younger medical men of Germany, and by many of their seniors, was an injudicious and destructive employment of all kind of corroborating medicines, such as moschus, opium, bark, and ammonia, combined with wine and other stimulants in unheard of quantities; and produced a havoc and waste of life, which could not have been overlooked in times of war, bloodshed, and political and religious feuds.

It was impossible that the just-mentioned state of feverish exaltation of this period could last very long in the physical or in the moral world. The discoveries in metaphysics, natural philosophy, natural history, comparative anatomy, and chemistry, shed a full light on this deplorable state of medical infatuation on the one hand, and on the other the moral apathy and exhaustion which followed the war against Napoleon developed a quite opposite state of the *genius epidemicus*, or of the reigning diseases, which may be traced back to the violent epidemic of typhus-fever left behind the steps of the retiring French forces from the flames of Moscow to the gates of Paris. The reigning diseases in Germany, in the other parts of the European continent, and even in the British empire, began to assume a more inflammatory type, tempered only, for a short time, by the epidemic of fever of the years 1817 and 1818, produced by the rainy season, and the bad harvest of 1817; and by the scarcity of that year, and of the next following. The necessity of a less exciting and a more depletory treatment was felt in Germany as everywhere; and though it was not pushed to the excess of the school of Broussais in France, the true counterpart of the Brunonian system, nor to the extent of the Italian system of counter-irritation

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tion (Sistema del contrastimolo,) invented by Rasori, and followed by his numerous pupils, in a great number of cases, certainly a less free use of the lancet, the more frequent exhibition of calomel and of similar medicines, prevented much mischief.

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It is only since the year 1825 that some eminent German practitioners and medical writers have hinted that diseases, from displaying a strong inflammatory nature, seem to be changing into a more nervous character, and that, consequently, retrograde steps in the treatment are required.

Meanwhile, the doctrine of Broussais, or the *Physiological Medicine*, as it has been foolishly called by his adherents, exerted only a very limited influence on the medical men of Germany; another sect arose amongst them, the *Homoeopathic*. The inventor of this new theory was Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, to whose clever and original mind Science is indebted for the discovery of an excellent test of the smallest quantities of lead contained in wine (Liquor probatorius Hahnemanni), and for a new and sometimes very useful preparation of mercury, (Mercurius solubilis Hahnemanni.) This gentleman, so well acquainted with the different qualities of drugs, and disgusted by the lavishness wherewith the Brunonian and the Antiphlogistic School prescribed immense quantities of them, took the opposite plan. The principle of his system is to give extremely small quantities of medicines, and such drugs as are supposed to be able to excite in a healthy man the same diseases which they were now given to contend with.

The pupils of Hahnemann, which called themselves *Homoëopathic* (similar) *Physicians*, and their medical brethren of a different creed, *Allopathic* (different) *Physicians*, are to be found mostly in Bohemia, Austria, and in the hereditary provinces of that monarchy. But this leads us to the great change which has taken place in the Vienna School of Medicine by the demise of Peter Frank, in the year 1820, and by that of both the Schmitts, of Boer, Beer, Goelis, and others, who constituted its principal ornaments. Since that period, and even some years before, the most flourishing schools have been at the University of Berlin, erected in the year 1810, at Goettingen, Heidelberg, Halle, and Bonn.

Few are now remaining of the old sterling physicians and pillars of science. The most eminent among them are Vogelat, Rostock, Hufeland, at Berlin, whose great merit consists in admitting, with a rare modesty and impartiality, the good parts of any system, forming from these materials, and the extent of his experience, an eclectic doctrine, productive of immense advantage, which is propagated by his pupils, admirers, imitators, and the readers of his monthly journal, in which he is accustomed to deposit his sagacious 'Observations on the Form and Pressure of the Times.'

## CONTINENTAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Amsterdam.*

M. Koning has, in a work entitled *Geschiedenis van het Slot de Muiden*, given an interesting historical account of the chateau of Muiden, so celebrated in the annals of the Netherlands, both from the events connected with it, and from its having been the residence of Cornelius van Hooft, the Tacitus of Holland.

A volume of historical memoirs and documents, *Bydragen tot de Geschiedenis dér Niederlanden*, by M. van Cappelle, Professor of National History at the Athenæum of Amsterdam, contains several curious and important

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portant papers, and one or two literary essays relative to historical composition. Among the latter, that in which M. van Cappelle draws a comparison between the history of the Netherlands by Van Hooft, and that by Schiller, is an excellent piece of criticism, and highly instructive, as showing the different views taken of the same subject by those two distinguished writers.

*Berlin.*

DURING the past summer, Professor von Schlegel has been engaged in delivering a course of lectures on the theory and history of the fine arts, a summary of which has been published in the *Berliner Conversations-Blatt.* This analysis has proved so exceedingly interesting and attractive, that we hope the professor will be induced to publish the whole from his manuscripts.

It appears to have been peculiarly his design to correct many erroneous notions which are still entertained by students of Arts; and we are much struck with the originality of idea, as well as the variety which pervades the whole subject. We are pleased to remark that he has again directed the attention of natural philosophers to Goëthe's *Theory of Colours*, a work which has not been duly appreciated in Europe, and which, perhaps, may render it difficult for posterity to decide whether Goëthe had a greater claim to immortality as a poet, or a natural philosopher.

A new review entitled *Jahrbucher fur wissenschaftliche Kritik, herausgegeben von der Societat (Gesellschaft) wissenschaftliche Kritik zu Berlin*, has since last January appeared at Stuttgard. A whole society have undertaken the editorial management of this review. The members have divided themselves into three classes. 1. The philosophical class, which comprehends theology, jurisprudence, political economy, and statistics. 2. The class for natural science, which embraces mathematics and medicine. 3. The historico-philological class, with which are connected the fine arts. This classification is taken from the Royal Academy of Berlin, with the exception that there the mathematics form a particular division.

This society does not pretend to survey the whole empire of literature, but declares in their prospectus that only *important* works which deserve a place in the history of science will come under their consideration. Many persons in Germany have thought this declaration very objectionable, appearing to pronounce a summary condemnation of those works which the society may omit to notice. We think, however, that this inference can hardly fairly be drawn. They further announce that every article must be approved of by the class which presides over the subject of the work reviewed; the object is to preserve the dignity and good temper which become men of science, even when the opinions are totally different: each article, therefore, appears under the signature of the contributor. This censorship, as it has been maliciously called, has given rise to another inconvenience; every author whose book is spoken of in terms of disapprobation, fancies he has a right to complain of the whole editorial body. A notion has also gone abroad that the tendency of this review is to dissemi nate the principles of a certain philosophical school, that of Professor Hegel at Berlin, which is now in great vogue in Germany, and we are truly sorry to see that a paper on Savigny's *History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages*, which was rather flippantly written, has already drawn forth in the last number of the *Rhenish Museum*, edited by Niebuhr, at Bonn, a charge of this nature. With the exception of this article, and a few others, we have been highly gratified by the Review. Among the principal works which have been reviewed, are, Bronsted's *Travels and Researches in Greece;*

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*Greece*; Mignet's *History of the French Revolution*; Luden's *History of Germany*; Robert Brown's *Works on Botany*; Thiersch's *Epoch of Sculpture among the Greeks*; Grimm's *German Grammar*; Lingard's *History of England*; Berzelius *on Chemistry*; Menzel's *Modern History of Germany*; Wachsmuth's *Grecian Antiquities*; Burdach's *Physiology*; Gehler's *Physical Dictionary*; Daru's *History of Brittany*; and various important works on Mathematics and Law. The society has announced a review of Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, and Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*. Among the contributors are mentioned Boeckh, the editor of the *Corp. Inscript. Graec.*, Bopp, the Sanscrit scholar, Gesenius, the oriental professor at Halle, V. Goëthe, Hegel, W. v. Humboldt, Link, Meckel, Passow, Reisig, Ritter, A. W. v. Schlegel, Thiersch, Welcker, &c.

The Transactions of the Royal Society of Berlin, for the year 1824, have been lately published. The academy is divided into four classes: I. Physics. II. Mathematics. III. Philosophy. IV. History and Philology.

In the division of the natural sciences are the following treatises:

1. On the Chemical Union of Bodies, by Karsten.
2. On the Process of Smelting in Mines.
3. Experimental Observations on the Influence of different kinds of Manures in producing the Constituent parts of various Sorts of Corn, by Hermbstaed.
4. On the Fundamental Doctrines of Acoustics, by Fischer.
5. On Hydrocephalus before the Birth, with some General Remarks on Deformities of Birth, by Rudolphi.

Anatomical Observations by the same writer.

a. On the Ourang-Outang, and evidence that this Animal is the same as the young Pongo Ape.

b. On the Torpedo.

6. Plan of a Phytological Arrangement of Plants, to which is added a Crystogamic System, by Link.
7. On the Antelope of Northern Africa, with particular reference to the opinions of the ancients on this subject, by Lichtenstein.
8. Generalisation of certain Principles in the Treatise on the more exact Description of the Surfaces of Crystals, by Weiss.

In the Mathematical class are contained,

1. An Inquiry into the Planetary Aberration which arises from the Sun's Motion, by Bessel.
2. On the Integration of Linear Equations, with partial finite differences, by Eytelwein.
3. On Describing Isotomic Figures in Conic Sections, by Gruson.

In the philosophical class,

On the Scientific Conduct of the Sense of Duty, by Schleimacher.

In the historico-philological class,

1. On certain Historical and Political Allusions in Ancient Tragedy, by Süvern.
2. On the Antigone of Sophocles, by Boeckh.
3. Explanation of a Greek marginal note upon an Egyptian Papyrus, by Buttman.
4. Comparative Analysis of the Sanscrit and Cognate Languages, by Bopp.
5. On the Farnese Congius in the Gallery of Antiquities at Dresden, by Hase.
6. On Alphabetic Writing, and its Connection with the Structure of Languages, by W. v. Humboldt.
7. The History of Arabia Petræa, and its Inhabitants.

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The University of Marburg has conferred upon Spohr, the composer of Faust, &c., a diploma of doctor in music. This eminent master has just produced a new opera, entitled *Pietro von Abano.*

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*Bonn.*

In the University of Bonn there are at present fifty-five professors of public lectures. 4 for Catholic theology; 4 Protestant theology; 9 for jurisprudence; 4 for mathematics; 4 for natural philosophy; 12 medicine and surgery; 6 for philosophy; 4 for philology; 2 for oriental languages; 1 for the fine arts; and 3 for history; beside these there are masters for fencing, dancing, and drawing. From the programme it appears that these professors will deliver 175 lectures in the course of the present session, viz., 12 on Catholic theology; 12 on Protestant theology; 35 on jurisprudence; 37 on medicine and surgery; 15 on philosophy; 13 on mathematics; 14 on natural philosophy; 14 on philology; 4 on oriental languages; 5 on modern languages; 8 on history; 6 on statistics.

Professor Niebuhr will deliver one course of lectures on the countries and nations of the ancient world, and another on finance, money and banks, a subject on which this distinguished historian is very conversant. Professor Schleger lectures on the Ramayuna, on ancient universal history down to the fall of the Roman empire, and on the description of Egypt by Herodotus.

*Copenhagen.*

A literary Annual, edited by Mad. Beyer, and bearing the singular title of *Gifion*, contains prose and poetical contributions from several of the most popular writers in Denmark—Rahbek, Oehlenschläger, Winther, Falsen, Olsen, Heiberg, &c. This publication was commenced in 1826, since which it has much improved.

Dr. Otto, who, last winter, gave a course of lectures on phrenology, has established a journal, exclusively devoted to that science, under the title of *Dansk Tidsskrift for Phrenologien.* A number is published every three months.

*Familien Ufeldt*, an historical romance of the seventeenth century, by J. C. Lange; a new volume of tales, by Immermann, are among the few original productions of this class that deserve notice; the literature of Denmark being in this respect as scanty as that of its neighbours is prolific.

The fourth volume of Rahbek's Autobiography renders us impatient for the completion of these interesting reminiscences, in which the worthy veteran has preserved so many anecdotes of contemporary writers, and which form so valuable and entertaining a mass of information relative to the literary history of Denmark during the last fifty years.

M. Winther is about to publish, under the title of *Literatura Scientiæ Rerum Naturalium in Dania, Norvegia, et Holsatia, usque ad annum* 1828, a complete and scientifically-arranged view of all that has been written on the natural history of those countries. This work, in collecting materials for which the author has been employed during ten years, is expected to appear during the present month (Jan. 1828).

The same writer has commenced a monthly periodical, *Sneeldier*, intended to consist principally of original tales and poetical pieces, by Danish writers. The first number contains several articles by the editor himself, among which are, Specimens of Danish Amatory Songs of the Middle Ages, and 'A Night in Rosenberg Garden.' There is, likewise, a tale by Kruse, entitled, 'The September Evening;' and 'Love and Death,' a story, by Bruno.

Phrenology

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Phrenology appears to excite considerable interest in this country. Besides the *Phrenological Journal*, there is another periodical, of a somewhat similar nature, entitled *Archiv for Psychologie, &c.* Dr. Nurgard, too, has recently published a volume, under the title of *Bidrug til Phrenologiens nyeste historie i Denmark*, in which he gives the result of his conversations with Peter Nielsen, the child-murderer. As connected with this subject, may be here mentioned Professor Sibbern's *Sketch of Psychology*, of which the second volume is just announced.

Hillerup, the translator of some of Sacchetti's tales, lately published in the *Hertha*, and who has resided for years past in Italy, has been employed on a poetical version, into his native tongue, of the Orlando Furioso, some specimens of which have already appeared in the abovementioned journal.

*Florence.*

Our readers may form an idea of the state of literature in Italy from the following extract of a letter from Florence:—

'You can hardly conceive how difficult the communication is between the different parts of Italy. What is printed in Sicily is unknown at Naples, and it is here almost more easy to get a book from Macao than from Naples. There are very few new publications. Besides Italian classics, the press sends out nothing but translations, and reprints of works that have been published somewhere else. The *Antologia* is the best periodical we have, M. Vieusseux neglecting nothing to make it from day to day more interesting.'

*Geneva.*

The Society founded in 1777, by Jsak Iselin (Gesellschaft zur Beförderung des Guten und Gemeinnutzigen), held a meeting lately at Basil, in Switzerland, which was attended by many eminent scholars. This society has ranked among its members the most distinguished men of Switzerland. In the year 1779, they proposed, as a prize-question,—Whether it was advisable for a commercial and republican state to make legislative enactments against luxury. The late Pestalozzi was the successful candidate;—his answer was in the negative.

Dr. Colladen, of Geneva, has obtained the prize from the Academy of Science in Paris, for his dissertation on the compressibility of liquids; and Louis Pradier, also of Geneva, has received the prize for sculpture.

*Leipzig.*

Dr. Fleischer, a native of Saxony, who has been some years resident in Paris, is preparing a new edition of the Koran, with an Arabic commentary. From his eminent knowledge of the Arabic tongue, we may expect some very valuable illustrations in this publication, which may be looked for in about a year.

*Munich.*

At Munich, where the new university has already begun a noble race with the other universities of Germany, a new periodical is shortly about to be published, called the *Ausland*. It proposes to give an account of the intellectual, political, and moral life of the nations out of Germany: it will collect information useful to the politician, the lawyer, physician, and to the divine, as well as to the merchant, mechanic, and manufacturer. Several learned men have undertaken the editorial management.

The Society of German Natural Philosophers and Physicians held their session at Munich, from the 18th to the 23d September. The celebrated Decandolle, from Geneva, was present, and a hope was expressed that the Swiss Society of Naturalists would enter into relation with them. Dr. Dollinger

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Dollinger delivered an oration on 'the influence of the sciences, especially natural philosophy, on the culture and intellectual development of nations.' The Counsellor Von Martius spoke 'on the problem of physiology.' Professor Glorker, of Breslau, 'on the formation and origin of the Prussian Hyalith;' Leop. von Buch, from Berlin, 'on the Hippurites which have lately been discovered in the Bavarian Alps, at Reichenhall,' and compared them with those in the Provence, &c. &c. Professor Thiersch reported on the subject of a new edition of Pliny, which had been proposed, and showed the necessity of revising the text from the Codd. of Florence and Paris, which have hitherto been little consulted. All the philologists and natural philosophers of Germany will be requested by the society to contribute to this new edition. A number of other lectures, on subjects relating to natural philosophy, were delivered; and the day after the close of the sessions, the members of the society, one hundred and seventeen in number, had the honour of dining at the royal residence, on which occasion the king entertained himself with almost every member, with his usual affability.

The Æginetic Statues, which will form one of the greatest ornaments of the new Glyptotheca, at Munich, have arrived from Rome. They are seventeen in number, and have been restored by the celebrated Thorwaldsen.

*Paris.*

Jul. v. Klaproth is about to publish a Latin-Comanic-Persian Lexicon, from a manuscript which Petrarch presented to the Republic of Venice. The Comanic is a dialect of the Turkish, and was, during the middle ages, the language chiefly used in Lesser Asia. The same scholar proposes to give to the world a new and improved edition of Adelung and Vater's Mithridates.

The editor of the periodical publication entitled 'Journal Asiatique' announces a more extensive and instructive plan, to commence with the number in January. The most celebrated oriental scholars of the continent are co-operating in this work; among them we notice the names of von Humboldt, von Hammer, A. W. von Schlegel, A. Sacy, &c. The intention is to give an analysis of all works on oriental literature which are published in every part of Europe, as soon as they can be transmitted to Paris.

M. Kunkel is occupied in editing Meidani's Arabic Proverbs, amounting to about six thousand; many of them are furnished with valuable commentaries by Meidani himself, and among them will be found many important notices on the history and philology of the ancient Arabs. Professor Hamaker of Leyden had announced the same intention.

Professor Olshausen of Kiel, now living at Paris, where he is studying the ancient Persian idioms, intends to publish Zoroaster's works in the original language, with a translation; which will be one of the most important undertakings which has for many years been executed.

*Pesth.*

In Hungary, out of a population of a million of Catholics, there are 21,500 students in the various universities, colleges, and lyceums. Among the Lutherans, whose number is 70,000, there are 3800 students; and out of a population of one million and a half of Calvinists, there are 7200 students. Thus there are 32,500 students, and those who profess the Greek ritual are not included in this number.

*Rome.*

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*Rome.*

THE German Architect Thürmer, now in Rome, who published, a short time since, some beautiful views of Athens, has, in company with Otto Stackelberg, a celebrated Russian traveller, made a discovery of the highest importance to archæological science. While engaged in their excavations at Corneto (Tarquinium), they found, in three vaults, a number of vases, domestic utensils, and curious paintings. They also discovered a frieze of 132 figures, representing a variety of plays in the Æginetic style. The painted vases are exquisitely beautiful; drawings from the paintings have been made, and will be published by Stackelberg. A Frenchman, M. Raoul Rochette, the author of a work, 'Sur les Colonies Grecques,' and of some silly letters from Switzerland, hearing of the discovery, hastened to the spot, accompanied by artists, to take drawings. His intention was to publish some account of the curiosities; but he was prevented from his purpose by Cardinal Somaglia, who would not allow the German artist and his companion to be deprived of the honour of their discovery by the officiousness of M. Raoul Rochette.

*St. Petersburg.*

THE prize question of the historico-philological section of the academy of St. Petersburg for the year 1827-28 is—What were the consequences of the domination of the Mogols in Russia to the constitution of the state and the culture of the people?—to be considered, especially, in a political point of view.

The literature of Russia has received very important additions by several valuable works, which have lately appeared at Moscow. Professor Divigubsky has brought before the public his Flora of Moscow. Professor Fischer published about the same time 'Notices sur les Plantes fossiles de Moscow.' Professor Reis has written, 'Ordo bibliothecæ universitatis Cæsareæ-Mosquensis, Latine et Russice.' Professor Mersliakov has finished the first part of his translation of Tasso. Levezky has completed the second part of his Zoology. Magkow has completed his encyclopedical survey of the military sciences; while Iwashkovsky is occupied upon a Greek and Russian Lexicon in two volumes. The expenses of most of these works is, in the first instance, defrayed by the university of Moscow.

The liberality with which literature and the fine arts are patronized by the nobility of Russia may be observed from the many splendid works published under the direction and at the expense of many distinguished individuals.

Count Romanzow has lately printed at Casan, in large folio, at his own expense, Abulghasis' History of the Mongols and Tartars. The splendid map of Moldavia in six large folio sheets, which lately appeared at Amsterdam, was produced after a survey under the direction of the Russian general Bawr.

The Mongol literature, which to this day has been much neglected, begins to claim the public attention, from the munificent liberality and assiduous zeal with which the study of it is now patronized. The emperor has presented 10,000 rubles to Dr. Schmidt, already known by his discoveries in the history of Middle Asia, to furnish him with materials for publishing the great historical work of Sanang Satsan, Chuntaidschi der Ortas, containing the history of the Eastern Mongols, written in 1662. The original work will be accompanied with a translation and voluminous commentary, and the editor has led us to hope that he will furnish a Mongol grammar. M. Igumnow of Irkutzk is occupied in compiling a Mongol-Russian dictionary,

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tionary, and in this undertaking he has been assisted by the bounty of the emperor.

Captain Etholen, in the service of the Russian-American company, has lately sent to the university of St. Petersburg a rare collection of curiosities, collected during his travels in North America and the South Sea Islands.

The translations which have lately appeared show that classical literature is not neglected in Russia. Odolensky has published Plato's work on laws; and Martinov, already known to the public by his version of Anacreon, another of Pindar, which forms part of a series of translations from the Greek writers.

The university of Moscow contains 686 students, and that of St. Petersburg, which was only founded in 1819, has already risen to the number of 460. The government does not allow any lectures on philosophy.

A new institution for the study of the oriental languages is rising in Russia. M. Lazazeu, an Armenian of Moscow, lately deceased, has bequeathed a considerable sum to found a school, where, beside other sciences, the Turkish, Persian, Arabic, and Armenian languages are to be taught.

Hassan Begh, a native of Persia, who has lately been converted to Christianity, has been appointed teacher of the Persian at the university of Casan. The celebrated Pototian collection of Mohammedan coins, consisting of about 1000 pieces, has been purchased by the same university for 7000 rubles.

The printing of Rhasis' French and Turkish vocabulary is begun, and may be expected to be soon finished.

Professor Senkowski had undertaken to publish the Berggrenian Dictionnaire Abrégé Français, Arabe; but, on account of an unfortunate difference between M. Berggren and M. Senkowski, the printing has been suddenly stopped.

The Russian government has resolved to found an oriental professorship in the university of Kharkov, which hitherto is the only college in the empire where there is no chair for teaching oriental literature. The languages to be taught are Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. M. de Perowski of St. Petersburg is appointed curator of the university.

A poetical anthology has lately been published by Illichevsky, member of the Literary Society, the Society for Russian Literature, and other institutions at St. Petersburg, under the title of *Opité v' Antologicheskom Rodom, &c.* This little volume, which is very elegantly printed, contains a variety of fables, tales, epigrams, &c. amounting altogether to two hundred and sixty different pieces. Many of these display great talent; and the collection has been very favourably received.

*Dukh Karamzina*, or the Spirit of Karamzin, in two volumes, with a portrait of the Russian historian, is a collection of the most admired passages from his various works. The editor, M. Ivanchin-Pisarev, has arranged them under the head of philosophical, political, and literary subjects; and has illustrated them with critical and historical remarks.

Jovsky's Elements of Chemistry, of which the first volume of the second edition has just appeared, is a work no less admirable for the purity of its style, than for its scientific arrangement. In this volume, the author treats of the simple chemical elements; in the two following he will speak of

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of compound and of organic substances, according to the most recent discoveries in this science. In his nomenclature, he has translated all the technical terms and names, substituting equivalent Russian words.

A series of letters on Eastern Siberia, a region comparatively little known, even to the Russians themselves, has been published during the present year, by M. Alexis Martos, who, during a residence of several years in that country, collected much interesting and important information relative to it, which he has embodied in this form. These letters are written in an agreeable style, and everywhere exhibit an intelligent and reflecting mind. Among numerous other interesting particulars, the author gives an account of three families of British missionaries, settled near Selenginsk; two of whom originally came from Glasgow. The religious ceremonies of the Buriats, a sect of Lama worshippers, on the borders of Lake Gusin, are also very fully described. The work contains a plan of Irkushk, a map of the route from that city to Kiahkta along Lake Baikal, and several views; among which is one of the missionary colony near Selenginsk.

Katenin's Andromache, which was performed for the first time at St. Petersburg, on the 15th of last February, is spoken of by the Russian journalists, as the best tragedy that has been produced for several years. Although the same subject has been already treated both by Euripides and Racine, Katenin has imparted to it a great degree of novelty, by laying the scene in Troy itself, on the night when it was taken by the Greeks. In the piece of the French dramatist, Hermione is the real heroine; but here it is the Trojan princess, whose misfortunes and whose maternal affection interest the spectators. This character is finely drawn; and the conflict between her duty to the memory of her husband, and her love for her child, that prompts her to sacrifice every thing in order to save him, is painted in the most affecting manner. The quarrel between Pyrrhus and Agamemnon is an excellent scene, and the latter has all the fierceness and haughtiness of his Homeric prototype.

A collection of travels through Tartary and other eastern countries, made during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, by Marco Polo, Mandeville, Schildberger, Barbaro, Contarini, and other foreigners, has been published in the Russian language, by M. Yazaikov, who has thus performed a most essential service to his countrymen. This translation is distinguished by the simplicity and purity of its style, and is enriched with many curious and valuable notes.

In an historical tale, entitled *Gosnitzky*, printed at Moscow, an anonymous author has attempted, but with no great success, to produce a kind of national romance, à la Walter Scott.

Korobky's Letters of a Russian Naval Officer give a faithful and animated picture of the expedition of the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, under Admiral Senyavin. These letters abound likewise with descriptions of various places, anecdotes of eminent characters, &c. while the style is distinguished for its perspicuity and correctness. Since the publication of this work, the author is dead.

Golitz's *Opit Nauki Izyashtshnago*, or Theory of Criticism in the Fine Arts and Literature, is a work of great merit; and displays a depth of thinking and justness of taste, that will place the author on a level with the best *æsthetical* writers of other countries. It must be admitted, however, that some of his rules are too arbitrary, and founded rather upon authority than upon analogical reasoning.



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Not contented with translating the romances of Sir Walter Scott, the Russians have fabricated others, which the booksellers of Moscow pass off as his productions; although it is almost needless to say they have nothing of Sir Walter in them, beyond his name on the title-pages. Among these *soi-disant* Scotch novels is one entitled Gustavus Waldheim, which even had not the worthy baronet already so numerous a literary progeny of his own, he would hardly care to adopt. Translations of the Talisman, and of Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, were published last year at Mosoow.

An interesting work has lately appeared relative to the principal collections of pictures at St. Petersburg, under the title of Kunst und Alterthum, in St. Petersburg. In the first volume (the only one yet published) the author, M. Hand, gives a description of the pictures in the Hermitage, arranged both chronologically and according to schools. This classification not only renders the book more useful as a work of reference, but less *fragmentary* than a mere catalogue raisonné. Historical notices are given respecting many of the pictures, and also the characteristics of the various masters. The gallery of the Hermitage is particularly rich in the productions of the Spanish school, commencing with Antonio del Rincon, and continued down to Alonso Miguel de Tobar, who died in 1758.

It may, perhaps, be pleasing to our readers to have the following notice of the Fine Arts in Russia. We do not pledge ourselves for its correctness, for it is derived from Russian sources. We have heard, indeed, from English residents in Russia, that in that country there is a very exalted opinion entertained of native merit in the above department. Very little, however, has been hitherto known on this subject in other countries. The structure erected for the academy, of which the empress laid the first stone in 1765, is itself a most magnificent pile, and does honour to the taste and ability of its architect, Kakorinov, who, it should be recorded, was a native of Siberia. This edifice will not suffer by a comparison with any other of the same period, either in Italy or elsewhere. Indeed, Russia must be allowed to have produced several very distinguished architects, for, as may be imagined, this art has met with more encouragement than the rest; while, in a new capital, and under munificent sovereigns, opportunities have not been wanting for it to exert its powers. A taste for painting and sculpture does not insure, as a matter of course, patronage to the living artist: the connoisseur may collect the works of the old masters, and the virtuoso gather around him the relics of antiquity, but buildings cannot be imported; he who erects them must be content to avail himself of the talent of his contemporaries.

During the reign of Catherine, the academy sent forth not less than one thousand artists; among them were Sokolov, who distinguished himself as an historical painter, and who formed his style upon that of Battoni; and Akimov, and Ugriumov, who likewise followed the same branch of the art. Levitsky displayed considerable talent in portraiture, as did also Borovikovsky, a native of Little Russia, and Shtshukin. In landscape may be mentioned Shtshedrin, Matviev, Ivanov, (who also painted battle-pieces,) and Martinov: the latter displayed considerable taste in his compositions, a beautiful tone of colouring, and great freedom of pencil: to these may be added Alexiev, who has been termed the Russian Canaletti. Gordiev, one of the earliest pupils of the academy, was a sculptor of considerable ability: his taste was correct, and the style of his draperies approached that of the antique. His contemporary, Kozlovsky, who died in 1802, excelled him in originality and in the knowledge of anatomy, and, like Michael Angelo, of whom he was both an admirer and an imitator, he loved

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loved to display his skill in this particular branch. He has once been eclipsed by Martos, a living artist, who, if credit be given to the praises lavished upon him, must be one of the first sculptors in Europe. Less fiery in his conceptions than Kozlovsky, his figures satisfy the eye better, although the first impression be not so vivid and deep; and if his productions possess not the grace of Canova, they have less of affectation and mannerism, while his draperies are decidedly superior to those of the Italian. His style of execution is correct, the expression of his figures always noble, and his bas-reliefs truly masterly. In architecture the most distinguished names are those of Bazhenov (died 1798); Volkov (died 1803); Starov (died 1816); Zakkarov, Andrew Mikhailov, Voronikhin, and Demertzov. Bazhenov and Starov were both pupils of Kakorinov; the former made a magnificent design for the restoration of the Kremlin; the latter built the church of St. Alexander Nevsky, the Tauridan palace, and the elegant church of St. Sophia, at Tzarskoe Selo. That immense pile, the Admiralty, at St. Petersburgh, is a splendid monument of the ability and taste of Zakhorov. Mikhailov, who was the colleague of the last-mentioned artist, in the academy, was the architect of the beautiful church of St. Catherine, at St. Petersburg. We might extend this catalogue very considerably, were we not aware that a bare enumeration of names is neither interesting nor entertaining; we must, however, be permitted to say here a few words respecting a living painter, Yegoriev, who, if he at all merit the following eulogium, must be a very superior genius:—

'Yegoriev is an artist gifted with extraordinary talent, and, in point of design, has very few rivals in Europe. His works excited astonishment even in Rome: his style is noble, tasteful, and elevated; his composition is admirable; and his execution agreeable and fascinating. Did his pictures but possess more uniform vigour, were the expression of his faces bolder, and did he pay more attention to both linear and aërial perspective, his productions would be faultless, and would satisfy the most rigid critic. I should then not hesitate to call him our Raffaelle, but approximating more to the antique than the painter of Urbino.'

*Stockholm.*

The Academy of Music has elected, as honorary member, Schneider, the celebrated composer of the Last Judgment.

*Stuttgart.*

Dr. Mohl, who is appointed to the oriental professorship at the University of Tübingen, is about to proceed to India, by order of the government of Wurtemberg, to purchase oriental manuscripts.

*Venice.*

In the annals of literature nothing new has in this city excited so much interest as a Dissertation on the History, Progress, Revolution, and present state of Italian Music, by Mayer, a Venetian. He attempts to show that music is on the decline in Italy. He places the Marinis, Ciampolis, Achillimis, &c. after the Dantes and Ariostos of music. He calls Rossini the Marini of modern music, and accuses him of degrading his talents, from an endeavour to please the vulgar taste.



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# THE FOREIGN REVIEW.

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*** Our readers do not expect that we are to carry on an idle controversy with the Proprietors of the "Foreign Quarterly Review." These gentlemen may therefore, if they please, consider themselves as masters of the field, so far as silly invective, couched in the language of vulgar impertinence, can confer that honour upon them. We take no further notice of their controversial efforts, and pass by, on this principle, a foolish and intemperate paper, which they call a "Rejoinder" to our "Reply," wishing only to explain, that, in spite of their repeated assertions and efforts to the contrary, we still retain the valued co-operation of that Gentleman, whom they, with perfect truth—almost the only piece of truth in their statement—call "a distinguished writer," and who is indeed a proud ornament to any work to which he devotes his assistance. The remainder of the rubbish which they have gathered in their "Rejoinder" we leave to its natural obscurity. We appeal to the public, perfectly satisfied to abide its verdict, and determined to seek one in our favour by all the honourable means in our power. As for our rivals, if they are to be such, we shall throw no impediment in their way; and if they wish to make free with any part of our plan, (as they have done, without acknowledgment, in the case of the Short Notices, &c.) they are perfectly at liberty to do so.

## ERRATUM.

*** Periodical writers are more than any other liable to errors, but one of a whimsical nature occurs in p. 386. A couple of lines belonging to a different article have by some strange accident been inserted in the last paragraph of the Review of Remusat's Chinese Novels, and they make a sad jumble. The passage as it stands is,

"Of the Tales mentioned at the head of this article, part are rendered from the English, and part newly edited from existing translations in French. *And thus may we at length arrive at the knowledge of their moral condition, and the efficacious qualities of their political institutions.* These Tales are ten in number. The two," &c.

We need hardly say, that the lines in Italics ought to be omitted.

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# FOREIGN REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Le Protestantisme en Espagne; ses Progrès, et sa Destruction par l'Inquisition, avec des Notices sur les principaux Martyrs Espagnols.* Paris. Henry Sirvin. 1827.

THE author of the above pamphlet has, in a small compass, detailed the misery and persecution undergone by the early Protestants of the Peninsula. We would willingly narrate the principal facts which he adduces descriptive of the sufferings of these truly Christian Martyrs,—but the account would be almost of too painful a character. The work of M. Sirvin, after giving a sketch of the Protestant churches of Castile and Andalusia, details the bloody and horrible *autos-da-fe* at Valladolid and Seville, and the persecutions of Toledo, Grenada, Valencia, Zaragoza, Logroño, and then proceeds to give short accounts of those helpless individuals who daily underwent the inflictions of the inquisitorial scourge. But, waving earlier researches, our present purpose is to give our readers some idea of the relations of Spain with the Court of Rome, during the last thirty years,—a subject altogether new in England, and one which cannot but be most important to all those who interest themselves on what in this country are denominated the Catholic claims.

When the army of Napoleon invaded Spain, that country was, in temporals, the victim to absolute rule, which had betrayed her into the hands of her enemy; and, from the non-observance of the canons, and the predominant power of the popes, she was, in spirituals, the abject tributary of the Court of Rome. The Concordat made in 1753, by Ferdinand VI. with Benedict XIV., far from destroying the abuses of the Dataria and Apostolic Chancery, left the greater portion of them undemolished. Spain became impoverished, while the avaricious Court of Rome amassed immense sums for bulls, to confirm bishops, matrimonial dispensations, and similar favours, called apostolical! The metropolitans and their suffragans found themselves deprived of a great portion of their rights, some essential and originary, and others established by the church in various councils; they were besides constrained to take the feudal oath of vassalage, inserted in the Roman Pontifical—an oath invented by the Curia to convert bishops,



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subjects of other potentates, into creatures of its own; although some bishops of Ireland have not hesitated to designate it as canonical.*

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To all these and many other usurpations a semblance of legality had been given by that unlucky Concordat, wherein king and pope, without reference to the nation and the Spanish church, arrogated to themselves the privilege of settling the rights of other people: the pope conceding to the king the presentation to the bishoprics—a power which never was his to delegate; it having, from time immemorial, belonged to the chapters, subject to the regal consent—and the king agreeing that the pope should confirm the bishops, in violation of the canonical right of the metropolitans and provincial councils. At this time also a most indecorous proceeding took place, which, in addition to the exorbitant sums of money at once amassed by Rome, by way of indemnification for certain simoniacal exactions which never ought to have been levied, extorted a further sum from the Spanish nation, to be applied to the maintenance of the papal nuncio; until then, a similar allowance had never been made by the Spanish cabinet, except in the instance of the ambassadors of the Porte.

Since Rome assumed the power of giving perpetuity to these embassies, which, at first, were merely temporary, and sent, in determinate cases, with the title of legations, the perpetual nuncios have invariably been crafty spies, through whose medium Rome became acquainted with those persons, in the Peninsula, who were friendly or inimical to her plans; a fact which, long since, Don Francisco de Vargas, ambassador of Spain, proclaimed aloud of the congregated fathers of the Council of Trent.

In later times it is astonishing with what confidence the nuncio Giustiniani, when expelled from the kingdom in 1823, attempted to persuade the Spanish government, 'that, as a legate, he did not

* The following are the words of the Right Reverend Patrick Curtois, Archbishop of Armagh, (in the minutes of the evidence taken before the select committee of the House of Lords, see page 412,) 'That the oath of fidelity which the Right Reverend the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland take to the Roman pontiff in their consecration, implies no more than canonical obedience; that is to say, the obedience which the canons of the church or of the general councils require to be paid to the Pope, as head of the church.' And the Right Reverend James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, wandered no less from the truth, when he said in his interrogatory, (page 224,) 'that the oath to the Pope by the bishops relates to canonical obedience, which means that we are to obey him as the head of the church, according, or agreeably to the discipline found established in the sacred canons.' Had these prelates compared the oath to which they alluded, with that taken by John Lackland to Innocent III. when he declared himself his feudatory and vassal, they would never have called it *canonical*, unless they also had the hardihood so to denominate the oath taken by that prince, seeing that both are nearly one and the same. How strange that these bishops have not yet replied to the call made upon them, to point out the general council in which the church established the oath in question!

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represent a foreign prince, but the visible head of the church, and the father of all the faithful.' By speaking in such a strain, he proved himself, at all events, but slightly versed in Castilian history. Was the legate, who accompanied Philip the Fair, sent exclusively for the spiritual good of the faithful, when the purport of his mission was known to be the assistance of that prince in his usurpation of the kingdom of Arragon from Don Pedro III.? Was not the legate Leonardo sent expressly from Rome, in 1467, to discover new sources of emolument for the holy father? Did not the arrogance of the legate Antonio de Veneris, and his pretensions over the kingdom of Castile, give occasion to the Marquess of Villena to inform him, in unmeasured terms, that whoever had persuaded the Pope that he possessed power in the kingdom of Castile and Leon, to define temporal matters, had basely and grossly deceived him? To the above instances of spiritualism in legates may be added the conduct of those sent to Sicily by Honorius IV., who furnished with papal letters and instructions, as is asserted by the historian Zurita, incited the minds of his subjects against the king Don Pedro. England could also produce a long catalogue of apostolic legates, who, forgetful of the decorum of religion, were wholly engrossed in amassing treasure, and withdrawing immense sums from her population.

Spain had convincing proof how formidable to catholic states were these permanent legates, when Pius VI. issued the bull, *Auctorem fidei*, against the synod of Pistoya. This bull Mr. Charles Butler, and the Jesuit party of Ireland, declare to be universally admitted;* although, during six years, from 1794 till 1800, it was withholden

* Not only Spain, but other catholic countries, refused to admit that bull. Bishop H. Grégoire, who in 1820 printed in Paris his *Essai sur les Libertés de l'Eglise, &c.* says, (cap. 24, p. 514,) 'The bull, *Auctorem fidei*, has been rejected in Naples, Venice, Milan, and France,' that is to say, 'that twenty-six years after its publication it had not been accepted in those states.' In general it was received with contempt, and it is still considered as an attempt which was by no means successful. Notorious were the complaints made against this bull to the senate of Genoa, by the Friar Benito Solari, Bishop of Noli, proving, that Pius VI. reckoning on the gift of his personal infallibility, endeavoured to unite in the sole person of the Pope, the whole power of the church, and to extend that power to worldly purposes; violating, moreover, the right annexed to the episcopate, of examining dogmatical controversies previously to deciding. Let these testimonies be compared with what, in the year 1823, was said by Mr. Charles Butler, a strenuous panegyrist of that bull; viz. 'In all that concerns faith and the essential discipline of the church, this bull (Auctorem fidei) has, without a dissentient voice, been received by the universal body of the church.' (Vide continuation of the Rev. Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints to the present time, Appendix, p. 50.) If these words of Mr. Butler were true, it would follow, that the *whole church* has adopted, approved, and canonized the temporal power of the Popes over kings and nations, which is unblushingly established in this same bull. It will not avail Mr. Butler to allege that he speaks of its being acknowledged solely in what relates to faith and universal discipline. Surely he is not ignorant that the flatterers of Rome, adding power over the temporalities of princes to the primacy of the Pope, place this seditious and erroneous doctrine among the articles of *universal discipline*



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withholden by the royal council of Spain, as being inefficient without the regal Placet: while the College of Law Advocates of Madrid, the Chapter of the Royal Church of San Isidore, and other learned Canonists and Theologians, who were consulted on the subject, advised the king, that, independent of other other objections to that bull, the reprobation of the articles of the Gallican church was confirmed—a reprobation decreed by Innocent XI. and Alexander VIII. the adoption of which by the synod was condemned *velut temerariam, scandalosam ac præsertim apostolicæ sedi summopere injuriosam.* As the first of these articles denies that the Pope possesses any temporal power, directly or indirectly, over princes, and also negatives his power of absolving subjects from their oath of fidelity, it was evident that the bull might be compared to a herald, proclaiming aloud the warrantableness of sedition and rebellion—and advocating the propriety of war against the stability of thrones, and the peace and independence of states.

Although neither the Court of Rome nor its agents could ever rebut that terrible charge, the nuncio of Spain, Cassoni, ever vigilant to upraise and uphold the universal monarchy of the popes, taking advantage of the ignorance of the favourite and the weakness of the monarch, managed in such a manner, that he induced the adoption of the bull without consulting the bishops; and thus did the king become a mockery to the triumphant Curia, in trampling upon the sacred rights of his crown.

The agents of Rome, not satisfied with having obtained surreptitiously the Royal Placet in behalf of that bull, endeavoured to make the king, or rather his favourite, assume the character of theologians or of bishops, in order to decide on its intrinsic merit. In the decree, issued from San Lorenzo, on the 10th December, 1800, it is set forth that his Majesty, being desirous that his subjects should conform, in all particulars, with the provisions of the bull, *Auctorem fidei*, was pleased that it should be printed and promulgated in all his states; charging the bishops and regular prelates to require from their inferiors a strict compliance with his royal mandate; and to inform against the infringers thereof, that the punishments might be awarded against them to which they had made themselves amenable; and also, declaring that the bishops and prelates, who, by culpable negligence or open disobe-

*discipline*, and even of the *faith* of the church. What greater obstacle can be opposed to the Catholicsof the British dominions than the decided efforts of their leaders to praise, and declare as received by the church, a bull wherein is established the temporal power of the Popes to dethrone kings, and to absolve their subjects from allegiance? Well may the conscientious portion of the catholics lament such proceedings, and distrust those *curialistic* jesuits who style themselves defenders of their rights, when in fact they are merely struggling to uphold ultramontane maxims, which render them suspected and odious!

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dience, transgressed against his orders, should be subject to similar penalties. He, moreover, commanded the Inquisition to prohibit and suppress all the books and writings which defended the doctrine prohibited by the bull; and that, without distinction of estate or class, all persons should be proceeded against who contravened its enactments.

In this manner did Charles IV. employ his authority in maintaining docrines by which the court of Rome was endeavouring to sap the foundations of his throne, as well as endangering the stability of the dominion of other princes. Thus does Rome abuse the devotion of despotic monarchs! Is it then to be wondered at that free monarchies and states, into which no access can be found for its obscure and sordid machinations, are odious in the sight of the Curia, and thought worthy of eternal damnation?

It is almost incredible that that compliant court, disregarding the votes of the bishops, and opposing the torrent of national wisdom, should, in the nineteenth century, have caused it to be proclaimed in Spain, as a defined truth, that the temporal power of the Pope extended over kings, because, forsooth, it was so established in a dogmatic bull! On the accomplishment of this event, the Pope, in his gratitude, proclaimed the Prince of Peace Defender of the Faith. But what faith did the infamous and adulterous Godoy thus defend? Not the *faith of the Church*, which detests, as contrary to Scripture, the temporal powers of the popes over kings, but *the faith of the Curia*, which converts its mundane pretensions, into positive and stubborn dogmas. From that moment the title, which, according to Palavicini, after the mature deliberation of the Apostolic College, Leo X. conceded to Henry VIII. for having entered into controversy with Luther, ceased to be the appellation peculiar to the kings of England.

This victory of the Curia moderated the grief which, a year before, under the ministry of Don Mariano Luis de Urquijo, had been felt by the Spanish court in consequence of a decree wherein this self-same Charles IV. declared that the bishops of Spain were empowered, during the vacancy of the chair of Pius VI., to grant the favours peculiarly reserved for the Apostolic see. On that occasion the bishops of Spain displayed great zeal in support of the privileges of their dignity; some of them addressing the king to thank him for protecting their rights, and all of them, without a dissentient voice, agreeing to comply with the decree *. When compared with these eulogies of the bishops in the year 1799, with regard to that decree, what a wonderful contrast exists in the calumnies with which other bishops, of the years 1814 and 1822, insulted the

* These addresses of the Spanish bishops to Charles IV. were published in Madrid, in 1809, by the canon Don Juan Antonio Llorente, in his Diplomatic Collection.

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Cortes of Cadiz and of Madrid, for having issued various decrees of the same tenour not less competent and just—calumnies which have since been echoed by the Catholics of the British Empire—an incense most grateful to the court of Rome, as we have learned by the notes of the Nuncio Giustiniani!

The energetic measures of that decree of 1799 were backed by the same government, in 1800, when Pius VII. granted to Charles IV. the favour of the *nuevo noveno decimal*, one of the nine parts into which tithes are divided. That demand for apostolic indultos, took its rise from the persuasion that the Pope is the administrator of the temporal wealth of all the Church: a profitable doctrine and a prolific source of emolument to the Great See. The execution of that brief was entrusted by Pius VII. to the Nuncio Cassoni, who delayed issuing the instructions with such barefaced apathy, that the king was under the necessity of sending to him one of his secretaries, in person, to desire him to expedite the business. Cassoni replied with great composure, but without showing any disposition to act in compliance with the terms of that message. The cause of backwardness was discovered by the secretary through the delegate of the Nuncio, Goya y Muniain; an honest clergyman, who, little versed in negotiation, and believing the ministry to be of his own ideas, openly confessed that the dilatoriness of the Nuncio was occasioned by a certain project of his own, which was to place bounds to the pecuniary exactions which the king levied upon the clergy. For this purpose a junta of the chapters, monks, and nuns was to be formed in Madrid, under whose sanction the tithes were to be collected, and applied to the extinction of the debt. The Pope was yearly to be advised of the proceeding, and a formal account was to be demanded of the king, relative to the application of all the funds which had been exacted from the clergy. The regulation which was to guide the conduct of the members of the junta was drawn up and entrusted to the secretary.

This functionary hastened to the palace and delivered that curious document to the minister of finance, Soler, who, indignant at the interference assumed by the pontifical cabinet in the management of the wealth of Spain, and aware of the injury thereby intended to the independence of the temporal power, immediately laid the paper before the king. His Majesty, justly incensed at such an outrage, commanded the ex-minister to Rome, Don Josef Nicolas de Azara, who was fortunately at the time in Madrid, to explain to the Nuncio, that if he did not that very day delegate his powers to the collector of the ecclesiastical property, he should be banished from the kingdom, and that the revenues of the benefices which he enjoyed in Spain would be immediately sequestered. Cassoni yielded,

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as may be supposed, and laying aside all the leonine ferocity of the priest, put on the meekness and docility of the lamb.

While the agents of the Curia in Spain supported the claims and usurpations of the papal monarchy, the wise part of the nation attempted to oppose them; striving, by indirect means, to restore the ancient liberties of their church. With this view, in the year 1796, several learned persons requested Charles IV. to protect the edition of the canons, by which the church had been governed since the establishment of the Gothic monarchy till the fifteenth century. The Royal Library undertook this duty, and gathered together the old manuscripts of that collection, which are preserved in the archives of the cathedrals of Toledo, Gerona, Urgel, and other churches, as well as ancient monasteries. Nearly thirty years were spent in the collation of these manuscripts, for the progress of the task was frequently impeded by the circumstances of the war. But when it was completed, Don Pedro de Silva, Don Juan Ramirez Alamanzon, and Don Francisco Gonzalez, found out that, in the reign of Ferdinand VI., the learned Jesuit, Andres Burriel, had already performed the labour; and that Don Carlos de la Serna (nephew of the librarian, Don Juan de Santander, who died in the year 1784) was in possession of the very manuscript at Brussels. After the acquisition of that invaluable treasure, and the correction of the edition of the canons from that original document, Charles IV. was deterred from publishing therein the whole proceedings of the councils of Toledo, being informed that they contained laws contrary to his sovereignty. This the weak king was induced to do by an outcry raised by the favourers of the papal pretensions, who feared lest the innovations of the Court of Rome should be discovered—so contrary were they to the spirit of the early monarchy, and the moderation of the early fathers of the Spanish church. With this view, the Marquess Caballero, Minister of Grace and Justice, directed the Fiscal of Castile, Don Nicolas Maria Sierra, to examine if the work contained any thing prejudicial to the royal prerogatives of the throne, which it might be advisable to bury in eternal oblivion.

To that official command Sierra replied, on the 23d of September of the same year, assuming the publicity of these canons, referred to as well by historians as by the apologists of the canonical liberty of the Spanish church, that were any of them to be omitted in the present collection, it would become a very despicable, faithless, and defective work; and that, should any intimation or warning be prefixed to the edition, by way of note or of preface, it could not fail to attract attention, and cause opinions to be formed very unfavourable towards those who compiled it.

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The design of that minister being thus frustrated, the matter was left dormant till the March of the following year, when the scene of Aranjuez, and the invasion of Bonaparte, so completely changed the aspect of the monarchy. Amidst the many dangers of the war of independence, and of the six unhappy years which elapsed from 1814 to 1820, the printed copies of that collection were with difficulty preserved. But when that important work was concluded it was presented to the Cortes of Madrid on their installation—a valuable gift, truly! inasmuch as the want of it in the schools of Spain induced the triumph of the false decretals which had swelled the ambition and gorged the avarice of the great Pontiff. It is, moreover, worthy of remark, that no trace whatever of these apocryphal canons is to be met with in the many canonical collections preserved in Spain; two of which date at least from the tenth century, and belong to cathedrals contiguous to France; although the clergy of that kingdom had, two centuries before, given credence to the imaginative fictions of Isidor, which were furtively introduced into the Spanish church, by the Monks of Cluny.

Such were the first measures adopted by the Cortes of Cadiz and Madrid, to lay the groundwork of the liberties of the Spanish church, and to overthrow the colossal power of the Roman Curia. They were instigated to this work by the impulse of the Central Junta*; the members of which were directed by the learned Don Gaspar de Jovellanos. The same anxiety, therefore, which induced these Spaniards to excite the next Cortes to re-establish the primitive constitution of the kingdom, prompted them to desire the protection of the Canons, in order to oppose the universal monarchy of the Pope, in which they saw hidden the seeds of political slavery.

Immediately on the promulgation of the civil constitution of the kingdom, an evident analogy was traced between the proceedings of the private enemies of that code, and the pertinacity with which the satellites of the Curia stigmatised, with the brand of impiety, all those who maintained the canons in opposition to the temporal power and universal episcopate of the Pope. The Spaniards, who kissed the chains of despotic kings, imitated the court of Rome; which, not content with possessing advocates to gloss its usurpations, insisted that these persons should also be fanatics. The wise part of the Spanish clergy, who were opposers of the

* That Junta, composed of two members from each province, governed Spain from the invasion of Bonaparte, in 1808, till the beginning of the year 1810. Before its dissolution it convoked the Cortes, and bequeathed to them many labours which it had prepared for the restoration of the fundamental laws, (which strengthened the constitution of the year 1812,) as well as for many other laws of external discipline, within the competence of the temporal power.

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reservations, were also defenders of the fundamental laws; nor was there a single instance of any one advocating the principle of monarchical absolutism, without being at the same time a furious partisan of pontifical despotism*.

The central junta knew full well that, should the nation recover its original rights, and destroy the temporal power usurped by the popes, the bishops would necessarily regain the essential and canonical privileges of which the imaginary universal episcopate had despoiled them. With that view, a committee, consisting of erudite canonists and theologians, was appointed to prepare the ecclesiastical matters which were to be discussed by the Cortes, as a preliminary step towards the restoration of the liberties of which the Spanish church had been deprived.

This plan was adopted by the Cortes of Cadiz in 1810. The first step which they took was to consider whether it was befitting that a

* This assertion is applicable not only to Spain, but may be applied to a great part of the Catholic Clergy of England and Ireland, who cannot conceal their attachment to the despotic system of the Curia, and on all occasions inveigh against those who endeavour to circumscribe the papal primacy to its just bounds; styling them schismatics and heretics; and never failing to depict the Spaniards, who restored the fundamental moderation of their kings, as persecutors of the church, the altar, the throne, and ecclesiastical doctrine and discipline. In pursuance of this plan, an article, entitled *Persecutions*, was published in the *Ordo Divini Officii*, compiled for the use of the clergy of London, in the year 1824, and printed by authority of the Vicar Apostolic, William Poynter, in which article were the following words:—'In Spain and Portugal the liberals, usurping the sovereignty, plunder and destroy churches and convents; exile, imprison, and murder bishops, priests, and religious persons; and tyrannize over the doctrine and discipline of the church . . . . . They are subdued, and the throne and the altar are rescued, by the wisdom and valour of the Duke d'Angouleme.' These vituperative chiefs of the British clergy have found an active associate in Mr. Daniel O'Connel; who, supporting ultramontane principles, and joining the banners of the Jesuit party, had the audacity to assert, in an assembly of Catholics, that 'the present state of Spain was occasioned by the attempts of the Cortes to ingratiate themselves with the English liberals and their press, as also with the French Jacobins, by the overthrow of the Catholic religion in the Peninsula.' Subsequently to the year 1814, a singular fact was openly talked of, in Salamanca—namely, that the Archbishop of Armagh, Doctor Patrick Curteis, was one of those who had denounced several doctors of that college, remarkable for piety and learning. In allusion to this, Don Diego Antonio Gomez Alonzo, Professor of Laws in that university, published the following remark in a pamphlet: 'The Rector of Ireland, Don Patrick Curteis,' says he, 'was the chief supporter of the cause of ultramontanism, and the instrument of oppression against his fellow professors. The Master Mayo, the last and most abandoned of these fanatics, was the bosom friend of Patrick Curteis; both of whom, with some new candidates, endeavoured to give the last blow to the sage and learned men who, in 1814, preserved our university. Fortunately for the welfare of our college, and of Spain in general, that Irishman, Doctor Curteis, retired to his country at the moment when these unfortunate persons were delivered to the hands of justice, so that he was cut off from the means of doing mischief directly.' This fact speaks volumes! Can it then be matter of wonder that such intolerant persons, to forward their jesuitical purposes, should lavish abuse against the liberals of Spain? But here they stop not: inasmuch as it is openly asserted by the dignified clergy of Navarre (to say nothing of the other provinces of Spain,) that through their influence considerable sums of money are remitted to the self-styled *Apostolic Junta*, who are most unquestionably in open correspondence with the Romish clergy of Ireland.

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national council should be held. The court of Rome has invariably evinced repugnance to whatever has been ordained by the councils of Trent and of Constance, concerning synods and provincial councils, and also as to the periodical celebration of general councils. This fact weakened the efforts of a great part of the clergy as to this matter, and the energies of the Cortes were materially paralyzed by the new-fangled pretensions of the Curia, which set forth that no decrees of any council can possess validity unless they be confirmed by the pope—an ultramontane mistake adopted by Doctor Doyle, who, in his examination before the committee of the House of Commons, (Second Report of the committee on the state of Ireland,) after saying that a council might be held in Ireland, without the consent of the pope, added, '*but such decrees of that council, if it were a national or even a provincial one, as would regard faith or discipline, would not have force, unless they were approved of or sanctioned after being passed here by the pope.*' In contradiction to this maxim, it may be remarked, (a fact which did not perhaps occur to the Irish prelate,) that neither the plenary councils of Africa, of Toledo, or of other states, had recourse to the pope for his confirmation; notwithstanding which, not even the court of Rome ever dared to calumniate their decrees, on the score of invalidity. In the same predicament stood the church of Tarragona, the only one which, till the middle of the last century, continued periodically to convoke its provincial councils; and no complaints on the part of Rome were ever instituted against its firmness in not sending to the pope for his sanction. These councils, in the primitive times, were well known to be prevalent, and many persons impute the disuse of them to the negligence of the kings of Spain in not fulfilling what was commanded on that subject by the council of Trent. In proof of this may be adduced the inefficacy which, at the commencement of the last century, attended the efforts of the Cardinal Belluga, bishop of Carthagena, for the assembling of a national council, notwithstanding the royal cedula which Philip V. issued for that object. That the metropolitans expose themselves to many curtailments and sacrifices of privileges by submitting to the yoke of the Curia is undeniable, and was proved before the Cortes. The instance quoted was the arbitrary and unjust resistance of the congregation of the council of Trent to the title *Sancta Synodus*, which was given to the provincial council of Valencia, convened in 1565, by the learned Bishop Martin Perez de Ayala, against which ill intended censure the representation of his successor, Don Fernando de Loaces, to Clement VIII. was wholly ineffectual, although he therein clearly demonstrated that it had been the practice of the church for 1200 years

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years to denominate as *Sanctus* not only provincial, but also many diocesan synods.

Although the Cortes were of opinion that it was desirable as much as possible to hasten the meeting of the council, and the committee appointed to prepare the forms for its convocation, proposed the most prudent measures to ensure favourable results from its deliberations; powerful reasons were not wanting to militate in secret against the measure. The certainty that several bishops of that period had imbibed the doctrine of the false decretals, and were embued with the anticanonical system of the Curia, gave birth to apprehensions that, through their means, when assembled in council, Rome might succeed in rooting still deeper the abuses which were intended to be abolished.

At that moment a printed letter or pamphlet, with the appellation *Pastoral*, was published, and disseminated by six bishops, who had taken refuge in the island of Majorca. In that pamphlet Spain was represented as being exposed to remain without ministers or altars; the members of the Cortes were denounced as labouring under fallacious views, and acting from wilful error—assertions which were vainly attempted to be proved from the pages of the *Diarios de Cortes*—in short, these bishops evinced in that letter a fury truly worthy of the Curia against that congress, which, as a body, had endeavoured, by means of salutary reforms, to effect the amelioration of the church and of her ministers.* What beneficial effects, as concerned religion or the welfare of the state, could have been expected from the opinions and votes of such bishops in a national council, who, even forgetful of the original privileges of their dignity, scrupled not to present themselves as the most strenuous defenders of the Inquisition, and even to recommend in their pastoral letters, the devotion of the Heart of Jesus as the best method of producing and reforming morality—a devotion, invented by the Jesuit Colombier, which has served, and still serves as the standard of Jesuitism, and which accordingly is fostered at present by means of a numerous fraternity in the college of Maynooth, thence to be disseminated among the Irish Catholics.

These considerations led the Cortes to dread rather than to desire a national council, composed of such prelates. Nor was the apprehension without foundation, since the episcopacy of Spain, at that time deprived by death of many wise and zealous bishops, an honour to the church,—such as Climent, Bertran, Tormo, Rodriguez de Arellano, Abad y La Sierra, Palafox de

* That pastoral letter was ably and successfully contradicted by a pamphlet printed in Cadiz, in the year 1813, entitled *Defensa de las Cortes y de las Regalias de la Nacion en contestacion a la Instruccion Pastoral de los seis R. R. obispos refugiados en Mallorca.*

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Cuenca, &c., scarcely exhibited one who had energy to proclaim the exhortation of Gerson; *Exurgant prælati ecclesiæ, et rapinas, furta et latrocinia Romanæ curiæ dignentur penitus amovere.* In that position and emergency, the Cortes conceived it to be lawful, and even incumbent on them, to rescue the kingdom and its temples from the slavery in which they were held by the Roman Curia, solely availing themselves of the canons of the councils convoked in Spain, and of the laws, customs, privileges, and immunities of the nation.

The plan having been adopted, the Cortes commenced by declaring themselves protectors of the canons, reforming the abuses introduced into Spain by the Curia, as well in the ordinary powers of the metropolitans as of the other bishops. The first step which they took went to abolish the self-styled Holy Office. The debate on this subject lasted from the 8th December, 1812, till the 5th February, 1813; during which time the defenders of the Inquisition brought forward every argument which had formerly been used to withstand the attacks of the national wisdom and justice, which, during more than three centuries, since the first establishment of that Office, had been unremittingly and vigorously opposed by the abettors of the inquisitorial system. The enemies of that system, on the contrary, exerted themselves to expose the fallacy of these reasonings, which they did in such a conclusive manner that, at the end of the struggle, the fearful bugbear appeared weak, disarmed, and without resource.

The principal aim of the Cortes was to demonstrate that the Inquisition, even as an ecclesiastical tribunal, was dependent on the temporal power as the protector of the canons. They argued that, although the ecclesiastical authority may be essentially dogmatic, the extraordinary and privileged manner of exercising it evidently appertains to the exterior policy, which is purely human. Nor did this idea originate with the Cortes. The same principle was expounded to Philip IV. by the Archbishop of Grenada, Don Galceran de Albanell, in a consultation about withholding the royal sanction from a brief issued by Urban VIII., wherein he observed that the king, through a conscientious consideration for his royal dignity, ought not to permit the pope, by means of briefs, to alter and encroach upon the establishments and customs prevalent in his dominion. In support of that opinion, it was also urged by the Cortes, that as the Catholic kings, after having requested a bull from Sextus IV., for the establishment of the Inquisition, still possessed the privilege of withholding from it the royal placet, had they conceived, after more mature reflection, that it was not proper to curtail thereby the privileges of the bishops; so, after the admission of that bull, it was within the competence of

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of the supreme authority of the kingdom to restrain its operations, and to declare it inadmissible, if it deemed that line of conduct the most suitable.

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Among other arguments, the propriety of that conduct was proved by the incompatibility of the inquisitorial system with the fundamental laws of the kingdom, which had then lately been re-established; the basis of which was the individual legal liberty of the Spaniards, which was clearly and directly infringed by the solitary confinement, and perpetual state of non-communication, in which all the prisoners of the Inquisition were indiscriminately kept: not only those immured for matters of faith, but for other crimes, which subsequently were made subject to its controul*.

It would be endless to recapitulate the infamies proved against that impious tribunal; but what perhaps more than any thing irritated the Cortes, and terrified the partisans of the Inquisition, was the perusal of the instructions of the Inquisitor General, Valdez, where, among other atrocities, in the 32d article, falsehood and deceit were, with unblushing effrontery, openly recommended, in the following words:—'Although the witness may have deposed in the first person, that he did transact with the culprit what he testifies against him, still, in the published copy, a third person must be introduced, to say thus—*he saw and heard that the criminal did consort with a certain person.*'

At the same time that the above was published, the stratagem ordained by Eimeric, in his *Directorium Inquisitorum*, was

* The proceedings of the Inquisition were fully exposed to the Cortes, by authentic documents, which effectually silenced its defenders; and disgraceful and monstrous was the picture. Endless was the catalogue of most pious men and eminent scholars, who underwent purification, as it is termed, in that den of superstition and tyranny. The culprit was not permitted to speak with his attorney, except in the presence of the inquisitor, and a notary, who took notes, and certified what passed: and so far from the names of the informer or of the witnesses being supplied, every thing that could facilitate the indication of them was expunged from the declarations; and the prisoners, one and all, in these dungeons might truly exclaim, with Fray Luis de Leon, '*I feel the pain, but see not the hand which inflicts it.*' The pen almost refuses to trace the forms of torture inflicted on the culprits in presence of the inquisitors and the ordinary. Even in the early days of the Inquisition, torture was carried to such an extent, that Sextus IV., in a brief published on the 29th January, 1482, could not refrain from deploring the well-known truth, in lamentations which were re-echoed from all parts of Christendom. The formula of the sentence of torture began thus—*Christi nomine invocato;* and it was therein expressed, that the torture should endure as long as it pleased the inquisitors; and a protest was added, that, if during the torture the culprit should die, or be maimed, or if effusion of blood or mutilation of limb should ensue, the fault should be chargeable to the culprit, and not to the inquisitors. The culprit was bound by an oath of secrecy, strengthened by fearful penalties, not to divulge any thing that he had seen, known, or heard, in the dismal precincts of that unholy tribunal—a secrecy, illegal and tyrannical; but which constituted the soul of that monstrous association, and by which its judges were sheltered against all responsibility in the exercise of their jurisdiction; so that it was truly observed, that, in the proceedings of the Inquisition, no action was more consistent with the fundamental laws of Spain, than it was in accordance with any of the principles of humanity adopted by civilized nations in general.

also

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also divulged, which is, that the inquisitor, pretending to read over the evidence, should cause the non-confessing culprit, who was not convicted, to believe that he was, in fact, most fully convicted by the depositions on the trial. Justly might such a tribunal boast to Philip V., that it was bound to conform to no civil or canonical laws in its proceedings against criminals, from the capture of the culprit till the execution of his sentence; and yet this Inquisition of Spain finds a most strenuous apologist in a work entitled *the Catholic Miscellany*. The abolition of that anti-evangelical tribunal is, therefore, without doubt, one of the impious acts which the Catholic Clergy of the British Empire impute to the Cortes of Spain, when they publish to the world that they persecuted the church—an obloquy, which the anthor of the *Ordo Divini Officii*, and Counsellor O'Connel, have most lavishly heaped upon them.

After the Cortes had destroyed that sink of immorality, illegality, and tyranny, they proceeded to abolish what was called the *Voto de Santiago*—a name given to a tax, paid by various towns and provinces to the church of Compostella, on account of the apocryphal apparition of Santiago in the battle of Clavijo, and the counterfeit diploma of Ramiro I. That fable being exposed before the Cortes, they decreed an absolute exemption from that unjust tax, which was levied solely to enrich, at the expense of the poor, a church, already amply endowed with unbounded wealth. They also formed arrangements to withdraw from the Court of Rome the baleful influence which it possessed through the immediate subjection of the regulars to the Pope; and they determined to imitate the example of those Catholic princes, who, acting on the spirit of the canons, protected the rights of the bishops, by restoring to their ordinary jurisdiction those regulars whom Rome, by exorbitant privileges, had converted into auxiliaries of its pretensions. This act was followed up by the reduction of their excessive numbers, which had often been deprecated by the ancient Cortes, and by various bishops and ecclesiastics, anxious for the prosperity of their country. They also suppressed several monasteries, leaving only so many of each institution as were thought sufficient; and they regulated the number of religious persons who ought to live in each convent, in proportion to their revenues, or the ordinary collection of alms, so that they might be comfortably maintained, in health and sickness, without being a burden to the towns and villages. Besides this, they restored the ancient laws of the nation, subjecting delinquent clergymen to be proceeded against by the temporal power, without respect to ecclesiastical privileges.

It was not to be supposed that the Court of Rome would tamely submit

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submit to these efforts levelled against its power. The Nuncio, Giustiniani, lost no time in delivering to the government furious notes in vituperation of these decrees. He declaimed with the greatest animosity against every decree which had emanated from the Cortes, respecting the clergy, as if it were a body residing in the heart of the kingdom in absolute independence; and endeavoured to intimidate the government by threatening it with the most injurious consequences. But the Cortes, in spite of his impostures and terrific threats, persisted in completing what they had so happily begun: acting in the spirit exhibited by the senate of Venice, when they set at nought the excommunication and interdict of Paul V., which were fulminated against them, in consequence of the abolition of ecclesiastical privileges, and the subjection of the clergy to the ordinary laws of the republic.

The same insolent conduct was repeated by the Nuncio, when the King in 1822, having banished the bishop of Malaga, that chapter proceeded, by approbation of his Majesty, to elect, as governor of the diocese, a person whom he did not choose to recognise. On this occasion the following royal order of the 21st October of the same year, observed: 'That it was very remarkable that the envoy of his Holiness should attempt, without any just cause, to excite scandal among the faithful, and expose the diocese of Malaga to the fatal consequences of a schism, and that at the very moment when religious fanaticism and worldly interests had induced many enthusiasts, and among others several bishops, forgetful of their ministry of peace and tranquillity, to declare open war, in order to excite discord and civil strife, for the purpose of again plunging this heroical nation into slavery; all of which scandalous proceedings on the part of the clergy, so opposed to the principles of scripture, had never attracted the Nuncio's attention, or excited his apostolic zeal to restrain them.'

But nothing so much excited the rage of the pontifical cabinet against the Cortes as the law of 1821, prohibiting money to be remitted to Rome for bulls, dispensations, and other Apostolic favours. Many years before, the ancient Cortes had protested against that simoniacal drainage of gold and silver; and that of Madrid of 1633 had observed that the sheep of the flock of the Spanish church were shorn to the last lock, and become so completely tributary to the Roman Curia, that they could not drink water excepting for money. The same complaint was prevalent in England, Germany, France, and other Catholic countries, where, what the learned Gerson calls *the robbery of the reservations*, was prevalent. These fetters were endured in Spain, as the ambassadors of Philip IV. said to Urban VIII., through an excess of piety, which, translated out of diplomatic phrase, must be interpreted an excess

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excess of folly. The moment the Spanish nation found itself freed from the heavy yoke of despotism under which it had so long groaned, it implored the national representation to abolish for ever this remnant of absurd slavery. The provincial deputation of Toledo asked the Congress: 'Will this wise and enlightened assembly permit the existence of shameful tariffs, which assess prices for the procuring of ecclesiastical favours, withdrawing the riches of our land, to the annihilation of internal commerce, and the impoverishment of a generous nation?' Similar petitions were presented to the Cortes from the deputations of Burgos, Murcia, Navarre, Biscay, La Mancha, Galicia, and Valencia; nor could a sensible man be found throughout the realm who did not acknowledge that these exactions of Rome, for bulls of bishops, and matrimonial dispensations, and other such like favours, reserved for the popes, were nothing but barefaced simony, and utter abomination.

That prohibition having been granted by the Cortes, and sanctioned by the king, Rome published against it a note which no one could believe to be genuine who does not know that in that court the spirit of domination is equal to the desire of money. It ran thus: 'That his Holiness did not expect that a nation so catholic as Spain, without any previous communication with the Holy See, would have decreed that no money should be remitted for dispensations, and that nine thousand dollars should be given *, not on account of the obligation incumbent on Christian nations to contribute towards the decorum of that See, but merely as a voluntary offering; and that he was the more surprised, as it concerned sums of money which had been exacted by *just title*, for many years, and which served to recompense the labours of the ministers of the Roman Curia; and that, moreover, he had, with the greatest dissatisfaction, heard the assertion, that one of the principal causes of the scarcity of money in Spain was the continual withdrawal of it to Rome, when it was known that each family in Spain contributed no more than two reals yearly towards the support of the Holy See—a sum which could not impoverish the country, and the payment of which was founded *on the most sacred titles*;' and the Pope, adding that he was grieved to hear that exaction of money called simoniacal, concluded the document by observing that he did not, and never would, consent to the law.

Nothing could exceed the dismay of Spanish piety, and the astonishment of the Cortes, at this expression of the surprise of

* The Cortes permitted an annual sum of 1800*l.* sterling to be given to the Pope, by way of a voluntary offering, without prejudice, however, to its being augmented, in case the circumstances of the nation permitted it.

Pope

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Pope Pius VII. "Freely have ye received, freely give," said our Saviour, but his Holiness hesitated not unblushingly to proclaim that, without money, the good offices of *his* church would not be dispensed.

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The surprise of his Holiness at the assertion that the export of money for Rome was the principal cause of the scarcity of specie in Spain—supposing his amazement to be sincere—must have originated from ignorance of Spanish history. Henry III. complained to the Cortes of Madrid, in the year 1396, of that appropriation of their gold and silver, which he denominated worse than barbarous. Similar complaints were also made by Don John I., Don John II., Charles V., and by Philip IV., in a communication to Urban VIII., in which he says that the rigorous exactions of the Dataria impoverished Spain, by withdrawing from it immense sums of gold and silver; and Pope Pius VII. could not have been ignorant that, without any previous communication with Clement XI., Philip V. published a decree, in the year 1700, commanding, under grievous penalties, that no sum or sums of money should be remitted to Rome.

The name *Voluntary Offering*, given to the 9000 dollars, offended the pontifical cabinet, although the nation in its circumstances, at that moment, had more cause to be offended at the sacrifice. Ought it then to be accounted as nothing that the members of that Cortes, from the public funds of a nation plundered, dilapidated, and exhausted of money, by causes which were known to the world, dealt generously with a foreign prince possessed of an ample treasury, and who, from 1814 till 1820, had annually received from that ruined nation five millions, about 50,000*l.* sterling, for bulls of archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbacies, pensions, briefs, dispensations, and other ecclesiastical favours,—besides twenty-four millions more, (about 240,000*l.* sterling,) for matrimonial dispensations, and other briefs of that class?*

* As a matter of curiosity, let us trace the millions to which the sums amount which have been withdrawn since the sixteenth century from Spain to Rome for bulls, dispensations, and such like inventions of the papal Curia. Let the five annual millions of the last six years be taken as an average to reckon by—although a much higher rate ought to be fixed, considering the greater number of provisions and favours issued by the Curia from 1500 till 1814—and it will be seen that 1,600,000,000 reals, or 16,000,000*l.* sterling, went from Spain to Rome. To this must be added more than 350,000 reals, 3,500*l.* sterling, which had annually been sent to Rome since the year 1537, for the building of St. Peter and St. John de Lateran, which, till 1820, amounted to the astonishing sum of 99,050,000 reals. Nor must we forget to swell the above amount by the 100,000 reals annually given to the Nuncio of Spain, since the concordat of 1753, amounting to 6,700,000 reals, about 67,000*l.* sterling, or the whole about seventeen millions, sterling, at a very diminished calculation. As, in that period we have taken, there were twenty-two Popes, each holy father drew about 800,000*l.* on an average from Spain. This is feeding the flock with a vengeance. If the matrimonial briefs, &c. be computed at the same rate, from 1814 to 1820, the product from Spain to Rome, since 1500, would be no less than 76,800,000*l.*,—about three millions and a half per Pope!



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It was asserted by the Curia, that Christian nations are under an obligation to contribute to the respectful support of the Pope. But Spain discovered that such an obligation was erroneous; seeing that the Pope possessed not only the temporal revenues of five sovereignties, but also as many more ecclesiastical domains, out of which to provide for himself and all those who served him in the Curia. What is the respectful support of the pope? Could it be supposed that the Spanish government would overlook the palpable hardship of compelling the labourers and artisans of Spain to toil and labour in order to maintain the equipages, retinues, and worldly splendour of the papal palace,—and enable him to effect measures not of the most honest character,—as, for instance, when Pius V. offered money to the catholic subjects of Queen Elizabeth to rebel against her, and when Leo XII. (a fact well known in Spain) sends money to support the servile and pestiferous congregation of the self-styled *Junta Apostolica*.

But these sums, says the papal note, are exacted as a just claim, sanctioned by the usage of many years. The papal Curia felt indignant that the Cortes should designate that exaction of money by the name of a *simoniacal sale*. Yet such is its true name; and so the church, from time immemorial, has denominated the exaction of money for spiritual favours. How then could the heart of his Holiness be filled with bitterness at hearing those exactions thus called, when he was nothing loath to put them into execution? This spirit of bitterness arises in Rome whenever truths are disseminated contrary to the papal temporal interests: and doubtless it was that spirit which caused the prohibition of Espenceo's pious commentary on St. Paul's letter to Titus, wherein he declares the exaction of Annats to be simony: and assuredly it was the same spirit of grief which forbade the publication of the book *De sacris ecclesiæ ministeriis* of Duareno, because it said as much of the taxes of the apostolic chancery.

That the Curia should promulgate that such doings were *de justo titulo*, was accordant with the maxim of the patriarch of India, Figueroa, that the greater the favour, the greater should be the price: on which scandalous rule was formed the tariff of the causes admissible in Rome for matrimonial dispensations. A copy of this document was brought to Madrid in 1781, by the minister plenipotentiary Azara, in which the price of the dispensations without cause was impudently set down at about twelve times as much as the others. What greater insult could be offered to the faith and morality of the church, if it cared for either?

The expression of Pius VII. '*Spain contributes*,' proved how presumptuously the papal cabinet reckoned as an obligatory tribute, the two reals which it supposed each family in Spain to contribute yearly

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yearly in compliance with the most sacred title:—as sacred titles as the dreams of Pope Hildebrand, who asserted that Spain was his patrimony,—or those of other popes, who laid claim to the apostolic tribute, from Pedro II.

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The declaration of the pope, at the end of the note, that he never would consent to the law, was of little consequence to the Spanish government, which cared not whether the Curia approved or disapproved of a law made exclusively for Spain. It would have been degradation, indeed, if the laws of the temporal power were inefficacious without the consent of the Roman pontiff.

The hatred of the Curia towards the Cortes of Spain may be traced to the following causes;—the abolishment of the Inquisition,—the subjection of causes of faith to the ordinary jurisdiction,—the re-establishment of the bishops in their rights,—the limitation of ecclesiastical privileges,—and the protection of the wise canons of the ancient discipline,—but above all, the depriving it of money, which was wounding it in the very vitals of its existence! *That* was the heinous heresy which caused the rapacious court of Rome to take up arms against the Cortes, in order to re-establish despotic rule; because it was perfectly aware that, under such a sway, it would regain the sources of wealth of which the schism and heresy of the Cortes had robbed it, and behold the return of those apostolic days, when the sweat of the devout Spaniards would afford means for the decorous splendour of the pontifical throne.

How bitterly the Court of Rome resented these affronts, is known to the world, by its machinations since the restoration of arbitrary power in the Peninsula. It may not be as well known that, while the Cortes was in existence, its anger was shown in a less potent, but not less venomous manner. A careful watch was held over the debates of that assembly. If any ecclesiastic dared to speak against the Inquisition—dared to utter the common feelings of human nature, respecting that tribunal, he was a marked man. His promotion in the Spanish church was effectually checked. The Court of Rome, *motu proprio et de plenitudine potestatis*, withheld the bulls for bishoprics, and threw every other imaginable obstacle in the way of the advancement of the obnoxious individual. It went so far, on one occasion, as to declare that the freedom of speech, in the Cortes, was in itself a diplomatic reason for refusing to admit a minister plenipotentiary from Spain; thereby announcing that, as far as its power went, the representative system put any nation that adopted it out of the pale of civilized society. But here it forgot that Spanish pride could get the better even of Spanish devotion: for, when the government learnt that its ambassador would not be received, it lost no time in causing the Nuncio, Giustiniani, to leave the kingdom. Happy



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would the nation have been if, with the impertinent Nuncio, it could have got rid of all connexion with those who sent him.

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In this article it will be perceived, that we have taken all our facts and arguments exclusively from Roman Catholic and Spanish sources. We have endeavoured fairly to represent the reasonings of that class of adherents to the Romish church, which, though not able to shake off the trammels of its faith, cannot shut their eyes to the oppression and corruption of its heads. Such a party has always existed, and numbered among its members almost all that was honest within the pale of popery. How ineffectual have been their attempts may be seen even by the details of this article. These men mistake the character of their antagonist. If the dogmata of the Church of Rome be admitted, it is useless to fight against the pretensions of her court. Subtle scholars will understand how to distinguish between infallibility in spirituals, and infallibility in temporals—to discriminate, by nice abstractions, between the unbounded obedience due to a foreign prince, in one capacity, and the qualified respect due to the same man in another; but an ignorant and superstitious mob will not be able to enter into these scholastic refinements; and it is upon the rocks of superstition and ignorance that Rome has founded her church. Protestant countries can never be sufficiently grateful to those intrepid men, who, disdaining compromise, rejected at once all communication with the implacable and crafty enemy of all religious liberty, and left it not an inch of ground on which to plant an intrigue. Roman Catholic countries must speedily come to a similar determination;—in Germany, they are fast approaching to a secession from the Church of Rome in every thing but name; they will soon find that even retaining the name is retaining too much.

As for Spain, we do not despair. The good seed has been sown lightly—but it has been sown. The people must at last perceive, that no concession short of actual feudal vassalage will satisfy the Roman Curia—their governors are beginning to see that the exactions of the church, at home and abroad, are clogs to the prosperity of the country, without yielding them any advantage at all adequate to the injury of national interests, and the degradation it entails on themselves. If this be once clearly agreed upon—if the faults of the Cortes, their rashness, their violence, and their absurdities, be avoided—a different state of things may, ere long, be expected in the Peninsula; and, perhaps, the fabric of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, there erected, may fall the sooner from its now imposing height. Whether our prophecy is correct or not, such should be, at least, the wish of all the friends of Spain.

ART.

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ART. II.—1. *Iu-Kiao-Li, ou les Deux Cousines, Roman Chinois traduit* par M. Abel Rémusat; précédé d'une Préface où se trouve un Parallèle des Romans de la Chine et de ceux de l'Europe. 4 tom. Paris.

2. *Contes Chinois, publiés* par M. A. Remusat. 3 tom. Paris.

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WE have understood from good authority, that when the fair novel-readers of the French capital first heard of M. Abel Remusat's intention to translate a work descriptive of Chinese fashionable life, they treated the communication with cold contempt. Paris, in their estimation, is to the Divinity of Fashion what Cyprus was of old to the Goddess of Love,—her chosen seat,—where she affects to hold her gay court, and where her joyous bevies throng to pay meet reverence to her august majesty. Thither the English make their yearly pilgrimages for adoration, while the phlegmatic Germans, at a distance, watch the actions of her votaries, and strive to follow the example; but as for the Hindoos or Chinese, they are equally beyond the pale of her influence, and consequently in much the same 'parlous state' with the simple shepherd, against whom honest Touchstone, in his zeal for high life, pronounces sentence of damnation for never having been at court. Between Paris and Pekin, even the ingenuity of the very logical Captain Fluellen would be at fault in discovering features of similitude, especially had he to argue the point before a jury of French beauties; for though the situations of Monmouth and Macedon may be alike, because 'there be rivers in either,' the Chinese capital would be immediately pronounced inferior to the Gallic, from its neither possessing a fashionable Boulevard nor Musical Academy, a Louvre Gallery, nor a Thuillerie Garden, which last is, (in the language of the old lady in the "Ecole des Vieillards," who still enjoyed the pastimes of its long-pleached walks, and high embowering and ever-verdant arcades, with the *gout* of a young belle fresh-glowing and silken from the couturière's hands:)

> 'Le temple de la mode, et des galanteries—
> L'Ecole des grands airs.'

But the labours of M. Remusat have actually done away with such prejudices against the *politesse* and refined, fashionable manners of the Chinese. Among them, it appears, there are elopements, and marriages, fortune-hunters, and dealers in scandal; exquisites and deep-blues, poets, and learned fops, and literary 'minnow-tritons.' There, too, mammas, in the distant hope of inducing an elegant symmetry, twist, contort, and almost disjoint the limbs of their hopeful daughters, so that the 'fair proportions of the body'

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body's attitude' may, with the precision of a sun-dial, point out the mind's elegance; and that, when (in the refined language of a certain regiment of ultra fashionables) they are 'trotted out' to waltz or *contredanse*, their thorough-bred paces, high-arching necks, and super-exquisite bearings, may excite wonder and applause: while there also, *les demoiselles* have the same sly and tender objects of pursuit with those of Europe, reminding us involuntarily of the following lines from a modern poet, who seems indeed to know something of these important matters:—

'What's woman's wit,
Gentle and simple, toiling for thro' life,
From fourteen to fourscore and upwards?—Man!
What are your sleepless midnights for, your routes,
That turn your skins to parchment?—Why, for Man!
Wherefore your cobweb robes, that, spite of frost,
Shew neck and knee to winter?—Why, for Man!
Wherefore your harps, pianos, simpering songs
Languished to lutes?—All for the monster Man!
What are your rouge, your jewels, waltzes, wigs,
Your scoldings, scribblings, eatings, drinkings for,
Your morn, noon, night!—For Man—Aye,—Man, man, man!'

On the truth of all this, we leave our fair readers to decide, as we have other work on hand. For before giving an account of the novel which M. Remusat has so ably translated, we shall say a few words on what has hitherto been done in the cultivation of Chinese literature, though it is by no means our intention to enter at any length on this topic, for which a more suitable opportunity may hereafter occur. For some of our earliest accounts of China then, we are indebted to our French neighbours, and they also, along with the Italian and Portuguese missionaries, first led the way to an acquaintance with the literary productions of that country. Previously, however, it had been visited by the celebrated Marco Polo; and Christianity, as well as Mahometanism, had been very early introduced there*, though the former was quickly suppressed by an imperial edict. The attempt of Xavier to replant it was unsuccessful, as he died shortly after his arrival; but the Jesuits of Macao, some years subsequently, made another effort, and Father Ricci had the address to ingratiate himself with the emperor, by whom he was received at Pekin, where he settled in the enjoyment of a handsome pension. His exertions were eminently successful, and were especially aided by the conversion and instrumentality of a powerful Mandarin; so that in

* See in Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, v. ii. ch. 3, his refutation, on the authority of Navarrete, of the miraculous journey of Oloptien of Palestine into China, which is classed with the journey of St. Thomas into the Malabar district, who there followed the trade of a carpenter.

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the single province Kyang Nan, there existed ninety churches and forty-five oratories. The Roman hierarchy entered most warmly into the schemes of such missionary labourers, who, in process of time, received the sanction and support of Louis XIV. But their literary performances have generally been unproductive of practical utility. They have too frequently entered into endless speculations and idle theories, without supplying us with clear facts, or unfolding the sources of their information; for 'with them,' says Sir George Staunton, 'science and literature were of secondary importance;' nor, with the exception of the works of Fourmont and Bayer, did they even give any thing in the shape of elementary learning. Brunet's list of historical writers on China will show at a glance how much has been achieved by the continental literati; but among these there has been a great conflict of opinions as to the character of the nation, some degrading them almost to a level with the beasts of the field, and others raising them to the utmost pitch of excellence. Among the last more particularly was the 'philosopher of Ferney;' while the learned Isaac Vossius, in the plenitude of his admiration, lamented the circumstance of his not having been born a Chinese. In the present era, M. Remusat certainly excels all his continental competitors; and to his other works, as before mentioned, as well as to those of his fellow labourers, we shall one day or another take occasion to refer.

The Russians are the only European nation who have been directly considered worthy of attention in the external policy of the celestial empire. However anti-social and unpropitious they may have been towards foreign powers in their national capacity, the Chinese absolutely condescended, in the year 1712, to send an embassy to the Khan of the Tourgouth Tartars (a considerable tribe of the Calmuc or Eleuth horde) settled between the Volga and the Jaik, or Oural, and not far distant from the Caspian shores. In the course of the mission, the Chinese ambassadors held intercourse with Prince Gagarin, the Siberian governor-general, and were especially instructed to open a negociation with the Russian court; and, if possible, to hold a conference with the Czar Peter, who was himself well disposed towards the embassy, and would certainly have given it a favourable reception, had not his attention been engaged in the prosecution of hostile measures against Sweden. Previously to this period, however, the treaty of Nushinsk, in 1689, had settled the boundaries of the respective empires. In 1692, a further intercourse took place in consequence of the Russian mission of Isbrand Ives; and in 1719, (subsequently to the Tourgouth embassy) another Russian mission was despatched to Pekin, of which an excellent account has been given by Mr. Bell.

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Bell, an English *attaché* to the Russian legate. The national intercourse proceeded, with some few interruptions, until 1806, when the jealousy of the yellow emperor was excited against the northern autocrat; and the Russian mission in that same year effected so little, that it is generally supposed to have been defeated by a haughty rejection, similar to that encountered by our own more recent embassies. The proceedings of the Russian envoy Timkovski are of so late a date as to be generally known to our readers.

Among the British, though Jones, Wilkins, Halhed, Colebrook, &c. had become celebrated for their deep knowledge of the languages of Hindostan, yet till of late years that of China had been comparatively neglected. One reason for this is obvious—the system of exclusion adopted by the Chinese towards all foreigners having been, if possible, more severely directed against the British than any other nation. On this point Mr. Barrow observes,—'While other Europeans were known to the Chinese by their services, the English were so only by their broad cloths and their bravery; for the very first of their connexions was brought about by the latter forcing their way, in spite of forts and ships of war, to the city of Canton!' Thus far they penetrated, and there they have remained stationary, though under the most galling restrictions and the most watchful surveillance; while their mercantile transactions have been carried on through the medium of a horrid jargon—a compound corruption of all the languages employed at various times by the different traders who have visited their coasts. Thus situated, the English could make little or no progress in the acquisition of the pure language, or the knowledge of Chinese literature, the field of which is indeed most ample, from the innumerable productions which issue from their press. Besides, the East India Company's regulations are not very favourable in this respect, though these rules, be it observed, are of necessity shaped by the peculiarity of their situation with regard to the Chinese government. But the embassies of Lords Macartney and Amherst afforded excellent opportunities, which were not neglected by the gentlemen of their respective suites, whose exertions have been too well and too long known to require enumeration in our pages. Since that period other worthy labourers have come into the field, who, in spite of restrictions, have availed themselves of the chances which their situation at the Canton factory allowed, in order to increase our store of Chinese learning; among whom the Rev. Dr. Morrison deserves most honourable mention, for his laborious and excellent dictionary, for the publication of which the world is indebted to the liberality of the East India Company. Of the curiosities published of late years by British residents in the East, Mr.

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Mr. J. H. Davies's translations are among the most remarkable. But the first of their books, translated directly into English, was the 'Penal Code,' by Sir George Staunton, in whom our country may boast of possessing the most accomplished Chinese scholar in Europe*.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, it may still be matter of surprise, that the English did not at a much earlier date attempt the acquisition of the language, particularly as the increasing power of the East India Company rendered a knowledge of Asiatic history in general so desirable. It is well known that many of the most valuable documents of Hindostan were lost during the Mahometan irruptions; but of these there had been previous translations into the Chinese, and Des Guignes affirms, that the existing literature of China might throw great light on the history and antiquities of India. Of this, the 'Histoire des Huns' of this author, which is mainly drawn from Chinese documents, affords a sufficient evidence. This work, be it observed, was one of Mr. Gibbon's principal authorities, and is well known to every historical student.

We have already allowed more space than we had intended to these preliminary observations, and shall now proceed immediately to the Novel before us. Its incidents will appear very simple; but that simplicity is easily attributable to the writer's contracted sphere of observation, and the peculiar moral and political condition of the people. Even these considerations fall into the back-ground, when we are informed of the antiquity of the story, which is infinitely more remote in its origin than any models of romance which have appeared in Europe; for at a time when literature was composed only of rude love songs, uncouth minstrel lays and obscure *fabliaux*, the Chinese novelists had fully developed the play of the passions, the idiosyncrasies of feeling, and the varieties of character incidental to social and polished life. The present novel had very early attracted the attention of dilettanti students; it had been lauded highly by the two learned missionaries† Primaire and the Bishop of Rosalia: other writers have also mentioned it in most favourable terms, and even given a short abstract of its contents. Among these we might mention more particularly Sir George Staunton, in his already mentioned translation of the proceedings of the Tourgouth Tartar Mission.

* The 'Heir in his old Age' is the only perfect specimen of the Chinese drama in the English language. Sir George Staunton has, however, given portions of four plays in his *Embassy to the Tourgouth Tartars*.

† Father Primaire translated the Chinese play on which is founded Voltaire's tragedy of the *Orphan of China*. It was in reference to the Chinese songs in the original of this drama, that Bishop Hurd declared there existed a 'coincidence between the Chinese and the Grecian models.'

M.

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M. Remusat has prefixed to his work an excellent dissertation on the nature and tendency of fictitious writing among the Chinese, in which he has paid some well-merited compliments to the Romancers of Great Britain, particularly to Sir Walter Scott. In order that the 'Two Cousins' may be better understood, we shall extract a few sentences from this dissertation, premising, in the first place, that, with the exception of the family of Confucius, there is no hereditary nobility in China; so that though an individual may have arrived at the highest distinctions, yet his children must by their own exertions and accomplishments acquire fortune and reputation. Moreover, without literary excellence, there can be no true nobility.

'In China, a hero of romance is, for the most part, a highly gifted youth, devoted exclusively to the study of the classic authors, and undistracted from that pursuit save by the charms of flowers, and wine, and poetry.'—*Pref.*, p. 31.

'The literary class in China includes every character who is at all distinguished above the vulgar, and who holds any rank in society. To literary advancement, constant allusions are made in works of imagination. All the Chinese, without distinction of birth, are admitted to the annual examinations in their native districts, and to those which are held triennially in one of the great towns of their province. Those, who on such occasions arrive only at the lowest grade of literary advancement, and who are named by the missionaries, Bachelors, are obliged to attend ten several times, or until they are about thirty years of age. But they can present themselves as candidates for superior rank at the provincial capitals, and finally in the competition for the highest grade at the imperial metropolis, that is to say, in the presence of the Emperor himself. All these circumstances pave the way for important charges and high dignities, so that he who signalizes himself is sure of future advancement and fortune; for it is a fixed rule, that place shall be bestowed on men of talent only, and civil appointments given solely as the recompense of real merit.'—*Pref.*, pp. 37, 38.

But along with literary promotion, marriage shares the general interest, for no people regard it so early and with such unceasing attention as the Chinese.

'Among different nations, corresponding differences are observable in the choice of incidents, the nature of adventures, and the conduct of the fable. In the Greek romances, lovers, for whom the hymeneal torch was about to be lighted, see themselves suddenly separated by the unforeseen attacks of pirates, and are disenthralled only by the efforts of some heroic and generous friend. The intrigues of gallantry form the ground-work of our own "Contes Morales." The Cavaliers of Spain are in the habit of saving the life of some beautiful Unknown, menaced with death either by the assaults of a mad bull, or the waves of a stormy sea. But for the Chinese, promotion and marriage are the two grand ideas predominant over the routine of sober life, and the

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the fair domain of imagination. No step is taken, whether suppositious or real, which is not directed to one of these great points, and not unfrequently to both.'—*Pref.*, pp. 32, 33.

Having premised thus much, we proceed with the story.

In the days of universal uprightness, the Eunuch Wangtchin, having usurped the royal authority, dispensed the favours of the emperor Yingtsoung. Among the high placemen was the most learned Pe, surnamed Hiouan, a native of Nanking, and whose title of honour was Thahiouan. He had one only sister, married to a royal steward, named Lo, whose employment lay in the province of Chantoung. The upright mind of Pe Thahiouan, however, could ill brook the iniquities of the court, and spurning indignantly the mercenary prostitution of his talents, he retired to an honest privacy in his native province. Moderate in his desires, careless of fortune and fame, affecting the delights of solitude, he soothed his loneliness with long and honied draughts of wine and poetry. He had chosen for the seat of his pleasures a village, which to him was of as attractive charms as the Sabine farm to Horace, or the cave of Vaucluse to the hermit Petrarch. 'On all sides,' says the novelist, 'it was encompassed by verdant hills; a serpentine stream gurgled by with its limpid waters, whose banks were shaded by drooping willows and thick-growing peach trees.'

Such comforts, however, proved unavailable, for his mind was harassed by the sad conviction of his childless state. Filial piety is the first of the moral virtues in China. The want of male children is a stinging reproach, and the death-bed has peculiar horrors, if no son survive to pay the tribute of affection at his father's tomb. Pe called around him his wives of the second order, but five years of sorrow elapsed, he was still childless, and he dismissed them, for he thought it was in vain to strive against the doom of heaven. His first wife, of the illustrious family of Gou, now travelled to the most celebrated shrines of the country, importuned in prayers the good Genii, and was unwearied in the offerings of her vows, and rich presents of perfume. At length her prayers were heard, and she gave birth to a daughter. As dreams and visions have been the forerunners of illustrious birth from the time of 'the tale of Troy divine' to these our late degenerate days, Pe on the present occasion failed not to dream his dreams, and see his visions. During these his mystic communings with Heaven, a supernatural being appeared in his sleep, presenting him with a piece of jasper, 'bright and effulgent as the sun.' This stone is, with the natives of China, the emblem of excellence, purity, and intense virtue. So the young lady was called Houngiu, or Red Jasper, of all names the most ravishing and attractive to a Chinese ear. In due time she became

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became extremely beautiful; for her eyebrows were like the leaves of the vernal willow, and her eyes like the purest crystal of the fountain. Her form was light and exquisitely graceful; indeed the enraptured novelist tells his readers, that 'it might be said to have been formed of the purest air of the mountains and rivers.' She was peerless in the heavens above, and the earth beneath! Her mind was equally gifted with her person. At nine years of age, she could have vied with any German Fraulein in the arts of embroidery and all sorts of needle-work, and was moreover conversant in the profoundest mysteries of housewifery. At the age of eleven, she lost her mother, when the good and sage Pe took her under his immediate tuition. With him she soon acquired a great knowledge of books, and became deeply skilled in the dark mysteries of the poetic art; so that at fourteen, she could compete with the most accomplished *litérateurs* of her country. Such is the perfection of Chinese beauty and attractions; and thus it appears that young ladies can arrive at the zenith of excellence, without seeing Mr. Brande burn his fingers at the Royal Institution, or without exercising at the pulley and rope, and jumping through a hoop at the 'Callisthenics.'

But the period of 'universal uprightness' passed away. The eunuch Wangtchin was deposed from his haughty premiership, after which the 'yellow and celestial empire' acquired ineffable lustre during the days of the 'Supreme Splendour.' The servants of the *ancien régime* were recalled, and their honesty rewarded with the most important offices of state. Among this number was the honourable Pe, who was now elevated to the functions of a master of ceremonies of the first class. The love of literary ease had well nigh weaned him from all the vanities of a court life; but the recollection that he had no son, who, after his death, might be the mirror of his father's worth and fortunes, rankled in his heart, and as the age and beauty of his daughter promised to secure for her a speedy and happy marriage, he determined on moving to the capital, the true sphere for literary excellence, and where he hoped to discover some young hero, who might answer the double purpose of being made the husband of Houngiu, and the '*moitié d'un fils*' to himself. Accordingly, he came to the metropolis, was presented to the emperor, and underwent the ceremony of installation. But the duties of his situation were trifling, for he had eight colleagues, who might be said to enjoy so many sinecures, and thus full time was still afforded the worthy Pe, for his poetical rhapsodies and vinous potations.

About the middle of the ninth moon, says our historian, Pe with three chosen friends sat in his library, and whiled away the hours with wine and poetry. The air was filled with the perfume exhaled

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exhaled by a range of blooming Reine Marguerites, interspersed with amaranths, roses, and orchis. The companions of his innocent pleasure were Gou his brother-in-law, and doctor of the high imperial academy, Sse and Yang, inspectors-general of the empire, or in other words, grand court spies. The last-named personage was of the true Macsycophantic school, a veritable branch, if heralds speak truth, of the old Gnathonic stem, which still luxuriantly flourishes in the land, though fallen on these our evil days. Like many of the Sir Pertinaxes of the present time, he had made his way to distinction and rank by sheer dint of 'booing,' and thus honours had been thickly strewed on his undeserving head. This said head, however, was as empty as the owner was worthless: yet he mercilessly forced his presence on the sensitive Pe, and his boon companions, on the plea of old school-fellowship. Convivial habits are indeed wonderfully similar throughout the world, be the people civilized or savage, Christians polite, or 'followers vilde of false Mahound." The Chinese, it has been suggested, were well acquainted with Martial and Du Fresnoy,—'qui non cœnat,' says the former, 'hic mihi mortuus videtur;' and thus sings the latter—

> 'C'est un grand bien
> De n'avoir rien, de ne désirer rien;
> Mais désirer du vin, d'en avoir et d'en boire,
> C'est ce me semble un plus grand bien.'

From their practice it may certainly be inferred, that they understand and adopt these opinions in their full extent; for the venerable Pe and his merry friends now drink so deeply, that the latter mystify their senses, and the former is fairly obliged to lie down, to recruit his intellectual energies. The immediate cause for all this was a poetical contest, but unlike the Amœbean strife of old; for there the visitor was to receive no reward save that of seeing the beaten party drink harder than himself. The subject propounded was the before-mentioned odoriferous Reine Marguerites. A servant informs the fair red Jasper of the *obfuscated* state of her father's poetical fancies, and of his utter inability to fulfil his task. She immediately calls to her attendant Yansou, and dictates a very respectable sonnet, which by her order is privately given to Pe on his first awaking. It begins thus:—

> 'Beautiful mixture of purple and white, carnation and gold,
> What divine being breathes on thy beauties at the return of autumn?'
> The sages should repose under thy radiant trellices,
> But a youthful beauty alone gazes at thee from her lattice,' &c.

At sight of these verses, the party are struck with amazement and admiration; but Pe generously declares the author to be the Red

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Red Jasper, and Yang immediately falls to contrivances and expedients how he may best obtain her as a wife for his only son Yang Fang. Thereafter he has recourse for this purpose to the astrologer Liaoteming, but deceit has been the adhesive sin of the professors of the starry science in all ages: accordingly Liaoteming's predictions of Yang Fang's happiness in the married state prove altogether ineffectual, and the worthlessness of the proffered bridegroom is soon discovered by expedients of the wise Pe, and his sagacious brother, Doctor Gou. The paternal affections of Yang is of course deeply piqued, so that by political intrigue, and in revenge, he contrives that Pe shall be appointed ambassador to the Tartar court, there to treat for peace and the captive emperor's enlargement. The mission is fraught with danger, but the undaunted officer considers only the calls of duty, and delivering Red Jasper into the academical doctor's care, he sets his house in order and departs. Gou takes Houngiu to Nanking, where, in the company of his wife and daughter, (who, by the way, is as ugly as the Jasper is beautiful) her days glide on in undisturbed repose. Gou, however, was assiduous in his endeavours to procure a husband for his fair charge; 'manœuvring' being as common in China, as in the colder climates of the West. By mere accident, he discovers on the walls of a temple some verses of a certain youth named Sse Yeoupe, the beauty of which so forcibly strikes him, that he resolves to make the acquaintance of the writer, under the Socratic conviction that mental and bodily beauty must of necessity harmonize in the production of this very phœnix of husbands for his young niece. We shall translate these inestimable verses for the benefit of our readers.

'His body in repose, his heart all tranquil and of moderate desires,
The poet in the midst of these groves should make the gallery re-echo to his fanciful strains!
The perfume of the flowers seduces and ravishes my soul;
Words cannot tell th' impassion'd delight with which they have inspired me.
Their lustrous beauty awakes a thousand vague thoughts;
The faint rays of the moon makes me dream of hymeneal joys.
Even now methinks I see a troop of youthful beauties;—
My mistress is as the flowers of the peach tree; her followers are like the branches of the willow!'

At length the sapient Gou discovers the youth (in a situation which all young poets have much affected) surrounded by some boon companions, and quaffing huge draughts of wine, wit, and poesy, under the shade of some luxuriant plum trees; but he was 'as conspicuous by his form and face, as the chaste Diana amidst her nymphs when disturbed by the forest hunter. His head-dress

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head-dress and clothes were simple,' says the novelist, 'but he was beautiful as the jasper in a crown, and brilliant as a ruby. The air of the mountains and rivers had formed his body; his mind, like a rich piece of embroidery, was worthy of his handsome face!! His was the elegance of Weïkiaï, the majesty of Pangan, yet he was wholly free from the insolent bearing of a purse-proud upstart.'

In the doctor's mind he becomes immediately the destined husband of Houngiu, and after the usual ceremonies and fashions of the golden empire, proposals of marriage are duly made, but owing to a mistake are as duly repulsed. The mistake was simply this, that in his endeavours to obtain a glimpse of his fair destined*, he sees the daughter of Gou instead of the niece, and falls into much the same error with the hero of a modern song writer, who takes the dressed-up monkey of his mistress for the divinity herself. In consequence of this refusal, however, through the contrivance of Doctor Gou, the young poet's name is struck out of the list of academic candidates for the ensuing examination.

Sse Yeoupe had a paternal uncle, named Sse Hao, who, having grown grey in the enjoyment of high state offices, and being unblessed with children, bethinks him of his nephew, and resolves to adopt him for his son. On his return from a provincial inspection, he chances to pass Nanking, and sends his nephew a message of invitation, whereupon Sse Yeoupe immediately departs, with the intention of joining him; but meeting on his journey with an adventure which proves the unerring divinatory skill of a certain 'Hermit of Gratitude,' he resolves to consult this personage as to his probable fortunes. He thus arrives at 'the temple of Konangin, with the white robes,' which had long since been raised by Pe Thahïouan, in the fond hope of propitiating the saint for the birth of a son; where Sse Yeoupe learns from a brother of the order, that Pe has a daughter of exquisite beauty and rare talent. 'This young damsel,' says the friar, 'is of loveliness sufficiently powerful to charm the fishes, and draw down the cranes from their airy flight. Her face outvies the moon in radiance, and outshames the purple beauty of the flowers. But even these fade before her mental endowments: she excels in the management of the pencil and the needle; she is all excellent; she is consummately skilled in the knowledge of ancient and modern history; she composes verses—writes songs and odes surpassing the best works of the olden poets. Even the Lord Pe confides to her the revision and correction of all his choicest productions. The Lord

* Marriages in China are effected through the assistance of go-betweens, who enjoy, however, a very different repute from those of Europe, inasmuch as, among the former, the employ is of the most honourable character.

Pe

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Pe is reckless of riches and rank; he wishes to see in his son-in-law the possession of real accomplishments and distinguished talents.' 'Whenever a suitor offers himself, he must first compose a probationary piece in prose or verse, and this is submitted for the decision of the Lord Pe and his daughter. But the young lady is fastidious in the extreme, for none have found favour in her sight.'

On receiving this information, the young poet retires to rest; but his imagination becomes excited, and he cannot sleep. He leaves his chamber, traverses a cypress grove, and arrives at a pavilion, where two young lovers of the Red Jasper are employed in drinking and in penning stanzas for the matrimonial trial. He joins them, and, heated by wine, writes two songs on the vernal willows, which he imprudently leaves in their hands. These authors immediately conceive the design of appropriating the productions of Sse, and by bribing Pe's porter, a composition of the young bard is sent in the name of one of these epulary *gaillards*, who is called Tchangfanjou, while the real verses of the latter are delivered as the composition of Sse. Pe and his daughter, of course, find the last execrable, but the others are declared unexceptionable, and worthy of the Red Jasper's most intense admiration. An invitation, with the usual formalities, is immediately despatched to the fortunate youth, who becomes fairly domiciled in the capacity of tutor to Pe's nephew. It appears, however, that young ladies in China, as elsewhere, affect from the handwriting the discovery of tempers, disposition, and character; and as Tchang's, in the elegant phraseology of Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin, was but a 'cramp piece of penmanship,' the Red Jasper came to the just conclusion, that the famous verses were stolen. Pe takes part in her suspicions, and demands another trial of skill, when the cunning Tchang foists his name in the remaining copy of verses of the unsuspecting Sse, and for a short time all is well. But discovery is the sure punishment of deceit; for, through the contrivances of her wily soubrette, Yansou, Houngiu discovers the fraud; and by her own management she obtains a view of the young poet's graceful figure, when, after some further proofs of his admirable talents, it is mutually agreed that Sse Yeoupe shall go immediately to the capital, obtain an interview with Dr. Gou, and beseech him to play the 'go-between,' for the marriage, this being the only measure by which he can gain possession of the beauteous Jasper's person. Meanwhile the impostor Tchang receives his *congé*.

Thus is Sse Yeoupe reduced to the painful necessity of soliciting assistance from the man whom formerly he had so grievously offended. Love, however, smooths all difficulties, and supports him

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him through his journey; but notwithstanding it proves his support, it cannot ward off the stroke of impending calamities, for Pe is doomed to be the buffet of rogues, and the prey of robbers. He first meets a college companion, nearly similar in name, but of no relationship, and this last worms out the poet's secret; and while he is continuing his journey, Sse Yeoute the knave hastens to the Dr. Gou, obtains the desired introduction, pays his respects to Pe, but is quickly discovered and chased out; after having, however, effected one service, inasmuch as he is instrumental in unmasking the rogueries of Tchang.

Sse Yeoupe next meets with robbers, who spoil him of all his valuables. In his state of destitution he offers to write poetry for a certain counsellor, desirous of making the agreeable present of a silk skreen to a provincial judge, and whilst walking in a garden for the purpose of catching inspiration, he suddenly casts up his eyes to a neighbouring pavilion, whence a female figure is regarding him furtively from between the foliage. On the following day, while the poet is endeavouring to make his escape from the over-kind counsellor's house, he is suddenly accosted by a youth about fifteen or sixteen years of age. His head was covered with a light cap, and his dress was of violet colour. His deep vermilion lips, his bright ivory teeth, his sparkling eyes, and pencilled brow gave him rather the appearance of a lovely girl. One might indeed exclaim:—

'His vernal robe is formed of the willow leaves and peach blossoms—
Is it a mortal or a divinity?
Who might dare to touch this beautiful creation of the breath of flowers?
Who can resist the thraldom of this spirit emanated from the moon?
His youth and graces would force you to expire with
But his sweet promises will calm the burning fever which his charms have enkindled—
Is it only a youth who has come to laugh and sport—
Or some perfume exhaled from the inner apartment?'

The issue of the meeting is the mutual vow of eternal friendship. Sse Yeoupe confides to the bosom of Lo Mengli all his past sorrows and future hopes. In the beautiful Houngiu the new friend recognizes his own cousin, for it so happens that, according to the legitimate accidents of romance, the poet is actually addressing himself to the child of Pe's sister, but the secret of relationship is not yet divulged. Lo Mengli, however, is equally communicative; for, after informing him of the possession of a twin sister who had stolen a glance at him from the pavilion screen, and had instantly felt the 'pangs of love incurable,' he propounds the following question. 'If,' demands the stripling, 'you, my good friend Sse, could find another beauty in all things comparable

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with your divine red Jasper, what would you do?' To which the poet most readily replies, 'When a heart is deeply sensible of the charms of beauty, how can it be divided between two kinds of feeling? If another could be found of equal beauty, what hinders, but that I should avow to her the self-same passion? But to desert the one absolutely for the other—this, my dear Mengli, would be a downright infidelity of which not even the fear of death itself could make me guilty.'—On this confession of a lover, Lo Mengli proposes his sister; Sse Yeoupe accepts the offer with avidity, treating with laughter the idea that any woman should, under such circumstances, demean herself by feelings of jealousy. 'If,' he exclaims, 'she be gifted with the wisdom I believe her to be, how is it possible that her heart can be racked with the pangs of jealousy? And you, my dear friend, who have so kindly promised me a companion so suited to my wishes, what difference do you make between the first wife and the second? Oh that I, blessed beyond my utmost deserts, may some day possess these two beautiful creatures; they shall be equal partners of my love, and that shall be as the effulgent beams of the noon-day sun!' Upon the utterance of this true lover's rhapsody, Lo Mengli, on his sister's part, takes up the word: 'My brother,' says he, 'if you will thus consider my sister's happiness, without further preface, I here, on her part, pledge you my solemn promise. The Genii of heaven and earth are my witnesses, and ere I fail, the sea shall become dry, and the rocks crumble into ashes.' On this ensues a tender parting, and after Lo has given him the means for prosecuting his journey, Sse Yeoupe departs for the capital, but is still doomed to delay, for he falls in with his uncle the judge, while returning from a provincial inspection. The ceremonials of adoption are duly effected; the poor poet is everywhere recognized as son and heir of the rich inspector-general, who, on hearing the student's love-adventures, furnishes him with letters to the Dr. Gou, of whom he chances to be an intimate friend.

Sse Yeoupe now arrives at the capital, where he enters into the lists of literary competition, and receives the highest possible distinctions; for he is created doctor and appointed judge of the department of Hangtcheou in the province of Tchekiang. Previously to his departure, he has an interview with Dr. Gou, who informs him that 'red Jasper,' the possession of whose hand has given the poet so much trouble, was the identical person, whom, the year before, he had so unceremoniously refused. On his journey to his charge, he hears that the Mengli family had left their abode under the pretence of a distant pilgrimage; but, to his astonishment, he is informed that the said family consists only of the mother, a daughter, and a very young boy. This to our poet is a complete

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complete mystification. The secret is, however, afterwards unravelled. Lo Mengli the youth, and the widow Mengli's daughter are one and the same person. The young lady had, in fact, peeped through the pavilion-screen, fallen desperately in love with Sse Yeoupe; had had recourse to the old trick of male attire, for the purpose of an interview; and having carried that point, had, for the purpose of carrying another equally essential, to wit, her marriage, persuaded her lady-mother to pay a visit to the family of Pe Thahïouan. This worthy old gentleman, after welcoming the new comers, journies to Woulin, on the beautiful lake of the West, the usual spring rendezvous of all the poets and wits of the day, in the hope of selecting for his daughter and niece husbands worthy of their beauty and accomplishments. After a multitude of adventures, Sse Yeoupe, hearing of this journey, determines also to repair thither. They both meet under a disguise, become pleased with each other's company, and the issue is an offer of marriage to the poet in his assumed character of the young bachelor Lieou. This offer, however, is not couched in the usual terms of European matrimonial diplomacy, for the old man in his intense admiration of the genius and abilities of the young judge, fairly offers him both the daughter and niece. The reasons for this wise resolution deserve to be extracted and recorded.

'I have now,' says he, 'been able to study profoundly the character of this Lieou. His talents are of the first order; his knowledge is boundless; his outward man is agreeable; and his comportment bespeaks the perfect gentleman. In the two capitals, and in all the provinces which I have sedulously traversed, I have seen many young men, but not one have I found who united in his person the many excellent qualities of this gentleman, and moreover he is yet unmarried. If I neglected so favourable an occasion, I should richly deserve to be laughed at. There is, however, one main difficulty. If I only conclude the marriage of Houngiu, my niece Mengli will ask me where she shall be able to find another husband as worthy of her affection, and she will accuse me of allowing my parental feelings to bias my selection. If, on the contrary, I first speak in favour of Mengli, I shall be making a dear sacrifice of these very feelings. The two cousins are gifted with equal talents and beauty. The best way, therefore, will be to end the whole business with one marriage.'

Meanwhile the two young ladies had themselves taken the liberty of coming pretty nearly to the self-same conclusion, in favour of Sse Yeoupe. They become the fondest friends, and are sedulous, by every possible means, to increase each other's happiness. At last they fairly resolve to live 'inseparable.' 'We learn,' observes the red Jasper, 'that of yore Ohoang and Niuying together consecrated their days to Chun. My fondest desire would be to imitate them. Have your wishes, my dear sister, the same bias?' 'If they had not,' answered Lo, in the fulness of her joy, 'I should scarcely



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have come this weary length of journey.' 'I would not be hardy enough,' said the little Pe, 'to compare ourselves either in merit or beauty with Ying and Hoang. Nevertheless these so vaunted heroines of antiquity, the bright ornaments of the female apartments, and outrivalling the forest zephyrs, did not blush at such an union;' and thus the marriage is fairly resolved upon. The *éclaircissement* is much the same as the deception which gives its name to the comedy of the 'Rivals.' Pe proposes the young poet to the cousins in his assumed character of the bachelor Lieou, whereas they had fully resolved on having Sse Yeoupe. The misunderstanding causes pain and vexation, until like the 'Absolute' and 'Beverley' of Sheridan, Sse Yeoupe, by his arrival, proves his identity with the young scholar who won the friendship of Pe while wandering through the beautiful groves of the western lake. This discovery is to all parties the source of infinite satisfaction. Here we may fairly pause, and without scruple,—for we have run against the same difficulty which, of yore, was a sad stumbling-block to the gentle shepherd, ycleped Colin Clout of Spenserian memory.

> 'Of Love's perfection perfectly to speak,
> Or of his nature rightly to define,
> Indeed (said Colin) passeth reason's reach,
> And needs his priest to express his power divine!'

As we cannot boast of any priestly powers, we have only to say that the double marriage duly takes effect, and the novelist goes on to inform us, in the good old Minerva-press style, that the gentle trio passed their days in all happiness, and that their children and children's children lived to bless and pour meet libations to the hallowed memories of their progenitors. We may add, however, that throughout the novel are many highly comical situations worthy the hand of a master.

Of the Tales mentioned at the head of this article, part are rendered from the English, and part newly edited from existing translations in French. And thus may we at length arrive at the knowledge of their moral condition, and the efficacious qualities of their political institutions. These Tales are ten in number. The two comprised in the first volume are translations of the Père Dentrecolles; for the remainder, M. Rémusat is entirely indebted to the meritorious literary exertions of Mr. Davies and Mr. Thoms, of the Company's factory at Canton. The modern writers and travellers have fully exposed the fallacy of Voltaire's attempts to show forth the Chinese nation as the most virtuous of the globe. Yet thus much we may safely say, that, throughout all the volumes in question, there is a decided moral tendency, and a strenuous inculcation of the duties of Chinese life.

ART.

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ART. III.—1. *Storia Pittorica della Italia, dal Risorgimento delle Belle Arte, fin presso al Fine del xviii Secolo.* Par Abbate Luigi Lanzi. 7 tom. Milano.

2. *Histoire de la Peinture en Italie depuis la Renaissance des Beaux Arts; jusques vers la Fin du 18e Siècle.* Traduite de l'Italien sur la 3e edition. Par Mme. de Armande Dieude. 5 tom. Paris.

LUIGI LANZI was a learned churchman, a skilful antiquarian, a lover of painting and sculpture, a sensible critic, something of a poet, and in all those matters remarkably diligent and enthusiastic. He travelled, he examined, he collected, he studied, and he wrote, much more than divines usually do; and he early acquired the reputation of a candid judge of art and a sagacious antiquarian. To write a history of painting in Italy was a wish which he entertained early in life: he prepared himself for the task, and seemed fully aware of the extent and difficulty of the labour. From the scattered and varied materials which the learning, the research, and the curiosity of his countrymen had amassed concerning art, he proposed to extract a clear, accurate, and consistent history—which, while it distinguished individual excellence, should present a particular and general character of the various schools of painting which united in conferring such permanent glory on Italy.

A man less resolute and laborious would have been alarmed when he surveyed the overwhelming profusion of his materials, and thought on the dignity and the importance of the subject. He had to trace the rise and progress of twelve great schools of painting—to tell the story of three thousand four hundred painters of note or eminence—to distinguish between the works of true creative genius and those produced by the laborious diligence of happy imitators—to decide between the claims which rival artists preferred as first-born heirs of fame—to assign to each master-spirit his just character and influence;—and taking infant art by the hand, as it emerged from the gross darkness of the early ages, lead it onward into vigorous manhood and mid-day effulgence. To accomplish all this, he had to consult three hundred and odd authors—to go leisurely through the crypts of the chuches, the cabinets of the curious, and the galleries of the rich, examining all that time had left of ancient art and all that genius had created of the new,—with the skill of a scholar, the tact of an antiquarian, and the sagacity of a man of taste and sense. Nor was this all. In addition to the danger he was in of being led astray, in his narrative, by the romantic biographies and singular adventures of the early professors of art, and the strong temptation

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temptation which a land strewed with relics of ancient sculpture presented to a learned man and an antiquary, of becoming tedious on the subject of shapeless stones and painted pots, he had to weigh his own emotions of pleasure, of pity, or of awe, in the balance, with the lavish admiration of the friends, and the fierce sarcasms of the rivals, or the enemies, of the great painters whose works came under his contemplation. He had to trace the influence of the quiet grace and severe dignity of the antique style, amid the stately and gorgeous splendour of the modern; and enable other nations to see, in the mirror of history, the unrivalled glory of the arts of his country. Nor was it the least meritorious part of his labour to divest himself of all prejudice—to soothe the citizens of rival cities, while he assigned to one school the merit of restoring the dignity of Italian art, and to another, the honour of the fullest fame and the noblest productions.

That our author has accomplished all this, we are not prepared to say. To write a book of varied talent, full of accurate and luminous criticism, including the history of innumerable great works and the characters of many great masters in painting, was to perform a labour of genius. A high genius, indeed, was required to brood over the chaos of discordant materials—to warm them into life, and mould them into a fair-proportioned body. Knowledge in painting was necessary to enable the historian to describe with graphic force and happy ease the productions of the various schools; and it required the good taste of the scholar and the gentleman to keep the narrative free from the technical jargon of the *studio* and academy. Luigi Lanzi had many of these qualities and acquirements: he had a spirit wary and judicious—a mind patient and industrious, which no investigation could fatigue, nor research tire; and he was modest withal, and distrusted his own judgment more than it deserved.

But, much as we admire this history, and anxiously as we recommend it to our countrymen, it must not, indeed, be supposed to be entirely free from defects. Our worthy historian is sometimes a little dry in his details, idly minute in his investigations, and vague and undefined in his criticisms. He is rash occasionally in his conclusions, and hasty in his movements over very interesting ground; and, in one or two instances, grievously slow in his progress where the barrenness of the prospect might have added wings to his speed. Nor can we conceal from ourselves, that, in extracting truth from some of the old biographies, he has crushed out the spirit in the act of removal, and dismissed, in general words, many very vivid and instructive passages. The twofold sin of fine scholarship and skilful antiquarianism besets him now and then, and he loves to linger and expatiate among forgotten

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forgotten gods and classic groves and fountains. He claims, too, for painters and sculptors, a station in fame which few men will willingly concede; for, much as we admire the master-pieces of art, we are far from feeling that they equal or rival the works of the chief poets of the earth. He is rash, too, in the conclusion, which he frequently comes to, that modern is excelled by ancient art. How he could decide so boldly, we cannot conceive; the paintings of antiquity have vanished from the earth, and all that remains of them is the memory preserved by poets and historians. He judges, but he judges by implicit faith. If we estimate the excellence of their painting by the remains of their sculpture, we have no hesitation in saying, that the Greeks have been fairly equalled by the Italians—that Raphael has rivalled Apelles.

It is painful to think how soon the paintings of Raphael, and Titian, and Correggio, and other illustrious men, will perish and pass away. 'How long,' said Napoleon to David, 'will a picture last?' 'About four or five hundred years.' 'Bah!' exclaimed the Emperor, 'five hundred years! a fine immortality!' The poet multiplies his works by means of a cheap material—and Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Tasso, and Molière, and Milton, and Shakspeare may bid oblivion defiance; the sculptor impresses his conceptions on metal, or on marble, and expects to survive the wreck of nations and the wrongs of time; but the painter commits, to perishable cloth or wood, the visions of his fancy, and dies in the certain assurance that the life of his works will be but short in the land they adorn.

If we believe, with our historian, that the Greeks excelled the Italians in painting and in sculpture, and believe it on faith alone, we have the assurance of our own eyes that, in art, the Italians have excelled all modern nations. The great artists of that country approach, as near as the limited nature of art will permit, the illustrious poets of the earth: they have stamped on all their works such a divine grandeur—such grave beauty, and such loftiness of sentiment, that we forgive, in our admiration, the superstition of the peasants who kneel to the saints and madonnas of Raphael, pouring out before them their contrition in sighs and tears, and supplicating them as divinities. In her painting, Italy seems to have put forth the whole of her untamed and unchecked spirit. The nation directed the youthful and enthusiastic vigour of its intellect to the task; and works of unrivalled beauty became as abundant as flowers in spring.—Learning was not then universal; men of genius had not been taught to fear the application of other rules than those of nature; the fulness and overflow of knowledge had not produced querulous

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lous taste and captious criticism; the world wished to be pleased and was pleased; and, though there was much that was objectionable in point of taste, there was ten times more of what was noble and magnificent. Painters imagined without fear, and wrought with the full assurance of being rewarded by fame. We can read their confidence in the grandeur of their daring conceptions, and feel their pride and enthusiasm in their art, in the laborious diligence and almost superhuman rapidity with which they poured out their genius. Nothing can surpass, we think, the dashing freedom and unrestrained and unretouched vigour of their compositions. To strike off one great work, at one glowing heat of fancy, was with them a common thing. Most of the masterly works of those great men, who flourished during the golden period of Italian art, were hastily done. The walls, and ceilings, and cupolas of new and splendid churches were covered, as if by enchantment, with miracles from Scripture, with legends of saints, and with devotional processions. The eager multitude were not compelled to wait till the genius of the land considered for years what it had been years in conceiving—till the work grew into beauty and grace, under its hand, by constant and repeated touches—till it had obtained the full advantage of all that study and care could add: for those ready and eager spirits seemed to breathe out their masterly creations at once, in full and mature beauty; they performed by the force of well-disciplined genius, what all the cold precision of mechanical knowledge cannot accomplish; and yet all is there that taste demands or admiration requires. Artists, we are afraid, work more coldly now; the fever-fit of genius is passed and gone; they are no longer daring; they aspire only to represent some domestic incident—some touch of honest feeling or vagrant humour; to paint the heroes of yesterday's gazette, or acres of hill and dale with the accuracy of 'sworn land-surveyors.' The great and original spirit of painting is abated, we fear, throughout Europe; nor will the labour of academies, nor the patronage of the great, nor annual pilgrimages of amateurs and students to Italy, revive or restore it.

We even wonder less at the excellence of the works of Italian painters, than at their abundance. Lanzi assures us, nor did we need his assurance, that the whole of Italy—palace, tower, and town—is filled with their productions: filled—not with the common works of common minds—with portraits of prize oxen and full-fed divines—with lapdogs from life and windmills after nature, as the catalogue says; but filled with noble works—conceived with dignity and executed with grace, over the whole of which an ardent and lofty spirit is warmly breathed. Nor are they

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they locked up in noblemen's chambers or galleries, inaccessible to all save men of rank and fortune—they are every where, and are to be seen by all. They cover the walls and ceilings of the churches—they fill public galleries, crowd palaces and castles, and have even found their way into very humble abodes.

The mistress to whom the Italian artists principally dedicated the fruits of their fancy, and whose work they wrought with such right good will and success, was the Church of Rome. They were unto her as chief priests, who used a new and splendid language in interpreting her history and her character; her miracles, her legends, and her dogmas, to the world. The ruling character of all their works is religious; and their chief aim is to exalt and glorify the papal church, with her long train of dubious miracles and apocryphal saints. Had Lanzi touched upon this with the freedom which the subject required—had he traced art to its proper sources, and displayed the nature of its labours, he would have written a work infinitely more interesting and more true; but, then, it would have been to his country as a book shut and a fountain sealed. Rome withholds such books from the eyes of her children, and her favours from those who write them. We shall briefly supply this omission.

The heathen religion was addressed chiefly to the eye: it was full of external beauty and splendour; it was aided by the sculptor, the painter, and the poet; it took up its abode in the most magnificent temples; was daily visible in sacred processions and solemn sacrifices—while its voice was heard in oracles to which the wisest listened. The gods of this superstition were beings clothed in beauty and majesty, who assisted man in war and counselled him in peace, and condescended to intercourse, at times, with his sons and his daughters. As man made his own gods, he made them much after his own heart, and endowed them with such charms and gifts as are most beloved in human nature. Art was called to help him in this, and she embodied his conceptions in a way almost divine. Temples, groves, and public places were filled with the sculptured progeny of religion and poetry; and priest and politician alike agreed to retain the aid of an art which brightened superstition and strengthened power. In like manner, painting and sculpture were admitted into the papal church as the auxiliaries of Christianity.

When the Christian religion vanquished the Pagan, and Saint Paul and Saint Peter were established at Rome in place of Pan and Apollo, the heathen belief was not wholly subdued. The common people, in many places, persisted in loving the gods of their fathers; nor did they love them the less, that merry festivals kept alive the memory of their names, and that they were secretly visible

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visible to their sight in silver and in gold. The church, for a time, waged a sharp war against this lingering belief, and used all the weapons with which her great power armed her in attempting to root it out. But belief is obstinate, and is not easily subdued even by fire and sword. The church soon adopted more prudent measures, and went to work in a more sagacious way. She opposed to the pagan divinities her own innumerable progeny of saints: she created them in silver and in gold, in wood and in stone, and to each she allotted a festival, and decreed that its anniversary should fall on the day held in honour of the original god. The old divinities could not resist this: their memories died slowly away, and the divinities of the new church reigned in their stead. Thus did the Catholic Church, by the aid of art, render her belief visible, and seek to make it intelligible, by sensible signs and symbols, to the illiterate barbarians of the earth. She saw that men were slow in comprehending her miracles, and her mysteries; so she made her beads, her crucifixes, her relics, and her saints, male and female, become to her what the gods of Olympus were to the ancients, and speak a language which suited an illiterate people. It is true, that those works of art were at first rude and mishapen; and had little of the external loveliness by which the heathen gods won their way to the admiration of all ages; but they became more elegant as men grew more skilful: their beauty increased with the riches of the church; and men of genius were not slow in lending their aid to a priest who could reward them with honour on earth, and with thrones and mansions in heaven.

Thus the reign of the saints commenced below, and the churches of Italy were soon filled with their figures. In every niche stood an apostle or saint, while every cornice or 'coign of vantage,' displayed processions of pilgrims, incredible legends and popular miracles. The history, real or imaginary, of each saint was sculptured on the walls of the church of which he was chosen patron; and could we obtain a clear description and an accurate history of each church thus emblazoned with the religious heraldry of its age, it would be a book fuller of most pleasing marvels than any other in the whole compass of literature.

All this, under skilful and prudent management, might have been useful to man, inasmuch as it taught him a little knowledge when knowledge could be obtained through no other medium. Men were rude and barbarous; language was mutable and unfixed; and the priesthood found it necessary to speak to the nations of the earth by means of signs, easily understood, and by symbols they could comprehend. Painting and sculpture could do this. The thirsty and illiterate traveller who is unable to read

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read the words 'good ale,' on the sign of a house of entertainment, comprehends perfectly the meaning of the foaming tankard painted above the door, and enters, and is refreshed. In like manner, a priest with a crucifix, a few apostles in brass, and some relics of saints, could find his way to the hearts and imaginations of the rudest people, and such were the singular auxiliaries of catholicism. In truth, art very early became the religious language of Europe; and had it addressed itself to scripture history, and to the acts of the apostles, and the miracles of Christ, it would have merited our unqualified praise; but it lent its power to embody lying legends, and create strange saints; so it was well for religion, if it was injurious to art, that the blessed reformation came and swept away much of this idle pageantry and impious mummery.

This is ground on which our pious historian dared not to tread, though there can be no doubt it was present to his fancy, as he came down the course of his narrative. The church of Rome entered boldly into battle against the spirit which knowledge let loose upon the earth; she came proud in dignity of ancient date—supported by tradition—by the terror of her twofold might—by the fears of the nations, and the right divine of kings; and she retired shorn of her strength, bearing tokens of the prowess of her antagonist, with her lustre dimmed in which she had eclipsed the nations.—Her auxiliaries, painting and sculpture, suffered severely in the conflict. But it is not in her days of faded dignity that we ought, in justice and mercy, to contemplate her. Let us look at her as Lanzi has looked when he conceived the history of the arts which she created and rewarded, which grew with her greatness and fell with her decline.

In her days of power and importance, the church of Rome numbered amongst her vassals and servants, the most renowned spirits of the earth. She called them from obscurity to fame, and to all who laboured to spread and sustain her influence, she became a benefactress. Her wealth was immense, for she drew her revenue from the fear or the superstition of man, and her spirit was as magnificent as her power. The cathedrals which she everywhere reared are yet the wonders of Europe for their beauty and extent, and in her golden days, the priests who held rule within them were, in wealth and strength, little less than princes. Barren in her own body, her wealth descended not to unspiritual communities, but was inherited by her adopted sons, and she adopted few who had not the talent to maintain her power as well as her doctrine. For a time, her treasure was wisely and munificently expended, and the works she wrought,

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and the good deeds she performed, are her honour and our shame. She spread a table to the hungry; she gave lodgings to the houseless; welcomed the wanderer; and rich and poor, and learned and illiterate, alike received shelter and hospitality. Under her roof the scholar completed his education; the historian sought and found the materials for his history; the minstrel chanted lays of mingled piety and love for his loaf and his raiment; the sculptor carved in wood, or cast in silver, some popular saint; and the painter gave the immortality of his colours to some new legend or miracle. Thus, much of the talent which the earth supplied, was employed in the service of the church, and the skill and genius of artists grew, at length, so transcendant, that they were hired at princely wages to embellish the sacred edifices of Italy.

This entire dedication of national talents to religious purposes, stamped the art of the land with the full belief and feeling of the church; it did more: painting and sculpture, by contemplating the story of our meek Redeemer and his glorious apostles, were elevated into something divine and superhuman. To work in the spirit of scripture, and the legends of the church, became a passion as well as a duty; the noblest edifices were raised, that they might display on their walls the whole wonders of art: crowds of enthusiasts flocked daily in to gaze and admire the saints, the madonnas, and the miracles of scripture—nor was this all. The illiterate crowds who beheld such productions for the first time, half imagined them the prophets and virgins whom they represented, and were willing to confer on them the same homage which they had before yielded to works which, at least in form and sentiment, were far less miraculous. Thus genius, receiving the highest rewards which the world could bestow, threw out the most wonderful performances, with a prodigality and power which art has never since equalled. Many, indeed, of the great artists, painted scenes of domestic happiness, of fireside joy, and copied the persons, and recorded the deeds of some of their patrons; whilst others allowed their pencils, for a time at least, to go astray among heathen gods and scenes of human festivity. But the great and prevailing character was religious; and during the proudest days of the popedom, it was according to the wish of the church that Michael Angelo carved, and Raphael painted.

The character of art is generally the character of the people. It is moulded and modified, and coloured by the nature and principles and beliefs and condition of the country in which it arises; and as the people think and act, so will art. It was with Greece as with Italy—art was employed to embellish a political

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political religion. In France and in Flanders, it has forsaken the church and dedicated itself to kings and princes; and all that is courtly and royal it has emblazoned. In Holland and in England, it is impressed with the freeborn and domestic feelings of the people: we have much that is grave, social, domestic, and humorous. The reformed church refused the aid of the slavish auxiliary of Rome; and, excluded by the edicts of Elizabeth and the Puritans from the altar, art sought to excite a new interest by new creations, and succeeded. It is one of the atonements of the Romish church, that her pride, her wealth, and her taste, brought art out of the general darkness which overspread the nations, and established it in a lustre that will be long in passing away.

In all that belongs to the inspiration of painting, all modern nations are far behind the great artists of Italy. This seems to be universally allowed, and we are sure no man could stand in the presence of those productions and judge otherwise. Fame is the common consent of mankind to admire something excellent, and what is not generally felt, cannot be universally admired. Painting represents nature, or poetic nature at the most, and, therefore, addresses itself as much as poetry does to the feeling and imagination of man. Though it deals in nature exalted by genius, embellished by art, and purified by taste, still it is nature; still it makes its appeal to the men of this world, and by them it is applauded or condemned. It works for men and not for gods; therefore, every man, as far as his taste is natural and sound, is a judge of its productions. The painter who passionately feels his subject, will as passionately execute it, and be as passionately admired by many men whose hands have never touched a pencil, and who are unacquainted with the whole process of its creation. There is, it is true, a mystery in the creation of great works—we mean the mystery of genius, but there is no mystery in feeling their excellence, more than in admiring the loveliness of woman, or the dignity of man. Let no artist boast, therefore, that his compositions are of a character too lofty to be felt or understood by mere mortals, or that it requires exquisite scholarship to comprehend them. If an artist work beyond the comprehension of his age, he is in danger of never being understood in this world, or till men become as the gods; and if he can only be relished by the classic scholar, there must be something wrong in his productions, for the works of the ancients which he imagines he resembles, are as simple as they are sublime. If a man painted in Greek, then a classic knowledge is necessary wherewith to taste his excellence. Good genius generally possesses good judgment, and if a man's works are valuable,

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valuable, so likewise are his opinions. We now proceed in the company of our historian.

Sculpture was the form in which the genius of Italian art first made its appearance, nor was its shape so strange, or its character so uncouth as we see in the rudiments of art in other nations, because the presence of the works of ancient Greece and old Rome, guided and directed the unskilful hand of art. The peculiar character which painting long afterwards carried into excellence, was first expressed in stone, and many of those works are still preserved on buildings and in galleries, and give us a high idea of the creative powers of the people—they are defective only in execution. Painting, during those days, shone indistinct and dim; the knowledge of colour was nearly forgotten; skill in the art was lost, and there were no ancient paintings to stimulate and guide the student; sculpture, therefore, had the honour of leading the way in the race of fame, and both appeared as humble vassals in the train of the church, and aspired only to roughhew her saints and her virgins—to carve foliage and emblazon her banners. To the Christian Greeks, Lanzi concurs with other historians in attributing the revival of painting; they were a race of wandering mendicants, acquainted with the art of using colours, and skilful in the mechanical process of composition. They possessed no original fancy; had no idea of imitating nature which lived and breathed around them; they copied one another; made lay-figure resemblances of humanity; dry and spiritless, and as unsubstantial as shadows on a wall. They had no national spirit to emulate or excite them; they had no love of religion to animate them in their tasks, and their angels, their virgins, and their saints, are a reproach to the early church. Italy had to add all that gives glory to art to the mechanical knowledge with which those wanderers furnished her, and it was not slow in coming.

Giovanni Cimabue, and greater still, Giotto, both of Florence, were the first to assert the natural dignity and originality of art, and the story of those illustrious friends is instructive and romantic. The former was a gentleman, by birth and scholarship, and brought to his art a knowledge of the poetry and sculpture of Greece and Rome. The latter was a shepherd; when the inspiration of art fell upon him he was watching his flocks among the hills, and his first attempts in art were to draw his sheep and goats upon rocks and stones. It happened that Cimabue, who was then high in fame, observed the sketches of the gifted shepherd; entered into conversation with him; heard from his own lips his natural notions of the dignity of art, and was so much charmed by his compositions and conversation, that he carried him to Florence, and became his close and intimate friend and associate.

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associate. They found Italian painting rude in form, and without spirit and without sentiment; they let out their own hearts fully in their compositions, and to this day their works are highly esteemed for grave dignity of character, and for originality of conception. Of those great Florentines, Giotto the shepherd is confessedly the more eminent; in him we see the dawn or rather the sunrise of the fuller light of Raphael. On this subject let Lanzi be heard, who wrote his history with the works of the artist before him.

'When one contemplates some of his heads of men; some of his forms proportioned far beyond the littleness of his contemporaries; his taste in natural, flowing, and becoming drapery; some of his attitudes after the manner of the antique breathing grace and tranquillity; it is scarce possible to doubt that he derived great advantage from the ancient sculpture.'

The passage we have just quoted, in which the historian strives to assign the excellence of the shepherd-artist to his acquaintance with the antique marbles, contrasts curiously with a passage in a letter now before us, written by one of the most eminent painters of the British school, who was lately in Italy. He is speaking of the sculptors of antiquity, and his words are remarkable. 'It seems to me that the Greek artists began to paint before they began to carve. There is everywhere such an artist-like freedom in the working of the marble, that it reminds me of what we call surface on a picture, and such a perfect knowledge of the effect of lights and shadows, that the hard stone indicates sharpness and softness and ease, with as much effect as we find them united in the works of Correggio.' In truth, Giotto, as well as many of the distinguished painters of Italy, was an eminent sculptor, and his knowledge of the one aided him in the other. We know also that the great artist, whose letter we have quoted, models many of his chief figures in his compositions before he paints them: we are not sure that he would paint them before he modelled them were he a sculptor. Genius loves to work in its own peculiar way, and artists may adopt for a motto, the self-willed proverb of the north:—

'Ilka man wears his ain belt his ain gait.'

In 1300, when Cimabue and Giotto appeared, art presented an aspect sufficiently curious to merit a particular description. Though St. Luke himself was patron, it had no claim, in point of excellence, upon divine protection. A professor of cutting stone and colouring wood was called a master-workman, and the place where he wrought bore the humble name of workshop. The dignity of his pursuit was so little acknowledged, that he was classed

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classed with the ordinary labourers in wood or in stone, and whilst the sculptor had to condescend to toil as a mason, the painter had to seek subsistence in ornamenting cupboards, and chairs, and chests. He painted, too, the heraldic monsters on the warrior's shield and helmet; he emblazoned his banner and ornamented the trappings of his warhorse. In the church his labours were of a very limited and subordinate nature. The Gothic architecture, which was then fashionable in Italy, presented little continued space for the display of pictorial invention, and the pencil was employed in embellishing with gold and the choicest colours the rude images of the founder of the church, and the whole dynasty of saints who succeeded him. He found room, too, for minute representations of miracles and legends; but all his efforts were entirely subordinate to architecture, and architecture permitted him not to overflow the limits of diminutive pannels and narrow bands and entablatures. Art was then a strange mixture of carving and gilding, and inlaying and painting; nor did it assert its proper dignity till the disuse of the Gothic style of architecture gave room for genius to grow and expand in grandeur as it increased in dimensions. The colours which embodied the traditions of the church in those times are still fresh and brilliant, solid and durable, and cannot be obliterated without destroying the material to which they are attached. The moderns are unacquainted with the secret of this splendid and durable colouring.

The descendants of Giotto, his grandson, and great grandson, followed in the footsteps of their ancestor, and produced works worthy of his fame. The Florentines said that the soul of Giotto had transmigrated and animated the latter, and they distinguished him by the name of Giottino. He painted some noble works; the Fall of Lucifer, the Triumph of Christ, and the Acts of the Apostles. But the triumph of painting was far from complete; and artists were glad to eke the scanty revenue which they derived from painting miracles and saints for the church, by embellishing the backs of couches, the lids of coffers, the doors of cabinets, from fable and from history, and many of those early works have found places in galleries, and are distinguished for their truth and nature and rich colouring.

Maso Masaccio succeeded the descendants of Giotto, and left the stamp of his talents strongly impressed on his works; he was distinguished for boldness and vigour; he dared to invade the sanctities of heaven, and his saints and his angels have an air of solemn grandeur worthy of Raphael. He had a very original spirit; he freely introduced human feeling and human passion; his draperies are simple and flowing; his colouring varied

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varied and harmonious, and the relief commanding and grand. He was followed by Gozzoli, who, to a fancy brilliant and picturesque, added a love of ornamenting his flowing draperies with gold. His genius was bold and irregular: he loved nature, and desired only to see art through her. He has been praised by Richardson, and Vasari declares that his work in the Campo Santo, which he conceived and executed in two years, is a production fit to appal a legion of painters.

During all this interesting period, from 1300 to 1400, the works of the painters of Italy were in fresco, for oil colours were unknown, and the productions which merit attention were from Florentine artists. Art had, however, caught its future character; the conceptions of the early masters were just and noble; it required equal genius, more consummate art, and more ductile materials to make them complete. Oil colours were invented by John of Bruges, about 1410, and their influence on art was soon manifest. The secret was kept for a time: Antonello brought it from Flanders, and communicated it to Dominico, who, in his turn, confided it to his friend Castagno of Florence, who perfidiously stabbed his benefactor, that he might reap the rich harvest which a judicious use of this new discovery promised. It is, however, asserted by many writers, that oil colours were well known to the Romans. To sustain this assertion, they state that a figure of St. Helena, holding the future Emperor Constantine in her arms, though wrought in silk by the saint herself, has evidently been strengthened in the faces and in the hands by colours prepared in oil. Much good learning resulting from curious research has been employed in sustaining or confuting this conjecture, but all that is gained is doubt and uncertainty. Chemical experiments have been resorted to, and those works which the learned have claimed as oil paintings, are discovered to be fresco varnished with oil. During this investigation, some little light was thrown on the old art of colouring. Fine gums, the yolks and the whites of eggs, virgin wax, and other materials of a similar kind, were employed, it seems, in fixing the colours. It is probable that oil had been partially used for some time before the days of John of Bruges. The successful use dates the discovery.

But oil colours, which brought more harmony, delicacy and brilliance into art, were long in becoming universal. Many Florentine artists adhered to the original colours in which they had first studied; and men of genius were not wanting, and Michael Angelo long afterwards among the number, who considered water colours the only noble materials for embodying their inventions. They stigmatized the new discovery as tending to



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supplant sentiment by splendour, and human emotion by dazzling hues and tawdry picturesque. Oil colours gained every year an increase of reputation, and finally succeeded in overcoming the prejudices of the ignorant and the obstinacy of the learned.

The year 1470 is an era in which the artists of Florence distinguished themselves in the service of the church. Sixtus IV. invited several members of the Florentine school to embellish the splendid chapel which bears the founder's name. In this whole edifice they found 'ample room and verge enough' to trace legends and miracles, but their talents were directed to nobler purposes. They recorded the history of Moses on one side, and that of Christ on the other, contrasting the Old Testament law with that of the New; confronting the shade with the light, the type with the person typified. The whole breathes a spirit free and unborrowed; there is unusual richness in the colours, and uncommon ease in the draperies. Dominico, who assisted in the work, was the first Florentine who displayed skilful grouping and depth of composition; who dismissed gold fringes and gaudy externals, and trusted to simplicity and nature; and Luca Signorella added knowledge of anatomy, and had the honour of being imitated by Michael Angelo. A brighter day is now approaching, and we take our leave of the First Epoch of Florentine Art in the words of Lanzi.

'Such was the state of art in Tuscany about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Much was then attained, because nature began to be imitated, especially in the heads, to which artists imparted a vivacity that, even at this day, is surprising. On viewing the figures and portraits of those times, they actually appear to look at and to desire to enter into conversation with the beholder. It still remained, however, to give ideal beauty to the figure, fulness to design, and harmony to colouring; a true method to aërial perspective, variety to composition, and freedom to the pencil, which, on the whole, was still timid. Every circumstance conspired to this melioration of the art in Florence as well as in other places. The taste for magnificent edifices had revived throughout Italy. Many of the finest churches, many public edifices, and ducal palaces which still remain at Milan, Mantua, and Venice; in Urbino, Rimini, Pesaro, and Ferrara, were executed about this period: not to mention those buildings in Florence and in Rome, where magnificence contended with elegance. It became necessary to ornament them, and this produced that noble emulation among artists, that grand fermentation of ideas which invariably advance the progress of art. The study of poetry, so analogous to that of painting, had advanced to a degree which conferred on the whole age the epithet of *Golden*, a name which it certainly did not merit on the score of more severe studies. The design of the artists of that period, though something dry, was yet pure and correct, and afforded the best instruction to

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to the succeeding age. 'It is very justly observed that scholars can more easily give a certain fulness to the meagre outline of their models, than curtail the superfluity of a heavy contour.'—vol. i., p. 104.

We have said that a brighter day was approaching. Leonardo da Vinci was the natural son of a Florentine notary, and was born in 1452. He was endowed by nature with a genius lofty and penetrating in art; he was skilful in music and mathematics, and distinguished himself in literature. His person was elegant, his mind pure and virtuous, and he lived among princes like one born for a high station. He loved to design better than to paint, and prized vivacity and elegance before fulness of contour and serene dignity of expression. He was skilful, too, in sculpture, for his statues in bronze are much admired. His knowledge in the sister-art imparted to his paintings a more perfect roundness and relief, and aided him in giving to all his works a perfect symmetry, a calm grace, and a natural elegance, which gained him the honourable title of 'Father of Modern Painting.' The general beauty of his designs, the delicacy of his handling, and the expression of the mental affections, have seldom been equalled—scarcely ever surpassed. He loved society, and was prodigal in dispensing his knowledge over the land,—he travelled—he instructed—he painted, and he wrote. He made a silver lyre, on which he played with singular skill and sweetness, and by his music, his eloquence, and his poetry, he charmed all those whom he failed to please with his pencil. His works are numerous and in high reputation.

Twenty-three years after the birth of Leonardi da Vinci, was born Michael Angelo. He rose early into fame—he was eloquent—he was witty—had a ready pen and a rapid pencil, and his genius was daring and vast. He proudly wrote himself 'Michael, poet, painter, sculptor, and architect,' and no one has questioned any of his designations. He studied intensely—and in all things was a passionate enthusiast. He aimed at that stern and severe grandeur, which gained him the name of the Dante of Art; and he loved, like Milton, to expatiate on dark and lofty subjects, and to extract the sublime and the majestic from the mysterious and the profound. He rushed at once into an untrodden path of design, and displayed gigantic conceptions and powers of execution equally scientific and astonishing. He loved to make figures nervous and robust, with the stature and the aspect of the demigods. His expression is lofty and stern, and his attitudes so daring, that great genius only could redeem them from extravagance. His works seem to have cost him little effort, for they are all free and unconstrained; nor did he hesitate to leave many of his subjects unfinished: he



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seemed less desirous of fine execution than of stately grandeur and lofty sentiment. He neglected grace and elegance. His anatomy is too rigid and gigantic for human nature; his severity of style degenerates into harshness; he is tamelessly wild and unboundedly extravagant, yet his errors are those of a soaring spirit, and are connected with so much excellence, that our dislike is lost in our admiration. He threw away his compasses and scorned all formal admeasurements, declaring that an artist's compasses should lie in his eye—and he was right. If a figure look disproportioned, there is no doubt that it really is so, let the compasses say what they will. He cast aside his oil colours, also, declaring they were unworthy to be used in an art where sentiment, not splendid colouring, was the ruling character. He loved, he felt, and he imitated the antique; he has all its severe majesty and scorn of littleness, but he wants much of its ease, its unconscious dignity, and unrivalled grace.

The immediate followers of da Vinci and Michael Angelo were numerous and had great merit, still they were only followers. They seldom caught the grace of the one, or reached the majesty of the other. As design forms the peculiar excellence of the great masters of Florentine art, they laboured to excel in the symmetrical delineation of the human figure; and from the immutable laws of nature they deduced rules, by which the world of art has most liberally profited. Lanzi has described, with graphic precision, the influence which the Florentine school had on art in general; nor has he failed to mark, with great truth and clearness, the errors into which the followers of Michael Angelo fell:—

'Their study and constant practice has been, to design from his statues; for the cartoon, on which so many eminent men formed their style, had already perished, and his paintings were not to be seen in Florence, but in Rome. They transferred into their compositions that statue-like rigidity; that strength of limb, and those markings of the origin and insertion of the muscles; that serenity of countenance, and those positions of the hands and fingers, which characterised his sublimely awful style—but without comprehending the principles of this extraordinary man; without thoroughly understanding the play of the softer parts of the human figure, either by inserting them in wrong situations, or by representing, in the same manner, those in action and at rest; those of a slender stripling and of a full-grown man. Contented with what they imagined grandeur of style, they neglected all the rest. In some of their pictures, we may observe a multitude of figures arranged one above the other, with a total disregard of their relative situations; features that express no passion, and half-naked figures that do nothing except pompously exhibit, like the Entellus of Virgil, '*Magna ossa lacerosque.*' Instead of the beautiful azure and green formerly

formerly employed, they substituted a languid yellowish hue; the full body of colour gave place to superficial tints; and, above all, the bold relief, so much studied till the time of Andrea, went wholly into disuse.' —vol. i. pp. 230, 231.

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We pass from Florence to Sienna, a little, proud republic, which seems to have been peopled entirely by warriors and artists. It produced, indeed, no painter of a commanding genius; but it was early remarkable for its skill in art and its dexterity in arms, and ranks next to Florence for the early distinction which it obtained. Skill in painting seemed here an heritable thing: the art passed regularly from father to son, like the office of priest in ancient Israel. For Sienna we have the same story to tell which we have told for Florence—of early rudeness of design and imperfection of colouring; of a style dry, laboured, and minute, growing, under the hands of a succession of skilful professors, into elegance and grace; and of saints, unworthy of being worshipped, and virgins, of being adored, till touched by the creative pencils of masters in the calling, became an honour to the calendar, and a profitable ornament to the church. In no place, indeed, was art more ardently followed, or more passionately loved: the mere list of its distinguished painters would occupy a large space, and their productions are scattered over Italy. It was the misfortune of this little haughty state to be often embroiled with neighbours equally haughty and far more powerful; and though it fought with old Roman courage, and maintained its glory long, it was finally extinguished in the struggle.

The Roman School stands third in the list of Lanzi, and the position which he has assigned to it has had the general concurrence of historians. Its characteristic attributes are a close imitation of the ancients, in whatever is lofty, graceful, and elegant. It seems to have been the desire of its founders, and of the eminent men who afterwards rendered it illustrious, to restore the dominion of the old Roman mind, since they could not revive that of the body: they imagined themselves the true successors and lineal heirs of that stern and noble people, and proposed to conceive and create all things according to their spirit. There were other and more palpable inducements. All around them stood the relics of Roman glory and greatness—edifices of unequalled extent and grandeur, and groups and statues of matchless beauty; and it looked like degeneracy and barbarism to seek to awaken new trains of sentiment and give fresh images of life. Their veins were filled with the blood of the Goths and Huns, and their heads with the grace and the glory of old Greece and Rome. For a while, the labours of this school promised nothing worthy

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worthy of the affection of its scholars for the antique; and it drudged in the cause of the church unrewarded by fame. Yet it cannot be denied, that, for centuries before it became so suddenly eminent, the same spirit was at work which grew so perfect in Raphael. The church of St. Stephen displays his martyrdom on its walls; and all the serene and saint-like endurance is there which genius can give: and, what is more, Raphael himself copied several of the figures as close as a mind so original as his could copy any thing.

Of Raphael himself so much is known, that little that is new can be told. He was born at Urbino in 1483; his father was a painter whose style was natural and unostentatious, and it was something gained, that his illustrious son was introduced to art through nature. He found art, indeed, stiff, and rigid, and ungraceful, with something like the rudiments of perfect beauty about it; and he invested it with a beauty which it knew not before, and stamped upon it that divine dignity which no one has ever rivalled. He boldly grappled with the whole calendar of saints, and with angels of light and of darkness; and was the first who employed them freely in the service of the church and in the affairs of mankind. He was well read in Scripture, and probably took from the book of Job his idea of Satan; for he denuded him of his horns and hoofs, and clothed him with a dark and melancholy beauty, and showed him, as Milton afterwards more sublimely drew him, 'an archangel ruined.' His fine taste was born with him, and his spirit flashed out at an early age. He formed his system of art when he was not more than seventeen, and he acted upon it till the close of his short and bright career. He came to his great task with his mind stored with his own vast and beautiful conceptions—teeming with images of grace and loveliness, and he only wanted time to discipline his hand, and confirm his own notions of excellence. To the simplicity and nature of preceding painters, he added a glory altogether his own—a form of unequalled beauty, expressing a sentiment more akin to divinity than to human nature. He is the only true painter of saints and virgins, and glorified souls and spirits ascending and descending. He raised mortals to heaven, and called angels down to earth. To the Church of Rome such a genius was invaluable; he was worth any two traditionary saints, and not the holiest amongst them could canonize a mortal half so surely as he. The Church had to display all her power, and set forth all her attractions, in opposition to the outburst of knowledge which the Reformation was shedding upon her darkness; and who was so worthy as Raphael to perform the part of chief priest, and, by his divine art, uphold her mysteries in

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in the eyes of her believing children? It is, indeed, wonderful with what spirit he entered into this employment, and with what facility of hand he executed his works. His creations are frequently as remarkable for their magnitude as their beauty. All with him was graceful and harmonious; he has nothing little, nothing harsh, nothing extravagant; all sprang from strong felicity of genius; all his creations were the offspring of a lofty and devout emotion, which could neither be rivalled nor imitated. In beauty of form, and calm divinity of mind, no one has ever equalled him.

Of his rivalry with Michael Angelo much has been said; and to this our historian imputes some of the great success of both. Now, the productions of Raphael are throughout impressed with the same loftiness, from the commencement to the conclusion of his labours. No rivalry could invigorate their character or elevate their sentiment. In the race of vulgar minds, no doubt, rivalry does much; but we seek in vain, in the works of those great masters, for the impulse which their hostility communicated to their productions. The subjects on which Raphael employed his pencil were of themselves the noblest which man could contemplate, and his conceptions suit the dignity and the inspiration of Scripture. The scene of his subject, and the images which were to illustrate it, seemed distinctly visible to his imagination. The landscape was filled up by one effort of fancy: he awoke in his mind the same emotions which history gives to the time, and dwelt upon them till the whole assumed the distinctness of visible life, and was transferred by his magic hand to the canvas. 'I saw,' says Shelley the poet, in one of his letters, 'the famous works of Raphael, whom I agree with the whole world in thinking the finest painter. With respect to Michael Angelo I dissent; and think, with astonishment and indignation, on the common notion, that he equals and in some respects exceeds Raphael. He seems to me to have no sense of moral dignity and loveliness: the energy, for which he has been so much praised, appears to me to be a certain rude mechanical quality. His famous painting in the Sistine chapel seems deficient in beauty and majesty both in conception and execution.' Such is the opinion of a man of very fine imagination, and there is more truth in it than artists are generally willing to allow.

Julio Romano, the worthy disciple of Raphael, was associated with him in many of his great undertakings; and, at his untimely death, was entrusted with carrying his unfinished designs into execution. He has more energy than delicacy, and sometimes mistakes vigour of muscle for strength of mind; an error too common

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common with artists. His battle-pieces have great spirit and equal truth. His knowledge, both of the human form and of human nature, was very great. His works in fresco, at Mantua, have obtained him a high name, which he is likely to preserve.

At some distance, in point of time, followed Salvator Rosa; a man of very various and vigorous powers, who had a spirit wild and dark, and loved savage woods, desert nooks, caverned shores, ruined castles, and, indeed, all places where nature appeared in distress, dilapidated, and dishevelled. No one knew the art so well how to 'teach light to counterfeit a gloom:' his very sunshine has something terrific in it. In all his works, and they are many, he displays singular freedom and dashing ease of execution—harmony of colour and sense of effect. His picture, by his own hand, in the Chigi gallery, marks the man. He is sitting amidst a savage landscape, with a Satyr by his side.

Gaspar Poussin was the companion of Rosa, but only resembled him in rapidity of execution: they would imagine a landscape, paint it vividly out, and decorate it with figures,—all in one day. 'Poussin selected,' says Lanzi, 'the most enchanting scenes, and the most beautiful aspects of nature; the graceful poplar, the spreading plane trees, limpid fountains, verdant meads, gently undulating hills, villas delightfully situated—calculated to dispel the cares of state and add to the delights of retirement. He composed ideal landscapes in the same way that Tasso, in describing the garden of Armida, concentrated in his verses all the recollections of the beautiful which he had observed in nature. Notwithstanding this extreme passion for grace and beauty, it is the opinion of many, that there is not a greater name amongst landscape painters. His genius had a natural fervour, and, as we may say, a language, that suggests more than it expresses.' We have little to deduct from, and nothing to add to, the judicious praise of Lanzi. A more eminent name demands our attention—Claude Lorraine.

He was the prince of landscape painters, and had a poetic feeling for all that was beautiful, and calm, and lowly. His pictures refresh our very sight as we gaze upon them, and the suns which he admits to lighten up his trees and his fields, and his running streams and quiet lakes, seem to love to shine for their sake. No one has felt his excellence better than our historian.

'His landscapes present to the spectator an endless variety; so many views of land and water, so many interesting objects, that, like an astonished traveller, the eye is obliged to pause to measure the extent of the prospect, and his distances of mountain or of sea are so illusive, that the spectator feels, as it were, fatigued by gazing. The edifices

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edifices and temples which so finely round off his compositions, the lakes peopled with aquatic birds, the foliage diversified in conformity to the different kinds of trees, all is nature in him; every object arrests the attention of an amateur, every thing furnishes instruction to a professor. There is not an effect of light, or a reflection in the water which he has not imitated; and the various changes of the day are nowhere better represented than in Claude. In a word, he is truly the painter who, in depicting the three regions of air, earth, and water, has combined the whole universe. His atmosphere almost always bears the impress of the sky of Rome, whose horizon is, from its situation, rosy, dewy, and warm. He did not possess any peculiar merit in his figures, which are insipid, and generally too much attenuated; hence he was accustomed to remark to the purchasers of his pictures that he sold them the landscape, and presented them with the figures gratis.'

This is high praise, and it is well merited—he was unequalled in his day, and is still unrivalled—the fresh and dewy lustre of his mornings, and the quiet subsiding clear brilliance of his sunsets, are before us as we write. The Italian landscape painters are numerous, and many of their sea-pieces are masterly. The religion of the land appears only to have influenced their compositions occasionally. Landscape painting is a kind of pastoral poetry, and requires great genius and masterly art to redeem it from the charge of being tame and insipid, without which, it is only a better kind of district surveying, and, at the best, interests us little, compared to works which combine human mind and sentiment and action.

Carlo Maratta was the last of the old race of Roman artists who strove to sustain the dignity introduced by Raphael. He was fond of painting cabinet pictures and altar pieces; his saints have fine devout heads, and his virgins are dignified and meek. He loved spirit less than minuteness, and simple grace of manner was overlaid by a style very elaborate, sparkling and ornamental. His works are both valuable and numerous.

Giordano, of the Neapolitan school, was distinguished above all his contemporaries by the variety of his compositions, and the miraculous dispatch of his pencil. Three paintings in a day were to his felicitous hand an ordinary effort. He even painted up to the impatience of princes. Charles II. of Spain, for whom he executed many works, declared that he was a painter for princes, for, as the monarch wished, so the artist wrought. His glowing colours obtained general approbation, but he is deficient in simplicity and sentiment; for the absence of which the most splendid colours but poorly atone.

The Venetian school produced three great artists, but of unequal genius and reputation, Titian, Giorgione, and Tintoretto. They

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They were preceded by many artists of whom little can be said, save that their works were laboured, mean, and minute, with glimpses here and there of spirit, and touches now and then of nature and beauty. Their figures were long and lean—copied indeed from life, but so rudely, as to present images of death, and deformed by an unbending stiffness of manner. Their colours were simple and beautiful; the national genius, ever lively and joyous, loved to embody its conceptions in the most dazzling hues; and in the most serious subjects sportive cherubs are dropped here and there, carrying fruits and flowers, and singing and dancing. Giorgione came prepared to rise at once from his littleness and splendid trifling of art into a style free and grand. He is well described by Lanzi, and we are pleased with an opportunity of letting the historian speak of the great restorer of art in Venice.

'Giorgio Barbarelli, of Castelfranco, more generally known by the name of Giorgione, from a certan grandeur conferred upon him by nature, no less of mind than of form, and which also appears impressed upon his productions, as the character is said to be in the handwriting, was educated in the school of the Bellini. But, impelled by a spirit conscious of its own powers, he despised that minuteness in the art which yet remained to be exploded, at once substituting for it a certain freedom and audacity of manner in which the perfection of painting consists. In this view he may be said to be an inventor; no artist before his time having acquired that mastery of his pencil so hardy and determined in its strokes, and producing such an effect in the distance. From that period he continued to ennoble his manner, rendering the contours more round and ample, the foreshortenings more new, the expression of the countenance more warm and lively, as well as the motions of his figures. Many of his works were executed in fresco upon the façades of the houses in Venice, and they have mostly perished; but his oil paintings are in excellent condition, the cause of which is attributed to the strong mixture of his colours, and to the full and liberal use of his pencil. In particular we meet with portraits remarkable for the soul of their expression, for the air of the heads, the novelty of the garments, of the hair, of the plumes and of the arms, no less than for the lively imitation of the living flesh, in which, however warm and sanguine are the tints which he applied, he adds to them so much grace, that, in spite of thousands of imitators, he still stands alone. He died at the early age of thirty-four, in 1511.'—vol. iii. pp. 101, 102.

The fellow-student and rival of Giorgione was the celebrated Titian. Of his early productions very few can now be distinguished from those of his companion, inheriting his peculiarly free and unshackled manner, and his happy audacity of style. In his thirtieth year a strange and fortunate change came upon him:

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him: he forsook the manner of Giorgione at once, and appeared in a style wholly new, and peculiarly his own; less bold indeed, and fiery, but more attractive by its simplicity and its truth. Nothing can surpass the artlessness of his groupings, and the natural splendour of his colours. His portraits are radiant and steeped in sweetness, their eyes are full of light and intellect. He has been accused of inattention to the elegance of his forms and the general harmony of his designs. This is said rather than felt, and is the opinion, too, of artists who may be supposed to be more difficult to please than the rest of mankind, and who probably pay as much attention to external grace as to sentiment. In female loveliness, and in the innocence of childhood, his productions are yet unrivalled. He avoids the common fault of crowding his grounds with many figures; their attitudes are happy, and their sentiment often sublime. He has no studied positions—no formal attitudes; all is easy and becoming, in keeping with the subject, and generally calm and composed. He owed his fortune to his inimitable portraits, which, soothing and gratifying the vanity of men of rank, smoothed his way into courts and into the presence of kings.

The lucid splendour of his colouring is supposed to arise from clear primary grounding, upon which a repetition of colours being laid, it produces the effect of a transparent veil, and renders the tints soft, luscious, and lucid.

'He availed himself,' says Lanzi, 'of the power of shade, forming a method not altogether that of a mere naturalist, but partaking of the ideal. In his naked forms he avoided masses of strong shades and bold shadows, although they are sometimes to be seen in nature. They aid the relief but diminish the delicacy of the fleshy parts. Titian, for the most part, affected a deep and glowing light; whence in various gradations of middle tints he formed the work of the lower parts; and having very resolutely drawn the other parts with the extremities stronger perhaps than in nature, he gave to objects that peculiar aspect which presents them, as it were, more lively and pleasing than the truth. Thus in portraits he centres the chief power in the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, leaving the remaining parts in a kind of pleasing uncertainty, extremely favourable to the spirit of the heads and to the whole effect.'—vol. iii. p. 143.

Tintoretto was ambitious of adding Michael Angelo's vigour and loftiness of design to the glowing colouring of his contemporary Titian, and it cannot be denied that he has displayed powers not wholly unequal to the magnificence of his attempt. Of all the great artists of Italy, he is the least known out of his own country; and those who stand before his works for the first time are astonished at the vastness of his capacity, and at the injustice

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injustice which fame has done to his memory. He was intensely studious, and skilled in all the secrets of his profession. He modelled, he drew, and he painted by sunlight and by torch-light—he mastered anatomy, the mystery of colouring, and the art of foreshortening; and to all this he added, says Vasari, one of his severest critics, a genius the most terrible of which the art could boast. 'He produced works,' says Lanzi, 'in which the most captious of critics could not find a shade of defect.'

Of such kind is that Miracle of the Slave, adorning the college of St. Mark, which he executed in his thirty-sixth year, and which is distinguished as one of the wonders of Venetian art. His diligence, however, abated as he advanced in life and in fame; he became more careless and remiss in his groups, and less happy in his skill in giving them action and sentiment. His chief fault seems to be one belonging to his nation, more liveliness than grace,—he introduced a little too much mirth amidst his seriousness, and employed, with very little alteration, and that not always fortunately, the gay faces of his companions upon the shoulders of saints and cherubims. But still, in all his productions, he vindicated his title to the name of a great master. He has everywhere unusual command and rapidity of pencil; triumphs in the play of lights; covers with beauty the most difficult foreshortenings; sports in the most fanciful inventions, and displays great harmony and beauty of colouring.

Of the schools of Lombardy, Lanzi gives a minute and satisfactory account; he traces art from its first appearance, when it was rough and rude, till, receiving an impulse from one man's skill and another man's genius, it gradually grew into finished grace and perfect loveliness. But this was the silent and slow work of centuries; nor would it be profitable or instructive to walk step by step with art, telling the story which every Italian school has to give of rudeness at first and excellence at last. It is still less pleasing to describe saint after saint, and angel after angel, and madonna after madonna; we grow weary of the company, though we say it with shame, of beings more than mortal, and long for the homeliness of domestic life, and the ordinary visages and actions of the creatures of this earth. There is a sameness in this everlasting miracle-working art, a monotony of look among the legion of painters' saints; we tire of faces full of heavenly composure and divine rapture, and are willing to be satisfied with the society of beings less inordinately devout and less transcendently glorious. We must not, however, bid farewell to an art which was so laborious in the cause of the church, till we have spoken of one of its chief professors, one indeed who was every way a wonder,—we mean Correggio.

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This illustrious artist was born in 1494, and such was the obscurity of his humble life, that but little is known of his history, and such the glory of his works, that they are felt and admired in every nation of Europe. His story is a melancholy one, of a constant contest for existence; with a strong sense of the dignity of his genius upon him, to render his toil the bitterer. It is true, that some of his countrymen accuse Vasari of misrepresentation, and eagerly strive to find a rich parentage and a fair fortune, for one who merited both. We think they have not succeeded. Traditional and written testimony are too strong for their statements, and the letter still extant, written by a distinguished contemporary, Annibal Carracci, seems conclusive. 'It almost drives me mad with grief,' says this eminent artist, 'to think of poor Correggio; to think that so great a man should be thus lost in a country which could not appreciate him, and though with a reputation reaching to the skies, destined to die in such a place so unhappily.' It is little to the honour of an opulent church, to have permitted its most meritorious servant to live in poverty; and it is as little to the credit of the petty princes of his native land, to have starved a man whose genius did them honour, and of whose productions they enjoyed the advantage. That works of such transcendent excellence should bring small profit to the painter, is unaccountable; and why he was not paid as amply as the other master-spirits of art, is as much of a miracle as his unequalled productions. The humility of his birth and condition had some share in this. The world is unwilling to believe that a peasant can conceive and execute any lofty designs; the very lowliness of his condition forms a scale for measuring the excellence of his works, and settling their price. It is certain that the works of Correggio were not paid in the princely manner of those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and it is no less certain that they fully merited it. No trace, however, of the humility of his lot, or the sorrow and the bitterness in which he laboured for bread, are to be discovered in his works. The conception is always noble, the subject generally devout, and the execution brilliant and forcible. He is fond of scenes of beauty and bliss, of deep devotion and of true love. His condition did not darken down the landscape which he drew, nor his depression of spirits make the sentiment gloomy and sad. He seemed to live in dreams of heaven, and to see visions of the blessed; of angels ascending and descending, and the souls of just men made perfect. To these he communicated a glory and a beauty altogether his own; no one shares with him the honour of his style; no one was the forerunner of his excellence; his coming was not foretold nor prepared, and no one was less to his brethren and more to himself than Correggio. We

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We have said that he was poor, and that he was humble; we have to add that he seemed insensible of both. Look at the absolute profusion and waste of the richest and most expensive colours in all his compositions. In all his works, whether on panel or copper or canvass, he dips his brush deeply in the most precious paints; and he was as prodigal of time as of colour—he spent many days in finishing, and sought, by the most careful and considerate touches, to increase the beauty of his designs. There were few painters of those days who studied more to merit renown; none surely who employed such costly paints, and consumed so much time in their productions. He was a skilful sculptor; displayed great geometrical skill in his landscape; much architectural knowledge in his buildings, and poetry of a high order in all his compositions. His taste was natural and exquisitely chaste; he shed an easy grace and a pleasing liveliness upon all he touched, and the rainbow-like radiance of his inimitable colouring added its charms to the sentiments.

He was not unwilling to introduce profane paintings into holy places, and we dare say they were, even unto holy men, very acceptable. It was not uncustomary in those days to have convents without grates, and lady abbesses who had a relish as well as a license to indulge in secular society: to them a painting of the Chase of Diana, in which a thousand idle loves and busy cupids sported, would not be unwelcome; while a naked Juno suspended from a golden cloud might enjoy the attention of the brethren of any devout order in Italy. He died at the age of forty, in his native place, leaving a reputation behind him which Raphael has only equalled.

Of his fine colouring Lanzi truly says:—

'In the *impasto* or laying on his colours, he approaches the manner of Giorgione; in their tone he resembles Titian; though in their various gradations he is even more expert; there prevails likewise in his colouring a clearness of light, a brilliancy rarely to be met with in the works of others; the objects appear as viewed through a glass, and towards evening, when the clearness of other paintings begins to fade with the decay of light, his are to be seen, as it were, in greater vividness, and, like phosphoric beams, shining through the darkness of the air. Of the kind of varnish for which Apelles has been so commended by Pliny, we appear to have no idea since the revival of the art; or if indeed we at all possess it, we must confess our obligations to Correggio. Some there have been who could have liked more delicacy in his flesh tints; but every one must allow that, according to the age and the subjects he had to deal with, he has succeeded in varying them admirably, impressing them at the same time with something so soft, so juicy, and so full of life, as to appear like nature itself.'

In

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In the accuracy of these remarks we cordially believe. In Christ's agony in the garden, a cabinet picture which the Duke of Wellington won when he won the battle of Vittoria, there is a supernatural splendour of colouring, a kind of divine halo about it, such as no other painter perhaps ever communicated to a subject either of earth or heaven. There are other remarks, in our historian's character of Correggio, well worth the quotation.

'His grand and mastering quality, his crowning triumph, and distinction above all other artists known to us, is his thorough knowledge of lights and shades. Like nature herself, he does not present objects to us with the same force of light, but varied according to the surfaces, appositions, and distances; it flows in a gradation insensibly increasing and diminishing, a distinction essential in aërial perspective, in which he is so great, and contributing to the general harmony. He observed the same principle in his shades, representing the reflection of colour upon each in so delicate a degree, that, though using them so abundantly, his shadows are always varied like nature, never monotonous. He disposed the masses of his lights and shades with an art purely natural in its foundation, but in the selection and effect altogether ideal.'—vol. vi. pp. 107, 108.

If it be pleasing and instructive to mark the rise, trace the progress, and describe the consummation of art, it is equally painful and uninstructive to show its decay, its gradual decrease in splendour, and its descent into the oblivion of mediocrity. The same story serves for every school, and for every community, and for every nation. A great genius arose who carried art as high as human nature could ascend, and left numerous followers and disciples, whose scattered talents, when combined together, formed something a little inferior to the single excellence of their master. From generation to generation a portion of the original spirit descended; its brightness lessened, and its lustre decayed. From imitators of the soul and sentiment of their master, they became imitators of his productions; then degenerated into servile copyists; and their ineffectual efforts at keeping the lamp burning which genius had kindled, resembled an attempt made to continue the light of day by gas or phosphorus. In thus closing our account of Italian painting, we are not insensible of having omitted the names of many men of note, for whose productions we have a high esteem. We could have swelled our limited list with men who were an honour to their country and to their profession; but we wished more to dwell upon the names and merits of those who are esteemed masters in their calling, whose labours stand at the head of the class to which they belong, and who impressed upon the world a strong sense of their original vigour and capacity. The history of Italian painting from their period of glory is the decline

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decline of art; and though there are many artists of eminence who shone out amid their duller companions, there are few whose genius had the power of creating a new sensation, or of restoring the fallen dignity of their art.

To Rome the students of all nations flock, with the hope of profiting by gazing on the unattainable excellence of Raphael or Correggio, and with the belief that the very air of the Capitol or the Sistine chapel will elevate and inspire them. But men will only profit according to their capacity; those who go dull to Rome will come dull away; a pebble cannot be polished into a diamond, nor an eminent artist made out of a man whose soul has not already been fashioned for excellence by the hand of nature. This is not, we apprehend, according to the belief of many artists, and we know it is in another spirit than the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds: it will, however, be found true on trial. The finest skill and the most unceasing labour are as vain without genius, as without them genius is equally useless; and we are pained to see many fine free-spirited young men carried annually away with the belief that the canvass which they smear, or the clay which they smooth, are certain indications of their future excellence, and that they have only to listen to the professor's lessons, and copy the models which the Academy recommend, to ensure fame and fortune.

The admirable work of Luigi Lanzi has been recently translated into English by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, a gentleman whose varied knowledge in foreign literature entitles him to much respect. His name is sufficiently known to the public to need any great recommendation at our hands; but we must indeed say that the translator has conferred a great benefit on that portion of his readers, who are not professed Italian scholars. The work of Lanzi is full of difficulties, even to Italians themselves, on account of the terms of art with which almost every page is full: it thus very much redounds to the credit of Mr. Roscoe to have produced so excellent and faithful a translation, and written wherewithal with great elegance of diction. Of this our readers cannot fail to be at once convinced, when we inform them that he was materially assisted by his own respectable father; by Mr. W. H. Ottley; by Dr. Traile; and by Signor Panizzi, at present resident at Liverpool, one of the profoundest scholars and best of Italian critics; and lately, for his abilities, elected to a professorial Chair of the London University.

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ART. IV.—*Obras Postumas de* Don Nicolas Fernandez de Moratin, entre los Arcades de Roma, Flumisbo Thermodonciaco. Barcelona. En la Imprenta de la Viuda De Roca.

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TO convey an adequate idea of the respective performances of the two Moratins, would require more space than we are now able to afford; for it would be necessary to trace the revolution which literary taste has undergone in Spain since the middle of the eighteenth century. We will, for the present, speak only of the Father who, as early as the reign of Ferdinand VI., commenced to labour strenuously in the reform and improvement of the belles-lettres. Then it was that an encouragement, long unknown, was given to useful establishments, as well as to men of talents, who, imitating the examples of (among others) a Marquess de Villena, and a Father Feijoo, employed their influence and learning in the restoration of that literature which had gradually fallen with the decline of the monarchy during the latter part of the reign of the Austrian Charles II.

D. Nicolas Moratin was born at Madrid in the year 1737, and died in 1780, leaving his son D. Leandro, although young, already placed under the wing of the muses, and pursuing his studies under their best auspices. During the reign of Ferdinand VI., Nicolas received the first rudiments of his education at the royal residence of San Ildefonso, whither Queen Isabel Pharnese, widow of Philip V., had retired, retaining in her service, as master of her wardrobe and jewels, the elder Moratin. Nicolas afterwards performed a course of philosophy under the Jesuits of Calatayud; took a degree in law at Valladolid, and returning to San Ildefonso, he married to the satisfaction of the Queen, who bestowed upon him the employment held by his father. When the Queen Dowager left her retirement to take charge of the government of the kingdom, till her son arrived in Spain from Naples, Moratin accompanied her to Madrid, and from that time, began to display his sound judgment, learning, and rising genius, and to improve himself by his intercourse and intimacy with the most distinguished writers and artists of the capital. The far-famed musician, Mison; the celebrated sculptor, Castro; the incomparable actress, Ladvenant; the learned humanists, Juan de Iriarte, Father Flores, Montiano Luyando, and Velazquez, esteemed and favoured him, and their success gave birth to that generous emulation, which, alone, is the parent of all excellence, and which stimulated him in his high career. The *Poetica* of Luzan had been previously published, in 1730, purposely intended to restore that particular branch of literature; but neither its judicious precepts, nor the examples with which they were supported, in lyrical poetry at least, had produced any effect,



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even so late as 1760. The theatre, abandoned to the whims of the populace, and flattered by weak writers, who fawningly courted public applause for their own mis-begotten, and mis-shapen efforts, had not adopted the improved principles inculcated in the two regular, although weak, tragedies of Montiano; nor had it profited by the critical discourses by which these two publications were adorned: in a word, when Charles III. assumed the sceptre of Spain, all the branches of national poetry were tainted with the most thorough corruption. The accession of this monarch, however, was accompanied by the fondest hopes in favour of intellectual improvement. Economical societies were organized in almost all the principal cities, extending their benign influence to the academies already established; new literary institutions were projected; a reasonable freedom of the press allowed; a considerable number of scientific and literary journals published, whilst all these powerful stimulants tended to give a new and extraordinary impulse to good taste, sound criticism, and deep erudition.

It was then that Nicolas Moratin composed his comedy of the Petimetra, and his tragedy of Lucrecia, both scrupulously preserved within the strict unities and the prescribed rules of the classics. The Petimetra, however, certainly wants comic force, propriety, and correctness of style; and, moreover, exhibits many of the defects of the old school, although it contains portions worthy of the master's hand. The Lucrecia, doubtless, has more merit; many passages in it are, indeed, highly estimable; but the argument is not the most happy; the story does not proceed with that rapidity, warmth and ease, requisite for exciting deep interest in an audience; nor is the style, at all times, adapted to the sublimity of tragic severity. Nevertheless, Moratin and Montiano, on account of these essays, to which were affixed some excellent rules of criticism, may be ranked as the first who laboured in the reform of the Spanish theatre, and, in great measure, attained their laudable ends. True it is, that they did not themselves see their pieces performed, because the theatre was still under the administration of men remarked for their bad taste, or confided to ignorant performers, and overawed by an insolent and unruly mob. It had not then given up the irregularities of which Calderon is guilty in his moments of cloudyheadedness and wild declamation, nor the extravagance of performing the 'Autos Sacramentales.'

The productions of these two authors, (which gave rise to innumerable literary discussions and criticisms from the best writers,) followed as they were, from the pen of the first, by three discourses under the title of 'Desengaños al Teatro Español,' drove away all prejudices, and established greater freedom and greater latitude

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latitude for the efforts of those individuals who succeeded them in the dramatic horizon. The Numancia of Ayala; the Sancho Garcia of Cadalso, and the Raquel of Huerta, gave fresh credit to the reforms in tragedy; whilst young D. Tomas de Iriarte, by his pieces of 'Hacer que hacemos;' the 'Señorito mimado;' the 'Señorita mal criada,' and afterwards Jovellanos, by his 'Delincuente Honrado,' placed comedy on that respectable footing where it was found by Moratin the younger, who, it must be candidly confessed, has since carried it to the highest degree of excellence in Spain.

The earliest and most remarkable effect, however, produced by the Desengaños, was a prohibition for the performance of the Mysteries: a prohibition enforced by an edict of the government, published immediately after the appearance of the third discourse. This was a period really memorable in the annals of the Spanish theatre, because it not only opened the road to good taste, by drawing the attention of an inconsiderate people to spectacles of a more reasonable nature; but it roused the literary spirit of a nation which was accused of retaining the same taste in the eighteenth century, which had distinguished the barbarous ages. This triumph was so much the more glorious, as it was in spite of the comedians themselves; in spite of the many patrons of the actresses, at all times powerful parties, as well as of the fanatics, who maintained their old irreverent *Autos*, in opposition to the dogmas of religion, and the precepts of the Holy Scriptures.

Nicolas Moratin's care to restore lyrical poetry is not less deserving of praise; his productions in this respect are even more admirable than his plays. The most learned persons at the Spanish court, as well natives as foreigners, from that period, honoured him with their friendship and protection. The academy of the Arcades of Rome admitted him among its members, whilst the Marquess de Ossun, the French ambassador, and friend of Charles III., honoured him with his patronage, which brought him in literary contact with the most distinguished writers of Louis XV.'s court. His friendship was sought by Napoli Signorelli, Bernascone, Conti, Bodoni, and other celebrated Italians. The minister Llaguno y Amirola, the deserving translator of Athalie, joined Montiano in the esteem which he entertained for Moratin; whilst the scientific botanist and accomplished humanist, Ortega; the polished translator of Buffon, Clavijo Fajardo, also editor of the *Pensador*, the first journal of those times; and many other distinguished literary characters, lauded his efforts and sought his personal intercourse.

Thus encouraged, he collected together some fugitive pieces of poetry and published them, in the form of a journal, called



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*El Poeta.* Soon afterwards, he sent forth 'La Diana, or the Art of Hunting,' a didactic poem, addressed to the Infante Don Luis. Of his productions of the dramatic class, we have already said sufficient for our present purpose, on the score of their intrinsic worth, since we ourselves only consider them as of a very secondary order. It must, however, be acknowledged, that their results were extremely useful; but his lyrical compositions deserve, in our opinion, more particular notice. His son Leandro (author of the Biographical Sketch whence we have drawn the present notice) tells us, that he printed them himself in Barcelona, in 1821, scrupulously following the manuscript collection which his father delivered to his friend Bernascone, corrected and signed with his own hand, a few months previously to his death. 'The only liberty which has appeared to me excusable,' says the editor, 'has been to include some extremely select fragments of the poem of *La Diana*, and of the tragedies of Lucrecia, Hormesinda and Guzman.' These two last pieces are to be added to those which we have already noticed, among the dramatic essays of the elder Moratin. Hormesinda, which is undoubtedly the best, although still far from being perfect, was performed with applause, and shortly afterwards printed by his friend, Bernascone, accompanied by a learned preface in answer to the criticisms levelled against the composition; but all the resolution of the great Count de Aranda, firmly disposed to patronize the author, was found necessary to sustain it on the boards, in consequence of the decided opposition of the anti-reformist performers, who, with the greatest infatuation, set their faces against what they called 'French taste.' In our own days, the same argument has been treated under the title of *Pelayo*, by Quintana.

Moratin's tragedy of Guzman el Bueno was printed with a dedication to the Duke de Medina Sidonia, one of the author's warmest patrons, but it was not performed, although it contains several good passages. The Barcelona edition of Moratin's works, which has been reprinted in London, contains very few of the pieces which we have seen in an extremely rare collection,* which includes every thing, in prose and verse, in lyrical and dramatic poetry, published during the lifetime of the author, or soon after his death. It must, however, be acknowledged that the Barcelona edition is the most choice collection of the author's early productions. It is not indeed easy to conceive, and much

* Salva's catalogue, No. 1507.—It must be known to every lover of Spanish Literature, that the acquisition of Spanish and Portuguese books is attended with the greatest difficulty; at least we, who have constant occasion for such books, for the purposes of our Review, know the difficulty but too well.—It therefore gives us unqualified pleasure to recommend to our readers this most intelligent foreigner, and his collection of rare as well as modern Spanish and Portuguese publications.

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less was it to be expected, that a youth educated in the palace, according to the French style introduced by the reigning dynasty; placed in constant communication with French literati and Spanish scholars, decidedly partial to the muses of the Seine, and with them anxiously labouring to reform the vices of Spanish poetry, according to the models of Racine and Molière, and conformably to the principles of Boileau and the Parisian Academy; should display the fire, originality, and the peculiar character of the genuine Spanish national poetry, accompanied by a vigour and exuberance of style, a purity and chasteness of language, scarcely found in the modern writers of the French school.

In his Posthumous works, Moratin presents us with admirable examples of poetry, really Spanish, both when he breathes the tender passion of love, or describes the national amusements; when, in emulation of the ancient romance, he sings the amours of the frantic Moor, and the chivalrous deeds of the renowned Cid Rui Diaz; when he transforms into Castilian verse, the choice delicacies of a Horace; or when, in short, he sounds the martial strain, and in heroic numbers describes the most daring deeds performed by the great conqueror of Mexico. Even in his poem of the Chase, the peculiar character of the Spanish muse is still distinguishable, although she comes too much encumbered with antiquated garments and the old fashioned and exploded finery of classic fiction.

The part, however, in which the fertility of his genius, the richness of his fancy, the fervour of his verses, the boldness of his flights and the ease and elegance of his style, are most remarkable, is, undoubtedly, in his Romances.

Not only the true poet is manifest throughout, but the polished scholar, well versed in the history and ancient customs of his native country, formed by an unwearied and tasteful perusal of the best Castilian chroniclers. In proof of this, we may quote the six productions, entitled 'Amor y Honor,' 'Don Sancho en Zamora,' 'Abdalcadir y Galiana,' 'Consuelo de una Ausencia,' 'Fiestas de toros en Madrid,' (the latter written in the measure called *quintillas*, but belonging to the romance style), and 'La Empresa de Micer Jaques Borgoñon.' Each of these pieces is distinguished by its peculiar merit, although the most interesting, in our opinion, is 'Don Sancho en Zamora.'

We will endeavour to give the reader a faint idea of its excellence, by the following partial translation:—Three Spanish cavaliers, riding along the banks of the Duero, direct their course to Zamora, at that time defended by the Infanta Doña Urraca against the ambitious pretensions of her brother, King Sancho, who seeks to deprive her of that portion of her paternal inheritance.

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ance. They reach the wall, make themselves known, and prove to be the king, the invincible Cid, Rodrigo de Vibar, and the valiant Lara. Doña Urraca, still in mourning for the death of the king, her father, ascending a watch-tower, reproaches her brother in the following words:—

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"King Don Sancho, king Don Sancho,
Matchless in thy deeds confest,
Com'st thou with thy naked falchion
'Gainst a feeble woman's breast?

"Dost thou, our royal sire's commands
Thus with thy trembling sister keep?
Oh, on the Knight who scorns the dead,
Full sorely fall my curses deep!

"The cruel rigour of thine arms,
Elvira and Garcia feel;
In high Toledo loud demands
Alfonso aid of Moorish steel.

"While fair Castile should proudly call
To Freedom all the sons of Spain,
Thy leaguering trench surrounds my wall,
Thy host spreads slaughter o'er my plain.

"And in Segovia, shout Azarque
And Saracen their festive song;
And in Zocodover their shields
In scutchioned beauty glance along.

"Then be not thou the fatal cause,
That here his way the Moor should speed,
To water in Arlanza's wave,
Or Duraton, his thirsty steed!

"Curse on thy vile ambition, thou
Here seek'st (thy sire's bequest) my lands,
And with thy Christian warriors swords,
Comest to slay my Christian bands.

"Were it not better all our griefs
To lay aside in happy hour?
Then would the Moor, in dread, behold
United Spain's resistless pow'r.

"Well said, Infanta,"—Sancho cried,—
"Hear,—for I seek the very thing,—
The state well knows, my father err'd,—
"I've said,—enough—for I am King!"—

Then did the princess loud complain,
"Ah, proud and haught Castilian knight—
He for his dauntless heart renown'd,
He with his scarf all yellow bright;

"He, of the gorget strangely wrought,
And coat of mail of silver chas'd,
And gilded spurs, which these my hands
Upon his iron heels have plac'd.

"I dream'd not—that his naked sword
He 'gainst my panting heart would lift;
When he should bring me royal heads,
As tributes, and a marriage gift!

Rey Don Sancho, rey Don Sancho
El ardido en las batallas,
Valiente contra una débil
Muger sin culpa y tu hermana:

Asi del Rey nuestro padre
La disposicion se guarda?
¡Oh mal haya el caballero
Que al finado no le acata!

Sufren Elvira y Garcia
Los rigores de tus armas,
Y allá en Toledo á los moros
Favor Alfonso demanda.

Cuando debiera Castilla
Libertar á toda España,
Con foso cercas mi muro,
Tu hueste mis campos tala.

Y Azarques y Sarracinos
En Segovia juegan cañas
Y en Zocodover con cifras,
Resplandecen sus adargas.

Y guarte no llegue el dia
Que dándoles tú la causa,
Vengan á beber sus yeguas
Del Duraton y el Arlanza.

Ambicionando lo ageno
Que tu padre nos dejara,
Con los cristianos aceros
Viertes la sangre cristiana.

¡Oh! cuanto fuera mejor
Esas iras emplearlas
Contra quien viera lo que es
Unido el poder de España!

Eso mismo quiero yo,
Responde Don Sancho, infanta;
Mi padre erró, juzgue el mundo,
Soi Rei. Eso digo y basta.

Entonces ella quejosa,
Prosiguió con voces altas—
¡Ah! soberbio castellano
El de la amarilla banda,

El de grabado gorjal
Y rapacejos de plata,
El de la dorada espuela
Que yo le calzé; cuitada!

¿Quién creyera que tizona
Contra mí se desnudara,
Quando cabezas de reyes
Pensé me diera por arras?

"Fond

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"Fond hope hath led my impassion'd soul
To soar too high in vain pretence!
I know what I have well deserved—
And what hath been my recompense!"

Then Don Rodrigo de Vibar,
Deep shame made red thy manly cheek,
Thy soul was struck, and troubled sore,—
Essay'd these words thy lips to speak.

"Señora, know I serve my king,
Thy griefs afflict my wounded soul;—
'Tis love, Infanta, wills it so,
Love's power what mortal can controul?"

Then Béllido Dolfós uprose
From out the rabble multitude;—
The son of Dolfos Bellido,
For cunning famed, and forth he stood.

And cried—"Spite of the noble Cid
With life Don Sancho ne'er shall hie,
To lay him in his royal tent,—
Tho' I a thousand deaths should die."

Diego Ordoñez de Lara,
With eye of fire and furious mien,
Rowelled full deep his courser's side,
And forward rush'd with slacken'd rein,

Shouting, "Ye all are traitors base,
That in Zamora, crouching stand,—
I'll prove it in the marshall'd plain,
With knight to knight, and hand to hand."

When Arias Gonzálo heard
These levelled words of haughty scorn,
He cried—"King Sancho's cavaliers,
Ye must not slur the noble born.

'For know within Zamora's walls,
As noble knights as ye are, dwell;
Whom ye in manly grace and worth,
And valour true, can ne'er excel.

"As for your proud defiance, lords,
My valiant sons yet live—and hear—
If honour stir their hearts—my blood
Will hold their fame than life more dear."

Thus Arias Gonzalo spake,
And on his dark designs intent,
Bellido Dolfos, traitor, from
The battlements his footsteps bent.

Esto espero del amor,
La muger apasionada.
Bien sé lo que mereci,
Bien sé cómo se me paga.

Don Rodrigo de Vibar,
Con la color demudada,
Turbado la respondiera,
Formando mal las palabras.

Señora, sirvo á mi rei,
Tu afan me pesa en el alma;
Lo demas hízolo amor,
Contra amor ninguno basta.

Entre multitud plebeya
Bellido Dolfos estaba,
Hijo de Dolfos Bellido,
Muy artero de asechanzas.

Y dijo: á pesar del Cid,
No irá á sus tiendas mañana
El Rei Don Sancho con vida,
Si mil vidas me costara.

Oyendo tales razones,
Con semblante y vista airada,
Arremetió su caballo
Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara.

Traidores sois, Zamoranos,
Dice en voz tremenda y alta,
Y os lo haré bueno en el campo,
Cuerpo á cuerpo, y lanza á lanza.

Arias Gonsalo al oir
Que á su ciudad denostaban,
Caballeros, los del Rei,
Gritó, no digais infamia;

Que hai hidalgos en Zamora,
De nobleza tan preciada,
Que ni en virtud ni en valor,
Otro alguno les iguala.

Y en cuanto al reto, mis hijos
Viven, y si honor los llama,
Caballeros de mi sangre,
Estiman la vida en nada.

Esto dijo Arias Gonzalo:
Y con astucia villana,
El traidor Bellido Dolfos
Se apartó de la muralla.

We have only extracted from this romance the most dramatic passage which it contains; nor have we even alluded to the minute descriptions of the arms and trappings of the combatants, and the other circumstances, which are described with precision and elegance. This taste for extreme description prevails in the ancient Spanish poetry; but far from being tiresome, it suspends and gratifies the attention. Such also is the prevailing quality of the elder Moratin, even in his compositions modelled after the modern taste. In his beautiful canto of 'Naves de Cortes destruidas,' in octava rima, the whole composition is reduced

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reduced to a series of animated descriptions, well interwoven, and conceived in sonorous and strong verses, abounding in sublime flights and rich ideas, couched in the best chosen and best adapted terms. Cortes reviews his scanty soldiers at Vera Cruz. The poet points out to us the name, character, appearance, and arms of the principal warriors. He introduces Aguilar explaining to the celebrated Doña Marina, the formation and discipline of the troops, until Cortes arrives, who encourages his followers to pursue their hardy enterprise. He ascertains whether there is any one among his companions ready to return to Spain, in order to assert his rights, in opposition to Diego Velazquez, his rival. Two generous youths instantly offer their services and prepare for the voyage; but Satan, vexed that Cortes should continue the propagation of Christianity, convenes his infernal council, and resolves to counteract the projects of the Spanish leader, by exciting a sedition among his soldiers. The commotion commences, and the least experienced of them clamorously urge to return to Spain. Cortes attempts to restore order, by addressing them thus:—

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"And whilst these distant regions ye explore, [country hopes;—
For fresh exploits—my friends, your
On to the battle"—but along the shore
Throng in confusion the impatient troops,
Each strikes his buckler with his naked sword, [depart!"
Shouting—"for Cuba—let us straight
Loudly, from line to line, resounds the word,
While stands the chief unmov'd and stout of heart.

'Aquí estais todos, compañeros fieles,
Nuevos triunfos de vos la patria espera,
Vamos, dijo, á vencer.' Mas los noveles
Coronan impacientes la ribera:
Con las dagas hiriendo en los broqueles
A Cuba, á Cuba, muchedumbre fiera
Repite, y crece su teson é instancia,
Y en el caudillo invicto la constancia.

And when he sees his efforts are in vain,
Forward he goads his stout impetuous steed, [plain,
Which spurns with iron hoof the sandy
And onward rushing with the light'ning speed—
"For safety to your coward fears—no scope
Shall human aid afford"—'Twas thus he spoke,—
"Go—die—or conquer—for your only hope
Shall fall asunder at my Lance's stroke."

Pero ya viendo sus esfuerzos vanos,
Arremetió el caballo poderoso,
Que alza menuda arena con las manos
Al raudo movimiento impetüoso,
Y dice: Auxilios débiles, humanos,
No dén favor al corazon medroso;
O venza ó muera: su única esperanza
Caiga desbecha al tiro de mi lanza.

And in his iron selle then rising high [threw;
His quivering lance with gesture fierce he
The fluttering bandroll waved careeringly—
And hissing loud the thirsty weapon flew
Right at the Amiral (whose cradled prow
The gentle waves in fondness kiss'd around;)
The starbord side he struck with furious blow; [sound!
Whilst echoes from within prolonged the

Y alta la diestra atras con gallardía,
En los estribos todo el cuerpo alzando,
Fulmina el fresno; rápida crugia
La banderilla, y silva rehilando,
Y á la nao capitana, á quien mecia
Crespa mareta llega atravesando
La banda de estribor, y al golpe duro
El eco repitió su centro obscuro.

Quickly then vanish'd the armada's pride,—
The Spanish knights, all faithful to their Chief,

A pique va sin tempestad la armada,
Porque los españoles animados
De honor, en diligencia acelerada

Loosen

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Loosen the vessels to the sportful tide,
And spurn afar the hope of fond relief;
Dreadful the chieftain stands with vizor high,
And look of lordly scorn—portentous—dark,
Forcing the leaders of the mutiny,
To pour destruction on each drifting bark.

Arden, rompen los buques ancorados;
Terror infunde, la visera alzada,
El invicto adalid, y á los soldados
Que mas en el motin monstraron brio,
Hace dar al traves con su navío.

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Thus, in a few moments, disappeared Cortes' fleet, by which means he reduced his people to the inevitable alternative of conquering or dying under his command. Among the circling volumes of smoke, a white pigeon suddenly appears, directing its flight towards Mexico. This Cortes takes as a favourable sign from heaven, and concludes by inspiring his soldiers with confidence. The whole of this 'canto epico' is most beautiful; but we cannot resist the temptation of pointing out a passage, which will appear curious to an English reader. Satan, speaking of Cortes, says thus:—

Mas ay! que ese adalid, el mismo dia
Que nacer vimos al sajon Lutero,
Nació tambien, para la afrenta mia,
Pues pierdo en él cuanto en esotro adquiero.

In the songs, especially those in short verse, he is extremely delicate and mellifluous, and his sublime lyrics resound with the true Pindaric inspiration. We cannot withhold the following, taken from an ode addressed to the famous bull-fighter, Pedro Romero, whom he describes in the attitude of striking his fierce antagonist to the ground with one thrust of his sword.

Along the Plaza mov'd the gallant youth,
With head erect, and manly pride;—
Nor is there one from out the croud, in sooth!
Who may his boding fears and pity hide.—
Yet with smooth brow, and beauteous face,
He scorns the danger that awaits him there:—
Scarce had the down begun to grace [dare
His lip, yet conscious courage bids him
The fierce encounter—for he feels inspired,
E'en as of old Pelides young was fir'd!—
Then onward doth he to the combat go,—
With what a gait of lordliness,
And manly grace and gentleness!—
And in the midst the Spanish athlete low
Bends to the fair—whose eyes all joyous glow
With hopes—while cymbals loudly sound and trumpets blow!

Pasea la gran plaza el animoso
Mancebo, que la vista
Lleva de todos, su altivez mostrando;
No hai corazon que esquivo le resista.
Sereno el rostro hermoso,
Desprecia el riesgo que le está esperando:
Le va apenas ornando
El bozo el labio superior, y el brio
Muestra y valor en años juveniles,
Del iracundo Aquíles.
Va ufano al espantoso desafío;
¡Con cuanto señorío!
¡Que ademan varonil, que gentileza!
Pides la venia, hispano atleta, y sales
En medio con braveza,
Que llaman ya las trompas y timbales.

More valiant look'd not Æson's godlike son,
(When first in Colchian lands he stepp'd,
And breathing fury, tamed the beasts of Mars,)
When from his covert close impetuous
The fierce and pain bemaddened bull,
Fed where the Jarama's blue waters
Thou like a god, of valour full, [flow.

No se miró Jason tan fieramente
En Colcos embestido
Por los toros de Marte, ardiendo en llama,
Como precipitado y encendido,
Sale el bruto valiente,
Que en las márgenes corvas de Jarama
Rumió la seca grama.
Tú le esperas, á un número semejante;
Await'st

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Await'st the onset—in that listed field,
Thy sole defence a simple shield,
Weak safeguard 'gainst so fierce a foe.
With left foot fixed in the ground,
And breast expos'd—thou proudly look'st around.
And in thy ample sinewy right hand
(Flung nobly back,—while smiles irradiant play
Around thy lips)—a flaming brand
Is wav'd—which Mars might covet in the battle fray!

Solo con débil, aparente escudo,
Que dar mas terror pudo.
El pié siniestro y mano están delante,
Ofrécesle arrogante,
Tu corazon que hiera, el diestro brazo
Tirado atras con alta gallardía;
Deslumbra hasta el recazo,
La espada que Mavorte envidiaria.

Save that the hearts of all are throbbing loud,
Within each pale spectator's breast,—
Deep silence hovered o'er the astonished crowd;
And on each lady's cheek had fear impress'd
A mark—to make their lovers frown,
And feel the pangs of jealousy:—
With breath suppress'd and strained eye,
The crowd in deep attention wait,
To see their youthful champion's fate;—
Called at the signal—forth the Bull hath flown,
Bellowing with fury, breathing fire,
And mad with ire.
'Midst his career he sudden stops to look
Upon the Matadore's wind-wafted cloak—
(In shape as huge as the Phalarian brute,)
He snorts, recoils, and eager to assail,
He proudly shakes aloft his ample front,
And scatters wide the sand, and points his lengthened tail.*

Horror pálido cubre los semblantes,
En trasudor bañados,
Del infinito vulgo silencioso.
Das á las tiernas damas mil cuidados
Y envidia á sus amantes.
Todo el concurso atiende pavoroso
El fin de este dudoso
Trance; la fiera que llamó el silvido
A ti corre veloz, ardiendo en ira,
Y amenazando mira
El rojo velo al viento suspendido.
Da tremendo bramido
Como el toro de Fálaris ardiente;
Hacese atras, resopla, cabecea,
Eriza la ancha frente,
La tierra escarba, y larga cola ondea.

This last extract reminds us of another work of our poet, entitled, 'An Historical Letter on the Origin and Progress of Bull-fights in Spain,' in which he shows that this amusement was not taken from the Romans, but always peculiar to the Spanish nation.

In 1766, Nicolas Moratin continued equally ardent in his endeavours to reform the public taste in literature; but the political difficulties which occurred about that time rendered the government suspicious and watchful, and contributed, in great measure, to alter the benign plans and intentions of the reigning monarch. Taking advantage of the king's disposition, the party, which prepared the revolution, gained influence and power, and hoped to effect its purpose of changing the ministry, and inducing an order of things conformable to their peculiar views and wishes. At length a tumult took place at Madrid, when Count de Aranda, a man of great learning and firmness of character, was made president of the council, and captain-general of New Castile; the Jesuits were expelled, and,

* The description of the bull-fight, in the first canto of 'Childe Harold,' particularly in stanzas 74, 75, is a complete imitation, not to say plagiarism from Moratin. Lord Byron had not the candour to acknowledge the fact.

under

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under the protection of the government, a number of writings were published, for the purpose of throwing discredit on the principles, and moral and political conduct of that society. The Count de Aranda wished Nicolas Moratin to employ his pen in this contest; but he answered in the words of Tasso's Jerusalem,

Nessuna a me col busto essangue e muto
Riman più guerra: egli morì qual forte.

In return, the Count smiled, and observing, that Tasso was an excellent poet, quickly changed the conversation. Shortly afterwards, Moratin became a candidate for the professor's chair of poetry, in the Royal College of Madrid, together with his friend Ayala, when the latter was elected. But their friendship was so far from being interrupted, that Ayala left Moratin as his substitute, during a lengthened absence which had become necessary for the recovery of his health.

Moratin, incapable of converting to his own advantage the favour which he enjoyed with the Infantes, the king's brothers —with the Count de Aranda—the Dukes of Arcos and Medina-Sidonia—with Roda, Campomanes, Bayer, Llaguno—with the ambassadors of Venice and France, and with other persons of great weight and influence at court, yet compelled to provide for his domestic wants, resumed the law, and in 1772 was received as an advocate in the legal corporation of Madrid. His genius, however, was not adapted to the profession; at least, so as to realise a fortune by his exertions; and hence he never lost sight of the Muses, in the midst of the law jargon which dinned around him. When Count Aranda was appointed ambassador at Paris, nearly all the literary characters, who had tasted his favours and patronage, adopted the prudent measure of withdrawing themselves from the public eye. They nevertheless frequently assembled, in a friendly manner, in the old hotel of St. Sebastian; by which name their meeting was afterwards called. Here brilliant talents were displayed; and the productions of Nicolas Moratin, jointly with those of his friends Ayala, Cerdá, Rios, Cadalso, Muñoz, Iriarte, Signorelli, Conti, Bernascone, and other scholars, enlivened the literary circle. There many of the works, which we now read with pleasure and consider as so many flowers of Spanish literature, had their origin. There, Conti formed the project of his excellent translation of the best Spanish poets into Italian verse; there, also, Signorelli traced the plan of his excellent Critical History of the Theatres. In both works, the elder Moratin had a great share, by his advice and illustrations. It is, indeed, a fact, that the same writer, who had most severely censured the defects of the Spanish dramatic writers, was the very person to teach a foreigner how to render to them that justice which, in many respects, they deserve, when

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when we duly consider the numerous beauties scattered about in the irregular dramatic compositions of, among others, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Moreto, Rojas, Tirso de Molina, and Alarcon.

Nicolas Moratin was extremely fluent in the composition of verses, as well as in the production of inventive poetry. This may be seen from the ease and smoothness with which his lines flow: a facility particularly proved by the circumstance of the Duke de Medina-Sidonia requesting him to compose an extempore comedy in commemoration of the defence of Melilla, in the year 1775, which, in six hours, he dictated to an amanuensis. Charles III. saw and admired it; but he did not wish to have it represented, observing, 'The war with the Moors is not terminated; these happy successes may be followed by some misfortune; let us wait till peace is made.' In the month of July, in the same year, happened the unfortunate attack on Algiers.

The instance, however, in which Moratin's talent for extempore verses shone most conspicuously, was, in the contest which he sustained, in the presence of the above nobleman and a select party of literary men, against the Italian poet Talassi, celebrated for his peculiar ability for improvising, and who considered himself as unsurpassed in his art. Talassi was not an ordinary extempore declaimer. He delivered his extemporaneous strains in a tasteful manner; with good images, pure diction, and in easy, melodious, and smooth verses. He had, moreover, the advantage of versifying in Italian, a language particularly adapted to extempore composition, owing to its copiousness, and, in a certain degree, consecrated to this department, through the facility of applying passages, and even entire verses, belonging to other authors; an advantage very difficult to attain in any other language, as long as the art of extemporising poetry is not encouraged, cultivated, and converted into a sure means of obtaining esteem and rewards. Moratin, however, could not excuse himself from this unequal contest. The subject which by lot fell to Talassi, was the Death of Adonis, and to Moratin, the Passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. Each competitor excited the admiration of a numerous audience; and it must be confessed, that, although in the preference which the Spaniard obtained there might have been something of a national spirit, our author nevertheless established his reputation as a poet, and the honour and credit of Castilian poetry, by thus entering the lists with his renowned antagonist.

Moratin next wrote a 'Memoir on the means of encouraging the Agriculture of Spain, without injuring the breed of Cattle' —an estimable production; on account of which he was elected to a seat in the Economic Society of Madrid, the only public literary

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literary body of which he wished to become a member. He was invited to solicit the honour of Spanish academician, but he always felt a repugnance to accept the distinction; and his motives for it are thus explained by himself, in a letter to Llaguno:—

'No one becomes a monk of St. Benedict, if the rules of St. Benedict do not please him. I do not like the regulations of the Academy, and, until they institute others, I will never become a member of that body. Solid merit ought to find the road open to the academical chair, Señor D. Eugenio: favours and interest ought not to be the stepping-stone. The Academy, to be worth any thing, requires the aid of learned men; whilst these last do not stand in need of the Academy. What an absurdity, forsooth, to solicit by petition the situation of Royal Academician, as though I were on my knees begging the privilege of the "Estanquillo!"* Owing to this, it is, that our literary corporations are thought so little of in polished Europe. Any one who looks over the list of their members, with few exceptions, will believe that he is reading a return of the brotherhood of a charitable asylum. This scarcity of men of merit is not made up with ribands and orders, which, there, are of no use. Such things appear very well at the foot of the throne; but, in a scientific corporation, they are out of season, ridiculous, and inconsistent. As unjust would it appear to me to see Ayala with the Great Cross of Charles III., or the uniform of Chamberlain, for writing his "Numancia," as it is to see an ignorant man seated in an academical chair, because his name is Osorio, Manrique, or Tellez Giron. As long as these incongruities are not remedied, I repeat—as long as new regulations are not instituted, our academies will serve only as an outward show of what does not exist within, or, at most, to add another page to our annual court calendar.'

It is not strange, therefore, that professing, as Moratin did, such sentiments as these, the beautiful canto of 'Las Naves de Cortes' should not have been deemed worthy of securing to its author the *accessit*, notwithstanding it is indisputably superior to that of D. José Vaca de Guzman, which was crowned with success, and published under the auspices of the Academy.

From this period, Moratin, in his leisure moments, devoted himself to the classification and last polish of his productions; and although many of them have been lost, it is extremely fortunate that the present collection of his poems has been preserved. Various small pieces of his composition, in prose, have not been equally fortunate; nor has any part of his correspondence with Bayer, Conti, Llaguno, and Cadalso, the whole of which was devoted to the discussion of critical and learned topics. The specimen which we have given above of his epistolary style certainly increases our regret at a loss from the judicial searches and seizures which Moratin's family papers underwent, in the latter years of persecution and

* Estanquillo signifies a license for selling tobacco retail, on account of the government, in one of the small shops known by that name.

violence

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violence, of which Spain was the unfortunate theatre. How useful and agreeable, indeed, would be the perusal of his letters addressed to Cadalso, when, in Salamanca, the latter was directing the poetic genius of the young Melendez, by following the observations and advice which Moratin was transmitting him from Madrid! The muse of the Spanish Anacreon is, in great measure, the formation of Nicolas Moratin; and even, in the absence of all other titles which we have already enumerated, this alone would suffice to secure to the master the proud distinction of being one of the foremost among the restorers of Castilian poetry in the present century. His claims to admiration are still of a higher class. What exists of Moratin—nay, the little volume of his posthumous works before us—amply suffices to rank him as a poet of the first order, and to recommend him to foreigners as one of the most deserving writers of the modern Spanish school.

Possibly, if he had not taken such great pains to promote theatrical reforms, the fecundity of his mind would have furnished us with works of still greater merit; but, by what he did compose, he avowedly holds a preeminent place in the literature of his country, and is entitled to more gratitude from his countrymen, by advantageously distinguishing himself from the servile imitators of the French school. Being one day asked, who were the classical poets of various nations, who ought preferably to be studied, he answered, 'Greek and Spanish, Latin and Spanish, Italian and Spanish, French and Spanish, English and Spanish.'

His own works are a sufficient evidence of his profound study into the language of Spain, its history, its laws, its almost forgotten customs; and that, to the imitation of the most eminent Spanish poets, he added a deep regard for the ancient classics; and also of the Italians and French, by emulating the fanciful flights and harmonious numbers of the first, and the method, exactitude, and precepts of the latter. He found Spanish poetry at the lowest ebb of debasement; and he dared to sustain new principles, and combat inveterate errors, resulting from bad taste, which had been extended to all the branches of literature. He banished from the theatre those absurd pieces which, having originated in the barbarous ages, were afterwards carried to the highest pitch of esteem by a Calderon, the most inventive of all Spanish dramatical writers. He gave to the boards the models and examples of a regularity which had hitherto been considered as impracticable. He improved lyrical poetry, which he found coarse, trivial, abrupt, and in the hands only of ignorant authors. He left it elegant, soft, florid, pathetic, learned, and harmonious.

We shall conclude this portrait, with the following reflection, made by the editor of his poetical works: 'Great difficulties do the arts present, if he who cultivates them is to excel in them; but,

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but, to dare to disregard public opinion and custom—to struggle intrepidly against the obstinacy of ignorance—to find out new ways to obtain success, fix the public taste, and show, by works worthy of applause, the utility of a change, is an undertaking reserved only for those extraordinary talents which nature but rarely produces.' In the next number of our Journal we purpose to consider the Dramatic and Lyrical Works of Nicolas's worthy son and successor, Don Leandro Fernandez de Moratin.

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ART. V.—*Goethe's Sämmtliche Werke. Vollstandige Ausgabe letzter Hand.* (Goethe's Collective Works. Complete Edition, with his final Corrections). First Portion, voll. i.—v. 16mo and 8vo. Cotta. Stuttgard & Tübingen. 1827.

NOVALIS has rather tauntingly asserted of Goethe, that the grand law of his being is to conclude whatsoever he undertakes; that, let him engage in any task, no matter what its difficulties or how small its worth, he cannot quit it till he has mastered its whole secret, finished it, and made the result of it his own. This, surely, whatever Novalis might think, is a quality of which it is far safer to have too much than too little: and if, in a friendlier spirit, we admit that it does strikingly belong to Goethe, these his present occupations will not seem out of harmony with the rest of his life; but rather it may be regarded as a singular constancy of fortune, which now allows him, after completing so many single enterprises, to adjust deliberately the details and combination of the whole; and thus, in perfecting his individual works, to put the last hand to the highest of all his works, his own literary character, and leave the impress of it to posterity in that form and accompaniment which he himself reckons fittest. For the last two years, as many of our readers may know, the venerable Poet has been employed in a patient and thorough revisal of all his Writings; an Edition of which, designated as the 'complete and final' one, was commenced in 1827, under external encouragements of the most flattering sort, and with arrangements for private co-operation which, as we learn, have secured the constant progress of the work 'against every accident.' The first *Lieferung*, of five volumes, is now in our hands; a second, of like extent, we understand to be already on its way hither; and thus by regular 'Deliveries,' from half-year to half-year, the whole Forty Volumes are to be completed in 1831.

To the lover of German literature, or of literature in general, this undertaking will not be indifferent: considering, as he must do, the works of Goethe to be among the most important which Germany for some centuries has sent forth, he will value their correctness

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correctness and completeness for its own sake; and not the less, as forming the conclusion of a long process to which the last step was still wanting; whereby he may not only enjoy the result, but instruct himself by following so great a master through the changes which led to it. We can now add, that, to the mere book-collector also, the business promises to be satisfactory. This Edition, avoiding any attempt at splendour or unnecessary decoration, ranks, nevertheless, in regard to accuracy, convenience, and true, simple elegance, among the best specimens of German typography. The cost, too, seems moderate; so that, on every account, we doubt not but that these tasteful volumes will spread far and wide in their own country, and by and by, we may hope, be met with here in many a British library.

Hitherto, in this First Portion, we have found little or no alteration of what was already known; but, in return, some changes of arrangement; and, what is more important, some additions of heretofore unpublished poems; in particular, a piece entitled '*Helena, a classico-romantic Phantasmagoria*,' which occupies some eighty pages of Volume Fourth. It is to this piece that we now propose directing the attention of our readers. Such of these as have studied *Helena* for themselves, must have felt how little calculated it is, either intrinsically or by its extrinsic relations and allusions, to be rendered very interesting or even very intelligible to the English public, and may incline to augur ill of our enterprise. Indeed, to our own eyes it already looks dubious enough. But the dainty little 'Phantasmagoria,' it would appear, has become a subject of diligent and truly wonderful speculation to our German neighbours; of which, also, some vague rumours seem now to have reached this country, and these likely enough to awaken on all hands a curiosity,* which, whether intelligent or idle, it were a kind of good deed to allay. In a Journal of this sort, what little light on such a matter is at our disposal may naturally be looked for.

*Helena*, like many of Goethe's works, by no means carries its significance written on its forehead, so that he who runs may read; but, on the contrary, it is enveloped in a certain mystery, under coy disguises, which, to hasty readers, may be not only offensively obscure, but altogether provoking and impenetrable. Neither is this any new thing with Goethe. Often has he produced compositions, both in prose and verse, which bring critic and commentator into straits, or even to a total nonplus. Some we have wholly parabolic; some half-literal, half-parabolic; these latter are occasionally studied, by dull heads, in the literal sense alone; and not only studied, but condemned; for, in truth, the

* See, for instance, the 'Athenæum,' No. vii. where an article stands headed with these words: Faust, Helen of Troy, and Lord Byron.

outward

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outward meaning seems unsatisfactory enough, were it not that ever and anon we are reminded of a cunning, manifold meaning which lies hidden under it; and incited by capricious beckonings to evolve this more and more completely from its quaint concealment.

Did we believe that Goethe adopted this mode of writing as a vulgar lure, to confer on his poems the interest which might belong to so many charades, we should hold it a very poor proceeding. Of this, most readers of Goethe will know that he is incapable. Such juggleries, and uncertain anglings for distinction, are a class of accomplishments to which he has never made any pretension. The truth is, this style has, in many cases, its own appropriateness. Certainly, in all matters of Business and Science, in all expositions of fact or argument, clearness and ready comprehensibility are a great, often an indispensable, object. Nor is there any man better aware of this principle than Goethe, or who more rigorously adheres to it, or more happily exemplifies it, wherever it seems applicable. But in this, as in many other respects, Science and Poetry, having separate purposes, may have each its several law. If an artist has conceived his subject in the secret shrine of his own mind, and knows, with a knowledge beyond all power of cavil, that it is true and pure, he may choose his own manner of exhibiting it, and will generally be the fittest to choose it well. One degree of light, he may find, will beseem one delineation; quite a different degree of light another. The Face of Agamemnon was not painted but hidden in the old Picture: the Veiled Figure at Sais was the most expressive in the Temple. In fact, the grand point is to *have* a meaning, a genuine, deep, and noble one; the proper form for embodying this, the form best suited to the subject and to the author, will gather round it almost of its own accord. We profess ourselves unfriendly to no mode of communicating Truth; which we rejoice to meet with in all shapes, from that of the child's Catechism to the deepest poetical Allegory. Nay, the Allegory itself may sometimes be the truest part of the matter. John Bunyan, we hope, is nowise our best theologian; neither, unhappily, is theology our most attractive science; yet, which of our compends and treatises, nay, which of our romances and poems, lives in such mild sunshine as the good old *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the memory of so many men?

Under Goethe's management, this style of composition has often a singular charm. The reader is kept on the alert, ever conscious of his own active co-operation; light breaks on him, and clearer and clearer vision, by degrees; till at last the whole lovely Shape comes forth, definite, it may be, and bright with



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heavenly radiance, or fading, on this side and that, into vague expressive mystery; but true in both cases, and beautiful with nameless enchantments, as the poet's own eye may have beheld it. We love it the more for the labour it has given us; we almost feel as if we ourselves had assisted in its creation. And herein lies the highest merit of a piece, and the proper art of reading it. We have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it. Is it a matter of reasoning, and has he reasoned stupidly and falsely? We should understand the circumstances which, to his mind, made it seem true, or persuaded him to write it, knowing that it was not so. In any other way we do him injustice if we judge him. Is it of poetry? His words are so many symbols, to which we ourselves must furnish the interpretation; or they remain, as in all prosaic minds the words of poetry ever do, a dead letter: indications they are, barren in themselves, but, by following which, we also may reach, or approach, that Hill of Vision where the poet stood, beholding the glorious scene which it is the purport of his poem to show others. A reposing state, in which the Hill were brought under us, not we obliged to mount it, might indeed for the present be more convenient; but, in the end, it could not be equally satisfying. Continuance of passive pleasure, it should never be forgotten, is here, as under all conditions of mortal existence, an impossibility. Everywhere in life, the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*: so, also, in intellectual matters, in conversation, in reading, which is more precise and careful conversation, it is not what we *receive*, but what we are made to *give*, that chiefly contents and profits us. True, the mass of readers will object; because, like the mass of men, they are too indolent. But if any one affect, not the active and watchful, but the passive and somnolent line of study, are there not writers, expressly fashioned for him, enough and to spare? It is but the smaller number of books that become more instructive by a second perusal: the great majority are as perfectly plain as perfect triteness can make them. Yet, if time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all. And were there an artist of a right spirit; a man of wisdom, conscious of his high vocation, of whom we could know beforehand that he had not written without purpose and earnest meditation, that he knew what he had written, and had embodied in it, more or less, the creations of a deep and noble soul,—should we not draw near to him reverently, as disciples to a master; and what task could there be more profitable than to read him as we have described, to study him even to his minutest meanings? For, were not this to think as he had thought, to see with his gifted

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gifted eyes, to make the very mood and feeling of his great and rich mind the mood also of our poor and little one? It is under the consciousness of some such mutual relation that Goethe writes, and his countrymen now reckon themselves bound to read him; a relation singular, we might say solitary, in the present time, but which it is ever necessary to bear in mind in estimating his literary procedure.

To justify it in this particular, much more might be said, were it our chief business at present. But what mainly concerns us here, is, to know that such, justified or not, is the poet's manner of writing; which, also, must prescribe for us a correspondent manner of studying him, if we study him at all. For the rest, on this latter point, he nowhere expresses any undue anxiety. His works have invariably been sent forth without preface, without note or comment of any kind; but left, sometimes plain and direct, sometimes dim and typical, in what degree of clearness or obscurity he himself may have judged best, to be scanned, and glossed, and censured, and distorted, as might please the innumerable multitude of critics; to whose verdicts he has been, for a great part of his life, accused of listening with unwarrantable composure. *Helena* is no exception to that practice, but rather among the strong instances of it. This *Interlude to Faust* presents itself abruptly, under a character not a little enigmatic; so that, at first view, we know not well what to make of it; and only after repeated perusals, will the scattered glimmerings of significance begin to coalesce into continuous light, and the whole, in any measure, rise before us with that greater or less degree of coherence which it may have had in the mind of the poet. Nay, after all, no perfect clearness may be attained, but only various approximations to it; hints and half-glances of a meaning, which is still shrouded in vagueness; nay, to the just picturing of which this very vagueness was essential. For the whole piece has a dream-like character; and, in these cases, no prudent soothsayer will be altogether confident. To our readers we must now endeavour, so far as possible, to show both the dream and its interpretation: the former as it stands written before us; the latter from our own private conjecture alone; for of those strange German comments we yet know nothing except by the faintest hearsay.

*Helena* forms part of a continuation to *Faust;* but, happily for our present undertaking, its connexion with the latter work is much looser than might have been expected. We say, happily; because *Faust*, though considerably talked of in England, appears still to be nowise known. We have made it our duty to inspect the English translation of *Faust*, as well as the Extracts



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which accompany Retzsch's Outlines; and various disquisitions and animadversions, vituperative or laudatory, grounded on these two works; but, unfortunately, have found there no cause to alter the above persuasion. *Faust* is emphatically a work of Art; a work matured in the mysterious depths of a vast and wonderful mind; and bodied forth with that truth and curious felicity of composition, in which this man is generally admitted to have no living rival. To reconstruct such a work in another language; to show it in its hard yet graceful strength; with those slight witching traits of pathos or of sarcasm, those glimpses of solemnity or terror, and so many reflexes and evanescent echoes of meaning, which connect it in strange union with the whole Infinite of Thought,—were business for a man of different powers than has yet attempted German translation among us. In fact, *Faust* is to be read not once but many times, if we would understand it: every line, every word has its purport; and only in such minute inspection will the essential significance of the poem display itself. Perhaps it is even chiefly by following these fainter traces and tokens that the true point of vision for the whole is discovered to us; and we stand at last in the proper scene of Faust; a wild and wonderous region, where in pale light, the primeval Shapes of Chaos, as it were, the Foundations of Being itself, seem to loom forth, dim and huge, in the vague Immensity around us; and the life and nature of Man, with its brief interests, its misery and sin, its mad passion and poor frivolity, struts and frets its hour, encompassed and overlooked by that stupendous All, of which it forms an indissoluble though so mean a fraction. He who would study all this must for a long time, we are afraid, be content to study it in the original.

But our English criticisms of *Faust* have been of a still more unedifying sort. Let any man fancy the *Œdipus Tyrannus* discovered for the first time, translated from an unknown Greek manuscript, by some ready-writing manufacturer, and 'brought out' at Drury-lane, with new music, made 'as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring out of one vessel into another!' Then read the theatrical report in the morning Papers, and the Magazines of next month. Was not the whole affair rather 'heavy'? How indifferent did the audience sit; how little use was made of the handkerchief, except by such as took snuff! Did not Œdipus somewhat remind us of a blubbering schoolboy, and Jocasta of a decayed milliner? Confess that the plot was monstrous; nay, considering the marriage-law of England, highly immoral. On the whole, what a singular deficiency of *taste* must this Sophocles have laboured under! But probably

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bably he was excluded from the 'society of the influential classes:' for, after all, the man is not without indications of genius: had *we* had the training of him—And so on, through all the variations of the critical cornpipe.

So might it have fared with the ancient Grecian; for so has it fared with the only modern that writes in a Grecian spirit. This treatment of *Faust* may deserve to be mentioned, for various reasons; not to be lamented over, because, as in much more important instances, it is inevitable, and lies in the nature of the case. Besides, a better state of things is evidently enough coming round. By and by, the labours, poetical and intellectual, of the Germans, as of other nations, will appear before us in their true shape; and *Faust*, among the rest, will have justice done it. For ourselves, it were unwise presumption, at any time, to pretend opening the full poetical significance of *Faust;* nor is this the place for making such an attempt. Present purposes will be answered if we can point out some general features and bearings of the piece; such as to exhibit its relations with *Helena;* by what contrivances this latter has been intercalated into it, and how far the strange picture and the strange framing it is inclosed in correspond.

The story of Faust forms one of the most remarkable productions of the Middle Ages; or rather it is the most striking embodyment of a highly remarkable belief, which originated or prevailed in those ages. Considered strictly, it may take the rank of a Christian mythus, in the same sense as the story of Prometheus, of Titan, and the like, are Pagan ones; and to our keener inspection, it will disclose a no less impressive or characteristic aspect of the same human nature,—here bright, joyful, self-confident, smiling even in its sternness, there deep, meditative, awe-struck, austere,—in which both they and it took their rise. To us, in these days, it is not easy to estimate how this story of Faust, invested with its magic and infernal horrors, must have harrowed up the souls of a rude and earnest people, in an age when its dialect was not yet obsolete, and such contracts with the Principle of Evil were thought not only credible in general, but possible to every individual auditor who here shuddered at the mention of them. The day of Magic has gone by; Witchcraft has been put a stop to by act of parliament. But the mysterious relations which it emblemed still continue; the Soul of Man still fights with the dark influences of Ignorance, Misery, and Sin; still lacerates itself, like a captive bird, against the iron limits which Necessity has drawn round it; still follows False Shows, seeking peace and good, on paths where no peace or good is to be found. In this sense, *Faust* may still be considered

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considered as true; nay, as a truth of the most impressive sort, and one which will always remain true. To body forth, in modern symbols, a feeling so old and deep-rooted in our whole European way of thought, were a task not unworthy of the highest poetical genius. In Germany, accordingly, it has several times been attempted, and with very various success. Klinger has produced a Romance of *Faust*, full of rugged sense, and here and there not without considerable strength of delineation; yet, on the whole, of an essentially unpoetical character; dead, or living with only a mechanical life; coarse, almost gross, and, to our minds, far too redolent of pitch and bitumen. Maler Müller's *Faust*, which is a Drama, must be regarded as a much more genial performance so far as it goes: the secondary characters, the Jews and rakish Students, often remind us of our own Fords and Marlowes. His main persons, however, Faust and the Devil, are but inadequately conceived; Faust is little more than self-willed, supercilious, and, alas, insolvent; the Devils, above all, are savage, long-winded, and insufferably noisy. Besides, the piece has been left in a fragmentary state: it can nowise pass as the best work of Müller's.* Klingemann's Faust, which also is (or lately *was*) a Drama, we have never seen; and have only heard of it as of a tawdry and hollow article, suited for immediate use, and immediate oblivion.

Goethe, we believe, was the first who tried this subject; and is, on all hands, considered as by far the most successful. His manner of treating it appears to us, so far as we can understand it, peculiarly just and happy. He retains the supernatural vesture of the story, but retains it with the consciousness, on his

* Frederic Müller (more commonly called *Maler*, or *Painter* Müller) is here, so far as we know, named for the first time to English readers. Nevertheless, in any solid study of German literature, this author must take precedence of many hundreds whose reputation has travelled faster. But Müller has been unfortunate in his own country, as well as here. At an early age, meeting with no success as a poet, he quitted that art for painting; and retired, perhaps in disgust, into Italy; where also but little preferment seems to have awaited him. His writings, after almost half a century of neglect, were at length brought into sight and general estimation by Ludwig Tieck; at a time when the author might indeed say, that he was 'old and could not enjoy it, solitary and could not impart it,' but not, unhappily, that he was 'known and did not want it,' for his fine genius had yet made for itself no free way amid so many obstructions, and still continued unrewarded and unrecognised. His paintings, chiefly of still-life and animals, are said to possess a true though no very extraordinary merit: but of his poetry we will venture to assert that it bespeaks a genuine feeling and talent, nay, rises at times even into the higher regions of Art. His *Adam's Awakening*, his *Satyr Mopsus*, his *Nusskernen*, (Nutshelling), informed as they are with simple kindly strength, with clear vision, and love of nature, are incomparably the best German or, indeed, modern Idyls; his 'Genoveva' will still stand reading, even with that of Tieck. These things are now acknowledged among the Germans; but to Müller the acknowledgment is of no avail. He died some two years ago at Rome, where he seems to have subsisted latterly, as a sort of picture-cicerone.

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and our part, that it is a chimera. His art-magic comes forth in doubtful twilight; vague in its outline; interwoven everywhere with light sarcasm; nowise as a real Object, but as a real Shadow of an Object, which is also real, yet lies beyond our horizon, and, except in its shadows, cannot itself be seen. Nothing were simpler than to look in this poem for a new 'Satan's Invisible World displayed,' or any effort to excite the sceptical minds of these days by goblins, wizards, and other infernal ware. Such enterprises belong to artists of a different species: Goethe's Devil is a cultivated personage, and acquainted with the modern sciences; sneers at witchcraft and the black-art, even while employing them, as heartily as any member of the French Institute; for he is a *philosophe*, and doubts most things, nay, half disbelieves even his own existence. It is not without a cunning effort that all this is managed; but managed, in a considerable degree, it is; for a world of magic is opened to us which, we might almost say, we feel to be at once true and not true.

In fact, Mephistopheles comes before us, not arrayed in the terrors of Cocytus and Phlegethon, but in the natural indelible deformity of Wickedness; he is the Devil, not of Superstition, but of Knowledge. Here is no cloven foot, or horns and tail: he himself informs us that, during the late march of intellect, the very Devil has participated in the spirit of the age, and laid these appendages aside. Doubtless, Mephistopheles 'has the manners of a gentleman;' he 'knows the world;' nothing can exceed the easy tact with which he manages himself; his wit and sarcasm are unlimited; the cool heartfelt contempt with which he despises all things, human and divine, might make the fortune of half a dozen 'fellows about town.' Yet, withal, he is a devil in very deed; a genuine Son of Night. He calls himself the Denier, and this truly is his name; for, as Voltaire did with historical doubts, so does he with all moral appearances; settles them with a *N'en croyez rien*. The shrewd, all-informed intellect he has, is an attorney intellect; it can contradict, but it cannot affirm. With lynx vision, he descries at a glance the ridiculous, the unsuitable, the bad; but for the solemn, the noble, the worthy, he is blind as his ancient Mother. Thus does he go along, qualifying, confuting, despising; on all hands detecting the false, but without force to bring forth, or even to discern, any glimpse of the true. Poor Devil! what truth should there be for him? To see Falsehood is his only Truth: falsehood and evil are the rule, truth and good the exception which confirms it. He can believe in nothing, but in his own self-conceit, and in the indestructible baseness, folly, and hypocrisy of men. For him, virtue is some bubble of the blood:

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blood: 'it stands written on his face that he never loved a living soul.' Nay, he cannot even hate: at Faust himself he has no grudge; he merely tempts him by way of experiment, and to pass the time scientifically. Such a combination of perfect Understanding with perfect Selfishness, of logical Life with moral Death; so universal a denier, both in heart and head,—is undoubtedly a child of Darkness, an emissary of the primeval Nothing; and coming forward, as he does, like a person of breeding, and without any flavour of brimstone, may stand here, in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best and only genuine Devil of these latter times.

In strong contrast with this impersonation of modern worldly-mindedness, stands Faust himself, by nature the antagonist of it, but destined also to be its victim. If Mephistopheles represent the spirit of Denial, Faust may represent that of Inquiry and Endeavour: the two are, by necessity, in conflict; the light and the darkness of man's life and mind. Intrinsically, Faust is a noble being, though no wise one. His desires are towards the high and true; nay, with a whirlwind impetuosity he rushes forth over the Universe to grasp all excellence; his heart yearns towards the infinite and the invisible; only that he knows not the conditions under which alone this is to be attained. Confiding in his feeling of himself, he has started with the tacit persuasions, so natural to all men, that *he* at least, however it may fare with others, shall and must be *happy:* a deep-seated, though only half-conscious conviction lurks in him, that wherever he is not successful, fortune has dealt with him *unjustly*. His purposes are fair, nay, generous: why should he not prosper in them? For in all his lofty aspirings, his strivings after truth and more than human greatness of mind, it has never struck him to inquire how he, the striver, was warranted for such enterprises; with what faculty Nature had equipped him; within what limits she had hemmed him in; by what right *he* pretended to be happy, or could, some short space ago, have pretended to *be* at all. Experience, indeed, will teach him, for 'Experience is the best of schoolmasters; only the school-fees are heavy.' As yet, too, disappointment, which fronts him on every hand, rather maddens than instructs. Faust has spent his youth and manhood, not as others do, in the sunny crowded paths of profit, or among the rosy bowers of pleasure, but darkly and alone in the search of Truth: is it fit that Truth should now hide herself; and his sleepless pilgrimage towards Knowledge and Vision, end in the pale shadow of Doubt? To his dream of a glorious higher happiness, all earthly happiness has been sacrificed; friendship, love, the social rewards of ambition were cheerfully cast aside, for

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for his eye and his heart were bent on a region of clear and supreme good; and now in its stead, he finds isolation, silence, and despair. What solace remains? Virtue once promised to be her own reward; but because she does not pay him in the current coin of worldly enjoyment, he reckons her too a delusion; and, like Brutus, reproaches as a shadow, what he once worshipped as a substance. Whither shall he now tend? For his loadstars have gone out one by one; and as the darkness fell, the strong steady wind has changed into a fierce and aimless tornado. Faust calls himself a monster, 'without object, yet without rest.' The vehement, keen, and stormful nature of the man is stung into fury, as he thinks of all he has endured and lost; he broods in gloomy meditation, and, like Bellerophon, wanders apart, 'eating his own heart;' or, bursting into fiery paroxysms, curses man's whole existence as a mockery; curses hope and faith, and joy and care, and what is worst, 'curses patience more than all the rest.' Had his weak arm the power, he could smite the Universe asunder, as at the crack of Doom, and hurl his own vexed being along with it into the silence of Annihilation.

Thus Faust is a man who has quitted the ways of vulgar men, without light to guide him on a better way. No longer restricted by the sympathies, the common interests and common persuasions by which the mass of mortals, each individually ignorant, nay, it may be, stolid, and altogether blind as to the proper aim of life, are yet held together; and, like stones in the channel of a torrent, by their very multitude and mutual collision, are made to move with some regularity,—he is still but a slave; the slave of impulses, which are stronger, not truer or better, and the more unsafe that they are solitary. He sees the vulgar of mankind happy; but happy only in their baseness. Himself he feels to be peculiar; the victim of a strange, an unexampled destiny; not as other men, he is '*with* them, not *of* them.' There is misery here; nay, as Goethe has elsewhere wisely remarked, the beginning of madness itself. It is only in the sentiment of companionship that men feel safe and assured: to all doubts and mysterious 'questionings of destiny,' their sole satisfying answer is, *Others do and suffer the like.* Were it not for this, the dullest day-drudge of Mammon might think himself into unspeakable abysses of despair; for he, too, is 'fearfully and wonderfully made;' Infinitude and Incomprehensibility surround him on this hand and that; and the vague spectre Death, silent and sure as Time, is advancing at all moments to sweep him away for ever. But he answers, *Others do and suffer the like;* and plods along without misgivings. Were there but One Man in the world, he would be a terror to himself; and

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and the highest man not less so than the lowest. Now it is as this One Man that Faust regards himself: he is divided from his fellows; cannot answer with them, *Others do the like;* and yet, why or how he specially is to *do* or *suffer*, will nowhere reveal itself. For he is still 'in the gall of bitterness'; Pride and an entire uncompromising, though secret love of Self, are still the mainsprings of his conduct. Knowledge with him is precious only because it is power; even virtue he would love chiefly as a finer sort of sensuality, and because it was *his* virtue. A ravenous hunger for enjoyment haunts him everywhere; the stinted allotments of earthly life are as a mockery to him; to the iron law of Force he will not yield, for his heart, though torn, is yet unweakened, and till Humility shall open his eyes, the soft law of Wisdom will be hidden from him.

To invest a man of this character with supernatural powers is but enabling him to repeat his error on a larger scale, to play the same false game with a deeper and more ruinous stake. Go where he may, he will 'find himself again in a conditional world;' widen his sphere as he pleases, he will find it again encircled by the empire of Necessity; the gay island of Existence is again but a fraction of the ancient realm of Night. Were he all-wise and all-powerful, perhaps he might be contented and virtuous; scarcely otherwise. The poorest human soul is infinite in wishes, and the infinite Universe was not made for one, but for all. Vain were it for Faust, by heaping height on height, to struggle towards Infinitude; while to that law of Self-denial, by which alone man's narrow destiny may become an infinitude within itself, he is still a stranger. Such, however, is his attempt: not indeed incited by hope, but goaded on by despair, he unites himself with the Fiend, as with a stronger though a wicked agency; reckless of all issues, if so were that, by these means, the craving of his heart might be stayed, and the dark secret of Destiny unravelled or forgotten.

It is this conflicting union of the higher nature of the soul with the lower elements of human life; of Faust, the son of Light and Free-will, with the influences of Doubt, Denial, and Obstruction, or Mephistopheles, who is the symbol and spokesman of these, that the poet has here proposed to delineate. A high problem; and of which the solution is yet far from completed; nay, perhaps, in a poetical sense, is not, strictly speaking, capable of completion. For it is to be remarked that, in this contract with the Prince of Darkness, little or no mention or allusion is made to a Future Life; whereby it might seem as if the action was not intended, in the manner of the old Legend, to terminate in Faust's perdition; but rather as if

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if an altogether different end must be provided for him. Faust, indeed, wild and wilful as he is, cannot be regarded as a wicked, much less as an utterly reprobate man: we do not reckon him ill-intentioned, but misguided and miserable; he falls into crime, not by purpose, but by accident and blindness. To send him to the Pit of Woe, to render such a character the eternal slave of Mephistopheles, would look like making darkness triumphant over light, blind force over erring reason; or at best, were cutting the Gordian knot, not loosing it. If we mistake not, Goethe's *Faust* will have a finer moral than the old nursery-tale, or the other plays and tales that have been founded on it. Our seared and blighted, yet still noble Faust, will not end in the madness of horror, but in Peace grounded on better Knowledge. Whence that Knowledge is to come, what higher and freer world of Art or Religion may be hovering in the mind of the poet, we will not try to surmise: perhaps in bright aërial emblematic glimpses, he may yet show it us, transient and afar off, yet clear with orient beauty, as a Land of Wonders, and new Poetic Heaven.

With regard to that part of the work already finished, we must here say little more. *Faust*, as it yet stands, is, indeed, only a stating of the difficulty; but a stating of it wisely, truly, and with deepest poetic emphasis. For how many living hearts, even now imprisoned in the perplexities of Doubt, do these wild piercing tones of Faust, his withering agonies and fiery desperation, 'speak the word they have long been waiting to hear!' A nameless pain had long brooded over the soul: here, by some light touch, it starts into form and voice; we see it and know it, and see that another also knew it. This *Faust* is as a mystic Oracle for the mind; a Dodona grove, where the oaks and fountains prophesy to us of our destiny, and murmur unearthly secrets.

How all this is managed, and the poem so curiously fashioned; how the clearest insight is combined with the keenest feeling, and the boldest and wildest imagination; by what soft and skilful finishing these so heterogeneous elements are blended in fine harmony, and the dark world of spirits, with its merely metaphysical entities, plays like a chequering of strange mysterious shadows among the palpable objects of material life; and the whole, firm in its details, and sharp and solid as reality, yet hangs before us melting on all sides into air, and free, and light, as the baseless fabric of a vision; all this the reader can learn fully nowhere but, by long study, in the work itself. The general scope and spirit of it we have now endeavoured to sketch: the few incidents on which, with the aid of much dialogue and exposition,

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position, these have been brought out, are perhaps already known to most readers, and at all events, need not be minutely recapitulated here. Mephistopheles has promised to himself that he will lead Faust 'through the bustling inanity of life,' but that its pleasures shall tempt and not satisfy him; 'food shall hover before his eager lips, but he shall beg for nourishment in vain.' Hitherto they have travelled but a short way together; yet so far, the Denier has kept his engagement well. Faust, endowed with all earthly and many more than earthly advantages, is still no nearer contentment; nay, after a brief season of marred and uncertain joy, he finds himself sunk into deeper wretchedness than ever. Margaret, an innocent girl whom he loves, but has betrayed, is doomed to die, and already crazed in brain, less for her own errors than for his: in a scene of true pathos, he would fain persuade her to escape with him, by the aid of Mephistopheles, from prison; but in the instinct of her heart, she finds an invincible aversion to the Fiend; she chooses death and ignominy, rather than life and love, if of his giving. At her final refusal, a 'voice from Above' proclaims that 'she is judged,' a second voice that 'she is saved;' the action terminates; Faust and Mephistopheles vanish from our sight, as into boundless Space.

And now, after so long a preface, we arrive at *Helena*, the 'Classico-romantic Phantasmagoria,' where these Adventurers, strangely altered by travel, and in altogether different costume, have again risen into sight. Our long preface was not needless, for *Faust* and *Helena*, though separated by some wide and marvellous interval, are nowise disconnected. The characters may have changed by absence; Faust is no longer the same bitter and tempestuous man, but appears in chivalrous composure, with a silent energy, a grave, and, as it were, commanding ardour. Mephistopheles alone may retain somewhat of his old spiteful shrewdness; but still the past state of these personages must illustrate the present; and only by what we remember of them, can we try to interpret what we see. In fact, the style of *Helena* is altogether new: quiet, simple, joyful; passing by a short gradation from Classic dignity into Romantic pomp; it has everywhere a full and sunny tone of colouring; resembles not a tragedy, but a gay gorgeous mask. Neither is Faust's former history alluded to, or any explanation given us of occurrences that may have intervened. It is a light scene, divided by chasms and unknown distance from that other country of gloom. Nevertheless, the latter still frowns in the background; nay, rises aloft, shutting out further view, and our gay vision attains a new significance as it is painted on that canvass of storm.

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We question whether it ever occurred to any English reader of *Faust*, that the work needed a continuation, or even admitted one. To the Germans, however, in their deeper study of a favourite poem, which also they have full means of studying, this has long been no secret; and such as have seen with what zeal most German readers cherish *Faust*, and how the younger of them will recite whole scenes of it, with a vehemence resembling that of Gil Blas and his *Figures Hibernoises*, in the streets of Oviedo, may estimate the interest excited, in that country, by the following Notice from the Author, published last year in his *Kunst und Alterthum*.

'*Helena. Interlude in Faust.*

'Faust's character, in the elevation to which later refinement, working on the old rude Tradition, has raised it, represents a man who, feeling impatient and imprisoned within the limits of mere earthly existence, regards the possession of the highest knowledge, the enjoyment of the fairest blessings, as insufficient even in the slightest degree to satisfy his longing: a spirit, accordingly, which struggling out on all sides, ever returns the more unhappy.

'This form of mind is so accordant with our modern disposition, that various persons of ability have been induced to undertake the treatment of such a subject. My manner of attempting it obtained approval: distinguished men considered the matter, and commented on my performance; all which I thankfully observed. At the same time I could not but wonder that none of those who undertook a continuation and completion of my Fragment, had lighted on the thought, which seemed so obvious, that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions, under worthier circumstances.

'How I, for my part, had determined to essay this, lay silently before my own mind, from time to time exciting me to some progress; while, from all and each, I carefully guarded my secret, still in hope of bringing the work to the wished-for issue. Now, however, I must no longer keep back; or, in publishing my collective Endeavours, conceal any further secret from the world; to which, on the contrary, I feel myself bound to submit my whole labours, even though in a fragmentary state.

'Accordingly I have resolved that the above-named Piece, a smaller drama, complete within itself, but pertaining to the Second Part of *Faust*, shall be forthwith presented in the First Portion of my Works.

'The wide chasm between that well-known dolorous conclusion of the first part, and the entrance of an antique Grecian Heroine, is not yet overarched; meanwhile, as a preamble, my readers will accept what follows:

'The old Legend tells us, and the Puppet-play fails not to introduce the scene, that Faust, in his imperious pride of heart, required from Mephis-

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Mephistopheles, the love of the fair Helena of Greece; in which demand the other, after some reluctance, gratified him. Not to overlook so important a concern in our work, was a duty for us; and how we have endeavoured to discharge it, will be seen in this Interlude. But what may have furnished the proximate occasion of such an occurrence, and how, after manifold hinderances, our old magical Craftsman can have found means to bring back the individual Helena, in person, out of Orcus into Life, must, in this stage of the business, remain undiscovered. For the present, it is enough if our reader will admit that the real Helena may step forth, on antique tragedy-cothurnus, before her primitive abode in Sparta. We then request him to observe in what way and manner Faust will presume to court favour from this royal all-famous Beauty of the world.'

To manage so unexampled a courtship will be admitted to be no easy task; for the mad hero's prayer must here be fulfilled to its largest extent, before the business can proceed a step; and the gods, it is certain, are not in the habit of annihilating time and space, even to 'make two lovers happy.' Our Marlowe was not ignorant of this mysterious *liaison* of Faust's: however, he slurs it over briefly, and without fronting the difficulty; Helena merely flits across the scene, as an airy pageant, without speech or personality, and makes the love-sick philosopher 'immortal by a kiss.' Probably there are not many that would grudge Faust such immortality; we at least nowise envy him: for who does not see that this, in all human probability, is no real Helena, but only some hollow phantasm attired in her shape, while the true Daughter of Leda still dwells afar off in the inane kingdoms of Dis, and heeds not and hears not the most potent invocations of black-art? Another matter it is to call forth the frail fair one in very deed; not in form only, but in soul and life, the *same* Helena whom the Son of Atreus wedded, and for whose sake Ilion ceased to be. For Faust must behold this Wonder, not as she seemed, but as she was; and at his unearthly desire, the Past shall become Present; and the antique Time must be new-created, and give back its persons and circumstances, though so long since reingulphed in the silence of the blank by-gone Eternity! However, Mephistopheles is a cunning genius; and will not start at common obstacles. Perhaps, indeed, he is Metaphysician enough to know that Time and Space are but quiddities, not entities; *forms* of the human soul, Laws of Thought, which to us appear independent existences, but, out of our brains, have no existence whatever: in which case the whole nodus may be more of a logical cobweb, than any actual material perplexity. Let us see how he unravels it, or cuts it.

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The scene is Greece; not our poor oppressed Ottoman Morea, but the old heroic Hellas; for the sun again shines on Sparta, and 'Tyndarus' high House,' stands here bright, massive, and entire, among its mountains, as when Menelaus revisited it, wearied with his ten years of warfare, and eight of sea-roving. Helena appears in front of the Palace, with a Chorus of captive Trojan maidens. These are but Shades we know, summoned from the deep realms of Hades, and embodied for the nonce: but the Conjurer has so managed it, that they themselves have no consciousness of this their true and highly precarious state of existence: the intermediate three thousand years have been obliterated, or compressed into a point; and these fair figures, on revisiting the upper air, entertain not the slightest suspicion that they had ever left it, or indeed that anything special had happened; save only that they had just disembarked from the Spartan ships, and been sent forward by Menelaus to provide for his reception, which is shortly to follow. All these indispensable preliminaries, it would appear, Mephistopheles has arranged with considerable success. Of the poor Shades, and their entire ignorance, he is so sure that he would not scruple to cross-question them on this very point, so ticklish for his whole enterprise; nay, cannot forbear, now and then, throwing out malicious hints to mystify Helena herself, and raise the strangest doubts as to her personal identity. Thus on one occasion, as we shall see, he reminds her of a scandal which had gone abroad of her being a *double* personage, of her living with King Proteus in Egypt at the very time when she lived with Beau Paris in Troy; and, what is more extraordinary still, of her having been dead, and married to Achilles afterwards in the Island of Leuce! Helena admits that it is the most inexplicable thing on earth; can only conjecture that 'she a Vision was joined to him a Vision;' and then sinks into a reverie, or swoon, in the arms of the Chorus. In this way, can the nether-world Scapin sport with the perplexed Beauty; and by sly practice make her show us the secret, which is unknown to herself!

For the present, however, there is no thought of such scruples. Helena and her maidens, far from doubting that they are real authentic denizens of this world, feel themselves in a deep embarrassment about its concerns. From the dialogue, in long Alexandrines, or choral Recitative, we soon gather that matters wear a threatening aspect. Helena salutes her paternal and nuptial mansion in such style as may beseem an erring wife, returned from so eventful an elopement; alludes with charitable lenience to her frailty; which indeed, it would seem, was nothing

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nothing but the merest accident, for she had simply gone to pay her vows, 'according to sacred wont,' in the temple of Cytherea, when the 'Phrygian robber,' seized her; and further informs us that the Immortals still foreshow to her a dubious future:

> For seldom, in our swift ship, did my husband deign
> To look on me; and word of comfort spake he none.
> As if a-brooding mischief, there he silent sat;
> Until, when steer'd into Eurotas' bending bay,
> The first ships with their prows but kissed the land,
> He rose, and said, as by the voice of gods inspired:
> Here will I that my warriors, troop by troop, disbark;
> I muster them, in battle-order, on the ocean strand.
> But thou, go forward, up Eurotas' sacred bank,
> Guiding the steeds along the flow'r-besprinkled space,
> Till thou arrive on the fair plain where Lacedæmon,
> Erewhile a broad fruit-bearing field, has piled its roofs
> Amid the mountains, and sends up the smoke of hearths.
> Then enter thou the high-tower'd Palace; call the Maids
> I left at parting, and the wise old Stewardess:
> With her inspect the Treasures which thy father left,
> And I, in war or peace still adding, have heaped up.
> Thou findest all in order standing; for it is
> The prince's privilege to see, at his return,
> Each household item as it was, and where it was;
> For of himself the slave hath power to alter nought.

It appears, moreover, that Menelaus has given her directions to prepare for a solemn Sacrifice: the ewers, the pateras, the altar, the axe, dry wood, are all to be in readiness, only of the victim there was no mention; a circumstance from which Helena fails not to draw some rather alarming surmises. However, reflecting that all issues rest with the higher Powers, and that, in any case, irresolution and procrastination will avail her nothing, she at length determines on this grand enterprise of entering the palace, to make a general review, and enters accordingly. But long before any such business could have been finished, she hastily returns with a frustrated, nay, terrified aspect; much to the astonishment of her Chorus, who pressingly inquire the cause.

HELENA, *(who has left the door-leaves open, agitated;)*

> Beseems not that Jove's daughter shrink with common fright,
> Nor by the brief cold touch of Fear be chill'd and stunn'd.
> Yet the Horror, which ascending, in the womb of Night,
> From deeps of Chaos, rolls itself together many-shaped,
> Like glowing Clouds from out the mountain's fire-throat,
> In threatening ghastliness, may shake even heroes' hearts.
> So have the Stygian here to-day appointed me

A welcome

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A welcome to my native Mansion, such that fain
From the oft-trod, long-wished-for threshold, like a guest
That has took leave, I would withdraw my steps, for ay.
But no! Retreated have I to the light, nor shall
Ye farther force me, angry Powers, be who ye may.
New expiations will I use; then purified,
The blaze of the Hearth may greet the Mistress as the Lord.

PANTHALIS, the CHORAGE*. Discover, noble queen, to us thy hand-maidens,
That wait by thee in love, what misery has befall'n.

HELENA. What I have seen, ye too with your own eyes shall see,
If Night have not already suck'd her Phantoms back
To the abysses of her wonder-bearing breast.
Yet, would ye know this thing, I tell it you in words.
When, bent on present duty, yet with anxious thought,
I solemnly set foot in these high royal Halls,
The silent, vacant passages astounded me;
For tread of hasty footsteps nowhere met the ear,
Nor bustle as of busy menial-work the eye.
No Maid comes forth to me, no Stewardess, such as
Still wont with friendly welcome to salute all guests.
But as, alone advancing I approach the Hearth,
There by the ashy remnant of dim outburnt coals;
Sits, crouching on the ground, up-muffled, some huge Crone;
Not as in sleep she sat, but as in drowsy muse.
With ordering voice I bid her rise; nought doubting 'twas
The Stewardess the King, at parting hence, had left.
But, heedless, shrunk together, sits she motionless;
And, as I chid, at last outstretch'd her lean right arm,
As if she beckon'd me from hall and hearth away.
I turn indignant from her and hasten out forthwith
Towards the steps whereon aloft the Thalamos
Adorned rises; and near by it the Treasure-room;
When lo! the Wonder starts abruptly from the floor;
Imperious, barring my advance, displays herself
In haggard stature, hollow bloodshot eyes; a shape
Of hideous strangeness, to perplex all sight and thought.
But I discourse to the air: for words in vain attempt
To body forth to sight the form that dwells in us.
There see herself! She ventures forward to the light!
Here we are masters till our Lord and King shall come.
The ghastly births of Night, Apollo, beauty's friend,
Disperses back to their abysses, or subdues.

PHORCYAS *enters on the threshold, between the door-posts.*

CHORUS.

Much have I seen, and strange, though the ringlets
Youthful and thick still wave round my temples:

* Leader of the Chorus.



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Terrors a many, war and its horrors
Witness'd I once in Ilion's night,
When it fell
Thorough the clanging, cloud-cover'd din of
Onrushing warriors, heard I th' Immortals
Shouting in anger, heard I Bellona's
Iron-toned voice resound from without
City-wards.

Ah! the city yet stood; with its
Bulwarks; Ilion safely yet
Tower'd; but spreading from house over
House, the flame did begirdle us;
Sea-like, red, loud and billowy;
Hither, thither, as tempest-floods,
Over the death-circled city.

Flying, saw I, thro' heat and thro'
Gloom and glare of that fire-ocean,
Shapes of Gods in their wrathfulness,
Stalking grim, fierce, and terrible,
Giant-high, thro' the luridly
Flame-dy'd dusk of that vapour.

Did I see it, or was it but
Terror of heart that fashioned
Forms so affrighting? Know can I
Never: but here that I view this
Horrible Thing with my own eyes,
This of a surety believe I:
Yea, I could clutch't in my fingers
Did not, from Shape so dangerous,
Fear at a distance keep me.

Which of old Phorcys'
Daughters then art thou?
For I compare thee to
That generation.
Art thou belike, of the Graiæ,
Gray-born, one eye and one tooth
Using alternate,
Child or descendant?

Darest thou, Haggard,
Close by such beauty,
'Fore the divine glance of
Phœbus, display thee?
But display as it pleases thee;
For the ugly he heedeth not,
As his bright eye yet never did
Look on a shadow.

But

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But us mortals, alas for it!
Law of Destiny burdens us
With the unspeakable eye-sorrow
Which such a sight, unblessed, detestable,
Doth in lovers of beauty awaken.

Nay then, hear, since thou shamelessly
Com'st forth fronting us, hear only
Curses, hear all manner of threatenings,
Out of the scornful lips of the happier
That were made by the Deities.

PHORCYAS. Old is the saw, but high and true remains its sense,
That Shame and Beauty ne'er, together hand in hand,
Were seen pursue their journey over the earth's green path.
Deep-rooted dwells an ancient hatred in these two;
So that wherever, on their way, one haps to meet
The other, each on its adversary turns its back;
Then hastens forth the faster on its separate road;
Shame all in sorrow, Beauty pert and light of mood;
Till the hollow night of Orcus catches it at length,
If age and wrinkles have not tamed it long before.
So you, ye wantons, wafted hither from strange lands,
I find in tumult, like the cranes' hoarse jingling flight,
That over our heads, in long-drawn cloud, sends down
Its creaking gabble, and tempts the silent wanderer that he look
Aloft at them a moment: but they go their way,
And he goes his; so also will it be with us.

Who then are ye? that here in Bacchanalian wise,
Like drunk ones, ye dare uproar at this Palace-gate?
Who then are ye that at the Stewardess of the King's House
Ye howl, as at the moon the crabbed brood of dogs?
Think ye 'tis hid from me what manner of thing ye are?
Ye war-begotten, fight-bred, feather-headed crew!
Lascivious crew, seducing as seduced, that waste,
In rioting, alike the soldier's and the burgher's strength!
Here seeing you gather'd, seems as a cicada-swarm
Had lighted, covering the herbage of the fields.
Consumers ye of others' thrift, ye greedy-mouth'd
Quick squanderers of fruits men gain by tedious toil;
Crack'd market-ware, stol'n bought, and barter'd troop of slaves!

We have thought it right to give so much of these singular expositions and altercations in the words, as far as might be, of the parties themselves; happy, could we, in any measure, have transfused the broad, yet rich and chaste simplicity of these long iambics; or imitated the tone, as we have done the metre, of that choral song; its rude earnestness, and tortuous, awkward-



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looking, artless strength, as we have done its dactyls and anapæsts. The task was no easy one; and we remain, as might have been expected, little contented with our efforts; having, indeed, nothing to boast of except a sincere fidelity to the original. If the reader, through such distortion, can obtain any glimpse of *Helena* itself, he will not only pardon us, but thank us. To our own minds, at least, there is everywhere a strange, piquant, quite peculiar, charm in these imitations of the old Grecian style; a dash of the ridiculous, if we might say so, is blended with the sublime, yet blended with it softly, and only to temper its austerity; for often, so graphic is the delineation, we could almost feel as if a vista were opened through the long gloomy distance of ages, and we, with our modern eyes and modern levity, beheld afar off, in clear light, the very figures of that old grave time; saw them again living in their old antiquarian costume and environment, and heard them audibly discourse in a dialect which had long been dead. Of all this no man is more master than Goethe: as a modern-antique his *Iphigenie* must be considered unrivalled in poetry. A similar, thoroughly classical spirit will be found in this First Part of *Helena;* yet the manner of the two pieces is essentially different. Here, we should say, we are more reminded of Sophocles, perhaps of Æschylus, than of Euripides: it is more rugged, copious, energetic, inartificial; a still more ancient style. How very primitive, for instance, are Helena and Phorcyas in their whole deportment here! How frank and downright in speech; above all, how minute and specific; no glimpse of 'philosophical culture;' no such thing as a 'general idea;' thus, every different object seems a new unknown one, and requires to be separately stated. In like manner, what can be more honest and edifying than the chaunt of the Chorus? With what inimitable *naïveté* they recur to the sack of Troy, and endeavour to convince themselves that they do actually see this 'horrible Thing;' then lament the law of Destiny which dooms them to such 'unspeakable eye-sorrow;' and, finally, break forth into sheer cursing; to all which, Phorcyas answers in the like free and plain-spoken fashion.

But to our story. This hard-tempered and so dreadfully ugly old lady, the reader cannot help suspecting, at first sight, to be some cousin-german of Mephistopheles, or, indeed, that great Actor of all Work himself; which latter suspicion the devilish nature of the beldame, by degrees, confirms into a moral certainty. There is a sarcastic malice in the 'wise old Stewardess' which cannot be mistaken. Meanwhile the Chorus and the beldame indulge still further in mutual abuse; she upbraiding them with their giddiness and wanton disposition; they chaunting unabatedly her extreme deficiency in personal charms.

Helena,

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Helena, however, interposes; and the old Gorgon, pretending that she has not till now recognised the stranger to be her Mistress, smooths herself into gentleness, affects the greatest humility, and even appeals to her for protection against the insolence of these young ones. But wicked Phorcyas is only waiting her opportunity; still neither unwilling to wound, nor afraid to strike. Helena, to expel some unpleasant vapours of doubt, is reviewing her past history, in concert with Phorcyas; and observes, that the latter had been appointed Stewardess by Menelaus, on his return from his Cretan expedition to Sparta. No sooner is Sparta mentioned, than the crone, with an officious air of helping out the story, adds:

Which thou forsookest, Ilion's tower-encircled town
Preferring, and the unexhausted joys of Love.

HELENA. Remind me not of joys; an all too heavy woe's
Infinitude soon follow'd, crushing breast and heart.

PHORCYAS. But I have heard thou livest on earth a double life;
In Ilion seen, and seen the while in Egypt too.

HEL. Confound not so the weakness of my weary sense;
Here even, who or what I am, I know it not.

PHOR. Then I have heard how, from the hollow Realm of Shades,
Achilles, too, did fervently unite himself to thee;
Thy earlier love reclaiming, spite of all Fate's laws.

HEL. To him the Vision, I a Vision joined myself:
It was a dream, the very words may teach us this.
But I am faint; and to myself a Vision grow.

*(Sinks into the arms of one division of the Chorus.)*

CHORUS.

Silence! silence!
Evil-eyed, evil-tongued, thou!
Thro' so shrivelled-up, one-tooth'd a
Mouth, what good can come from that
Throat of horrors detestable—

—In which style they continue musically rating her, till 'Helena has recovered, and again stands in the middle of the Chorus;' when Phorcyas, with the most wheedling air, hastens to greet her, in a new sort of verse, as if nothing whatever had happened:

PHOR. Issues forth from passing cloud the sun of this bright day:
If when veil'd she so could charm us, now her beams in splendour blind.
As the world doth look before thee, in such gentle wise thou look'st.
Let them call me so unlovely, what is lovely know I well.

HEL.

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HEL. Come so wavering from the Void which in that faintness circled me,
Glad I were to rest again, a space; so weary are my limbs.
Yet it well becometh queens, all mortals it becometh well,
To possess their hearts in patience, and await what can betide.

PHOR. Whilst thou standest in thy greatness, in thy beauty here,
Says thy look that thou commandest: what command'st thou? Speak it out.

HEL. To conclude your quarrel's idle loitering be prepar'd:
Haste, arrange the Sacrifice, the King commanded me.

PHOR. All is ready in the Palace, bowl and tripod, sharp-ground axe;
For besprinkling, for befuming: now the Victim let us see.

HEL. This the King appointed not.

PHOR. Spoke not of this? O word of woe!

HEL. What strange sorrow overpowers thee?

PHOR. Queen, 'tis thou he meant.

HEL. I?

PHOR. And these.

CHORUS. O woe! O woe!

PHOR. Thou fallest by the axe's stroke.

HEL. Horrible, yet look'd-for: hapless I!

PHOR. Inevitable seems it me.

CHORUS. Ah, and us? What will become of us?

PHOR. She dies a noble death:
Ye, on the high Beam within that bears the rafters and the roof,
As in birding-time so many woodlarks, in a row, shall sprawl.

HELENA and CHORUS. *(Stand astounded and terror-struck; in expressive, well-concerted grouping:)*

PHOR. Poor spectres!—All like frozen statues there ye stand,
In fright to leave the Day which not belongs to you.
No man or spectre, more than you, is fond to quit
The Upper Light; yet rescue, respite finds not one:
All know it, all believe it, few delight in it.
Enough, 'tis over with you! And so let's to work.

How the cursed old beldame enjoys the agony of these poor Shades: nay, we suspect, she is laughing in her sleeve at the very classicism of this drama, which she herself has contrived, and is even now helping to enact! Observe, she has quitted her octameter trochaics again, and taken to plain blank verse; a sign, perhaps, that she is getting weary of the whole classical concern! But however this may be, she now claps her hands; whereupon certain distorted dwarf figures appear at the door, and, with great speed and agility, at her order, bring forth the sacrificial apparatus; on which she fails not to descant demonstratively, explaining the purpose of the several articles as they are successively fitted up before her. Here is the 'gold-horned altar,'

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altar,' the 'axe glittering over its silver edge;' then there must be 'water-urns to wash the black blood's defilement,' and a 'precious mat' to kneel on, for the victim is to be beheaded queenlike. On all hands, mortal horror! But Phorcyas hints darkly that there is still a way of escape left; this, of course, every one is in deepest eagerness to learn. Here, one would think, she might for once come to the point without digression; but Phorcyas has her own way of stating a fact. She thus commences:

PHOR. Whoso, collecting store of wealth, at home abides
To parget in due season his high dwelling's walls,
And prudent guard his roof from inroad of the rain,
With him, thro' long still years of life, it shall be well.
But he who lightly, in his folly, bent to rove,
O'ersteps with wand'ring foot his threshold's sacred line,
Will find, at his return, the ancient place, indeed,
Still there, but else all alter'd, if not overthrown.

HEL. Why these trite saws? Thou wert to teach us, not reprove.

PHOR. Historical it is, is nowise a reproof.
Sea-roving, steer'd King Menelaus, brisk from bay to bay;
Descended on all ports and isles, a plundering foe,
And still came back with booty, which yet moulders here.
Then by the walls of Ilion spent he ten long years;
How many in his homeward voyage were hard to know.
But all this while how stands it here with Tyndarus'
High house? How stands it with his own domains around?

HEL. Is love of railing, then, so interwoven with thee,
That thus, except to chide, thou canst not move thy lips?

PHOR. So many years forsaken stood the mountain glen,
Which, north from Sparta, towards the higher land ascends
Behind Taygetus; where, as yet a merry brook,
Eurotas gurgles on, and then, along our Vale,
In sep'rate streams abroad outflowing feeds your Swans.
There, backwards in the rocky hills, a daring race
Have fix'd themselves, forth issuing from Cimmerian Night;
An inexpugnable stronghold have piled aloft,
From which they harry land and people as they please.

HEL. How could they? All impossible it seems to me.

PHOR. Enough of time they had: 'tis haply twenty years.

HEL. Is One the Master? Are there Robbers many? leagued?

PHOR. Not Robbers these: yet many, and the Master One.
Of him I say no ill, tho' hither too he came.
What might not he have took? yet did content himself
With some small Present, so he called it, Tribute, not.

HEL. How looks he?

PHOR. Nowise ill? To me he pleasant look'd.
A jocund,

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A jocund, gallant, hardy, handsome man it is,
And rational in speech, as of the Greeks are few.
We call the folk Barbarians; yet I question much
If one there be so cruel, as at Ilion
Full many of our best heroes man-devouring were.
I do respect his greatness, and confide in him.
And for his Tower! This with your own eyes ye should see:
Another thing it is than clumsy boulder-work,
Such as our Fathers, nothing scrupling, huddled up,
Cyclopean, and like Cyclops-builders, one rude crag
On other rude crags tumbling: in that Tow'r of theirs
'Tis plumb and level all, and done by square and rule.
Look on it from without! Heav'nward it soars on high,
So straight, so tight of joint, and mirror-smooth as steel:
To clamber there—Nay, even your very Thought slides down.
And then, within, such courts, broad spaces, all around,
With masonry encompass'd of every sort and use:
There have ye arches, archlets, pillars, pillarlets,
Balconies, galleries, for looking out and in,
And coats of arms.

CHO. Of arms? What mean'st thou?

PHOR. Ajax bore
A twisted Snake on his Shield, as ye yourselves have seen.
The Seven also before Thebes bore carved work
Each on his Shield; devices rich and full of sense:
There saw ye moon and stars of the nightly heaven's vault,
And goddesses, and heroes, ladders, torches, swords,
And dangerous tools, such as in storm o'erfall good towns.
Escutcheons of like sort our heroes also bear:
There see ye lions, eagles, claws besides, and bills,
The buffalo-horns, and wings, and roses, peacock-tails;
And bandelets, gold and black and silver, blue and red.
Such like are there uphung in Halls, row after row;
In Halls, so large, so lofty, boundless as the World;
There might ye dance!

CHO. Ha! Tell us, are there dancers there?

PHOR. The best on earth! A golden-hair'd, fresh, younker band,
They breathe of youth; Paris alone so breath'd when to
Our Queen he came too near.

HEL. Thou quite dost lose
The tenour of thy story: say me thy last word.

PHOR. Thyself wilt say it: say in earnest audibly, Yes!
Next moment, I surround thee with that Tow'r.

The step is questionable: for is not this Phorcyas a person of the most suspicious character; or rather, is it not certain that she

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she is a Turk in grain, and will almost, of a surety, go how it may, turn good into bad? And yet, what is to be done? A trumpet, said to be that of Menelaus, sounds in the distance; at which the Chorus shrink together in increased terror. Phorcyas coldly reminds them of Deiphobus, with his slit nose, as a small token of Menelaus' turn of thinking on these matters; supposes, however, that there is now nothing for it but to wait the issue, and die with propriety. Helena has no wish to die, either with propriety or impropriety: she pronounces, though with a faultering resolve, the definitive Yes. A burst of joy breaks from the Chorus; thick fog rises all round; in the midst of which, as we learn from their wild tremulous chaunt, they feel themselves hurried through the air: Eurotas is swept from sight, and the cry of its Swans fades ominously away in the distance; for now, as we suppose, 'Tyndarus' high House,' with all its appendages, is rushing back into the depths of the Past; old *Lacedæmon* has again become new *Misitra;* only Taygetus, with another name, remains unchanged; and the King of Rivers feeds among his sedges quite a different race of Swans than those of Leda! The mist is passing away, but yet, to the horror of the Chorus, no clear daylight returns. Dim masses rise round them: Phorcyas has vanished. Is it a castle? Is it a cavern? They find themselves in the 'Interior Court of the Tower, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of the middle ages!'

If, hitherto, we have moved along, with considerable convenience, over ground singular enough, indeed, yet, the nature of it once understood, affording firm footing and no unpleasant scenery, we come now to a strange mixed element, in which it seems as if neither walking, swimming, nor even flying, could rightly avail us. We have cheerfully admitted, and honestly believed, that Helena and her Chorus were Shades; but now they appear to be changing into mere Ideas, mere Metaphors, or poetic Thoughts! Faust, too, for *he*, as every one sees, must be lord of this Fortress, is a much altered man since we last met him. Nay, sometimes we could fancy he were only *acting a part* on this occasion; were a mere mummer, representing not so much his own natural *personality*, as some shadow and impersonation of his *history;* not so much his own Faustship, as the Tradition of Faust's adventures, and the Genius of the People among whom this took its rise. For, indeed, he has strange gifts of flying through the air, and living, in apparent friendship and contentment, with mere Eidolons; and, being excessively reserved withal, he becomes not a little enigmatic. In fact, our whole 'Interlude' changes its character at this point: the Greek style

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style passes abruptly into the Spanish; at one bound we have left the *Seven before Thebes*, and got into the *Vida es Sueño*. The action, too, becomes more and more typical; or rather we should say half-typical; for it will neither hold rightly together as allegory nor as matter of fact.

Thus do we see ourselves hesitating on the verge of a wondrous region, 'neither sea nor good dry land;' full of shapes and musical tones, but all dim, fluctuating, unsubstantial, chaotic. Danger there is that the critic may require 'both oar and sail;' nay, it will be well if, like that other great Traveller, he meet not some vast vacuity, where, all unawares,

> Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drop
> Ten thousand fathom deep . . . .

and so keep falling till

> The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
> Instinct with fire and nitre, hurry him
> As many miles aloft . . . .

—Meaning, probably, that he is to be 'blown up' by nonplussed and justly exasperated Review-reviewers!—Nevertheless, unappalled by these possibilities, we venture forward into this impalpable Limbo; and must endeavour to render such account of the 'sensible species,' and 'ghosts of defunct bodies,' we may meet there, as shall be moderately satisfactory to the reader.

In the little Notice from the Author, quoted above, we were bid specially observe in what way and manner Faust would presume to court this World's-beauty. We must say, his style of gallantry seems to us of the most chivalrous and high-flown description, if indeed it is not a little *euphuistic*. In their own eyes, Helena and her Chorus, encircled in this Gothic court, appear, for some minutes, no better than captives: but, suddenly issuing from galleries and portals, and descending the stairs in stately procession, are seen a numerous suite of Pages, whose gay habiliments and red downy cheeks are greatly admired by the Chorus: these bear with them a throne and canopy, with footstools and cushions, and every other necessary apparatus of royalty; the portable machine, as we gather from the Chorus, is soon put together; and Helena, being reverently beckoned into the same, is thus forthwith constituted Sovereign of the whole Establishment. To herself such royalty still seems a little dubious; but no sooner have the Pages, in long train, fairly descended, than 'Faust appears above, on the stairs, in knightly court-dress of the middle ages, and with deliberate dignity comes down,' astonishing the poor 'feather-headed' Chorus with the gracefulness of his deportment and his more than human beauty. He leads with him a culprit in fetters; and, by way of introduction,

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tion, explains to Helena that this man, Lynceus, has deserved death by his misconduct, but that to her, as Queen of the Castle, must appertain the right of dooming or of pardoning him. The crime of Lynceus is, indeed, of an extraordinary nature: he was Warder of the Tower; but now, though gifted, as his name imports, with the keenest vision, he has failed in warning Faust that so august a visiter was approaching, and thus occasioned the most dreadful breach of politeness. Lynceus pleads guilty: quick-sighted as a lynx, in usual cases he has been blinded with excess of light in this instance. While looking towards the orient at the 'course of morning,' he noticed 'a sun rise wonderfully in the south,' and, all his senses taken captive by such surpassing beauty, he no longer knew his right hand from his left, or could move a limb, or utter a word, to announce her arrival. Under these peculiar circumstances, Helena sees room for extending the royal prerogative; and after expressing unfeigned regret at this so fatal influence of her charms over the whole male sex, dismisses the Warder with a reprieve. We must beg our readers to keep an eye on this Innamorato; for there may be meaning in him. Here is the pleading, which produced so fine an effect, given in his own words:

Let me kneel and let me view her,
Let me live, or let me die,
Slave to this high woman, truer
Than a bondsman born, am I.

Watching o'er the course of morning,
Eastward, as I mark it run,
Rose there, all the sky adorning
Strangely in the south a sun.

Draws my look towards those places,
Not the valley not the height,
Not the earth's or heaven's spaces;
She alone the queen of light.

Eyesight truly hath been lent me,
Like the lynx on highest tree;
Boots not; for amaze hath shent me:
Do I dream, or do I see?

Knew I aught? or could I ever
Think of tow'r or bolted gate?
Vapours waver, vapours sever,
Such a goddess comes in state!

Eye and heart I must surrender
Drown'd as in a radiant sea;
That high creature with her splendour
Blinding all hath blinded me.

I forgot

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I forgot the warder's duty;
Trumpet, challenge, word of call:
Chain me, threaten: save this beauty
Stills thy anger, saves her thrall.

Save him accordingly she did: but no sooner is he dismissed, and Faust has made a remark on the multitude of 'arrows' which she is darting forth on all sides, than Lynceus returns in a still madder humour. 'Re-enter Lynceus with a Chest, and Men carrying other Chests behind him.'

LYNCEUS. Thou see'st me, Queen, again advance.
The wealthy begs of thee one glance;
He look'd at thee, and feels e'er since
As beggar poor, and rich as prince.

What was I erst? What am I grown?
What have I meant, or done, or known?
What boots the sharpest force of eyes?
Back from thy throne it baffled flies.

From Eastward marching came we on,
And soon the West was lost and won;
A long broad army forth we pass'd,
The foremost knew not of the last.

The first did fall, the second stood,
The third hew'd in with falchion good;
And still the next had prowess more,
Forgot the thousands slain before.

We stormed along, we rushed apace
The masters we from place to place.
And where I lordly ruled to day,
To-morrow another did rob and slay.

We look'd: our choice was quickly made;
This snatch'd with him the fairest Maid,
That seiz'd the Steer, for burden bent,
The Horses all and sundry went.

But I did love apart to spy
The rarest things could meet the eye:
Whate'er in others' hands I saw,
That was for me but chaff and straw.

For treasures did I keep a look,
My keen eyes pierc'd to every nook;
Into all pockets I could see,
Transparent each strong-box to me.

And heaps of Gold I gained this way,
And precious Stones of clearest ray:
Now where's the Diamond meet to shine?
'Tis meet alone for breast like thine.

So

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So let the Pearl from depths of sea,
In curious stringlets wave on thee:
The Ruby for some covert seeks,
'Tis pal'd by redness of thy cheeks.

And so the richest treasure is brought
Before thy throne as best it ought;
Beneath thy feet here let me lay
The fruit of many a bloody fray.

So many chests we now do bear;
More chests I have, and finer ware:
Think me but to be near thee worth,
Whole treasure-vaults I empty forth.

For scarcely art thou hither sent,
All hearts and wills to thee are bent;
Our riches, reason, strength, we must,
Before the loveliest lay as dust.

All this I reckon'd great, and mine,
Now small I reckon it, and thine.
I thought it worthy, high, and good;
'Tis naught, poor, and misunderstood.

So dwindles what my glory was,
A heap of mown and wither'd grass:
What worth it had, and now does lack,
O, with one kind look, give it back!

FAUST. Away! away! take back the bold-earn'd load,
Not blam'd indeed, but also not rewarded.
Hers is already whatsoe'er our Tower
Of costliness conceals. Go heap me treasures
On treasures, yet with Order: let the blaze
Of Pomp unspeakable appear; the ceilings
Gem-fretted, shine like skies; a Paradise
Of lifeless life create. Before her feet
Unfolding quick, let flow'ry carpet roll
Itself from flow'ry carpet, that her step
May light on softness, and her eye meet nought
But splendour blinding only not the Gods.

LYNC. Small is what our Lord doth say;
Servants do it; 'tis but play:
For o'er all we do or dream
Will this Beauty reign supreme.
Is not all our host grown tame?
Every sword is blunt and lame.
To a form of such a mould
Sun himself is dull and cold;
To the richness of that face,
What is beauty, what is grace,
Loveliness we saw or thought?
All is empty, all is nought.

And

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And herewith *exit* Lynceus, and we see no more of him! We have said that we thought there might be method in this madness. In fact, the allegorical, or at least fantastic and figurative, character of the whole action is growing more and more decided every moment. Helena, we must conjecture, is in the course of this her real historical intrigue with Faust, to present, at the same time, some dim adumbration of Grecian Art, and its flight to the Northern Nations, when driven by stress of War from its own country. Faust's Tower will, in this case, afford not only a convenient station for *lifting black-mail* over the neighbouring district, but a cunning, though vague and fluctuating, emblem of the Product of Teutonic Mind; the Science, Art, Institutions of the Northmen, of whose Spirit and Genius he himself may in some degree become the representative. In this way, the extravagant homage and admiration paid to Helena are not without their meaning. The manner of her arrival, enveloped as she was in thick clouds, and frightened onwards by hostile trumpets, may also have more or less propriety. And who is Lynceus, the mad Watchman? We cannot but suspect him of being a Schoolman Philosopher, or School Philosophy itself, in disguise; and that this wonderful 'march' of his has a covert allusion to the great 'march of intellect,' which did march in those old ages, though only at 'ordinary time.' We observe, the military, one after the other, all fell; for discoverers, like other men, must die; but 'still the next had prowess more,' and forgot the thousands that had sunk in clearing the way for him. However, Lynceus, in his love of plunder, did not take 'the fairest maid,' nor 'the steer' fit for burden, but rather jewels and other rare articles of value; in which quest his high power of eyesight proved of great service to him. Better had it been, perhaps, to have done as others did, and seized 'the fairest maid,' or even the 'steer' fit for burden, or one of the 'horses' which were in such request; for, when he quitted practical Science and the philosophy of Life, and addicted himself to curious subtleties and Metaphysical crotchets, what did it avail him? At the first glance of the Grecian beauty, he found that it was 'naught, poor, and misunderstood.' His extraordinary obscuration of vision on Helena's approach; his narrow escape from death, on that account, at the hands of Faust; his pardon by the fair Greek; his subsequent magnanimous offer to her, and discourse with his master on the subject, —might give rise to various considerations. But we must not loiter, questioning the strange Shadows of that strange country, who, besides, are apt to mystify one. Our nearest business is to get across it: we again proceed.

Whoever

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Whoever or whatever Faust and Helena may be, they are evidently fast rising into high favour with each other; as, indeed, from so generous a gallant, and so fair a dame, was to be anticipated. She invites him to sit with her on the throne, so instantaneously acquired by force of her charms; to which graceful proposal, he, after kissing her hand in knightly wise, fails not to accede. The courtship now advances apace. Helena admires the dialect of Lynceus, and how 'one word seemed to kiss the other,' for the Warder, as we saw, speaks in doggrel; and she cannot but wish that she also had some such talent. Faust assures her that nothing is more easy than this same practice of rhyme: it is but speaking right from the heart, and the rest follows of course. Withal, he proposes that they should make a trial of it themselves. The experiment succeeds to mutual satisfaction; for not only can they two build the lofty rhyme, in concert, with all convenience, but, in the course of a page or two of such crambo, many love-tokens come to light; nay, we find by the Chorus, that the wooing has well nigh reached a happy end: at least, the two are 'sitting near and nearer each other—shoulder on shoulder, knee by knee, hand in hand, they are swaying over the throne's up-cushioned lordliness;' which, surely, are promising symptoms.

Such ill-timed dalliance is abruptly disturbed by the entrance of Phorcyas, now, as ever, a messenger of evil, with malignant tidings that Menelaus is at hand, with his whole force, to storm the Castle, and ferociously avenge his new injuries. An immense 'explosion of signals from the towers, of trumpets, clarions, military music, and the march of numerous armies,' confirms the news. Faust, however, treats the matter coolly; chides the unceremonious trepidation of Phorcyas, and summons his men of war; who accordingly enter, steel-clad, in military pomp, and quitting their battalions, gather round him to take his orders. In a wild Pindaric ode, delivered with due emphasis, he directs them not so much how they are to conquer Menelaus, whom doubtless he knows to be a sort of dream, as how they are respectively to manage and partition the Country they shall hereby acquire. Germanus is to have 'the bays of Corinth;' while 'Achaia, with its hundred dells,' is recommended to the care of Goth; the host of the Franks must go towards Elis; Messene is to be the Saxon's share; and Normann is to clear the seas, and make Argolis great. Sparta, however, is to continue the territory of Helena, and be queen and patroness of these inferior Dukedoms. In all this, are we to trace some faint changeful shadow of the National Character and respective Intellectual Performance of the several European tribes? Or, perhaps, of the real History of

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of the Middle Ages; the irruption of the northern swarms, issuing, like Faust and his air-warriors, 'from Cimmerian Night,' and spreading over so many fair regions? Perhaps of both, and of more; perhaps properly of neither: for the whole has a cameleon character, changing hue as we look on it. However, be this as it may, the Chorus cannot sufficiently admire Faust's strategic faculty; and the troops march off, without speech indeed, but evidently in the highest spirits. He himself concludes with another rapid dithyrambic, describing the Peninsula of Greece, or rather, perhaps, typically the Region of true Poesy, 'kissed by the sea-waters,' and 'knit to the last mountain-branch' of the firm land. There is a wild glowing fire in these two odes; a musical indistinctness, yet enveloping a rugged, keen sense, which, were the gift of rhyme so common as Faust thinks it, we should have pleasure in presenting to our readers. Again and again, we think of Calderon and his *Life a Dream.*

Faust, as he resumes his seat by Helena, observes that 'she is sprung from the highest gods, and belongs to the first world alone.' It is not meet that bolted towers should encircle her; and near by Sparta, over the hills, 'Arcadia blooms in eternal strength of youth, a blissful abode for them two.' 'Let thrones pass into groves; Arcadianly free be such felicity!' No sooner said than done. Our Fortress, we suppose, rushes asunder like a Palace of Air, for, '*the scene altogether changes. A series of Grottoes now are shut in by close Bowers. Shady Grove, to the foot of the Rocks, which encircles the place. Faust and Helena are not seen. The Chorus, scattered around, lie sleeping.*'

In Arcadia, the business grows wilder than ever. Phorcyas, who has now become wonderfully civil, and notwithstanding her ugliness, stands on the best footing with the poor light-headed Cicada-swarm of a Chorus, awakes them to hear and see the wonders that have happened so shortly. It appears, too, that there are certain 'Bearded Ones' (we suspect, Devils) waiting with anxiety, 'sitting watchful there below,' to see the issue of this extraordinary transaction; but of these Phorcyas gives her silly women no hint whatever. She tells them, in glib phrase, what great things are in the wind. Faust and Helena have been happier than mortals in these grottoes. Phorcyas, who was in waiting, gradually glided away, seeking 'roots, moss, and rinds,' on household duty bent, and so 'they two remained alone.'

CHORUS. Talk'st as if within those grottoes lay whole tracts of country,
Wood and meadow, rivers, lakes: what tales thou palm'st on us!

PHOR. Sure enough, ye foolish creatures! These are unexplor'd recesses;
Hall runs out on hall, spaces there on spaces: these I musing traced.
But

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But at once re-echoes from within a peal of laughter:
Peeping in, what is it? Leaps a boy from Mother's breast to Father's,
From the Father to the Mother; such a fondling, such a dandling,
Foolish Love's caressing, teasing; cry of jest, and shriek of pleasure,
In their turn, do stun me quite.
Naked, without wings a Genius, Faun in humour without coarseness,
Springs he sportful on the ground; but the ground reverberating,
Darts him up to airy heights; and at the third, the second gambol,
Touches he the vaulted Roof.

Frighten'd cries the Mother: Bound away, away, and as thou pleasest,
But, my Son, beware of Flying; wings nor power of flight are thine.
And the Father thus advises: in the Earth resides the virtue
Which so fast doth send thee upwards; touch but with thy toe the surface,
Like the earth-born, old Antæus, straightway thou art strong again.
And so skips he, hither, thither, on these jagged rocks; from summit
Still to summit, all about, like stricken ball rebounding, springs.

But at once in cleft of some rude cavern sinking has he vanish'd,
And so seems it we have lost him. Mother mourning, Father cheers her,
Shrug my shoulders I, and look about me. But again, behold, what vision!
Are there treasures lying here concealed? There he is again, and garments
Glittering, flower-bestriped has on.

Tassels waver from his arms, about his bosom flutter breast-knots,
In his hand the golden Lyre; wholly like a little Phœbus,
Steps he light of heart upon the beetling cliffs: astonish'd stand we,
And the Parents, in their rapture, fly into each other's arms.
For what glittering's that about his head? Were hard to say what glitters,
Whether Jewels and gold, or Flame of all-subduing strength of soul.
And with such a bearing moves he, in himself this boy announces
Future Master of all Beauty, whom the Melodies Eternal
Do inform through ev'ry fibre; and forthwith so shall ye hear him,
And forthwith so shall ye see him, to your uttermost amazement.

The Chorus suggest, in their simplicity, that this elastic little urchin may have some relationship to the 'Son of Maia,' who, in old times, whisked himself so nimbly out of his swaddling-clothes, and stole the 'Sea-ruler's trident' and 'Hephæstos' tongs,' and various other articles, before he was well span-long. But Phorcyas declares all this to be superannuated fables, unfit for modern uses. And now, '*a beautiful purely melodious music of stringed instruments resounds from the Cave. All listen, and soon appear deeply moved. It continues playing in full tone;*' while Euphorion, in person, makes his appearance, '*in the costume above described;* larger of stature, but no less frolicsome and tuneful.



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Our readers are aware that this Euphorion, the offspring of Northern Character wedded to Grecian Culture, frisks it here not without a reference to Modern Poesy, which had a birth so precisely similar. Sorry are we that we cannot follow him through these fine warblings and trippings on the light fantastic toe: to our ears there is a quick, pure, small-toned music in them, as perhaps of elfin bells when the Queen of Faery rides by moonlight. It is, in truth, a graceful emblematic dance, this little life of Euphorion; full of meanings and half meanings. The history of Poetry, traits of individual Poets; the Troubadours, the Three Italians; glimpses of all things, full vision of nothing!—Euphorion grows rapidly, and passes from one pursuit to another. Quitting his boyish gambols, he takes to dancing and romping with the Chorus; and this in a style of tumult which rather dissatisfies Faust. The wildest and coyest of these damsels he seizes with avowed intent of snatching a kiss; but, alas, she resists, and, still more singular, '*flashes up in flame into the air;*' inviting him, perhaps in mockery, to follow her, and 'catch his vanished purpose.' Euphorion shakes off the remnants of the flame, and now, in a wilder humour, mounts on the crags, begins to talk of courage and battle; higher and higher he rises, till the Chorus see him on the topmost cliff, shining 'in harness as for victory;' and yet, though at such a distance, they still hear his tones, neither is his figure diminished in their eyes; which, indeed, as they observe, always is, and should be, the case with 'sacred Poesy,' though it mounts heavenward, farther and farther, till it 'glitter like the fairest star.' But Euphorion's life-dance is near ending. From his high peak, he catches the sound of war, and fires at it, and longs to mix in it, let Chorus, and Mother, and Father say what they will.

EUPHOR. And hear, ye thunders on the ocean,
And thunders roll from tow'r and wall,
An host with host in fierce commotion,
See mixing at the trumpet's call:
And to die in strife
Is the law of life,
That is certain once for all.

HEL. FAU. and CH. What a horror! spoken madly!
Wilt thou die? then what must I?

EUPH. Shall I view it, safe and gladly?
No! to share it will I hie.

HEL. FA. and CH. Fatal are such haughty things,
War is for the stout.

EUPH. Ha!—and a pair of wings
Folds itself out!

EUPH.

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Thither! I must! I must!
'Tis my best to fly!

*(He casts himself into the air; his Garments support him for a moment; his Head radiates, a Train of Light follows him.)*

CHO. Icarus! earth and dust!
O, woe! thou mount'st too high.

*(A beautiful Youth rushes down at the feet of the Parents; you fancy you recognise in the dead a well-known Form;* but the bodily part instantly disappears; the gold Crownlet mounts like a comet to the sky; Coat, Mantle, and Lyre, are left lying.)*

HEL. and FAU. Joy soon changes to woe,
And mirth to heaviest moan.

EUPH.'s (*voice from beneath.*) Let me not to realms below
Descend, O mother, alone!

The prayer is soon granted. The Chorus chaunt a dirge over his remains, and then:

HEL. to FAUST. A sad old saying proves itself again in me,
Good hap with beauty hath no long abode.
So with love's Hand is life's asunder rent;
Lamenting both, I clasp thee in my arms
Once more, and bid thee painfully farewell.
Persephoneia take my boy, and with him me.

*(She embraces Faust; her Body melts away; Garment and Veil remain in his arms.)*

PHOR. to FAU. Hold fast, what now alone remains to thee.
That Garment quit not. They are tugging there,
These Demons at the skirt of it; would fain
To the Nether Kingdoms take it down Hold fast!
The goddess is it not, whom thou hast lost,
Yet godlike is it. See thou use aright
The priceless high bequest, and soar aloft;
'Twill lift thee away above the common world
Far up to Æther, so thou canst endure.
We meet again, far, very far from hence.

(HELENA'S *Garments unfold into Clouds, encircle* FAUST, *raise him aloft, and float away with him.*)

(PHORCYAS *picks up* EUPHORION'S *Coat, Mantle, and Lyre from the Ground, comes forward into the Proscenium, holds these Remains aloft, and says:*)

Well, fairly found be happily won!
'Tis true, the Flame is lost and gone:

* It is perhaps with reference to this phrase, that certain sagacious critics among the Germans have hit upon the wondarful discovery of Euphorion being—Lord Byron! A fact, if it is one, which curiously verifies the author's prediction in this passage. But unhappily, while we fancy that we recognize in the dead a well-known form, 'the bodily part instantly disappears;' and the keenest critic finds that he can see no deeper into a millstone than another man. Some *allusion* to our English Poet there is, or may be, here and in the page that precedes, and the page that follows; but Euphorion is no image of any person; least of all, one would think, of George Lord Byron.



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But well for us we have still this stuff!
A gala-dress to dub our poets of merit,
And make guild-brethren snarl and cuff;
And can't they borrow the Body and Spirit
At least, I'll lend them Clothes enough.
(*Sits down in the Proscenium at the foot of a pillar.*)

The rest of the personages are now speedily disposed of. Panthalis, the Leader of the Chorus, and the only one of them who has shown any glimmerings of Reason, or of aught beyond mere sensitive life, mere love of Pleasure and fear of Pain, proposes that, being now delivered from the soul-confusing spell of the 'Thessalian Hag,' they should forthwith return to Hades, to bear Helena company. But none will volunteer with her; so she goes herself. The Chorus have lost their taste for Asphodel Meadows, and playing so subordinate a part in Orcus: they prefer abiding in the Light of Day, though, indeed, under rather peculiar circumstances; being no longer 'Persons,' they say, but a kind of Occult Qualities, as we conjecture, and Poetic Inspirations, residing in various natural objects. Thus, one division become a sort of invisible Hamadryads, and have their being in Trees, and their joy in the various movements, beauties, and products of Trees. A second change into Echoes; a third, into the Spirits of Brooks; and a fourth, take up their abode in Vineyards, and delight in the manufacture of Wine. No sooner have these several parties made up their minds, than the *Curtain falls;* and Phorcyas '*in the Proscenium rises in gigantic size; but steps down from her cothurni, lays her Mask and Veil aside, and shows herself as* MEPHISTOPHELES, *in order, so far as may be necessary, to comment on the piece, by way of Epilogue.*'

Such is *Helena*, the *Interlude in Faust*. We have all the desire in the world to hear Mephisto's Epilogue; but far be it from us to take the word out of so gifted a mouth! In the way of commentary on *Helena*, we ourselves have little more to add. The reader sees, in general, that Faust is to save himself from the straits and fetters of Worldly Life in the loftier regions of Art, or in that temper of mind by which alone those regions can be reached, and permanently dwelt in. Further, also, that this doctrine is to be stated emblematically and parabolically; so that it might seem as if, in Goethe's hands, the History of Faust, commencing among the realities of every-day existence, superadding to these certain spiritual agencies, and passing into a more aërial character as it proceeds, may fade away, at its termination, into a phantasmagoric region, where symbol and thing signified are no longer clearly distinguished; and thus the fina result

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result be curiously and significantly indicated, rather than directly exhibited. With regard to the special purport of Euphorion, Lynceus, and the rest, we have nothing more to say at present; nay, perhaps we may have already said too much. For it must not be forgotten by the commentator, and will not, of a surety, be forgotten by Mephistopheles, whenever he may please to deliver his Epilogue, that *Helena* is not an Allegory, but a Phantasmagory; not a type of one thing, but a vague, fluctuating, fitful adumbration of many. This is no Picture painted on canvass, with mere material colours, and steadfastly abiding our scrutiny; but rather it is like the Smoke of a Wizard's Cauldron, in which, as we gaze on its flickering tints and wild splendours, thousands of strangest shapes unfold themselves, yet no one will abide with us; and thus, as Goethe says elsewhere, 'we are reminded of Nothing and of All.'

Properly speaking, *Helena* is what the Germans call a *Mährchen*, (Fabulous Tale,) a species of fiction they have particularly excelled in, and of which, Goethe has already produced more than one distinguished specimen. Some day we purpose to translate, for our readers, that little piece of his, deserving to be named, as it is, 'The *Mährchen*,' and which we must agree with a great critic in reckoning the 'Tale of all Tales.' As to the composition of this *Helena*, we cannot but perceive it to be deeply-studied, appropriate, and successful. It is wonderful with what fidelity the Classical style is maintained throughout the earlier part of the poem; how skilfully it is at once united to the Romantic style of the latter part, and made to re-appear, at intervals, to the end. And then the small half-secret touches of sarcasm, the curious little traits by which we get a peep behind the curtain! Figure, for instance, that so transient allusion to these 'Bearded Ones sitting watchful there below,' and then their tugging at Helena's Mantle to pull it down with them. By such light hints does Mephistopheles point out our Whereabout; and ever and anon remind us that, not on the firm earth, but on the wide and airy Deep, has he spread his strange pavilion, where, in magic light, so many wonders are displayed to us.

Had we chanced to find that Goethe, in other instances, had ever written one line without meaning, or many lines without a deep and true meaning, we should not have thought this little cloud-picture worthy of such minute developement, or such careful study. In that case, too, we should never have seen the true *Helena* of Goethe, but some false one of our own too indolent imagination; for this Drama, as it grows clearer, grows also more beautiful and complete; and the third, the fourth perusal of it pleases

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pleases far better than the first. Few living artists would deserve such faith from us; but few also would so well reward it.

On the general relation of *Helena* to *Faust*, and the degree of fitness of the one for the other, it were premature to speak more expressly at present. We have learned, on authority which we may justly reckon the best, that Goethe is even now engaged in preparing the entire Second Part of Faust, into which this Helena passes as a component part. With the third *Lieferung* of his Works, we understand, the beginning of that Second Part is to be published: we shall then, if need be, feel more qualified to speak.

For the present, therefore, we take leave of *Helena* and *Faust*, and of their Author: but with regard to the latter, our task is nowise ended; indeed, as yet, hardly begun, for it is not in the province of the *Mährchen*, that Goethe will ever become most interesting to English readers. But, like his own Euphorion, though he rises aloft into Æther, he derives, Antæus-like, his strength from the Earth. The dullest plodder has not more practical understanding, or a sounder or more quiet character, than this most aërial and imaginative of poets. We hold Goethe to be the Foreigner, at this era, who, of all others, the best, and the best by many degrees, deserves our study and appreciation. What help we individually can give in such a matter, we shall consider it a duty and a pleasure to have in readiness. We purpose to return, in our next Number, to the consideration of his Works and Character in general.

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ART. VI.—1. *Voyages en Amérique et en Italie.* Par le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. 2 vols. Paris. 1828.

2. *Les Natchez, Roman Indien, comprenant les Episodes d'Atala et de René.* 3 vols. Paris. 1827.

3. *Discours servant d'Introduction à l'Histoire de France, lu dans la Séance tenue par l'Académie Française pour la Réception de M. le Duc Mathieu de Montmorency, le 9 Février*, 1826. Par M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. Paris. 1826.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND has lately made a voluminous collection of his works, which, we understand, has been very graciously received by his countrymen. We have no intention of going through all his volumes, which now, we believe, amount to nearly thirty; and shall, therefore, content ourselves with devoting some pages to the consideration of his three last

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last publications, the names of which stand at the head of our article.

In all his works, our author never for a moment loses sight of the existence and importance of Viscount de Chateaubriand. In his last 'Voyages en Amérique et en Italie,' this feeling often bursts forth most amusingly. In his introduction he gives 'a fragment of the memoirs of his life, in order that the reader may be familiarized with the young traveller, whom he is to accompany.' His preface, in reality a vague piece of writing, compiled from the most obvious sources, is to serve as the *feuille de route* for mankind over the globe. At the very outset of his voyage he cannot help informing us, that, if his original design of discovering the North-west Passage had been accomplished, (it is quite evident that he did not even know where to look for it,) he would not have figured in the Congress of Verona, nor have been called Monseigneur in the *Hotellerie des Affaires étrangères rue des Capucines à Paris.* In every part of these two volumes we meet continual references to his other works, as if they were as well known as the writings of the classics. It is difficult for persons who have never been at sea, he says, to conceive the feelings of those who for the first time lose sight altogether of land; and in order properly to understand them, we are referred to the Génie du Christianisme, the Natchez, the Essai sur les Révolutions, and the Itinéraire! 'It is to me, (*i. e.* to M. de Chateaubriand particularly) the verses of Lucretius are applicable—

> Tum porro puer ut sævis projectus in undis
> Navita . . . . .

fortune wished to place in my cradle an image of my destinies.' In England, at all events, it will not seem so very extraordinary a freak of destiny, that a man of twenty should have been out of sight of land, or deem it necessary to have recourse to M. de Chateaubriand's works to conceive the accompanying sensations.

He passes the isle Graciosa. 'See an account of it in my "Essai sur les Révolutions."' (This work is quoted in at least fifty places.) He spends a night with a family of Indians. 'See "Génie du Christianisme."' He visits the Natchez. 'See description in "Atala,"' &c. We have every where the works of M. de Chateaubriand quoted—every where referred to, as if they were the common study of Europe—as if they were our infallible text books.

It is incredible how little new information is conveyed to us in these volumes. In common school-books the accounts of America, its geography, its inhabitants, its natural wonders, its animals, its plants, are more copious; and, beyond all comparison, more

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more exact. We may prove the trivial nature of his labours by extracting the last dozen articles of his bill of fare; his table des matières of the first volume.

| | |
|---|---|
| Histoire naturelle, Castors | Renards, Loups |
| Ours | Rat-musqué, Carcajon |
| Cerf | Oiseaux |
| Orignal | Poissons, Serpens |
| Bison | Arbres et Plantes |
| Fouine | Abeilles. |

By the articles referred to in this list we learn that beavers cut down trees by the side of rivers, and then float them down the tide to their cities, 'as the Egyptians, to embellish their metropolis, used to make the obelisks, cut in the quarries of Elephantine, descend the Nile;'—that they choose ediles to watch over the police of their republic—that there are three kinds of bears, brown, black, and white—that the first, in the lakes of Canada, and still more in those of Florida, are of a 'beauté et d'un éclat admirable;' with many other discoveries of the same kind; which we had thought were long since confined to works 'designed for the instruction and edification of youth of both sexes.'

But M. de Chateaubriand is not nice in making use of materials prepared to his hand. He has 'conveyed, as the wise call it,' no small portion, and that the most amusing portion of his American travels, from 'A Pilgrimage in Europe and America, leading to the Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Bloody River; with a description of the whole course of the former, and of the Ohio, by J. C. Beltrami, Esq., formerly a Judge of a Royal Court in the Ex-kingdom of Italy,' which was originally published in America, and lately republished here by Messrs. Hunt and Clarke. Beltrami writes in a wild and eccentric style, and his political opinions are ridiculous in the extreme; but it is evident, in spite of his folly and his falsifications, that he has been in America. We shall not be so uncivil as to insinuate that M. de Chateaubriand is in the contrary predicament; but it is beyond question, that he has made the most liberal use of M. Beltrami's work, and passed off the observations of the Italian gentleman, which are dated in 1823, as his own original observations, purporting to be extracted from his private journal of 1790. That he had seen M. Beltrami's Pilgrimage cannot be denied, for he quotes it in his prefatory chapter, p. 69, &c.

This we had intended to prove, by making extracts from both in parallel columns, but it has been exposed already. If the reader feel any curiosity on the subject, let him compare the accounts of Indian manners in Beltrami, vol. ii. from p. 210 to p. 300,

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p. 300, with Chateaubriand, vol. i. p. 206, to vol. ii. p. 164, and he will find the latter almost identical with the former. Or take the account of the beavers from p. 423 to p. 430, vol. ii., Beltrami, compared with that from p. 306 to p. 312, vol. i., Chateaubriand, and the identity will be recognized at once. There are many other passages equally striking; and Beltrami has, we perceive, made his reclamation in the newspapers. It is impossible that these can be merely accidental coincidences, for, to say nothing of the multitude of passages, even the particular *niaiseries* are followed. In the description of the beavers, for example, Beltrami foolishly compares some combats of these animals to the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii; and the same piece of nonsensical pedantry is repeated in the same manner in M. de Chateaubriand's account of the same contests. That two people should be guilty of such folly can be accounted for, in favour of the second claimant, only on the principles of Mr. Puff. The Viscount has been unlucky in this instance; to pilfer from any one is bad enough, but to pilfer from a quack is the extreme of misery. Beltrami's discovery of the sources of the Mississippi is nothing but imposture, and yet it appears that he is an authority sufficiently good for M. de Chateaubriand, not only to quote, but to pillage, from. We hope, however, that henceforth he will adopt the maxim of Falstaff, and never steal but in honest company.

The 'Journey in Italy' presents nothing worthy of comment. M. de Chateaubriand's taste for the sublime is admirably shown by his contempt for mountains; the impression made on his feelings, in mountain-scenery, is, he informs us, 'fort pénible:' we should have thought so from his writings. It is not thus that Lord Byron, or Wordsworth, (we shall only try the Viscount by his contemporaries,) speak of 'the everlasting hills!' It is not thus that Manfred speaks of the very scenery (Mont Blanc, 'the monarch of mountains') which occasions a very painful sensation to the fatigued Frenchman. He is not unreasonable, however, for he says, 'Après avoir fait la critique des montagnes, il est juste de finir par leur éloge.' Mont Blanc should politely take off his 'diadem of snow,' and make a low bow to the Viscount for his politeness, in allowing him to have some merit after all.

We shall soon have a more legitimate opportunity of speaking of M. de Chateaubriand's classical acquirements; but a passage stares us in the face which we can hardly pass by. He has been arguing that Virgil was not fond of mountain-scenery, because he has said—

'Rura mihi et rigui placeant in *vallibus* amnes.'

'And where,' continues the Viscount, 'does he wish to place his valley? In a spot where he will have agreeable recollections, harmonious

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monious names, and traditions of fable or history.' [It would not be very easy to find any valleys in Greece or Italy, by the way, that do not abound with all these qualifications.]

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. . . . . —O ubi campi
Sperchiusque, et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygeta! O qui me gelidis e vallibus Hæmi
Sistat.—

which he thus translates—

Dieux! que ne suis-je assis au bord du Sperchius,
Quand pourrai-je fouler les beaux vallons d'Hémus,
O! qui me porterait sur le riant Taygète!

'Virginibus bacchata Lacænis' is judiciously left unattempted, but '*gelidis* in vallibus Hæmi,'—'les *beaux* vallons d'Hémus'! The true translation would have upset his theory.

From his travels we come, by an easy step, to his Natchez, the history of which important work is given, in its preface, with due minuteness. In 1800, when he left London to return to Paris, under a feigned name, he did not dare, he says, to load himself with heavy baggage, and therefore judiciously left his works behind. In 1814, when the communications with England were re-opened, he began to look after them, but what chance had he of finding them again? They had been left in a trunk with his landlady, from whom he had hired a small lodging in London; he had forgotten her name,—the name of the street,—the number of the house;—and but for the indefatigable exertions of the Messrs. Thuissy, whom this act has handed down to fame eternal, the Natchez would have been like the lost books of Livy, the plays of Menander, or the missing treatises of Cicero, a melancholy desideratum to the literary public. These worthy persons, however, hunted out the lodging of the illustrious Viscount, and having discovered, with an ingenuity of tracing which would have done honour to Zadig, that the landlady had died in the interim, and that her family had removed to a village (name not mentioned) several miles from London, they set out in quest. Wonderful to relate, the bundle which M. de Chateaubriand with much candour calls '*un inutile ramas de Manuscrits Français*' had escaped all culinary dangers: the trunk had not been opened, and the Messrs. Thuissy obtained their prize. 'I never,' says the Viscount, 'in all my life was more affected by any circumstance, than by the good faith and honour of this poor English family.' An unkind critic might hint his suspicions that the treasure was safe, because valueless to the hosts, and that when M. de Chateaubriand dreaded 'lest his name, having risen from obscurity, and caught, by means of the London newspapers, the attention of his landlady's children, it might have prompted them

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them to make use of those papers, which then would have acquired a certain value,' he was labouring under a most gratuitous terror. In 1814, the Viscount Chateaubriand was known in England but by his 'Atala,' which found small favour in English eyes, or as a stipendiary confectioner of literary bonbons for the little king of Rome.

Although he considered it as lost, he always kept dropping hints of the existence of the Natchez, and continued a regular fire of puffs preliminary, to prepare us for its publication at some future period, in case of its discovery. In Atala it was announced that he had early conceived the idea of writing *l'épopée de l'homme de la nature*,—whatever *that* may mean,—and that it was necessary, 'like Homer,'!! to visit America for the purpose, and that Atala was but a fragment of the labours resulting from this determination. In the 'Génie du Christianisme,' (a book which, to use Madame de Staël's well-known joke, contains neither Christianity nor genius,) with admirable propriety he introduced, with a similar flourish, another fragment of the great *opus deperditum*, or rather *oppigneratum;* and, finally, we have again in the preface-general of the edition of '*Mes Œuvres*,' '*quelques renseignemens sur les Natchez*.'

The greatest practitioner in the art could not have better prepared the public. Having recovered his MS. from England, he set about reading it with the utmost impartiality. He was now 'an old author, trained to his art,—a man enlightened by criticism,—a man of a calm mind, and quiet blood;' and yet he was delighted with the fecundity of genius displayed by this work. He had only one danger to apprehend, which was, lest he might, by the coolness of age, be induced to obliterate the lively touches of youth. The composition, he tells us, should preserve its independence and its vigour—'il falloit laisser *l'écume* à la bouche du jeune coursier,' and in this at least he has decidedly succeeded, for so much froth was never collected in so small a compass.

He is infinitely delighted with his Natchez. It blends the romance with the epic in the most admirable way conceivable. 'The first part,' in his own words, 'rises to the dignity of the Epopée, as in' what—what is the model of epic writing? as in the Iliad?—No! 'as in the Martyrs!' the second descends to ordinary narrative, as in'—again we must ask for a standard—'as in Atala and René'!!

Here he tells us we may find the model of all kinds of style,—the exemplar by which young writers should mould their sentences, and arrange their transitions from one subject to another. We should not, he says, despise the labours of the author: Voltaire has

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has been of no small advantage to the glory of Newton; Titus Livius has immortalized the elder Brutus; without Tacitus, who would think of Tiberius; Achilles would be nothing but for Homer. In like manner, the French back-settlers—the squatters and regulators of Louisiana, would have passed down the stream of oblivion, had they not been rescued for posterity by the pen of the Viscount de Chateaubriand. Their very names are worthy of his muse, and accordingly we have a muster-roll, as in the second Iliad, and seventh Æneid, with a suitable invocation. 'Fille de Mnémosine, *à la longue mémoire*, (Mnemosine, by the way, is plain Greek for memory,) venez m'animer de votre divin souffle, afin que je puisse nommer les capitaines et les bataillons de ce peuple indompté (an epithet, however, a little too strong for the French, in *America*) dont les exploits fatigueront même, O! Calliope! *votre poitrine immortelle.*'

The heroes are then separately introduced, and the *poitrine* of Calliope is called on to immortalize the artillery-men, as follows: —'Au centre de l'armée paroissoit ce bataillon vêtu d'azur, qui lance les foudres de Bellone'—the foot, who 'portent un tube *enflammé* [?] surmonté du glaive de Bayonne; leur vêtement est celui du lys, symbole de *l'honneur virginal* de la France'!! This body is commanded by fifty captains, whose names, it appears by the muster-book here reprinted, were Tourtant, Armagnac, Tourville—'Mais qui pourroit nommer tant d'illustres guerriers?' and, therefore, we are favoured with but half-a-dozen more, of whom the most distinguished are one Captain d'Aumale—'qui goûta le vin d'Ai avant le lait de sa nourrice;'—(whether he continued his preference to this fluid to the end, or, like other captains celebrated in strains as epic as these, he took to drinking ratafia, is not mentioned,) and one 'Gautier de Paris, dont la jeunesse *enchantée* coula parmi les roses de Fontenay, les chênes de Senar, les jardins de Chantilly, de Versailles, et d'Ermenonville,' which, to those who are acquainted with the haunts in which young gentlemen of his condition actually spend their early days in Paris, must sound really as pastoral as could reasonably be expected. The dragoons—'à la gauche de l'infanterie, s'étendent les lestes escadrons de ces *espèces de Centaures* au vêtement vert, dont le casque est surmonté d'un dragon,'—the *heavies*—'à l'aile opposée du corps de l'armée paroît immobile, la pesante cavalerie, dont le vêtement, d'un sombre azur, est ranimé par *un pli brillant emprunté du voile de l'Aurore.*' The Swiss, 'sacré bataillon de laboureurs—vêtus de la pourpre de Mars,' (powder-blue) and the Canadians, compose the remainder of this admirable army, who march on to the sound of 'mille instrumens, fils d'Eole,' (our eminent scholar, with his usual classical information, taking it for granted

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granted that wind-instruments were invented by Eolus,) 'tandis que les cymbales du nègre se choquent dans l'air et tournent comme deux soleils.' The whole passage rivals in magniloquence the still more famous marshalling of the forces of Pentapolin of the Naked Arm.

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The last comparison is, we imagine, conclusive as to our author's epic pretensions. In Homer, Paris glittering in gorgeous armour, parting from the embrace of the Jove-born 'goddess among women,' proud of the smiles of Venus, and pre-eminent in manly beauty, hastening to the defence of the towers built by the hands of the gods, is likened to the sun. In Milton, the heavenly shields of the two princes of the warring hosts of heaven involved in civil war, are 'two broad suns,' which

> 'Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
> In horror ———'

In Chateaubriand, the 'two broad suns' are a pair of cymbals in the hands of a black band-boy! The power of bathos could hardly go further. But the Viscount, however, may be right in thus indirectly hinting that his epic talents bear the same relation to Homer and Milton, as a pair of cymbals to the shield of the Archangel, or a negro to Αλεξανδρος θεοειδης—we beg his pardon for quoting Greek—to the god-like Alexander.

The mythology is worth a short notice. Satan, as usual, *planant dans les airs*, sees America in danger of being christianized by the pious French grenadiers, and makes a speech accordingly to the old gods of America, in a style somewhat different from that which his Pandemonian majesty employs in Paradise Lost. Having set these demons in motion, he flies 'aux extrémités du monde, sous le pôle dont l'intrépide Cook mesura la circonférence à travers les vents et les tempêtes,' an occupation which we never heard before assigned to the 'intrépide Cook.' In these extremities he finds a palace built on a mountain higher than any other on earth, in the centre of which is a spiral vault like a conch, through which all sounds come. At the ear of this echoing vault (through which, he informs us, 'la plupart de ces sons sont *faussement* reproduits,' thereby rivalling in ingenuity the famous Irish echo) is seated the Goddess of Renown, the daughter of Satan and Pride, listening, like Jupiter, in the burlesque of Lucian, to the hubbub of mortals. Her father engages her in his project respecting the Natchez, and they fly together by Cape Horn, through the West Indies, in which we have Cayenne, Martinico, Dominico, Saint Domingo, the Caribbees and Bahamas noticed in splendid colours, and arrive at the scene of action. Here la Renommée adopts the venerable custom of disguising herself as an old man, and inspires wrath into the minds of various savages. All this could not

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not go on without attracting the attention of the guardian angel of America, who flies to give notice of it to Uriel, whom he finds in the post in which Milton left him. Uriel behaves with the utmost politeness; for, though he informs the American Angel—rather a whimsical combination for the epic—that he knows all he intended to say, yet, continues the affable Regent of the Sun, 'votre empressement est digne d'éloges—*mais vous pouvez vous arrêter un moment pour délasser vos ailes.*' After this civil request to the messenger, to stop and rest himself, it is only natural that Uriel should give him something to drink, and he offers him, accordingly, a 'coupe de diamant pleine d'une liqueur inconnue,' with which the weary angel washes down the dust of his journey. The conversation over the cups turns on the nature of the sun, and proceeds, as might be expected, very pleasantly, until Catherine des Bois, guardian saint of Canada, and Saint Genevieve of Paris, arrive in company. These ladies fly through the upper firmament to heaven; but really their journey is too close a parody on Ezekiel to be ventured upon. Milton is throughout most miserably pillaged, and Platonic ideas most sadly caricatured. Arrived in heaven, (where, to give an example of the pillage from Milton, we are told, 'les lieux sont obscurs à force de lumière,'*) they meet Las Casas, St. Louis, 'roi en ciel comme sur la terre,' two Canada missionaries, named Brebœuf and Jogue, and this goodly company of six prostrate themselves before the Virgin Mary, to whom they directly address their prayers,† and she grants them. This may be Catholic theology; we doubt, however, if even the most devoted of the worshippers of the Virgin imagined that she it was who crushed the head of the serpent, as we are informed here, (vol. i. p. 115,) but such a supposition shows a knowledge of the Bible quite worthy of him who confounds, a little further on, (p. 117,) the prophet Ezekiel with Habakkuk.

An epic, secundum artem, must have a narrative episode, and one of the viscount's is truly amusing. One of his savages, Chactas, the sage of the book, has been in France, and describes his visit at some length. The idea of making uncivilized people visit civilized countries is an old one, and has occasionally been well managed. It is rather bold for the viscount to put us so decidedly in mind of the Huron; but it is only the conception that reminds us of Voltaire, for we do not meet anything resembling him in the details. Chactas travels to Paris, which he calls the 'grand village'—he sees there 'huttes de commerce'—he talks of

* Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear. P. L. b. iii. 380.

† Mère d'Emmanuel! seconde Eve, reine dont je (St. Genevieve) suis la plus indigne des servantes, prenez pitié d'un peuple prêt à périr. Le serpent dont *vous* avez écrasé la tête est retourné, &c. &c.

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another village, Versailles, where 'nous allumerions le feu de conseil avec le chef des chefs,' (Louis XIV.) whom he calls the Sun —he sleeps in a 'cabane,'—a room,—on 'peaux des ours,' meaning bedclothes—he observes a 'warrior' presenting a 'collier du suppliant,' *i. e.*, a gentleman handing a petition to a minister—he calls looking-glasses 'eau glacée'—the Louvre, the theatres, the churches, 'cabanes'—a butcher's shop, a 'hutte de commerce où l'on expose la chair des victimes'—wax-candles, 'trésors dérobés aux filles des rochers et des vieux chênes'—money, 'grains de porcelaine'—a hangman, 'le génie de mort'—the ocean, a 'lac sans rivage'—the Mediterranean, a 'lac immobile'—ships, 'monstres nageans'—cannon, 'foudre'—anchors, 'pieds d'airain' —and other such fooleries innumerable. All this is to mark the savage incapable of describing the objects familiar to civilized people by any terms but those to which he was accustomed in his own country. This, for a short sketch, may be agreeable enough—it is always tiresome when extended—but here it is absolutely absurd: for the viscount, dazzled with the glories of Versailles, must make his savage critical in honour of that tasteless structure; and, therefore, depicts him 'vraiment frappé d'étonnement'; and describing 'la *façade* entière du *palais* semblable à une immense *ville;* cent *dégrés* de marbre blanc conduisent à des *bocages* d'orangers; des eaux jaillissantes au milieu des *statues* et des *parterres*, &c. &c. Nous nous avançames parmi les *bronzes*, les marbres, les eaux, et les ombrages, chaque flot, contraint de la terre, apportoit un *génie* à la surface des *bassins*. Ces génies varioient selon leur puissance: les uns étoient ornés de *tridens*, les autres sonnoient des *conques recourbées*,' &c. &c. Presently we have an eulogium on the artists who raised the *columns*, *designed* the *gardens*, executed the *statues*, and painted the *pictures!!* How consistent!

At a supper at Ninon de l'Enclos! he is introduced to all the literary men of France; quotes La Fontaine—repeats critiques on Molière—is informed that Leibnitz, who is of the party, is employed on 'Calculs sur l'Infini!'—and sees among the company Sir Isaac Newton and Locke! One person is introduced here—a child in a basket. If that child were alive now, we should not have been favoured with this epic—for it is Voltaire—or if it were ventured on, the soirée at Ninon's would have been a subject of merciless persiflage for ever. The whole tour winds up with a panegyric on the reign of Louis XIV., and the savage informs us that that reign made France 'la première nation du monde par nos édifices et jeux'—high grounds of national exultation, particularly when we consider what was the French architecture of the time, and turn our eyes on Italy—'that Louis taught France to laugh

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laugh at the leagues of Europe against him,' a laugh which the wars of his last years, and the name of Marlborough, must have rendered very sardonic—that he made the French '*dominateurs des flots*,' against which pretension we beg leave to protest in the name of La Hogue and Rule Britannia—and that agriculture, commerce, and internal prosperity, were at their highest pitch under his government. To suppose that a savage who knew not the proper names of houses, or towns, or ships, or arms, should speak thus, is nonsense; but it is worse than nonsense when it comes from a *historian*, who ought to have been aware that the internal condition of France, impoverished by the useless wars and fierce bigotry of Louis XIV., was wretched to the last degree, and that the miseries his ambition and persecutions occasioned were the principal causes of the revolution, and the chief stimulants of its atrocities. The melancholy glory of the Fourteenth Louis led the Sixteenth to the scaffold.

The novel department of the Natchez is rather silly, and the conclusion is disgusting. The hero is murdered, and the pregnancy of the heroine is one consequence of the fatal attack on his house. This revolting circumstance is dwelt on with much minuteness, and by one circumstance is rendered even comical—Céleste cannot bear to see the child of this miserable outrage, and yet the maternal feeling is strong in her bosom. How can she reconcile both emotions? Why thus:—she nurses the infant, but closes her eyes while she gives it the breast, and when that task is done, swings it over her shoulder. This ingenious device is the grand catastrophe of the Natchez.

Some passages of a tumid eloquence occur, but they are generally borrowed—for instance, this address to the moon.—'Mais, O Lune! que tu es belle dans ta tristesse! L'ourse étoilée s'éclipse devant tes charmes; *tes regards velouteut l'azur du ciel;* ils rendent les nues diaphanes; ils font briller les fleuves comme des serpens; *ils argentent la cime des arbres; ils couvrent de blancheur le sommet des montagnes.*' We pass the Miltonian 'eclipsing at her charms,' but who does not remember the grand nightpiece at the end of the eighth Iliad? The viscount had heard of it, but is unhappily misled by the gorgeous mistranslation of Pope. The Greek he could not read, and has unwarily been entrapped by the paraphrase,

> 'As when the moon—
> O'er *heaven's clear azure* spreads her sacred light.'
> '*O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure spreads,*
> *And tips with silver all the mountains' heads*,' &c.

Puisse mon récit avoir coulé comme tes flots—O Meschacebé, is the parting ejaculation of the viscount. He holds the means of

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of gratifying his prayer in his own power: his stream of book-making runs no chance of being exhausted. There is no reason why that tide should not resemble the eternal amnis which

'Labitur et labetur per omne volubilis ævum.'

We have considered him as a traveller and a poet. Paulo majora canamus. We have to deal with him now as an historian. In this character he comes before the public with no common claim on its attention. A practised and veteran author already, he is here recommended to us by the distinct and solemn applauses of the French Academy, before which august body his 'Discours' was pronounced *ex cathedrâ* on the great occasion of the reception of the late Duc Mathieu de Montmorency.

The design of the writer is, in itself, vast and imposing. It is no other than that of sketching the history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. We cannot help recollecting that this has been attempted already, on a greater scale; but must admit that to be no reason why it should not be done again. The field over which the eagle spirit of Montesquieu had taken its flight, and where Gibbon had stamped the indelible marks of his elaborate and stately march, was still open to the 'lavoltas high and swift corantos' of the *Vicomte de Chateaubriand*.

Great as the work before us is, it is but the preface to a still greater undertaking—a history of France, on which the Viscount informs us, in the full pomp of the regal and editorial plural, 'nous nous occupons depuis un grand nombre d'années.' And the introduction opens with a deep-voiced intonation not unworthy of the most magnificent of historical projects.

'Jesus Christ, who had been long announced in the east, came into the world during the reign of Augustus; this is the greatest event in history. The establishment of the Christian religion changed the condition of the earth. The monument of civilization is a cross, planted at Calvary, and from its foot twelve legislators, poor, ill-clad, and with a pastoral staff in their hands, walked forth to teach nations, and to renovate the face of empires.

'In proportion as Polytheism fell, and divine revelation diffused itself, the rights of man and the social duties became better known; at length, however, the empire of the Cæsars was condemned. It received the seeds of true religion, only that every thing might not perish in its wreck—the world was too corrupt to be entirely regenerated by Christianity. A new religion stood in need of new people. The innocence of the gospel required the innocence of uncivilized man, and a simple faith called for hearts as simple as itself.'

Here certainly is a 'hiatus' promising great things; and if not eloquent, it is evidently not for want of exertion on the part of its author. There is, however, a passage in Lucian's 'Art of writing



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History,' of which such an exordium is apt to remind plain people, 'Some folks (says that sly Greek) write splendid and tragedy-like prefaces, from which you have reason to expect admirable things to follow, and yet add to them a mean and petty body of history, so that the whole resembles the picture of Cupid decked out in the huge mask of Hercules or Titan. It is impossible to avoid crying out—"The mountain in labour." But in history, all parts should be uniform;—the head consentaneous to the body, so that the helmet should not be of gold, while the cuirass is only a wretched patchwork of rags or rotten leather, the buckler made of twigs, and the greaves of pigskin.' The description might have been penned for this *magnum opus* of the Viscomte de Chateaubriand. Setting out with the idea announced in the above-quoted sonorous sentences, of considering, with reference to the progress of Christianity, the whole history of Rome, from the death of our Saviour till the overthrow of the empire, and the influence of our faith upon that great event, he tacks to this magnificent head a mean and petty body of school-boy common-places, marked by more than school-boy ignorance. Even in these very first sentences, a desire for making poor epigrammatic turns leads him into a fault. We pass by the gallimatias of the picture of the twelve apostles (were they then *twelve?*) starting from the foot of the cross, 'pour renouveler la face des royaumes'—a commission which it would be hard to find in the Bible: but when we are told that 'il fallait à l'innocence de l'évangile, l'*innocence* des hommes sauvages,' we are compelled to fear that the Viscount either sacrifices truth to antithesis, or is very ignorant of the manners of these 'hommes sauvages' who overthrew the mightiest empire that has ever been reared among mankind. Such crime and wickedness of every sort—such blood-thirstiness and arrogance, mixed with so much perfidy and meanness, never tarnished the annals of the world, as were exhibited in the armies of the conquerors of Rome. It is not worth while to cite examples of what every reader of the melancholy annals of those unfortunate times must know; but if God made use of these scourges to work his own wise purposes in the overthrow of the western empire, it was no part of the scheme of Providence that the detestable barbarians so employed should be endowed with the *innocence* of the gospel.

This, it will be said, is but a trifle. Da veniam *pueris;* we shall not quarrel with a flower in the hands of a rhetorician. The most lenient critic, however, might expect, that having announced his design of making the progress of Christianity the master-key to disclose the whole scheme of the Roman downfal, the author should at once begin to inform us how its operation commenced. This,

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This, well done, would be, indeed, a work worthy of a great mind. In 1825, we must have admitted that it never had been done—and, alas! at the opening of 1828, we are compelled to make the same melancholy confession. M. de Chateaubriand, it would seem, thinks his part is over with the announcement; for we have not a single word about Christianity, directly or indirectly, until the chain of his narrative brings him to Marcus Aurelius—a hundred and fifty years after the death of our Saviour. Then, after some half page of trifling remarks, he again drops it altogether, until we hear of it in another sentence—namely, the sentence in which the final overthrow of the empire is to be mentioned. It may, perhaps, be rendered more prominent in the book of which the Viscount tells us this *discours* is but a sort of digest; but really, in the most rapid view of the matter, it would appear to us incredible, that even in an analysis of a *discours* on the establishment of the Christian religion in the Roman empire, the name of Constantine should be omitted, and his existence not alluded to, if we did not find that such was the case in the magniloquent essay before us.

But—not to press that point—even a vigorous and comprehensive sketch of the history of the emperors would be a valuable work. We do not know where to look for it; and we are sorry to say that no one will find it here. Every where M. de Chateaubriand is on the stretch for pretty epigrams—for sparkling sallies of drawing-room wit. He looks for nothing but how to tell the old stories of the personal manners of the emperors according to the old school-boy fashion—in the style of the 'sage et pieux Rollin,' as he calls one of the smallest of historians. We see no traces of an historical mind—no attempt at examining whether the accounts we have of these princes are to be implicitly relied on; no hint that, whether exaggerated or not, the private vices of the heads of the Roman state, though excellent materials for memoirs, are not of that peculiar moment to general history as to occupy all the attention of studious posterity. In the eyes of our Viscount, the scandalous chronicle of the court is of more consequence than the movements of the empire; and we glean from his sketch an idea of the history of declining Rome, not more philosophical than we might draw from Pinnock's Catechism; in truth, less philosophical, inasmuch as the driest series of chronological facts is more precious than the vague generalizations of an alike ignorant and arrogant quackery.

It may be worth while to gather together some of the *bullatæ nugæ* with which these pages froth over. Of Cæsar, we are told, that if he had been born 'au temps des mœurs,' he would have been the rival in *wisdom* of Cincinnatus or Fabricius. The Viscount



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count should have added, that if he had been born some centuries later, Cæsar might have been the rival in wisdom of Hengist and Horsa, or any other of the strong-handed barbarians endowed with the ignorance and the negative virtues of uncivilized life. But it seems that when Julius appeared at Rome, virtue was gone. 'Il ne trouva plus que la gloire—*il la prit, faute de mieux.*' How pretty!

Augustus, we are informed, 'consulted, perhaps, with—Virgil! on the restoration of liberty;' he, moreover, 'chargea les muses de désarmer l'histoire;—et le monde a pardonné à l'ami d'Horace.' As old Polonius would say, this is good again!

Tiberius, it seems, 'had all the defects of little minds.' We rather think a philosophical historian would have given a very different account of him. Those who have studied the politics of his reign—the object of his internal measures—his domestic and foreign administration—the state in which he kept and transmitted the empire—will, at all events, not join in *this* reproach. These considerations escape the Viscount, who, as usual, is thinking only of Tiberius's private life;—and here he makes a discovery. '*On se taisait sur ses mœurs*, car il appellait ses crimes au secours de ses vices, et la terreur lui faisait raison du *mépris.*' Few, we imagine, were inclined to treat Tiberius with contempt; but where did M. de Chateaubriand find, that nothing was said about his immoral life, which we fancied had been abundantly notorious? We could not have guessed the Viscount's authority, had he not kindly favoured us with the reference. 'On se taisait sur ses mœurs,' says the text; and the note points our eye to 'Obtectis libidinibus. Tac. Ann. lib. vi.' We thought that when we had read those two words they bore a different interpretation, and could not avoid looking to the original; nor can we now refrain from transcribing it, in order that our readers may contemplate along with us the admirable knowledge of Latin possessed by this new historian of Rome:—

'Morum quoque tempora illi diversa: egregium vita famaque quoad privatus vel in imperiis sub Augusto fuit: occultum ac subdolum fingendis virtutibus donec Germanicus ac Drusus superfuere; idem inter bona malaque mixtus incolumi matre; intestabilis sævitia sed *obtectis libidinibus* dum Seianum dilexit timuitve—postremo in scelera simul ac delicta prorupit, postquam, remoto pudore et metu, suo tantum ingenio utebatur'—

a vigorous passage, which even the dilution of Murphy cannot wholly destroy:—

'His manners, like his fortune, had their revolutions and their distinctive periods: amiable while a private man, and, in the highest employments under Augustus, esteemed and honoured; during the lives of

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of Drusus and Germanicus, he played an artificial character, concealing his vices, and assuming the exteriors of virtue. After their decease, and while his mother lived, good and evil were equally blended in his character. *Detested for his cruelty, he had the art while he loved, or feared Sejanus, to throw a veil over his most depraved and vicious appetites.* All restraint being at last removed, he broke out without fear or shame, and during the remainder of his life, hurried away by his own unbridled passions, made his reign one scene of lust, and cruelty, and horror.'

Our historian, it seems, never read the sentence which he quotes—*Obtectis libidinibus; on se taisait sur ses mœurs!*—Why, even his de la Houssaie could have told him that Tacitus's words meant 'cruel à l'excès, mais secret dans ses plaisirs infames.'

Claudius hid himself on the death of Caligula, was discovered, and saluted emperor. In consternation, he 'ne demandait que la vie—on y ajoutait l'empire, et il pleurait du présent!'—This would shine in an epigram.

Galba's head was struck off, and a soldier was for a while puzzled how to carry it, as it had no hair. This bald head, says our historical sage, ought to have given the old man better advice: —'Etait-ce la peine de mettre une couronne sur une tête dépouillée?' The chief corollary to be derived from this deep saying is, that a bald man has no right to be a king. M. de Chateaubriand would not have ventured on this remark in the days of a certain 'bastard Cæsar,' whom he did not once disdain to worship; and when he made it, he forgot, or possibly was ignorant, that the greatest head that ever wore an imperial chaplet—even that of Julius Cæsar—was almost as bald as Galba's.

Otho killed himself without reading Plato, or tearing his bowels, '*Mais* Caton expira avec la liberté. Othon ne quitta que le pouvoir.' It would appear, therefore, that the principal difference between a republican and imperial suicide is, that the former strikes at the bowels, the latter at the heart. The republican reads Plato; the emperor takes a nap. These are important deductions.

Such is the *curta supellex* of the *discours*. Page after page we are entertained with pretty points, and laborious strainings after fine writing; always a rehashing, at once pompous and servile, of the old stories; never any mark of a philosophical understanding, and as little of consultation of the original sources. Nor if we turn from the details to the general current of the Viscomte's story, shall we find that a whit less meagre and ignorant. A man writing a history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire in nineteen pages, spends half a page on a couple of

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of sayings of Galba; gives us an improbable anecdote of Commodus's cutting open a fat man; makes a noisy tirade on the admirable virtue of the Greeks in the days of the thirty tyrants, in not *then* having produced one tyrant, forgetting that in the days of Greek glory, they produced tyranny, or what their orators were pleased to call such, every year—stops to crack a joke on Caracalla's attempting to tear a few hairs from his thinly-furnished head; (baldness, it would appear, is a great crime in the eyes of our historian,) &c. &c. The name of Dioclesian, in whose reign the fall of Rome most visibly began—who changed the seat of empire—who altered the constitution of the country, which, whether instinct or not with the old spirit, had until his time retained the old forms—who made that important change in the imperial constitution, which, more than any one thing besides, produced the dismemberment of the empire—that name is never mentioned. In equal silence, as we have already stated, is the name of Constantine passed over; but to make us amends for such trivial omissions, M. de Chateaubriand, well knowing that his *forte* lies in the gaudy and rhetorical, or wishing, we suppose, to show us how well he can discriminate who are the fit objects for history, gives us the following full-length portrait of—Heliogabalus!

'A young Syrian, a priest of the sun, his eyelids painted, his cheeks coloured with vermilion, wearing a tiara, collar, and bracelets, a tunic of cloth of gold, a silken robe, *à la Phénicienne*, and sandals, adorned with engraved diamonds; surrounded by eunuchs, jesters, songsters, male and female dwarfs, dancing and moving backwards before a triangular stone—Heliogabalus, in fine, comes to reign among the hearths of the ancient Horatii, to rekindle the chaste flame of Vesta, to bear the sacred shield of Numa, and touch the venerable emblems of Roman sanctity.

'Under Heliogabalus, the vice which particularly ruled the world was obscene brutality,—political supremacy was acquired by moral debasement, and none were raised to power who had not previously stood the test of debauchery. In the selection of his paramours he sometimes chose a chariot driver of the circus, and sometimes the son of a cook. He had prepared for his death, in case of need, a silken cord, a golden poniard, poison inclosed in crystal vases, and an inner court, paved with precious stones, on which he might precipitate himself from a high tower. These resources were, however, useless. He spent his time in infamous places, and was killed in the latrinæ; after which his assassins cut off his head and dragged his body along the streets, intending to throw it into the sewer, but, finding the entrance too narrow, they gave Heliogabalus the honour of the Tiber. Despotism having descended so low that its degradation deprived it of power, the Romans now enjoyed a brief breathing space; for in these ignominious times, general disgust occupied the station of public liberty.'

The reign of this unfortunate boy, which did not last four years, which

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which led to no earthly consequences as regarded the permanency or the decadence of the state, is thus swelled out to a length of description equal to what our judicious author bestows on any four reigns besides. Nay, not content with this allowance, we have the most important Heliogabalus again specially in the preface. The refined and delicate taste of the Parisians, it appears, had taken alarm at the above passage,—and the Viscount begs to explain.

'The Greek and Latin languages, formed by Republicans, preserved, even in slavery, the free character of their origin. Without offering any insult to propriety, our language, now that it has left the drawing-room, to resound in the tribunes, should adopt a little of this popular character, and blush at nothing, while scourging the memory of tyrants. When, after the description of the diamond pavement, golden poniard, and poison inclosed in crystal vases, which Heliogabalus had prepared for his closing scene, the Latin historian concludes with the words, "atque in latrina, ad quam confugerat, occisus," we must translate them, or renounce for ever the vengeance of history.

'Tillemont has attempted great delicacy in his expressions, and how has he succeeded? "Heliogabalus," he says, "had hidden himself in a part of the camp the most filthy and most worthy of him, still hoping to escape by some secret path." Crevier's frankness is far less offensive to the imagination; after having enumerated all the inventions of Heliogabalus for a magnificent suicide, he adds, with historical sarcasm, 'C'était bien de la dépense, pour finir par être massacré dans les latrines!!!'

Who would not imagine from all this that Heliogabalus was one of the most weighty personages in the Roman history; a man so particularly worthy of the 'grandes vengeances historiques,' as even to make it necessary to brave the *honnêteté* of the Parisians by daring to print a word—a much plainer synonyme for which stares them in the face night and day, as an illuminated advertisement of their most fashionable promenades. But as we have mentioned Heliogabalus, we must remind M. de Chateaubriand that even the egregious blockhead who writes that emperor's life, in the Historia Augusta, does not believe all the astonishing stories told of his depravity,* and admits that many of the calumnies against him were invented, from a desire of flattering his successor. What strikes us with peculiar abomination in the poor youth's character is, alas! shared by some of the greatest names in heroism and philosophy of the ancient world; and it is plain that greater indignation was excited against him among his contemporaries by his outrageous *dandyism* and foreign manners, than by any, even

* Hæc nonnulla fidem transeuntia, credo esse ficta ab iis qui in gratiam Alexandri Heliogabalum deformare voluerunt.—Hist. Aug. Vit. Heliog.

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the darkest of his vices. The remark of the Augustan compiler did not escape Mr. Gibbon, and therefore we wonder that it was not discovered by M. de Chateaubriand, who has so indefatigably exercised his fingers in preying upon that great historian. Some of the expressions of Heliogabalus, as, for instance, when with equal wit as truth, he called the grovelling senators of his times 'mancipia togata,' give us a better opinion of his intellect than we should infer from the general tenor of his dissipated and depraved life. It would be easy to point out mistakes in M. de Chateaubriand's remarks above quoted, but 'le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.' We may, however, afford three words to ask him in what particular of sanctity the ancilia of Numa surpassed the triangular stone of Heliogabalus, both being, in all probability, aërolithes? Surely the superstitions of the east were as respectable as those of the west; they were, indeed, derived from a higher and more philosophical origin.

The erudition of M. de Chateaubriand shines throughout as conspicuously as his taste and discrimination. In his preface, he informs us—

'We have thought it right to place the names of the original authors in the margin—not from any pedantic affectation, but in order to render to those authors what belongs to them, and to avoid the attribution to ourselves of what is not our own. These citations will afford some idea of the exertions we have made to render every thing intelligible without saying all.'

In fact, there are some two or three extracts in the Viscount's notes which are disgraceful and uncalled for. Nothing but a diseased appetite for dabbling in dirt could dictate the insertion of such quotations as some of those in pages 12 and 17; they contribute nothing to the chain of argument, and elucidate no details worthy of being known: they have no merit but their abomination. But passing over the indecency of these pitiful morsels, the writer's pretence of citing *original authors* is nothing but gasconade; and the phrases in which he disclaims 'une affectation pédantesque,' and expresses so much anxiety to avoid honours not his due, &c. &c., are as mean as magniloquent. M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand is indebted to second-hand sources for ALL his quotations. We doubt that he *ever* read *one* of the authors '*aux marges*' in that author's original tongue.

We shall just give two or three examples: 'Ici,' says the Viscount, 'les Pictes ou les Calédoniens mangeront les mamelles des prisonniers qu'ils auront faits;' and the authority is produced at length.

'Quid loquar de cæteris nationibus, quum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia

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Gallia viderim Atticottos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus; et quum per silvas porcorum greges et armentorum pecudumque reperiant, pastorum *nates* et feminarum *papillas* solere abscindere, et has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari?—S. Hieron, t. iv., p. 201; advers. Jovin., lib. 2.'

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These Atticotti—as M. de Chateaubriand thinks proper to call the Attacotti—have been badly treated in history. 'If sack and sugar be a sin,' says Falstaff, 'heaven help the righteous.' If to masticate these pastorum nates be a sin, heaven help, say we, the good repute of beef-eating England. The *individual* Attacotti whom Jerome saw eating human flesh, in Gaul, were, or at least were said to be, cannibals—(we confess that our own notion is they were poor creatures exhibited as a show, and Jerome was but a boy when he went to stare at them)—but the remainder of his sentence throws no such imputation on the *tribe*. The real meaning of St. Jerome is this, 'When the Attacotti, wandering in the woods, meet with flocks and herds of black cattle, sheep, and pigs, they are in the custom of cutting off the rumps of the fat beasts'—(pastorum—*scilicet*, boum, &c., nates. M. de Chateaubriand did not dare 'braver dans les mots l'honnêteté,' by translating such a terrible word as this)—'and the udders of the cows, swine, ewes,' &c., (feminarum, *i. e.*, vaccarum, suum, &c.) 'considering these as the only delicate parts of the animals.' Gibbon had made the same quotation—otherwise M. de Chateaubriand would never have exhibited this specimen of his concern for the just reputation of '*auteurs originaux*'—and the same mistake; and the Viscount, who wishes to give to authors what belongs to them, and therefore honestly omits the name of Gibbon, whom he pilfers, to quote the name of Jerome, whom he had never consulted, is properly rewarded for his fidelity by falling into a blunder. Had he, indeed, known anything of the history of the passage in Gibbon, he would have escaped. But he, who has not read Tacitus, can scarcely in fairness be expected to have heard of Parr, or Gaches, or Gough *.

'Ici,'

* As the history of the passage is somewhat amusing, we may give it in a note. Gibbon, in his own periphrastic style, thus translates it, in his 'Decline and Fall,' Vol. ii. p. 531, 4to. 'They curiously selected the most delicate and brawny parts of both males and females, which they prepared for their horrid repasts.' On which Doctor Parr, in his celebrated review of Combe's 'Variorum Horace,' in 'The British Critic,' of 1794—(which has been reprinted in the 'Classical Journal.' See its number for December 1812,)—remarks, 'Mr. Gibbon has fallen into a great error about this passage. The first who noticed Gibbon's mistranslation was Mr. Gaches, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge.' Parr then goes on to say, that, after consulting the original, he agrees with Gaches: 'The general proposition,' says the Doctor, 'that Jerome lays down is this, *Quis ignoret unamquamque gentem non communi lege naturæ, sed iis quorum apud se copia*

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'Ici,' continues M. de Chateaubriand, 'les Arabes boiront le sang de l'ennemi blessé de leurs flèches.' What is the authority for this? Wonderful to say, '*Crinitus quidam, nudus omnia præter pubem, subraucum et lugubre strepens. Ammian Marcell.!!*' Somebody must have been quizzing the Viscount, and passed off this scrap of Latin on him as the original of his French. Nothing, however, is new under the sun, and we find a prototype of this sort of translation in the 'Taming of the Shrew.'

'*Hic steterat*, that Lacentio that comes a wooing—*Priami*, is my man Tranio—*Regia*, bearing my port—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.'

In like manner our Parisian *Clarissimus* does into that vernacular tongue of which he condescends to be a master—*Crinitus quidam*, 'Ici les Arabes;' *nudus omnia*, 'boiront le sang;' *præter pubem*, 'de leurs ennemis;' *subraucum et lugubre strepens*, 'blessé de leurs flèches.'

Alaric, he informs us, asserted that he was not a free agent in his work of destruction, for there was *something which was drawing him under the walls of Rome.* We are referred for this to Sozomen, c. 61, lib. 19. Poor stupid old Sozomen is chargeable only with *nine* books, the largest of which has but *forty* chapters. But let us allow the Viscount the benefit of a double misprint, little creditable as such a circumstance is to the imprimerie of M. Didot, and read cap. 6, lib. 9. Here we shall find that the scene took place by Rome itself, and that Alaric told the monk who came to supplicate for the city, that there was some *being*—some *deity*, (quendam, not quelquechose,) which, with resistless force, drove him forward to the destruction of Rome. Sozomen never could have invented the vivid phrase which is employed, and which, therefore, we may safely attribute to the barbarian warrior himself. Here is the original:—Fertur itaque probus aliquis monachus ex his qui in Italia erant, Romam cum festina-

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*copia est, vesci solitam.*' If our readers will be pleased to look at the illustrations of this position, in cap. vi. lib. ii., advers. Jovinianum, they will probably accede to the position of Mr. Gaches, when they find that Jerome mentions, *incidentally*, the eating of human flesh: and that he was led, by his subject, more immediately to speak of the food which was 'found in abundance by the Attacotti in uncultivated forests.' It certainly, we must add, could never have been St. Jerome's intention to assert, that rumps of shepherds and breasts of shepherdesses were the food of which there was the greatest abundance in the West of Scotland in his days.

Gough, in his translation of Camden (who quotes the passage, but as he wrote in Latin we cannot tell what interpretation to put upon it,) thus renders it: 'And, when they met with herds of swine, cattle, or sheep, in the woods, cut slices out of the buttocks of the fat ones, and dugs of the females, reckoning them dainty meat.'—Gough's Camden, Vol. i. p. xcix. It seems to have been something like the Abyssinian custom mentioned by Bruce, and since confirmed by the report of later travellers.

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tione profectus, Alaricho consuluisse, ut urbi parceret, nec se tantorum malorum authorem constitueret; cui et Alarichus respondisse dicitur—'Se non volentem hoc tentare, sed esse *quendam qui* se OBTUNDENDO URGEAT et præcipiat ut Romam evertat.'—Let the reader compare this with the emasculate version of M. de Chateaubriand, and believe, if possible, that *Sozomen* was consulted. Perhaps the Viscount might have had a misty recollection of the slovenly translation of *Cousin*.

Minute errors abound, such as confounding the Attacotti with the Picts, though Ammianus Marcellinus carefully distinguishes between them, &c. These things, of little importance in themselves, mark inaccuracy of reading, which is fatal to historical pretensions; but we need not break a butterfly upon the wheel, and refrain, therefore, from further exposure of blundering.

In short, M. de Chateaubriand wants every requisite for such a task as he has dared to undertake. His style, loaded with false ornament, and glittering with antithesis and epigram, may be suited for a declamation. Even if it conveyed knowledge, it would be out of place, and liable to suspicion in a history. His mind is incapable of taking a general view of great events, or of discriminating the truth among rival or partial historians; it is even incapable of fixing on the great facts of any given case, and invariably selects, not that which is of historical importance, but that which, according to his notions of *effect*, gaudy colouring may invest with a dramatic air. And lastly, he has not read his originals—we firmly believe, is incapable of reading them, with critical attention. Of the three characters in which we have exhibited him he is far worst as an historian.

We do not know whether his greater historical work is ever destined to appear, but if it does, we promise him faithfully that we shall direct our attention to it. If the Discours, which we have just now analyzed, be a fair sample of the whole, we may promise our readers a rich harvest of amusement.

The errors and omissions, which strike us so forcibly in the short sketch will, in all probability, be more abundant in the full grown history, while the greater extent and variety of matter will afford ampler room for the display of his peculiar frivolities. We desire, indeed, that a Christian history of the Decline and Fall of Rome were written, but we should regret to see that task committed to the hands of M. de Chateaubriand. He would be but a sorry antagonist to Gibbon.

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ART. VII.—1. *Storia d'Italia dal* 1789 *al* 1814, *scritta da* Carlo Botta. 8 vols. 12mo. 1824

2. *Histoire d'Italie de* 1789 *à* 1814. Par Charles Botta. Paris. Dufart. 1824. 5 vols. 8vo.

3. *Storia della Guerra Americana.* 7 vols. 8vo. Firenze. 1822.

THE name of Carlo Botta has been long known as an historian. While yet a member of the legislative body, during the reign of Napoleon, he published, at Paris, a 'History of American Independence.' Whether it so happened that his notions on liberty have been since wonderfully revolutionized, or his bitter vituperation of England, and laudatory tropes in favour of America, propitiated the then rancorous hatred of the French towards this nation, we know not; but his work was eminently successful. Besides, the Italian liberals were glad to circulate a book, which pointed out the road to independence. With them the question of historical veracity was of secondary consequence, the matter was never mooted—for Carlo Botta appeared to be a staunch republican. These lenient judges looked also with a kind consideration on his antiquated and musty style, and his fabrication of speeches; for the former was extrinsic to the historian's veracity—the latter a venial offence, justified by illustrious precedent.* A grand defect,

* We have, however, seen an eulogium on either President Jefferson or Adams, where this speech-making of Botta is justly pointed out as a great historical fault. Lee, it is said, is made to pronounce, through Botta, a speech, to prevail upon the Congress to proclaim themselves independent, when, in fact, it is affirmed it was either Jefferson or Adams, (we forget which,) who spoke so powerfully, as to carry the motion of Declaration of Independence; and Lee did not speak at all on the occasion. It is then clear, that Botta, by his putting the speech into Lee's mouth, has praised him for what he did not do, and has unfairly deprived the real speaker of his deserts. This *logomania* of our historian is not much relished in America, as we may perceive from the following observations of the Attorney-general of the United States. From this we may observe that this speech-making may be of great historical consequence, by depriving a man of his deserts, or praising another unjustly at his expense. 'Botta, the Italian historian of our revolution, has made Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Lee the principal speakers on the opposite sides of this question, (the Declaration of Independence,) and availing himself of the dramatic license of ancient historians, which the fidelity of modern history has exploded, he has drawn, from his own fancy, two orations, which he has put into the mouths of those distinguished men. With no disposition to touch, with a hostile hand, one leaf of the well-earned laurels of Mr. Lee, (which every American would feel far more pleasure in contributing to brighten and to cherish,) and with no feelings but those of reverence and gratitude for the memory of those other great patriots who assisted in that debate, may we not say, and are we not bound in justice to say, that Botta is mistaken in the relative prominency of one, at least, of his prolocutors? Mr. Jefferson has told us, that "that the *colossus* of that Congress—the great pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and champion on the floor of the House, was John Adams." '—'A Discourse on the Lives and Characters of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams.' By W. Watt, Attorney-general of the United States, &c. Washington by Gates and Seaton. 1826. p. 38.

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however, was discovered in his total neglect of references; but then this defect touched only the critics—and the critics were too good, too gentle, too humane, to convict their favourite of errors; and so the matter was passed *sub silentio*—Carlo Botta was praised as the phœnix of historians;—and editions multiplied, to rejoice and make merry the republican's heart.*

No wonder, then, that his 'History of Italy' should have excited mighty expectations. The Italian governments dreaded its appearance; and this circumstance, with its prohibition in Lombardy, Piedmont, Romagna, and Naples, whetted public curiosity. The book had an astonishing sale, and was universally read. It was believed that the spirit which had prompted the story of American Independence had dictated the Italian history; but the Prussian minister, Marquis Lucchesini, impugned its impartiality; and Count Paradisi, president of the senate, during the existence of the Italian kingdom, flatly called Signor Botta a *romancer*—each proving, by substantial evidence, that the work not only overstepped clandestinely the boundaries of truth, but openly and impudently transgressed the limits of probability. To these noblemen succeeded many other honourable Italians, participators in the transactions professed to be recorded by Signor Botta; but the circumstance of its permission for circulation in the very states, which had at first strictly prohibited the work, was of itself a convincing proof of its being written in terms suited to their prurient love for adulation, and consequently of its excessive partiality. We, therefore, think that we shall be conferring an obligation on the public, by canvassing the merits of this right excellent historian. We wish not to criticise minutely Signor Botta's style; and, for the satisfaction of those of our readers who are not sufficiently conversant with the Italian language,—and lest it should be said that we have misinterpreted the writer's meaning, we will throughout this article give our extracts in the original French. The Italian edition, however, we have read, and, save only schoolboy themes, and college exercises, more coldness, stiffness, and affectation, is scarcely to be found. We take, for instance, his description of the sacking of Pavia, in the seventh book; and in the twenty-first, that of the yellow fever at Leghorn. There will be found servile imitations of Thucydides and Boccaccio, in their narrative of the plagues at Athens and Florence; and of Guicciardini, (if, however, that pamphlet was written by him,) when he relates the sacking of Rome. Exclamations, in the mouth of Thucydides and Boccaccio, who

* We are proud of having been the first to make it generally known in Italy, and of having suggested to Mr. Blanchon, a bookseller at Parma, the thought of reprinting this work of Botta's, for whom we *then* entertained the highest respect.

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personally witnessed, and the first of whom had suffered from, the malady, which they described, are natural; but the exclamations of Signor Botta are cold and ridiculous, and enough to weary every reader of good sense, at his puerile frivolity. The particularity with which he describes the symptoms of the yellow fever at Leghorn, even in the French edition, are disgusting to the last degree; and the method of cure—the medical discussions into which he enters—if they do not show him to be a good physician, certainly evince that he is a bad writer and a poor historian, and 'le mercure doux et le jalap, pour entretenir la liberté du ventre—les tisanes sudorifiques—le tartare stibié, et la décoction de sénevé,' are in their proper place in a clinical or in a therapeutic treatise; but metamorphose the grave historian into a compounder and detailer of quack medicines—or an empty mouther of terms, of whose meaning he is entirely ignorant—or into a well-known character of Molière, and laughter alone allays disgust. We could wish to hint to this right learned Theban, and most classic historian, to guard against *concettini* in his descriptions and reflections, and to beware of epigrams, in which he indulges too much, both in his French and Italian composition: for instance, in the 'Battle of Casteggio,' described in the twentieth book, we read 'Les Autrichiens gardaient le pont avec une artillerie formidable, et tiraient sans relâche à mitraille contre les Français—ceux-ci chargeaient à la baïonette pour enlever ces pièces meurtrières. *C'était un combat prolongé entre le feu et le fer.*' So much for this excellent author's style.

In this 'History of Italy,' as in that of the 'Independence of America,' Signor Botta (with that consciousness of pride which every honest man will ever feel) has thought proper to give us invariably his naked word and bare assertion, without troubling himself with the task of quoting a single authority in support of his assertions. This, though it may be satisfactory to the writer, is by no means so to the reader, who is well aware that the time of oracles is long passed over, even in matters of history. Every historian is a witness: as a witness is bound to give an account of the sources of his knowledge—so is an historian. But in order that our readers may the better judge of *this* historian, we will lay before them a short account of his public life.

Carlo Botta, then, is a Piedmontese physician, who, in 1794, after two years' imprisonment in Piedmont, for his warm support of the principles of the French revolution, made his escape (heaven knows how) to France; and was employed, in his professional capacity, in the French army. When this army entered Piedmont, Botta fought with them against his king and his country, and after having assisted them in making the one drink the bitter cup of humiliation,

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humiliation, and in plundering the other, he followed the republicans to Corfu, in quality of army physician. The king of Piedmont having been obliged to abdicate, the French general, Joubert, appointed a provisional government, which the historian, of course, mentions, with high eulogium, in his sixteenth book :—for of this very government Signor Botta was a worthy member.

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When the 'Tricolor' Republic wished to unite Piedmont to France, by the basest intrigues the Piedmontese were made to request this junction with France, and, by the ready instrumentality of one Bossi, a member of the Provisional Government, this measure was communicated to his colleagues, and carried; and (though not mentioned by this veracious historian, Signor Botta) we read, in the 'Moniteur,' of the 8th Ventôse, year 7, *i. e.* 1799, that the three Commissioners, Bossi, Colla, and Botta, consummated this glorious and patriotic union. Some noble minded Italians lifted up their indignant voices in deprecation of so traitorous a measure;—among these the poet, Fantoni,* otherwise Labindo, was principally conspicuous, and, in return, the walls of a dungeon stifled his honest complaints. But hear our worthy historian:—

'A peine informé de l'évènement, (namely, of the proposal and acceptance of the cession of Piedmont to the French,) Fantoni, poète Italien célèbre, que les révolutions trouvaient toujours à leur rencontre, arriva aussitôt dans le pays, s'agita en tous sens contre le gouvernement, déclama partout contre la dernière mesure, qu'il qualifiait de trahison envers l'Italie, et fit tant qu'on fut enfin obligé de l'enfermer dans la citadelle. Fantoni aimait beaucoup sa patrie, sans doute; mais tel était le dérèglement de ses idées que si on l'avait laissé faire, le moindre malheur qui serait arrivé à l'Italie eût été un bouleversement de fond en comble.'—Lib. 16.

If the betrayal of one's own country to foreigners be not *treason;* or if there can be any worse '*overturning*' for a country, than its being ceded to a foreign nation, then is Signor Botta pure and immaculate: but if he, who loudly protests against this betrayal, is worthy the designation of *madman*, then we must candidly confess, either that these words are, to us, unintelligible jargon; or that he, who wrote them, imagined all his readers to have been equally black of purpose as of heart, and members, moreover, of the Provisional Government of Piedmont, in 1799.

Piedmont was retaken by the allied Russians and Austrians, and governed by a regency, in the name of the king, till the battle of Marengo. Buonaparte then nominated a council and a commission of government; and, in the first, as he himself relates,

* This Poet's works rank among the best lyrical productions of modern Italy.

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was comprised Signor Botta. Shortly afterwards, however, was substituted an executive commission, composed of three individuals—Bossi, Botta, and Giulio, which lasted till Piedmont was again united to France, by a decree of the Republic.

The following epigram, still fresh in the memory of the Piedmontese, will explain to the reader the nature of a government, which they will not very soon forget. The government, to which we allude, bore the name of the 'Three Charleses,' from the circumstance of the baptismal name of the executive commissioners, as well as that of the abdicated king, being the same. The epigram runs thus:—

'Le Piémont versait des larmes
Lorsque Charles était son roi;
Quels pleurs et quelles alarmes,
A présent qu'il en a trois!'

Napoleon, however, did not overlook the three executive commissioners of Piedmont when that country was reunited to France. Charles Bossi and Charles Giulio were appointed prefects, and the third Charles, Signor Botta, was called to the legislative body, and afterwards made a chevalier. It was during the glorious leisure with which Napoleon indulged the members of this his legislative body, (who felt themselves alive only when they went to finger their salaries,) that the History of American Independence was composed. But when the allies overcame Napoleon, the French legislative body declared that he, before whom they had slavishly crouched, and on whose bounties they had fed, had forfeited the imperial throne, and Botta of course subscribed this act.* Was it in gratitude for this subscription, or for his liberal History

* See the Moniteur of the 4th of April, 1814. These facts are affirmed by Signor Angeloni, in a work of his lately published in London, and entitled, 'Della Forza nelle Cose Politiche,' 2 vols. 8vo.—See vol. ii. p. 89, &c. Signor Angeloni was for a long time personally acquainted with Botta at Paris, and moreover affirms that, when Botta subscribed the legislative vote for the deposition of Napoleon, he addressed him (Botta) as follows:—'No one could reasonably find fault with me for doing this who detests Buonaparte, because, among so many mischiefs which he brought upon my country, he wished to unite it to a foreign state;—but for you to do it, who not only permitted, but solicited him to convert it into a foreign land, and, as the price of your treachery, became his slave, and received from him the honour of knightood, of which you were very vain—this is certainly ingratitude too base.' Messer Botta, continues Angeloni, did not know how to answer this pithy accusation. We should not have alluded to a certain circumstance of Signor Botta's public life, had he not himself told us something of it. Now, we shall give the whole. He tells us, in the Twentieth Book of his History, that 'the three Charleses' did a very good thing, by assigning to the university of Turin, some landed property of an annual rent of 500,000 francs, and boasts very much of this measure. Why does he not tell us, that the administration of that property was intrusted to a commission, composed of Botta, Braida, and Giraud? The vandalism with which the property was destroyed and squandered, excited such disgust, that Napoleon appointed a commission to inquire into the business, and we are assured that more scandalous administration never existed. Count dal Pozzo, an illustrious Piedmontese, exiled now in

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History of America, that the Bourbons employed him? Let our readers judge. It is a certain fact, that, from the Bourbons he received office and pay, and swore fidelity to them, as he must have sworn to other parties when he was nominated to all his former offices above-mentioned. When Napoleon returned from the Isle of Elba, Signor Botta renewed his ancient oath of fealty to the Emperor; and when he, Napoleon, ceased to reign, Signor Botta, as in conscience bound, again swore allegiance to the Bourbons. But the Jesuits came to act on the scene of public management, and Carlo Botta (then employed as a director of a school) received his congé from the Bishop of Hermopolis, then grand master of the Paris university; and the worthy man retired to his dignified solitude, 'waiting on Providence,' for some now chance of taking his hundredth oath of fealty.

After so many incongruous acts, our readers may fairly ask, what was Signor Botta?—was he an honest, high-minded republican? Let the following fact answer. In his 12th book are described the festivities at Venice, when her aristocratic government being overturned, fell democracy reared its front within her walls. Then, says Signor Botta:—

'I was in the right hand box' (at these festivities)—'so many acts of treachery filled me with indignation, and I was on the point of breaking out: *an inspiration from heaven caused me to be silent.* I remember (and let this be the last time that I speak of myself in this lamentable history)—I remember that being in the box of a noble lady, named Contarini, the wife, if I am not mistaken, of Admiral Corner di Santa-Fosca, at whose house I then enjoyed the pleasures of a kind hospitality, I thought, at the sight of this scene of deception, that my heart would have burst in two; and I then underwent' (le pauvre homme!) 'the horrible punishment of the uniting of a living with a dead body—a torture invented by a tyrant of antiquity for his amusement. *Nevertheless, I concealed my emotion; it would have been dangerous to discover my feelings;—and perhaps I should have met with nobody who would have believed me!*'

We wonder at that *inspiration from heaven* which sealed the lips of Signor Botta, and that truly profound reason for his silence, viz. that *it would have been dangerous to discover his feelings.* One certain loss would have accrued; he must have abandoned all hopes of those offices which were showered upon him subsequently to this holy moment of celestial inspiration.

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in London, was the reporter of the commission of inquiry. Among other facts it was proved, that the lead with which the buildings were covered was clandestinely sold, and, in consequence, they fell into decay. Botta, Braida, and Giraud were then relieved from the trouble of further administration. We wish Signor Botta could prove us in error.



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We have already said something of his intrigues and shifts and changes. The inbred vice it is impossible to eradicate—and the following anecdote will sufficiently show the magnanimous historian's resolution to worship the ruling sun, from whatever quarter of the heavens it might have arisen.

When Count Valesa was minister of foreign affairs in Piedmont, (we believe in the year 1818,) his Sardinian Majesty's representative at our court, Count D'Agliè, went to Piedmont. While passing through Paris, Botta informed him how happy he should feel in devoting his talents to the service of his Sardinian Majesty. And here, were we willing to imitate our historian, we should make a faithful report of the pathetic speech which he uttered on the occasion—but D'Agliè recommended him to the minister, Valesa, and for reply was informed that his Majesty had disdainfully rejected the *faithful* services of this his most faithful subject, who had been one of the 'three Charleses,' so renowned for their faithful fidelity.

Now our readers know somewhat of our historian's life, and may therefore justly give credit to his *impartiality*. There has not been a party to which he has not truckled—to which he has not fawned and sycophantized—to which he has not belonged—to which he has not sworn—and to which he has not evinced the same *fidelity*. But it is not only necessary to know how many times he has changed, but the precise seasons of those changes, and then his impartiality will be open to the most flat and absolute contradiction.

There are changes which are the result of heartfelt, conscientious conviction—this conversion is always worthy of respect, (however erroneous may have been the principles of faith,)—because there is a love of truth dominant in the breast of the individual so acting — inasmuch as his very adoption of another creed shows his resolution to burst the bonds of headstrong attachment and blind prejudice, and follow the best path which his obscured reason can discover for the attainment of truth. But this 'heaven breathed inspiration,' this dissipation of error, *might*, perhaps, be better timed than the precise moment when self-interest is working and pointing to rewards for mean and cowardly apostates —then, indeed, they assume a suspicious character, as was the case with Signor Botta. The deep irony and bitter malevolence with which Signor Botta ever speaks of the man on whose bounty he so long fed and fattened, of the republic which he once served so slavishly, and of his former associates—the eulogiums which he heaps (like a glozing sycophant) on those families which are now the ruling stars of destiny, and were once the objects of his wrath and vituperation, and whom in his own envenomed malice, and in the dark days of their adversity, he endeavoured to sting

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to madness and death—only mark him out for scorn, and universal disgust.*

However ridiculous may be the terms in which Signor Botta speaks of his benefactor Napoleon, yet they yield the palm to the boldness with which this veracious historian penetrates the secrets of cabinets, and talks of the private instructions given to this or to that ambassador, and of the politics, the hopes, the fears, the quarrels, and the errors of different courts. He affects to relate the very words used in the most delicate circumstances—words which are covered with a veil, impenetrable to every one save to himself, and in the mean time he heaps up such incongruities, such absurdities, and such ridiculous stories, that he excites nothing but the deepest contempt. Let it not be thought that we are too severe. We will prove the truth of our criticism by an example which will be interesting to our countrymen, who will,

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* The impotent rage which Botta displays against Napoleon, and the efforts which he makes to lower, to vilify, and to blacken both his character and his talents are really laughable. The criticisms of the historian upon the battles of Buonaparte, even upon those which he gained, are, to say the least, ridiculous. For example, in narrating the battle of Marengo, he finds it full of errors on the part of the First Consul. He mentions orders given by Buonaparte, and then, without any ceremony, adds, 'Ce fût une grande faute.' Nor does this suffice: he gives his opinions, and teaches Buonaparte what he ought to have done. 'Buonaparte ought to have collected all his forces instead of disseminating them.'—(Liv. 20.) Nor is even this sufficient. In this same book, speaking of the passage of the Splughen, effected by Macdonald, by order of Buonaparte, the historian uses the following language:—'Posterity will perhaps find in the orders of Buonaparte more temerity than reflection. It will judge that he had more confidence in his soldiers than knowledge of the country.' Now, amongst all the accusations made against Buonaparte, that of not knowing the locality in which he conducted his operations is entirely new; and, certainly, no one but a person who was himself ignorant of the district of which he was speaking, could have levelled against him such an imputation. Be it in the mean time observed, that these unmeasured expressions are used by the historian in relation to the battle of Marengo, which, it is unnecessary to state, was completely gained by Buonaparte, and to the passage of Mount Splughen which was effected, doubtless with much fatigue, but happily without the least loss, to the army commanded by Macdonald. Now, what could have been said worse against Buonaparte had the battle of Marengo been lost, or had the passage of Mount Splughen not been effected, or effected with the disorder and ruin of his army? Then with respect to Macdonald, it must be observed, the historian, who elsewhere does not fail to find fault with his conduct, speaking of some accusations of tardiness which had been brought against him for not having formed a junction with Moreau, as he ought to have done, says, with all humility, in his 17th book, 'Très-peu au fait de la marche des armées, et de l'immense attirail dont on les embarrasse aujourd'hui, nous déclarons ici notre incompétence à juger.' And in the same book, in relation to Moreau, who had lost the battle of Novi, he says, 'Je ne prétends pas juger, encore moins blâmer, les opérations d'un capitaine aussi expérimenté que l'était Moreau.' Now, if so much respect, and so much ignorance, (and so much self-avowed incompetency for his task of an historian,) are professed to excuse Macdonald who failed in his attempt to effect a junction with Moreau, and the latter who lost a battle, how comes it to pass that so much decision, and such unmeasured terms, are adopted to depreciate the glory and the genius of Napoleon, who gained that battle against the conduct of which so many faults are insinuated, and effected the passage of his troops to his wish, in spite of the accusations brought against him of ignorance as to the circumjacent country?



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by the medium of the historian, receive tidings from the other world. Can it be believed, that there was printed at Paris in the year 1824, a book, entitled 'A History,' in which it is distinctly and seriously asserted as a well known and indisputable fact, that the expedition of Buonaparte to Egypt was suggested and fostered by English emissaries, sent for this purpose to the French Directory and to Napoleon? Such, however, is the case. We will give the story as nearly as possible in Signor Botta's own words. At the beginning of the Fourteenth Book we read the speeches made by the English ambassadors to Austria, Russia, and the Porte. The issue of their insinuations, the object of which was to excite a war against France by the offer of money and men, was, that Austria said (as Signor Botta distinctly knows) that she would take up arms at that very time, notwithstanding the terrible lessons which she had received, if Russia would heartily join her with all her forces. Russia said that she would unite herself to England and Austria, if she was first secured against the Turks. The Grand Signor, on being applied to, declared that he would not make war against France, nor enter into an alliance with her enemies. By the way, this answer was little to the purpose. It would have been sufficient had the Turk promised not to make war against Russia whilst she was employed against France, as the historian himself relates. But this is nothing: 'not being able, by these insinuations and these offers, to disseminate new troubles, and to rekindle the war in Europe,' (the war was already kindled between France and England, which countries, according to the ancient geography, are both in Europe,) 'persuaded, nevertheless, that this was the ONLY means of saving England (!!!), her ministers brought other springs into play. They sent, then, to Paris, agents loaded with gold, who told the Directory, and all those who had any influence in the government, &c.' And then there follows, *secundum artem*, the speeches of the agents 'loaded with gold,' to the directors, persuading them to make the conquest of Egypt; at the end of which the historian, with his characteristic acumen, makes the following reflexions:—'En poussant la France contre l'Egypte, l'Angleterre espérait brouiller le Sultan avec la République, et c'était le but principal de ces nouvelles manœuvres.' Then follow, as is very natural, the speeches made *by the English agents* to induce Buonaparte to make a descent upon Egypt. The historian then thus continues:—'Malgré son habileté à bien juger les hommes et les choses, Buonaparte avait dans l'esprit je ne sais quoi de romanesque en fait de guerre et de gloire militaire. Le jeune général sourit donc à cette proposition.' Then follow the *soliloquies* of Buonaparte, on adopting this idea *of the gold-loaded*

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*loaded agents of England,* who did not fail to observe to the directory, that the Turk would take the thing quietly, saying, 'On peut faire entendre à la Porte que l'occupation de l'Egypte sera momentanée,' with similar statements, in full confidence that the Porte would believe such representations. 'Les choses ainsi disposées, il fallut préparer les esprits en France à une expédition aussi extraordinaire.' The means of this preparation are then indicated, and amongst the rest, 'Déjà le bruit se répandait que Talleyrand allait être nommé ambassadeur extraordinaire près de la Porte, afin d'expliquer clairement à cette puissance les desseins du gouvernement Français, relativement à l'expédition d'Egypte, et de maintenir la concorde entre les deux états.' Then is mentioned the armament of Toulon, and a display is made of the immense advantages which would accrue to England from the expedition of the French into Egypt, which is considered as 'one of the most admirable operations of William Pitt.' Finally, he speaks of the departure of the French fleet; and before he proceeds to describe the battle of Aboukir, thus writes the profound politician and well-informed historian.

'Ainsi que nous l'avons dit, les Anglais connaissaient d'avance l'expédition projetée sur l'Egypte. Constamment sur le qui vive, ils furent promptement informés du départ de la flotte Française, et la suivirent avec tant de rapidité qu'ils arrivèrent avant elle aux bouches du Nil. Ne l'y trouvant pas, ils croisèrent dans la Méditerranée, espérant la rencontrer et la combattre. Frustrés de cet espoir, ils remirent le cap sur l'Egypte, tant ils étaient bien informés du projet des Français.'

We must confess that the courage and coolness of this historian are most admirable. Without any regard to probability, he imputes to ministers and cabinets those speeches and that line of conduct which suit his own crooked purposes and jaundiced vision; or he measures every action by his own shifting, equivocating, double-dealing, and plotting mind. He narrates, as if he had been present, or had heard them from the persons interested, not only conversations between one minister and another, but those between confidential persons or secret emissaries, and those to whom they were addressed, without, however, naming these emissaries, or mentioning the place, or the time, or the mode of their conversations. He goes further,—*he relates what Buonaparte said to himself!* Ridiculing those who have given a history of these events antecedently to himself, and among the rest Napoleon,* who has stated, that the expedition to Egypt was kept most wonderfully secret, he not only wishes to persuade us that it was known to the public, but that, before its departure, an ambassador was spoken

* See Las Casas' Journal, or any other of the St. Helena publications in which the expedition to Egypt is mentioned.

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of, who was to go to Constantinople to explain to the Porte the designs of the Republic upon Egypt, without considering that Mr. Pitt must be deemed to have been mad, if, knowing whither Napoleon was going, and being aware that the latter would wish to fight on land, he let him quietly disembark and take possession of the strong places without opposing him, or, at least, exciting the Egyptian forces to resist the invasion. But we think it useless to argue any further to demonstrate the absurdity of this political operation attributed to the glory of Pitt. However, to remove every doubt, that, if Nelson arrived at the mouths of the Nile before the French, and then returned, it was not because he had been informed of the project of France, we beg to allude to a portion of a most confidential letter addressed by Nelson to Admiral Lord St. Vincent. It is dated June 29th, 1799, that is, posterior to the first visit made by Nelson to Aboukir for the purpose of ascertaining whether the French fleet had arrived there. Nelson, after expressing all the anxiety which he felt at not having yet found the French fleet, and showing the agitation which he experienced at the idea that his conduct might be blamed, enters into a long defence of himself, showing that, in the absolute ignorance in which he was as to the course held by the French fleet, it was his duty to act as he had done in going to Egypt. Among other things he says, that if certain conditions had been fulfilled by the French, their going to Egypt at that season of the year ought not to have been considered as a chimera; and that, on the supposition that the French had done, or should proceed to do, that which he there mentions, and which it is needless here to repeat, 'our possessions in India would be in great danger,' (a fresh proof that Pitt could not have instigated the French expedition). He relates to the admiral how, and when, and why he visited various coasts, and then adds, 'I am before your lordship's judgment, which, in the present case, I feel is the tribunal of my country; and if, under all circumstances, it is decided that I am wrong, I ought, for the sake of my country, to be superseded.' Nelson showed this letter to Captain Ball; and there exists a letter from the latter to him, in which he endeavours to set his mind at ease, and to show him that his conduct was blameless; that his visit to the Bay of Aboukir was justified by the circumstances, as was also his determination to return. But if Nelson feared that all would not approve of his proceedings, he had good reasons for it. When, some time after the departure of the French fleet from Toulon, it was heard that Nelson had not encountered it, 'a violent opposition prevailed against his appointment and proceedings, even in the higher departments of government. . . . . The conduct of Sir Horatio (Nelson) was thought to have merited impeachment.'

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(Clarke and M'Arthur's *Life of Nelson*, t. ii. p. 70.) But should all this not be sufficient, we beg to allude to a confidential letter from Lord St. Vincent to Nelson, when the latter went in pursuit of the French fleet, in which, quoting a private letter from Lord Spenser, then First Lord of the Admiralty, to himself (St. Vincent), he tells Nelson that he was justifiable in pursuing the French fleet into any port of the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Morea, the Archipelago, and even of the Black Sea, 'should its destination be to any of those ports.' So true is it that the English ministry, far from 'being apprised beforehand of the projected expedition to Egypt'—from being well informed 'of the project of the French,' did not at all know through what seas it was to steer its course, and that no one but a novel-writer could have written what the ingenious Signor Botta has stated.

Nor, on this subject, can we omit saying that the malevolence of the historian against Nelson, and indeed against England, is disgustingly too manifest. We are ready to grant that Nelson conducted himself in a shameful manner on one lamentable occasion, which we wish could be forgotten for his honour and that of England. But it is not on that account just that he should be deprived of the praises to which he is entitled, both for having known how to find the French fleet, in the place to which his genius alone, from the first, led him to suspect that its course would be directed, and for his having beaten it so completely. It certainly was not necessary to narrate the battle of Aboukir in a History of Italy; but if the historian was pleased so to do, it was his duty to give the relation with candour, and to avoid the palpable falsehoods to which he has resorted. First of all, Signor Botta enumerates the forces of the two fleets, and supposes that the English fleet had in the whole 1048 guns, when, in point of fact, it had only 1012, besides 14 in the Mutine, which was a brig, and not a frigate of 36 guns, as he affirms. This, however, is a trifle. He gives the names of the French vessels and the number of the guns of each, that is to say, three of 84, nine of 74, one of 48, one of 44, and two of 36; and as to the admiral's ship, the Orient, he calls it 'enormous,' without specifying its force. However, the number of guns in the other vessels, according to Signor Botta's account, as any one may see, amounts, in the whole, to 1082 pieces. Now, not thinking that any one would take the trouble to make the calculation, as we have done, he says that the French fleet had in all 1090 guns, so that the 'enormous' vessel, the Orient, must have carried eight pieces of cannon. Since, however, it is well known that she carried 120, it is evident that the total amount of the guns of the French fleet was 1202, according to Signor Botta's own account. We say according to Signor

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Signor Botta's own account, since, in point of fact, from the official reports it is seen that it carried 1190; the three vessels which Signor Botta supposes to have been eighty-fours, carrying only 80 guns each, as appears from the reports of Nelson, and the Memoirs of Napoleon. *

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In the second place, Signor Botta ought to have said, in truth, that the seventy-four gun ship, the Culloden, commanded by the brave and unfortunate Trowbridge, took the ground, and had no share in the battle, as was also the case with the Mutine; and thus, instead of representing the English fleet, as having fought with 1048 pieces against the French with 1202, as he says, leaving a difference of force of only 54 pieces, he ought to have told the truth, namely, that besides the numerical inferiority of vessels, the English fleet, with 938 pieces, beat the French who had 1190, and thus were superior by 252. For the sake of humanity we could wish that Signor Botta was right in the following assertion: 'France lost in this action about 8000 men, of which 1500 were slain, and the rest wounded or taken prisoners.' But even this is like the rest of the author's other veracious assertions. The former part nearly agrees with the official report of Lord Nelson, derived from the returns of the officers of the ships that the French lost 8930 men. But, as Lord Nelson gives an exact and detailed account of 3705 who either escaped to land, or were taken prisoners wounded or unhurt, it follows that 5225 French, and not 1500 alone, were unfortunately slain or drowned in this terrible conflict. In order, however, to alleviate the mortification of the French, Signor Botta relates how the Généreux, of 74 guns, having escaped to Corfu, took on the way the Seahorse, a 'large' English vessel. 'Le Généreux obéissait à Lajoialles—brave capitaine, s'il en fut jamais. La valeur qu'il déploya dans cette rencontre est plutôt incroyable qu'étonnante. Rendu à la société, il était le plus poli, le plus doux des hommes.' As to the unparalleled valour of Lajoialles, who can doubt it, if it be affirmed by Signor Botta? And who can doubt the politeness of a Frenchman? But though neither of these things can be doubted, we must be sceptical as to the capture of the Seahorse. The ship which was taken was the Leander, of 50 guns, commanded by Captain Thompson. This ship had distinguished itself at the battle of Aboukir. After having in vain endeavoured to set the Culloden afloat, it attacked the Franklin of 80 guns, and the Peuple Souverain of 74; and, though both these ships were compelled to surrender, they did not strike without a vigorous resistance, from which the Leander sustained much damage. When the Leander

* See Clarke and M'Arthur's Life of Nelson, vol. ii., and the documents there cited. See also Gourgaud,

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was taken, she was 80 men short of her complement, which, at the battle of Aboukir, amounted in all to 343 men. The Généreux which took her was a 74, manned by a crew of 700 men, and had gloriously escaped untouched from the battle of Aboukir. Nor was she taken till after a battle of more than six hours, in the course of which her captain was wounded; so that, if the Frenchman merited the pompous eulogiums of the historian of Italy, for the consolation of our readers, and to show that Capt. Thompson also evinced a valour which, if it was not 'astonishing,' or 'incredible,' (for there is nothing astonishing or incredible in the bravery of an English seaman,) was, however, not to be despised, we refer the reader to the note below for the fact which is there related.*

We shall now prove that Signor Botta had his private reasons in confounding the *Leander* with the *Seahorse.*

We can most freely pardon an Italian for the anger with which he is inflamed, on calling to mind the conduct of Lord Nelson in the bay of Naples, in June and July 1799. He there stained his reputation by a deed which every Englishman must condemn for his own honour, and that of his nation. It is an undoubted fact, that Captain Foote, now an admiral, and then Commodore of the English vessels which blockaded Naples, granted, in conjunction with the allies who participated in the siege of that place, a capitulation to the republicans, who held the Castello Novo and the Castello dell' Uovo. By the fourth and fifth articles of this capitulation it was agreed that all those who were in the castles might either go to Toulon on board of vessels to be furnished to them by the allies, or remain in their own country in peace, and free from all molestation in their goods, persons, and families. It is well known that this capitulation was signed by Captain Foote on behalf of England, and that each party had commenced its execution, when Lord Nelson, on his arrival in the bay of Naples,

* 'At a Court-martial assembled and held on board his Majesty's ship America, on Monday, December 17th, 1798, at Sheerness.... The court.....is of opinion, That the gallant and almost unprecedented defence by Captain Thompson, of his Majesty's late ship the Leander, against so superior a force as that of the Généreux, is deserving of every praise his country and this court can give; and that his conduct, with that of the officers and men under his command, reflects not only the highest honour upon himself and them, but their country; and the Court do, therefore, *most honourably acquit* Captain Thompson, his officers, and ship's company, and he and they are hereby *most honourably acquitted accordingly.* The President, after the sentence was read, addressed Captain Thompson as follows—"Captain Thompson, I feel the most lively pleasure in returning you the sword with which you have so bravely maintained the honour of your king and country: the more so, as I am convinced that when you are again called upon to draw it in their defence, you will add fresh laurels to the wreath which you have already so nobly won." Upon the return of Captain Thompson to the shore from the Court-martial, he was saluted with three cheers by all the ships in the harbour at Sheerness.'—*Monthly Register of Naval Events*, t. i., p. 87.—Let so much suffice on this head.

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broke it; caused the republicans who were on board the transports bound for Toulon, to be arrested and loaded with irons, and consigned them to a band of assassins who, under the name of judges, condemned the greater part to death, with many others who were arrested afterwards, so that there is reason to suppose that, including those who were condemned by this junto, and those who were murdered by the populace, conducted and instigated by Cardinal Ruffo, Vicar-General of the kingdom of Naples, (who, however, himself signed this capitulation, and would have observed it had he not been prevented by Nelson,) more than 20,000 persons perished by a violent death. It is also a fact that the illustrious and brave Admiral Caraccioli was condemned to death by a court-martial assembled by Lord Nelson on board his own ship, the Foudroyant, and not on board a Neapolitan vessel, (which circumstance alone would be sufficient to vitiate the legality of his condemnation,) and that Lord Nelson ordered him to be hung at the yard-arm of the Minerva, a Neapolitan frigate, which was accordingly done, the English Admiral having had the cruelty to refuse the only favour which Caraccioli asked, that he might die the death of a soldier. These are undoubted facts. Attempts have been made to throw doubt on the reality of the capitulation; but, besides others, Captain Foote, who signed it, published a copy of it at the end of a pamphlet, which he wrote in vindication of his character, * and in which he did not hesitate to say, that Nelson broke a solemn treaty and violated the pledge which had thus been given. After all this, there is no excuse for Lord Nelson. To say that he was instigated by that Lady Hamilton, whose name will be execrated whilst the love of virtue and of justice remains, is to allege an excuse worse than the crime itself.†

But notwithstanding all this, to endeavour, as Signor Botta does, to excuse the wickedness of the late King of Naples, Ferdinand IV., the father of the present king, and to attribute all the butcheries which were then committed, to Nelson alone—this is an instance of the vilest adulation, and of the most barefaced falsehood that was ever read in any history. 'The king,' writes the historian in his eighteenth book, 'who was in the Foudroyant, had too much kindness of heart to be present at these execu-

* See the end of a pamphlet, entitled 'Captain Foote's Vindication of his Conduct when Captain of his Majesty's Ship the Seahorse, and Senior Officer in the Bay of Naples, in the Summer of 1799. London. 1807.'

† We think in no country the conduct of Lord Nelson has been more freely and fairly investigated, than in England, even by his warmest admirers. But blameable as that conduct was, we think that truth and fairness demand that Nelson should not be saddled with the crimes of his late Sicilian Majesty. He has unhappily sins enough of his own to answer for, without being charged with those of others, whose contagious company poisoned his mind, and was the sole cause of that great man's errors.

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tions—he returned to Sicily. The field remained open for those who thirsted for blood.'*

Signor Botta, in order to conceal the truth, and to cause it to be supposed that the king came with Nelson, and withdrew from the scene of action through apprehension that he should, if he stayed, be sprinkled with the blood of his subjects, relates that the *Seahorse* had been taken ten months before by the *Généreux*, when, in fact, it was the *Leander* which was taken; and then cautiously avoiding the further mention of the *Seahorse*, he not only avoids telling how it was sent to fetch the king, in order that he might

* The King of Naples did not go away to avoid the spectacle of the executions, but he came to applaud, and to order them. Signor Botta, assigning no dates to the several transactions, writes the above quoted passage before he speaks of the executions, and even before he mentions that of Caraccioli, so that it might appear that the King came with Nelson, and returned when the latter insisted upon the violating of the capitulation. The Italian text, which we have consulted, stands, purposely, as follows:—' Il Rè che era sul vascello Inglese il Fulminante, non sofferendogli l' animo di veder i supplizi che si *preparavano*, se ne tornava in Sicilia. Rimase il campo libero a chi voleva sangue.' This shows still more clearly that Signor Botta meant to insinuate that the King came to the bay of Naples *before* the executions were determined on or begun. But the fact is just the reverse. Nelson came into the bay of Naples, but not with the king; he broke the capitulation on the 24th of June, and put the republicans who had capitulated in irons on board the English vessels, hung the illustrious Caraccioli, and caused his body to be thrown into the sea on the 29th of June; and on the preceding day he had ordered Captain Foote to go with his vessel, the SEAHORSE, to Palermo, to conduct the king and the court to the bay of Naples. Foote accordingly went to Palermo, but the king was pleased to come in a Neapolitan frigate, the *Sirena*, escorted, however, by the *Seahorse*, and arrived in the bay of Naples, on the 10th of July. He then went on board the Foudroyant, and remained there till the 9th of August, as Lord Nelson himself testifies. ' On the 9th of August I brought his Sicilian majesty back, having been upwards of four weeks on board the Foudroyant.' —(*Nelson's Life, by Clarke*, vol. ii., p. 4.) And when his majesty returned, and Nelson returned with him to Palermo, it was for no other purpose but to celebrate the festival of Santa Rosalia. He came, then, when the punishments had begun with that of Caraccioli, and not for the purpose of preventing, but of commanding, them. He approved of the assassination of Caraccioli; he nominated a commission of persons whose characters were, by common consent, regarded as execrable, (and that is allowed even by Signor Botta,) to try the republicans. In the first place, he declared that the capitulation ought not to be observed, protesting (and that was a shameless falsehood) that he had not authorised Cardinal Ruffo, whom he had appointed Vicar-General of the kingdom, and whom he bountifully rewarded for what he had done, to grant any capitulation. He remained on board the Foudroyant with pleasure, in the midst of the squadron on board of which were detained his subjects whose destruction he was commanding. This havoc was continued for a year through the whole kingdom of Naples, nor did he interpose to prevent it, but, on the contrary, constantly refused to put an end to it.

At Palermo the king passed his time in amusements and pleasures, whilst Naples was in mourning. Nelson also enjoyed these amusements, notwithstanding the worthy Trowbridge thus wrote to him: ' I dread, my Lord, all the feasting at Palermo. I am sure your health will be hurt. If so, all their saints will be damned by the navy. The king would be better employed digesting a good government.....There are upwards of 40,000 families who have relations confined. If some act of oblivion is not passed, there will be no end of persecution.....Constant efforts are made to get a man taken up in order to rob him.' Thus wrote Trowbridge, who refused to arrest the Duke di Cansano, ambassador at Rome, and other Neapolitans in Civita Vecchia, although he had orders to do so, saying, ' I will never become the executioner of the vengeance of the Queen of Naples.'—*Miss Williams' Sketches*, vol. i., p. 201.

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come to sanction the punishments, but confounds the intellect of any one who may read in another author that such was the case, by first relating that the *Seahorse* was taken, so that it might appear an error to state that it was despatched to bring the King of Naples from Palermo. Nevertheless, it was the *Seahorse*, commanded by Captain Foote, which reduced to a capitulation, not only Castello Novo, and Castello d' Uovo, but also Castellamare and Ravigliano. Its name perpetually occurs in all the documents relating to this war, described at length by the historian;—but Signor Botta never mentions it! Nor could he, on the other hand, have been ignorant that the *Leander* had been taken. He enumerates this ship among the English vessels which fought at Aboukir, and mentions it among those which, as he relates in the seventeenth Book of his History, were given up by the French in the capitulation of Corfu.*

We will not waste our time in proving that the expressions which we used, on quoting those words of the historian, in which he praises the 'kind heartedness' of the King of Naples, were not too strong. To the honour of humanity, few men have ever been more ignorant, or more false, or more cruel, or more blood-stained, than the late King of Naples; and, at the present time, no one but the King of Spain is his parallel.—For the satisfaction of those of our readers who care for proofs on this point, we refer them to the note below.†

We are, really, both wearied and grieved to have to expose so many

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* The Leander was surrendered to the Russians, and Paul, then Emperor, restored it to his Britannic Majesty, as a new pledge of his friendship.—See *Monthly Register of Naval Events*, vol. ii., p. 377.

† We shall only mention two or three facts characteristic of the King's personal cruelty. Whoever may wish to see more may, if he has courage to do it, read other instances of it in a book, which was attributed to one *Cuoco*, a Neapolitan, of much talent and information, which is entitled 'Memorie per servire alla storia dell' ultima Rivoluzione di Napoli.' Whilst Ferdinand was in the Bay of Naples, the Commission of pretended Judges, (but most shamefully prostituted was this venerable name,) by order of the Court divided the prisoners, who were on board the vessels, into three classes—one of which consisted of those who were to be tried for capital offences, (and these were afterwards all condemned and hanged); the second, of those who were to enter into security to go into perpetual exile under pain of death; and the third, of those who were allowed to justify their conduct. When the division was made, and when those who were comprised in the second class had already subscribed their obligation, and were ready to depart, orders were issued that ten of them should be detained and transferred to the first class; then two others, notwithstanding their engagement to go into banishment, were transferred in the same manner, and taken out of the vessels which were waiting for a wind to convey them to Toulon. One of the last mentioned was a certain Eleonora Pimentel Fonseca, one of the most accomplished ladies of her time, who, by the special order of the King, was hanged in despite of all exertions to save her. Amongst others who were condemned to death, and executed, were several youths of sixteen and seventeen years of age, and of the first families; as, for instance, a son of the Duke of Cassano, another of the Duke of Riario, a son of the Marchese di Genzano, besides

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many faults, the more so, as, notwithstanding all the mildness of expression, and the mercy which we can exercise, we must at last prove that the historian does not write the truth. It is neverthe-

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sides many more. Now it happened that three brothers, descended from one of the first families, (and we are sorry that we have forgotten their name, but the fact we have heard related as certain,) were all condemned to death. Their poor mother, who was very well known to the King, presented herself before him to supplicate for the pardon of her sons. This barbarian had the cruelty to answer her that he would pardon two; but that 'he would have one for himself,' that is to say, that he was determined that one must die, and that he left the choice to her. As may be easily believed, the poor mother was unwilling to make the selection: but somebody advised her to petition that the two elder might be spared, in the certainty that the third, who was only sixteen years old, would be saved on account of his tender age. She did so; and her youngest son was inhumanly put to death, the King obstinately refusing to grant him his pardon. A young lady, of the name of San Felice, during the existence of the Republic, discovered that a counter-revolution was plotted by the Royalists, which was to begin by a general massacre of the Republicans, among whom was her lover. To save his life, she informed him of the plot, which was thus frustrated,—for this she was condemned to death. The first wife of the present King of Naples was at this time brought to-bed of a little girl. When King Ferdinand went to visit the Princess, the latter, who had taken an interest in the fate of San Felice, placed a petition for her pardon on the head-band of the new born Princess. It is the custom of the Court never to deny a request made in this manner. When this child was presented to the King, he, observing the petition, said, as he took it up—'Oh, yes! I grant any thing you wish, provided it be not San Felice's pardon.' His daughter-in-law was so angry that she would not speak to him, and San Felice was hanged. Let this suffice to show how ferocious was the character of the late King of Naples, whose kind-heartedness is now extolled by the impartial historian, Signor Botta!

This is only a sample of the kind-heartedness of the late King of Naples. The blood which was spilt in the whole of his continental states, at this period, was most precious to Italy, being that of men distinguished and known through all Europe for their talents. It would be tedious to enumerate them. But the physician, Cirillo, must not be forgotten, who was one of the most skilful practitioners of his time, and was condemned to death on this occasion, though he was one of those who had capitulated, and was physician to the King and Queen of Naples, to Lady Hamilton, and to Nelson himself. Nevertheless, he was beheaded at the age of seventy years, because he would not sue for pardon, saying, that if his life would not be spared through a sense of justice after he had capitulated, he would not be indebted for it to the pardon of any one. This is what Lord Nelson called 'playing the fool;' (*Life by Clarke*, vol. ii., p. 188.) adding, that Cirillo would have been saved, had he been willing to confess. And does an English Admiral approve of the executing of an individual because he is unwilling to make a confession? and are there biographers who commend him for this? If his confession was unnecessary, why was it called for? And if it was necessary, and he did not make it, why was Cirillo, nevertheless, beheaded? It is matter of deep concern that a reverend divine like Dr. Clarke, and an LL.D. like M'Arthur, should defend not only the conduct of Lord Nelson, but also that of the Neapolitan assassins on this occasion. And is it thus that history is to be written? By what authority did Nelson assemble a court-martial on board the Foudroyant to try Caraccioli? And by what authority did he cause its sentence to be executed? What would those who defend Lord Nelson for having commanded this assassination, (for, to speak plainly, such it was,) have said, if Caraccioli had been an Englishman, and Nelson a Neapolitan? 'Every thing appeared to be fairly and honourably conducted,' say the abovementioned biographers. Now, be it known that Caraccioli was condemned solely on his own confession, 'that he had commanded a republican vessel against the king, BUT THAT HE HAD BEEN COMPELLED TO DO SO.' And, according to the criminal law of Naples, this confession could not be divided, but it was necessary to prove the offence independently of the confession thus qualified. The Doctor of Laws must have known this; as he must have known that no one can be condemned 'fairly and honourably,' without having a counsel, which Caraccioli had not.

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less our duty to do it from our sense of justice, and from our love for Italy, both so abused and violated by Signor Botta; and we cannot omit a particular inquiry into the character and conduct of this good King of Naples. He was the most faithless man that ever existed, with the exception of some historians of our day. On his ascending the throne, in 1759, he swore to maintain the constitution of Sicily as it had been established from time immemorial. He afterwards swore, on the 1st of August, 1812, fidelity to the new constitution of Sicily which was then established. He again swore to maintain that constitution on the 22nd of October, 1814. He swore, we know not how many times, in 1820, to maintain the Spanish constitution which was proclaimed at Naples in that year. Now, of all these oaths taken by him and his most worthy son, the present king, not one was kept by either of those illustrious personages. Signor Botta, speaking of the constitution given to Sicily in 1812, and of its subsequent abolition, is not ashamed to write thus:—

'A peine les évènemens de 1814 eurent-ils replacé Ferdinand sur le trône de Naples que ce prince abolit d'un seul mot la constitution, non seulement sans résistance, mais même sans déplaisir de la part du peuple. . . . . Ferdinand assura que la constitution avait été imposée par la violence; Bentinck soutint qu'elle était l'expression de la volonté publique. . . . . Nous sommes devenus grands parleurs et fort ambitieux en Europe; c'est donc une institution vicieuse que celle qui confère à des assemblées nombreuses le pouvoir populaire, c'est à dire le pouvoir qui doit continuer le gouvernement et protéger le peuple. Le caractère actuel des Européens a fait un poison de ce remède; je ne sçais même ce que deviendrait l'Angleterre sans ses *bourgs pourris*, autre abus énorme, au moyen duquel toutefois l'Angleterre se soutient.' (Lib. xxvi.)

This most exact historian here begins, as usual, with a great error of a year, in point of time, confounding the year 1814 with the year 1815, it not being till the latter period that Ferdinand was restored to the throne of Naples. We notice this error, not so much on account of its intrinsic importance, as to show the fidelity of the historian. His history embraces the period from 1789 to 1814. If he supposes that the constitution of Sicily was abolished by King Ferdinand in 1814, and not in 1815, it follows that he may speak of this abolition as having happened in the period of which he had undertaken to write; whereas, if the truth must be told, he had no occasion to record the events of 1815, as they were beyond the limits which he had prescribed to himself. Referring its abolition to 1814, he is enabled, in speaking of it, to pay his court to the family of the Bourbons in particular, and to the race of despots in general, and represent, as an act acceptable to the people, the act of a tyrant destitute of honour and faith, and

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and thus to pass over in silence the oath which the king swore, to maintain the Sicilian constitution, in October 1814, and which he took for the sole purpose of making the Neapolitans (under the dominion of Murat) believe that he was at the time in good faith disposed to be liberal. Be it known, then, that the constitution of Sicily was not overturned by a simple order of the king, without the resistance, and even with the hearty consent of the people. We have great pleasure in citing the words of an illustrious and unfortunate Italian exile, who died in Greece for the cause of the religion and independence of that country, after having nobly contributed all in his power to render his own country independent and free—we mean the Count Santorre Santa Rosa, whose name is an eulogium, and whose loss is to Italy irreparable, and ever to be lamented. He, in a little work (published anonymously, but his composition, without doubt) on the Piedmontese Revolution, printed, as an Appendix to the third edition, the Sicilian constitution of 1812, and in reference to its abolition, and to the annulling of the ancient fundamental laws of the island of Sicily, writes, (p. 223,) 'Cet acte de violence fut préparé par des arrestations arbitraires, par des menaces, par des intrigues de tout genre; les pétitions des communes qui demandoient la convocation du Parlement furent écartées, éludées, méprisées, et coutèrent même la liberté à leur rédacteur. Galasso souffrit une détention de trois ans pour avoir proposé cette démarche au conseil civique de la commune de Misilmeri.' Heaven forfend that we should institute between the credit due to Santa Rosa and Botta a comparison which would excite the disdain of the shade of the former illustrious patriot. Nor will we speak of the kind of comparison which the historian makes between the King of Naples and Lord Bentinck, since he himself, in a subsequent passage, although reluctantly, confesses that the former was in the wrong.* But if that had not been the case, and had we no means of proving, by a statement of facts, that the king told falsehoods according to his custom, there is not a shadow of doubt to which the more credit is due, to him or to Lord Bentinck. Signor Botta ought to know, that he who violated so many oaths, be he king, minister, member of a government, deputy, professor, chevalier, poet, or physician, or even historian, has for ever lost all claim to public confidence. Such a man must live and die

* It is so true that the king could not say that the constitution was imposed by force, (and really we cannot, on the faith of Signor Botta alone, be persuaded that he so asserted,) that on the 18th of Sept. 1814, in the speech made on his opening the Parliament in person, he praised the constitution of Sicily, and said, that 'this constitution had always been the object of his affectionate and paternal sentiments,' and concluded with a compliment to his august ally our king, and to Lord Wm. Bentinck, as Captain-General of the united forces of Sicily and England.—*Annual Register for* 1814, p. 89.

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dishonoured and despised by all those who do not wish to banish from the world all sense of morality. We say this to Signor Botta, though at this somewhat late period, because, in all probability, no one has dared till now to suggest to him such a lesson.

As to the sorrowings and the political cogitations and conjectures of Signor Botta upon the loquacity and the ambition of men of modern times, and the silly '*donc*' by which they are followed, we will say nothing. We will, however, admonish him never more to speak of England, under pain of being laughed to scorn. It is fitting that our readers should know that this man, who presumes to judge of our laws and constitution, and to expose their abuses, is profoundly ignorant of the whole matter on which he pretends to decide. Without proceeding further in search of proofs of this assertion, in the same book, (xxvi.), speaking of Sicily, he says, with all gravity, that the prohibition to kill game was, after the promulgation of the constitution, limited, '*as it is in England*,' to landed property inclosed within walls. We have already said, that on every possible occasion Signor Botta does not fail to give vent to his ill will against England and Englishmen. We are not inclined to seek for many instances of this. In the same book, however, for example, in narrating the cruelties perpetrated by the ferocious Marquess Artali, at Messina, to which, to our honour, the British troops, though at a late period, put an end, Botta, who cannot speak ill of this act, meanly attacks its motive. 'Perhaps,' says he, 'the English government cared little about the destiny of the victims.' Again, he relates, that the English advised the King and the Queen of Sicily to grant a constitution, and not to infringe the public liberties, and to listen to the public voice,—but he insinuates, 'that the English resolved, *for their own interest*, to take advantage of the new disposition of the general mind.' We will not condescend to answer the first of these insinuations,—but, as to the second, if the English gave liberty to Sicily, merely because it was their interest to do so, how happens it that other governments have never had a similar interest? The English gave the King of Sicily a subsidy of 300,000*l.* per annum,—too large an allowance! How much did the King of Piedmont receive from the Russians in 1799? How much did the whole of Italy afterwards receive from the French? What has she since received from the Austrians?*

With the strange ideas which Signor Botta has of liberty and government, it is not matter of wonder that the constitution of

* In the year 1812, not 300,000*l.* only, but 400,000*l.* were granted by our nation to the King of Sicily. We do not know the amount of the subsidy for the succeeding years, but we believe that it was always 400,000*l.* Another instance of Signor Botta's correctness.—See *Annual Register* for that year, p. 191.

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Sicily was far from gaining his approbation. He disapproves, at least for Italy, of every known constitution, the English, the French, and the Spanish. It is true, that it is impossible to know what are his views on this subject, since he always speaks enigmatically. He wishes for nothing modern, and says that, in order to secure the happiness of Italy, it would be sufficient to develope *a principle* which once existed in the Italian governments. What that principle is, '*manet altâ mente repostum,*' nor can we devine it. If we might offer a suggestion to the Italians, it would be, in the first place, to make war upon all intrusive foreigners. This, in our opinion, is the *principle* which should be developed before all others. As to the rest, we fear Signor Botta and his '*principles.*' He is fierce against every species of democracy; he is mightily enamoured of mute assemblies (and they must be very pleasant things, since he was for so long a time seduced into that of the legislative body of Napoleon;) nor do we believe that he has any great love for those, the members of which are not well paid. But, on the other hand, know ye, gentle readers, what is the government *par excellence?* That of the republic of Venice! 'C'est pour cette raison,' says the historian, 'qu'on n'y vit point de partis dangereux.' Yes, certainly; but it is for that very reason that it terminated as it did. The argument for the excellence of this government, derived from the absence of parties in the state, is a folly. The absence of parties shows the indolence of a people, and the tyranny of governments—and the silence of a whole nation indicates nothing but fear and slavery. Cardinal Bentivoglio, in his history of Flanders, formerly, and Gandolphy lately, have cited, in proof of the excellence of the inquisition, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, where there are no religious sects.* Now, our historian's argument is precisely the same; and it may be safely asserted that there were never seen at Constantinople, Algiers, Tunis, or Morocco, parties dangerous to the existing government, on account of their republicanism. It is true that, from a feeling of shame, he disapproves of the institution of the Inquisition of State at Venice, and is not aware that, if it had not been for that terrible institution, the Venetian oligarchy would have, long ago, ceased to exist. But, as if he had been grieved at conceding too much, he immediately adds, 'Venise, d'ailleurs, n'est pas la seule qui ait eu de ces inquisiteurs, et les gouvernemens à qui la loi n'en a pas accordé les ont obtenus par l'abus.' Now this second part is untrue: we challenge the author to find any thing which is like, or nearly like, the Venetian

* Bentivoglio, 'Istoria di Fiandra,' L. i. Gandolphy, 'A Defence of the Ancient Faith,' V. iv. Note, p. 260.



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inquisition either here, or in America, or in Holland, or even in France. As to the first part, it is a folly; it is like the argument of one of the North American States, which defended slave holding by the plea, that the Spartans, the Athenians, and the Romans were slave holders; nor would there be any disorder which could not be defended on such grounds, for what crime or disorder is there for which precedents may not unhappily be found? Has not a great poet said, 'that the Arch fiend himself can quote scripture for his purpose?' But we are not surprised that Signor Botta should so loudly praise the Venetian Republic and the '*morality*' of Venice, and that he should defend the Inquisition of State, since he can load with eulogies a monster like Manhès. This Frenchman, who was appointed to tranquillize the Calabrias, caused torrents of blood to flow in those districts. We shall let Signor Botta speak. After having stated that the Calabrias were infested by robbers and assassins, whom it was wished to extirpate together with the Carbonari, who then existed, and were terrible enemies to the French, he adds (liv. xxiv.)—

'Les Carbonari, quoique tranquilles en ce moment, fomentaient non le pillage et le meurtre, qu'ils cherchaient au contraire à empêcher, mais l'indignation et la fureur, pour les tourner, quand il en serait temps, contre les Français, objet de leur haine éternelle. Manhès entra dans les Calabres, bien résolu d'y rétablir la tranquillité, n'importe par quel moyen. Il s'imagina qu'il y parviendaoit, et il y parvint en effet, en combattant la fureur par la fureur, la cruauté par la cruauté, la ruse par la ruse. Ceux qui s'occupent des affaires d'état, qui aiment à distinguer les bons et les mauvais ressorts de la machine politique, reconnaîtront dans les opérations de ce prudent et inflexible Français, des moyens proportionnés à la fin et dégagés de ces abstractions chimériques si fort à la mode de nos jours.'

It is true that the following disorders happened among others; but they are nothing in the estimation of the historian.

'Une malheureus emère, ignorant les ordres du général François,' (these orders were that no one should carry provisions into the country,) 'portait à manger à son fils qui travaillait dans la campagne,—elle fut arrêtée et pendue. Une jeune fille, sur laquelle on trouva des lettres addressées à des individus suspects, éprouva les plus cruels traitemens. Le sang des Carbonari n'était point épargné. Capobianco, leur chef, attiré par surprise et par des promesses d'amitié au pouvoir des agens de Manhès, fut mis à mort sur le champ. Un curé et son neveu, agrégés à la secte, furent également exécutés sous les yeux l'un de l'autre; le neveu le premier, l'oncle le second. Après tant de récits affreux, je ne saurais me décider à retracer le raffinement de barbarie dont on usa contre ces deux individus. Effrayés du carnage des leurs, les Carbonari se réfugièrent dans les montagnes les plus inaccessibles. Sur la dénonciation ds quelques brigands, qui, pour dernier méfait, recoururent

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recoururent à d'affreuses calomnies, plusieurs innocens furent saisis et condamnés à mort. Ainsi périt, malgré les supplications qui s'élevaient de toutes parts en sa faveur, Talarico Carlopoli, commandant des gardes urbaines et plein de zèle pour le nouveau gouvernement.'

We are prevented by weariness from copying more; not compassion alone, but anger also causes us to stop—anger at hearing the commendation of a monster, like this Manhès, who could commit, or allow, or cause to be perpetrated such assassinations; at beholding such cruel, such barbarous conduct, not only recorded without reproof, but extolled, and submitted to statesmen as praiseworthy. And has any one the courage to call those forms of justice which would have hindered these excesses, 'chimerical abstractions'? And is he commended who could put to death an individual brought within his power under the pretence of friendship? But it will be said the Calabrias were tranquillized, and the Carbonari withdrew to the mountains. Yes, but if this was obtained by the devastation of the country and by the assassination of innocent persons, this was obtaining a desert under the name of peace. The Aladino of the Gerusalemme Liberata, who pronounces that terrible sentence—

> Purchè il reo non si salvi, il giusto pera
> E l' innocente—

would deserve the praises of Signor Botta, because he said, that what Manhès did was proper to be done; but if Signor Botta wishes for some one to record his praises, let him go to Algiers or Tripoli, and there he will find statesmen who will listen to him with pleasure; but let him not infect the civilized world with the contagion of his poisonous maxims, in which alone, however, he has been consistent through the course of his life. The man who praises the Venetian constitution, who thinks that inquisitors of state are necessary in a government, who commends an assassin like Manhès, is the same individual who, without any process of law or justice, imprisoned Fantoni in the time of Liberty and the Republic.

Here, indeed, we may remark a circumstance which should seem to be extraordinary. Signor Botta, who never fails to insult the memory of Napoleon, and of his government, says not a word of the state prisons which he had established both in France and in Italy. Two of the seven, which existed in the French empire, were in Italy—Fenestrelle and Compiano. But the man who sent Manhès into the Calabrias was not without state prisons in the kingdom of Naples, nor were they wanting in the kingdom of Italy. Nevertheless, Signor Botta mentions some of those belonging to the French empire, and that only, when he makes cursory mention that some of the prelates, who were faithful to



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the pope, were there confined. But he does not dwell upon the subject, and mentions it, as if he did not wish it should be known that such prisons existed; and without a word, implying disapprobation of the cruel and tyrannical principle of imprisonment, without cause shown, and for an indeterminate period of time. This, in our opinion, was a legitimate subject of accusation against the government of Napoleon; but the historian is silent; and, after seeing him declare that there is no government without inquisitors of state; and when we hear him praise Manhès, and the king of Naples, and the princes of Savoy, who took a particular delight in arbitrary imprisonments, we can explain his silence with respect to Napoleon, as the institutor of state prisons.

We might naturally expect that hardly any of the benefits which Napoleon bestowed on Italy, and which cannot be denied, would be noticed by Signor Botta. But we did not expect that in a work, entitled a 'History,' not only the good omitted to be done, and the ill committed, should be passed over in silence; but that the merits and the deeds, which might do honour to the *Italians*, should be forgotten by an *Italian*, who was writing 'A History of *Italy*.' When the reader has finished the perusal of Signor Botta's 'History of Italy, from 1789 to 1814,' he knows less than he did before of the government and condition of that country. It is in vain that he inquire into the amount of the revenue and the expenditure of Italy, either French or Neapolitan, or of the kingdom, during the various epochs of the different governments. It is in vain that he inquire how much Italian money went annually into France, or was expended in the service of France, by the Italians. The mode of collecting the consequent imposts—the equalization or the arbitrary principle of their repartition, are never shown or hinted at. There were certainly laws in Italy, and laws newly introduced from France, and made expressly for Italy, and even for those Italian provinces, which were united to France. But Signor Botta scarcely speaks in general terms of the introduction of the French codes into Italy; he does not point out their principles, nor the changes which they must have caused in the habits and in the political economy of the nation. Nor does an acquaintance with the French codes suffice to show the laws which governed Italy. Criminal trials, for example, were conducted in a different manner from what they were in France, as far as the kingdom of Italy was concerned; and neither there, nor in Italy, united to the French empire, nor in the kingdom of Naples, would Bonaparte ever allow juries to be established, though he was obliged to tolerate them in France.* The means by

* Note here another very great error of Signor Botta, who speaking of Rome, Tuscany

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by which the nation, entirely deprived as it was of foreign commerce, sustained the burdens by which it might have been expected to be crushed, are not at all indicated; nor is it known what were the financial circumstances of the nation, either during the French government, or at the moment when the French withdrew from the country. Immense property was taken from the churches, the fraternities, &c.; but Signor Botta scarcely speaks of this circumstance, nor does he give an idea of the value of that property; nor does he distinguish whether, and how it was sold, and what was the influence which this rapid sub-division of property, united to the unexpected abolition of entails, and of the rights of primogeniture had, both upon individuals and upon the agriculture of the nation. It is in vain to inquire what was the state of the communes, and of their liberty, if they had any, and, in general, into the state of the internal administration, in its various gradations; so that, after having read Signor Botta's 'History,' we neither know into how many departments Italy was divided, nor what a department was; nor who, nor what, were the officers who governed it, from the prefect to the lowest *employé*, and what were their respective functions. At Milan there was a government entirely Italian—there were senators, and a viceroy, and a court. Signor Botta does not say a word of their existence, scarcely noticing their extinction, although they were not always asleep, nor humiliated, nor blind. New regulations were established for education and public instruction—military colleges, lycæums, universities, were instituted, and adopted special regulations, better (at least, so it was said) than the ancient ones, and summoned, from all parts of Italy, the most learned men, to contribute to the perfecting of the education of the Italian youth. The universities of the kingdom of Italy had their own regulations; and, in general, the plan of public education, in that country, is worthy of the greatest praise, and was altogether Italian. Of all this Signor Botta does not say one word. Besides, did not there exist an Italian army? Were there not thousands of Italians in the French service?—Yet, he says not a word of this army, or of these brave men. Nevertheless, the plains of Germany were often bathed with Italian blood, and still more so the torrid provinces of Spain, and the icy fields of Muscovy. Yet there is not an action in which he makes mention of the Italian troops. And this historian is an Italian, who describes the battle of Aboukir, in which no Italian had a share, and says nothing of those of Catalonia, fought chiefly by Italians.

Tuscany, and Piedmont, which were united to the French empire, asserts, respecting all, and particularly Tuscany, that the judicial process was introduced into them, 'without any modification,' as it had been adopted in France. The denial of juries, in criminal trials, should seem to be a modification worthy of being observed.

Signor

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Signor Botta says that the battle of Aboukir changed the state of things in Italy. Did not the battles fought at Austerlitz, and the Moskwa, and in Spain, change the state of things in Italy?

If Italians were present at any important action, ought not the historian at least to have told how they conducted themselves? We see foreigners, when speaking of the battles of Napoleon, and of those who took part in them, occasionally praising, as if by chance, however, and occasionally finding fault with the Italians who were engaged in them. Such is the conduct of strangers. But the Italian Thucydides does not re-echo their praises, nor does he defend the honour and the reputation of his countrymen when they are impugned.

Notwithstanding these faults, and others which justify a doubt whether Signor Botta knew the truth of the facts which he relates, or, knowing them, was willing to report them, his history has found panegyrists, not only in France, (for it was among his friends,) but, what is wonderful, even in Italy. It was, however, generally estimated at its true worth.* We will conclude this critique

* Botta's history was praised in a very respectable literary journal, 'The Antologia,' published at Florence, and, to speak the plain truth, the reason was that Botta is one of the contributors to that journal. But what is disgusting is to read in a book called a *Review*, and printed in England, the following words relating to that history: 'We must premise one special recommendation in its favour, viz. the frank, manly sincerity with which it is written. For ages past Italy has not produced an historian so independent in his sentiments—so little time-serving—so free from party affection and servility as Mr. Botta. Wherever he has erred it has been unintentionally, and generally upon minor points; while the great outline of facts has always been faithfully adhered to. This is now universally acknowledged by candid men of all parties and colours.'—(*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. I. page 234.) Such assertions are made in *England*, by an *English* writer, (no Italian would have dared to make them,) and speaking of Botta! Our readers will see whether Mr. Botta is time-serving, whether his errors are unintentional and upon minor points, and whether he is free from party affection or not; and even what degree of credit is to be given to a journal composed of such miserable and disgraceful materials. As for the last assertion, it has no foundation whatever in truth. The *Révue Encyclopédique*, a literary journal printed at Paris, and better informed, perhaps, than any other on continental intelligence, speaking of this very passage of the Foreign Quarterly, makes use of the following expressions:—'When the reviewer (of the F. Q.) pretends to assert that the Italians have now changed their opinion, and acknowledge Botta's impartiality, *we can assure him that* HE IS WRONG, *and that he takes too lightly upon himself to speak in the name of others*.'—(Rév. Encyc. Août, 1827, p. 384.) The reviewer in question treats as *absurd* the charges brought by weakness or malignity against Botta, of subserviency to Austria. The Italians have said, and do still say, that Botta was subservient not to Austria alone, but to all the actual masters of Italy, and chiefly to his native king, that of Piedmont, as he has always most shamefully been to any one in power, no matter who it was. He abuses Austria, wherever he thinks it will be agreeable to the Piedmontese government; and always idolizes the Bourbons of Naples, because he has no hope of intruding his faithful services upon any one except the Bourbons or the house of Savoy. This is the reason for which he basely calumniates Nelson, and defends the late king of Naples; and this is the reason for which he disapproves of Austria having taken Venice, (a thing not quite relished in Piedmont,) but does not say one word against Piedmont for having seized Genoa. Does he not, he who affects such a stoical love for truth, does he not assert that the government of Piedmont 'began very mildly'? Was it not in the teeth of treaties that that government, at the very beginning of its existence, published the edict, May 21st, 1824? Were not people thrown

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tique with an anecdote. Angelo Mazza, an Italian poet of great merit, lately deceased, was a cheerful man of very lively manners. He was once consulted by a young man, a priest, who wished to know whether he should devote himself to the pulpit or to poetry, to which he felt an inclination. Mazza asked him if he had ever written any verses, to which the other replied in the affirmative; so the old poet desired him to send him some of his compositions by which he might be enabled to form a judgment. The youthful bard did so, and sent to Mazza two most wretched poems. When the latter met him a few days after, he began to cry out at a distance, 'The pulpit! Signor Abate, the pulpit!' The poet said that he could not conceive how Mazza could advise him to take to the pulpit, without ever having heard him preach; but Mazza insisted upon it that he must be a much better preacher than poet, 'since,' as he took the liberty to add, 'your verses are such villainous ones, that it is impossible that you should ever write a sermon equally wretched.' We hear that Signor Botta is about to write a continuation of Guicciardini's history to the present time. We know, however, though we have neither read nor seen his production, that Signor Botta dedicated the moments of leisure which Napoleon left to his legislators, to the composition of an epic poem, entitled the 'Capture of Veii.' Now, after the perusal of this, his History, we believe we may advise him to write another epic poem; for certain are we that the fair Calliope will not be so unpropitious to him as the severe Clio. But if in conscience he is sensible that she is so, let him divorce himself from the muses, and return to his old calling of a physician, since, in that case, he will be secure from criticisms if he errs, and, at least, will hear no remonstrances from those whose lives have fallen a sacrifice to his mistakes and ignorance. As for ourselves, we beseech heaven that we may be saved from his attendance in that quality; but, perhaps, we should be more grieved at the idea of his being our historian, than at the prospect of his being our physician.

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thrown into prison, without any one—not even themselves—knowing wherefore, in consequence of the maxims of policy, adopted by the Piedmontese king, at the very beginning of his reign? Did not the king, at the commencement of his government, prevent creditors from suing according to law, and before the regular tribunals of the country, his debtors? Did he not set aside wills, sentences of the courts of justice, solemnly pronounced years and years before,—private obligations, the most solemn and most sacred, in favour of spies, of profligate characters, whose only merit was to creep, like reptiles, at the foot of despotism? Were not nuns and friars, and monks and jesuits, immediately recalled, and allowed, most impudently, to meddle in all private concerns of families? Were not the poor Vaudois or Valdesi (Valdenses) submitted to the most bitter humiliations, deprived of their pensions, left starving, and subjected to the most degrading and insulting laws the very moment that the Piedmontese sovereign mounted that throne, which an English general had conquered for him? And yet this is termed mildness! But we should never end; and we think we have said more than enough to convince the world of the credit due both to the *frank* historian, and to the *learned* reviewer —*Arcades ambo.* ART.

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ART. VIII.—*Svea Rikes Häfder, af Eric Gustaf Geijer. The Records of Sweden*, by E. G. Geijer. Upsala. 1825.

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MANY individuals, during the last century, have endeavoured to remove the dark and impenetrable veil which concealed the treasures of Northern History, but they know not the secret charm, and their efforts were of little avail. Olof Dalin and Sven Lagerbring were, indeed, somewhat superior to their competitors. Both adorned the last century, and were not only regarded with admiration by their contemporaries, but were entitled to the gratitude of the present generation. Their historical attempts were dictated by that zeal, which is inspired alone by unsullied patriotism and love of truth; nevertheless their works are insufficient for the elevation which historical science has since attained, and to which a refined critic of our own times has so much contributed. But, during the last century, the stores of Icelandic literature appear to have been either comparatively neglected, or at least unknown to that extent which their valuable qualities deserved. No light, however, has been thrown on the earlier northern history by the two above-named writers; and though Lagerbring's work is distinguished from that of his predecessor by sounder views, and an almost painful anxiety after accuracy; and though, further, it has been enriched with annotations by the famous Hallenberg, a Swedish historian of considerable merit, it remains, for the modern scientific reader, a rude and indigested mass.

After these two writers, a German, named F. Rühs, Professor at the University of Greifswald, and subsequently at that of Berlin, appeared in the list of Swedish historians. His work, written originally in German, was translated into Swedish, and as it has acquired considerable authority in Sweden, where it was begun and completed, it may be regarded as a portion of Swedish, rather than of German literature. Of this work, there is in Sweden but one opinion, that it excels its predecessors in deep research, strict impartiality, tasteful simplicity of style, and just discrimination of historical characters. We are not disposed to withhold any portion of this praise, for we rank Rühs among the distinguished historians of modern times; yet his work has one great defect, arising from an inability to discern the true connexion between history and mythology. An unfortunate prejudice against the purity and historical importance of the Icelandic sources (with which he appears to have been but imperfectly acquainted) induces him to mistrust the northern mythology, as for the most part a monkish invention, and a vain imitation of the mystic systems of Greece and Rome. This scepticism neutralizes his researches into the earlier northern history, and he wanders in confusion and darkness,

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darkness, having himself destroyed the thread which would have led him through the labyrinth.

Thus a sound historical work on Sweden was still a desideratum when Eric Gustaf Geijer commenced his labours. A profound knowledge of the history of his country, a clear and critical perception, and a felicitous style, combine to prove his capability for excellence. His professorship of history has afforded him peculiar facilities for research, and his appointment of historian to the king may be taken as evidence of the estimation in which his attainments are held. From the exertions of a mind thus stored, we were justified in anticipating the most important results, an anticipation which is strongly confirmed by the first volume of the 'Svea Rikes Häfder,' which Geijer has already presented to the public. It contains an introduction to his work, and is divided into ten sections, comprising a critical investigation of all important matters found in the northern traditions. He has cleared the way for his future inquiries by this investigation, in which he has had to combat antiquated prejudices, to examine recent hypotheses, and to inspect critically the whole mass of records relative to northern mythology, all which he has executed with that scrupulous care which might be expected from his truly scientific character. The contents of the volume before us are classed as follows:—1. The nature of the country.—2. The north of the ancients.—3. Transition to the native historical sources.—4. The Runic.—5. The Icelanders. 6 and 7. The northern mythology.—8, 9, and 10. The Ynglinga Saga, and the following kings, down to the 9th century.*

In

* In the first section the author has given a general geological view of the Scandinavian Peninsula, availing himself of the most recent discoveries in natural history, by Von Buch, Wahlenberg, Nilsson, Ehrenheim, and Berzelius. He presents an animated picture of the country and climate, as also of its inhabitants, their character and manners. As a specimen of his vivid descriptive style, we subjoin a passage from the first section, in which, with poetic feeling, but strict fidelity, he describes the two seasons, winter and spring, so wonderful in Scandinavia. We quote in a note, that we may not unseemingly break in upon the thread of our narrative, and we give a long extract, as no other opportunity will occur for transcribing the words of the author at any length, our object being to afford a compressed view of his historical inquiries.

Referring to the testimony of *Alfieri*, who visited Scandinavia in the year 1770—Geijer quotes the following words, 'Sweden,' says Alfieri, 'as well as all classes of its inhabitants, pleased me exceedingly, either because I am charmed by extremes, or from some other reason for which I cannot account; but certain it is that, were I to choose a northern residence, I should prefer this remote country before any that I know. I was transported by the wild majesty of its boundless forests, its lakes and precipices, and, though I had not then read Ossian, many of his images were awakened within me, as I afterwards found on perusing him.' In another place the same Italian says,—'Sweden is one of those countries which, by its wild beauty, delighted me most, and excited within me the most fanciful, melancholy, and sublime ideas. A certain inexpressible silence reigns in the atmosphere, which makes one think himself beyond the boundaries of earth.' 'It is a native of the south,' proceeds Geijer, 'who says this. But Alfieri was charmed by the clear winter night, often illumined by the *Aurora Borealis*, or when the stars

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In the ancient symbolical representation of the Greeks, the north, the home of the Hyperboreans, was enveloped in darkness, yet was, at the same time, believed to contain the paradise of the sun, and the abodes of the blessed. As Night generates Day, so in the high north, Latona (the night) brought forth the two lights of heaven, Apollo and Artemis, who, according to Herodotus, migrated to Delos, accompanied by holy Hyperborean maids, and were there worshipped with profound veneration.* The mystic

stars seem to have doubled their number and brilliancy, while a snowy veil wraps all around in uniformity; and we ourselves can well remember when these scenes awakened in us similar sensations. He was delighted with the amusement of sledge-driving through the dark forests, and over the frozen lakes, and still more by the incredible rapidity with which, at the end of April, every vestige of ice and snow vanishes, and is replaced by the verdant robe of spring. A spectacle, rare, indeed,' he exclaims, 'which, had I then been a poet, would have inspired me to exercise the art.'

'The contrast between the rudeness of winter and the bloom of spring is here much more powerful, and, consequently, the latter is here welcomed with a far livelier feeling than in those countries, whose inhabitants know nothing of such quick transition, as if the warm look of maternal love were more delightful to that child, above whom it seldom beams. The spring, which quickens all beings, seems in the north, more than elsewhere, to stir the very heart of nature, and presents, particularly in the mountainous parts, where the transition is most rapid, a spectacle which should pervade the darkest and most depressed bosom with a ray of the delightful bliss of existence. The snow melting in the sunbeams, and rushing from the mountains in numberless rivulets over the fragrant verdure of the vales; the mighty waters, loosened from their icy chains, and hastening onward with augmented tide; the trees, as it were instantaneously, arrayed in leafy verdure, from which the song birds chirp their tuneful strains, filling the clear, elastic air of spring with salutations to the north; the heaven floating in a brilliant sea, which soon no longer knows of night, the gladness, in fine, pervading the whole of animated nature—all combine in the northern spring, to cause an overflowing sense of life, as at once awakened from a lengthened torpor. If this first transition make a more powerful impression on the observer, the mildly blooming progress immediately succeeding it, has a more genuine and moving charm. From its contrast with the frequently barren grandeur of northern scenery, and from its tinge of evanescent beauty, all the loveliness of nature in the north has a sort of tender expression. This observation applies equally to the gentle tints of the opening rose, and to the blooming cheek of the northern maiden; to the clear colouring of the heaven, when compared with a dark blue southern sky; to the light but vivid verdure of the grass, so strongly contrasting with the unaltered witnesses of winter,—our woods of gloomy pine, all which evince a weakness of vegetation not to be found in the maturity of southern nature, and its (we may so say) more full blooded productions. Thus the beauty of the north almost invariably resembles a delicate and tender child, whose gentle, innocent loveliness, even in the cradle, seems to supplicate deliverance from the cruel fate by which it shortly must be doomed to perish; and the striking contrast between rudeness and gentleness, liveliness and torpor, perceptible in the northern regions, makes itself felt in the brightest bloom of spring. These, and many other distinctive qualities, which pervade our being, either pleasingly or painfully, seem, on that very account, in these regions, to draw the compassionate attention of man to nature, and to create a closer relation to it, and to its mysteries. To this cause may also be attributed that peculiarly deep and comprehensive perception of nature, which forms a fundamental principle in distinguished northern minds; a tendency which, even in the earliest mythology and poetry of the north, expresses itself by dark images and tones, and in later times, purified by cultivation, has been principally developed in sciences and art.'

* On this island, the Father of History paid a visit of respect to the monuments of the Hyperborean maids.

country

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country of the Hyperboreans was, by the Greeks, esteemed a land of peace, whose blest inhabitants, living in community with the gods, enjoyed eternal spring, a two-fold harvest, and a life of centuries. We may here remark that the ancients always comprehended the west under this representation, for the Hesperides, (also the offspring of Night,) with their wonderful gardens, belonged to the Hyperboreans, whose godlike origin was traced to the sons of Light, the Titans. In proportion, however, as the western dawn began to spread and the horizon expanded northward, the traditionary region of the blest was removed into the east, and the Ripæan mountains with their gold-guarding griffins, which were originally the Alps, were finally fixed at Ural and Altai, still forming the boundary between mortals and the abode of the blest.

It would seem an innate property of our being, to place the felicity for which it longs, in regions attainable only to unfettered fancy. Thus we find that the ancients invariably fixed the abodes of the blest on what they believed the extreme confines of the earth. In the west, the Fortunate Islands; in the north-west and north, the Hyperboreans; in the east, the Atta Kores; and, in the extreme south, the Ethiopians, with whom Jove was supposed to celebrate their festivals. The account given by Herodotus concerning the Hyperboreans is not without historical allusion, since he expressly mentions their temple-offerings, brought by a north-west way to Delos. This name 'Hyperboreans' was often applied indiscriminately to all the northern nations by the ancient Greek and Roman writers. Later historians make mention of the long nights and days, which lasted half a year, as also of the national custom of the Hyperboreans, (which existed amongst the ancient inhabitants of the North,) of precipitating themselves from the rock, when weary of life.* But this faint light is all that is thrown on the subject by the old historians. It is notorious that the ancient Greeks were bad geographers, and, if the Phenicians and Carthaginians knew something more, they concealed it. This fact, however, has descended to posterity,—that they visited the tin islands (probably the British) and the amber coast; and we have no doubt, that, but for the barbarous destruction of Carthage by the Romans, important accounts of these voyages would have been preserved. Strabo, the first geographer of any consequence, mentions a Massilian, named Pythias, who visited Britain about 300 years before the Christian era, and who speaks of a country six days journey to the north of Britain. Strabo, however, treats the Massilian as an

* Several of these rocks are still shown in Sweden, for instance, the Hunneberg, near Wennersborg. They are called Atte Stupor.

impostor,

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impostor, and in so doing commits very palpable geographical errors. Thus much may be considered as certain; that Thule the country alluded to by Pythias, and which by the moderns is held to be Iceland, was the north-western part of Scandinavia; and that the island Baltia or Basilia, mentioned by Strabo as also occurring in the account of Pythias, was the southern part of the same peninsula. But, at the period in question, Scandinavia was enveloped in the gloom of northern night, till, by their intercourse with Great Britain, and by the wars which they waged in the north of Germany, the Romans approached nearer to the north, when their accounts became, if not satisfactory, at least more clear, upon the subject; though the general opinion, that the Baltic was at no great distance from the Pontus Euxinus and in some connection with the Caspian sea, continued down to the middle ages, and obviously influenced the ideas of the Icelanders themselves. The authors in the first ages of Christianity distinguished Scandinavia by the name of Thule, and, according to Pliny and Ptolomeus, believed it to be an immense island, whose circumference was unknown. On the eastern shore Tacitus found the *Suiones*, in whom we recognise the origin of the name *Svear*, or Swedes. This historian calls the Baltic, the Suevian sea, *(Mare Suevicum,)* and says, 'Suionum hinc civitates ipso in oceano præter viros armaque classibus valent.' Trans Suiones he places 'aliud mare pigrum, ac prope immotum,' apparently the Icy Ocean. Tacitus evidently knew more of Scandinavia than his predecessors, but he does not expressly mention whether the Suiones inhabited an island or not, and hence we may infer that he had no distinct knowledge upon this point. Pliny mentions a 'Sævo mons immensus nec Ripæis jugis minor,' which stretching to the Cimbric promontory, (Jutland) forms a gulf full of islands, called the Codonic, as it is also termed by Pomponius Mela. Geijer has not explained the meaning of Pliny by this Sævo Mons, but as neither Jutland nor Schleswick possess a considerable ridge of mountains, we are inclined to suppose that he must have meant the Norwegian mountains, which may be traced from Cape Lindesnäs, (the most southern point of Norway,) into the inner parts of the country, joining the great chain of mountains which forms the principal boundary between Norway and Sweden, still called Sæve Fjället * (Mount Sæve). The three Scandian islands mentioned by Ptolomeus are, apparently, Zealand, Fünen, and Laland; and the fourth, which he calls Scandeia, and places more eastward, extending towards the mouth of the Vistula, is no doubt Scandinavia. He here places the Goutoi and Daukiones, clearly the Goths and Danes.

* Also called Kölen, by which name it is mentioned in Snorre Sturleson.

During

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During a period of about 400 years after Ptolomeus, while the northern people invaded Italy in such immense hordes, the southern authors remained silent on the subject of the north, till the sixth century, when Procopius gives accounts which prove his acquaintance with sources previously unknown. He expressly designates Scandinavia by the name of Thule, and describes the island (for he also believed it to be an island) as ten times larger than Britain. Among other accounts of the nature of the country and manners of the inhabitants, which are, for the most part, corroborated by later historians, he mentions that the sun, during the summer season, does not set for forty days, and that he disappears for an equal period during the winter solstice. He also mentions the great festival* celebrated by the northern people when they expected the return of the sun. Among the nations who inhabited Thule, he particularly mentions the Skritfinni and Gauti, the former of whom we find afterwards, in the historian of the Langobards, Paul Warnefrid, and in Adam of Brehmen, who calls them Skirtefingi. They are also mentioned in Saxo Grammaticus, by whom they are called Skricfinri. Paul Warnefrid contends that their name is derived from the word skrita (leap), and that this people pursued the wild beasts on sticks bent like a bow, a description which clearly relates to the snow-shoes of the Laplanders, who were called Finni in the olden time, and who still use this means of traversing the snowy regions, which they do with wonderful rapidity. In the ancient Scandinavian language, to go on snow-shoes was called skrida påskidor.

Jornandes, a contemporary of Procopius, is the first who relates an emigration of the Gauti from Scandinavia. His words are—'Ex hac Scanziae insulâ quasi officinâ gentium aut certe velut vagina nationum cum rege suo Beric Gothi quondam memorantur egressi.'—Jornandes was himself a Goth, and the account of this emigration he asserts to have taken from the songs of his country. 'Quemadmodum et in priscis eorum carminibus pene historico ritu in communi recolitur.' According to him, the Goths set sail in three vessels, and landed near the Vandals, at a place called by him Gothiscanzia, whence, he

* This festival was called the Jul, and celebrated at the beginning of February, till the son of Harald Hårfager, Håkan the Good, changed the period of its celebration to Christmas, which is still called Jul by the Northern nations. Scholars have, for centuries, disagreed as to the derivation of this word. Loccenius, in his Antiq. Sueo. Goth. derives it from *Hjul*, a Swedish word, signifying a wheel, because the northern nations likened the course of the sun to the movement of a wheel. Rudbeck agrees with him on this point, because on many Runic monuments the sign of a wheel is found to denote the circuit of the sun; but the learned Verelius derives *Jul* from *Jola*, the Swedish for 'to be glad.' In this we think him mistaken, because the verb *Jola* seems of a recent date, and is formed from the root *Jul*. In England and Scotland this word is still used for Christmas, spelt thus, *Yule*.

says,

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says, they proceeded in a south-east direction, under the guidance of Filimer, the fifth king after Beric. They settled on the shores of the Pontus Euxinus, and divided themselves, according to the situation of the land, into Ostro-Goths, under the government of the Amales, and Visi-Goths *, ruled by the race of the Baltes. Their princes were called Ases, or demi-gods, whom, in their songs, they celebrated as the offspring of the gods, and to whom they ascribed the gaining of victories. The credibility of Jornandes, in general, has been disputed, and particularly this emigration from Sweden has been treated as a fiction. Geijer, however, supports him in this assertion. It is true, that the geographical accounts of Jornandes are confused, as in one instance he calls Scandinavia an island, in another a peninsula connected with the north-east of Europe; and, throughout his whole work, he confounds Scandinavia with Scythia, which latter the Icelanders call Svithiod hin Myckla, (the large Swedish land,) by which error he gave a wron gdirection to the ideas which, during the middle ages, prevailed concerning the north. Still his account of this emigration from Sweden is, in part, confirmed by the testimony of the old native traditions and chronicles, which mention an emigration of Goths from Sweden into Denmark. But we must observe, that there was a Gothland on the east, as well as on the west coast of the Baltic, so that the migration under Humble, mentioned by the chronicles, must not be confounded with that related by Jornandes. The former refer to the occupation of the western shore, the Cimbrican coast, now called Jutland. The amber coast of Prussia, the Gothiscanzia of Jornandes) is, in the old chronicles, called Vitland; and the present Jutland, with the adjacent Danish islands, are called Viternas Slätt, the plain of the Vites. According to Beda, the Vites is a name for the Goths; and Sheringham asserts, that Getæ, Giotæ, Jotæ, Gutæ, Geatuni, Jotuni,† Jetæ, Jutæ, and Juitæ, are names indiscriminately used by the old writers to designate the Gothic people. We differ from Geijer, when he supposes that the migration of Odin and his Asen must be placed previous to that related by Jornandes, or, at least, co-eval; and our reason is, that Jornandes places this migration in an extremely remote period, and, we think, correctly. Without here intending to fix the period when Odin and his Asen arrived in Sweden, we think it certain that the migration of the Goths, under Beric, must be put before that of Odin. The facility with which Odin esta-

* Jornandes knows the Ostrogothæ and Vagoth in Scandia, where are still found the provinces Öster Göthland and Wester Göthland.

† Sheringham is mistaken in supposing the Jotuni to be Goths. It will be shown that they were quite a different tribe.

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blished kingdoms on the shores of the Baltic, and the probability that he there found the old religion of a former Odin, whom, as the Icelanders relate, he pretended to be, may serve to show that Goths then existed on this plain, which extends from Memel to the river Ems. Tacitus finds Gothones trans Lygios, *i. e.* on the eastern shore of the Baltic, the present Lithuania, where, in the middle ages, a place was still called Gothland. Among the nations near the Elbe, in the present Holstein, he mentions two Gothic tribes,—the Angli and Nuithones, probably the Vites.

The name of Vites suddenly disappears, and from the fifth century down to the ninth, the word Sassen * is used as the denomination of all the Gothic tribes of Northern Germany. After the last emigration of Jornandes, the Goths indulged their love of wandering, and proceeded to the south-east of Europe, while the kindred tribes in Germany remained in their original position, till the beginning of the fifth century, when a part of them went over to England. No mention of Odin's migration with his Asen is made in the old Grecian and Roman historians. In order that this event may not be deemed a merely learned hypothesis on the part of the Icelanders, Geijer bears testimony to its certainty; he founds his opinion—1st, on other historical proofs of the Asiatic origin of the northern people, afforded by Paul Warnefrid, Saxo Grammaticus, and Dudo, the Norman annalist, of the tenth century;—2ndly, on the historical allusions made to such an emigration;—and, finally, on the nature of the northern mythology, which, as far as it reveals itself, is clearly of Asiatic origin. The proofs of the credibility of the Icelanders are ample and incontestable, but we must refrain from following him into details. The Icelandic sources, *viz.*, the first fourteen chapters of the 'Ynglinga Saga' of Snorre Sturleson, together with the prosaic Edda, relate that Odin and his Asen, after having wandered from Asgård, on the eastern shore of the Tanais, through Russia, North Germany, and Denmark, settled on the shores of the Lake Mälare, in the present Swedish province of Upland. Here he founded the empire of the Svear, (Sveawälde, or Svea Rike,) also called Svithiod, (in a more confined sense,) and Manheim (the Home of Man.) Odin and his Asen seem to have taken peaceable possession of the country, as if he was arriving among his kindred, who cheerfully granted to a friend what they would have refused to a foe. Under the mystic veil of a religion, of which he was in some sort the founder; and, as the Icelandic tales relate, by representing himself to be the ancient Odin revisiting the

* This name first occurs in Ptolomeus, we believe. Beda states that the Saxones, Angli, and Viti, were the tribes who came over to England

earth,

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earth, he was enabled to lay the foundation of a firm and mighty government, having for its basis the superstition of his subjects. The kindred tribes, with whom Odin became thus amicably connected, were the Goths, already known through the ancient writers, and who thenceforward contented themselves with the southern part of the peninsula, called by the Icelanders Gauthiod. From the northern historians we learn nothing relative to the numbers of the Asen, or, as we will hereafter call them, the Svear; but some estimate may be formed upon this point, from the fact that they originally inhabited the present provinces of Upland, Westmanland, and Gestrikland; or, as they are called in the old provincial laws, the Folklands. Tacitus, who knew the Svear under the name of Suiones, is silent as to their numbers. It does not appear that Odin left many of his followers behind him to secure the dynasties which he established in North Germany;* and hence we may infer, that their number at his outset was not large. The empire of the Up Svear was originally confined to a small extent of territory, and, in this signification, it was called Manheim. But when, in progress of time, the Svear, by their prerogative as reigning tribe, governed by the immediate descendants of Odin, and also by their office as guardians of the Upsala temple, had gained a decided political precedence, the power of the tribe increased to such a degree that the Upsala kings were regarded as possessing paramount and undisputed authority. In this sense the name Svea Rike (Swedish Empire) comprehends the southern part of Gauthiod. The precedence of the Svear before the Goths is placed beyond all doubt, by the provincial laws, in which we read 'that the Swedish empire is formed by Svea and Göthaland.† A ting allra Svea—in the council of all the Svear, the king is to be elected on the plain of Mora, near Upsala, and ting allra Götha, the assembly of all the Goths, shall re-elect him.' Such decisive terms of the law induce the conjecture that the Goths disputed the precedence of the Svear, at least in the election of their kings; and in the history of the middle ages we find mention of frequent, and, sometimes, sanguinary struggles between them. Geijer places the emigration of Odin and his Asen in the last century before the Christian era, and contends that the fact

* The genealogical records of the Anglo-Saxons begin with Odin, those of the Danes with Sköld, the son of Odin, after whom his descendants were called Sköldungar. Saxo makes Sköld the grandson of Humble. Even the Franks asserted that one of their first leaders was Sigge, the son of Odin.

† The division Svea and Götha Rike, which is formed by a chain of mountains Kolamården, between Södermanland and öster Göthland, not only still exists, but, by the formation of the principal law courts, Svea and Götha Hofrätt, first established during the thirty years war, has, at present, a practical influence. Within the last three years, another court has been added, called Hofrätt of Skone och Blekinge.

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of this event having been unknown to the Romans, cannot be received as evidence against its credibility.* But having ascertained this point—namely, that of the two nations inhabiting Scandinavia, the Goths and Svear, the former were the more ancient, the question remains—were the Goths, whom Odin found in Scandinavia, the Aborigines? Geijer is of opinion, that they also had migrated thither 'at a period veiled from the eye of history.' If so, the migration mentioned by Jornandes was nothing more than a return of the Goths to their native home.

The Bastarnes, Alans, and Getes, according to the ancient Greek and Roman authors, were Gothic nations, whom the Romans ascertained to have dwelt near the Caucasus, and the Pontus Euxinus. The Alans were said to have been originally an Asiatic people of Medo-Persian origin. In these Geijer finds his northern Asen, and concludes, from the mythology of the ancient northern nations, the relation of which to the southern is incontrovertible, and also from the resemblance between the Persian and northern languages, that Persia, the ancient Iran, was the cradle of the Gothic inhabitants of the north.

The aborigines of Scandinavia were the Iotun, mentioned in the old mythology as giants. They appear under various other denominations, but always as a malignant race, living in lasting strife with gods and men. These Iotun had been driven by the Goths into the north, and lost still more of their territory, when the Svear took possession of the land around the Mälare. They are the Skriti-finni of Procopius and the other above-mentioned authors;

* While we agree with him in this particular, we must complain that he has neglected to state his opinion why the Icelandic authors, who so frequently allude to the Goths in Scandinavia, have been entirely silent on the migration mentioned by Jornandes. We will venture to offer an opinion on the subject:—the Heimskringla, the chief source for this inquiry, treats only of the history of the kings, immediate descendants of Odin, and of the religion introduced by the historical Odin, which was amalgamated with the creed of the old Goths, the former inhabitants. The Ynglinga Saga has only in view the personal history of the kings, who reigned over the Up Svea race. The Icelandic settlers were, for the most part, men of noble, and some of royal descent, both Norwegians and Swedes; and the Icelanders long considered it an incumbent duty to celebrate the noble descent and prowess of their ancestors—to study and describe their history. They mention the Goths, merely when circumstances bring them into contact with the heroes whose feats they celebrate. Snorre Sturleson, after having given the history of the Ynglingar, confines himself to a description of such of the Norwegian kings as derived descent from them. He makes no particular mention of the later kings of the Up Svear, and still less does he deign to notice the Goths, or their kings, who were only Fylkis Konungar, or petty kings. It is clear that a national antipathy gradually arose between the Svear and the Goths, or Götar, which, at length, broke forth in sanguinary struggles, especially in the twelfth century. The Svear, following the example of their kings, were the first to embrace Christianity—the Goths continuing, for a longer period, zealous idolaters—a circumstance which we do not hesitate to attribute to the rude and sanguinary character of the primitive religion of the former Odin, to which faith the Goths adhered more closely than the Svear, who were comparatively civilized by that of the historical Odin. If we consider the old northern mythology, as we have it from the ancient Icelanders and Saxo-Grammaticus, we find in it, as it were, the strife of two contending elements.



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Iotun and Finni being indiscriminately used by the Icelanders to designate the same people. Saxo asserts, on the authority of old songs and sagas, that the original Scandinavian race were forced to give way to one more civilized, and these to a third, still more enlightened. The Iotuns, or Finni, continued implacable enemies to the recent intruders, and Adam of Brehmen relates that, even in his time, the Skrik-finni, as he calls them, descended from the mountains, and invaded the more cultivated provinces of Scandinavia. The account of Fornjoter and his race, which has often perplexed inquirers into northern mythology, may be thus explained, taking it for granted that they belonged to the Iotun. It is true that the Danish historians Schoening and Suhm suppose that the Iotun were Goths, which appears to have been also the opinion of Sheringham, from the passage already quoted. This opinion is, however, disproved by Geijer, who shows that the account contained in an Icelandic record called Fundin Noregur (Norway discovered) on the conquest of Norway by Fornjoter, who is styled a king of Finnland or Quenland, deserves no historical faith; the whole relation being allegorical, and probably resulting from the attempts of the Icelanders to give a glorious genealogy to their petty kings. The name of Fornjoter occurs, among various others, given by the olden tales and traditions to the giants, who are called, in addition to their common name, Iotun, (synonymous with enemy,) Thursar, Rimthursar, Troll (wizard) and mountaineers. In Fundin Noregur, we find that a king of the race of Fornjoter, is invoked by the Quenes, or Finns, for snow and skidföre, i. e. snow-shoe driving. The probability that the Finlanders were the aborigines of Scandinavia is strongly supported by the contents of recent traditionary tales. Throughout the whole of Swedish history down to modern times, it has been the opinion of the lower classes, that the Finlanders are in the peculiar possession of witchcraft, or, in other words, that they are wizards (troll); and the Laplanders, originally the Finni, as they are still called by the Norwegians, contend that the whole Scandinavian peninsula of old belonged to them. The opinions on the early Scandinavian history, which were prevalent in the middle ages, were not derived from any acquaintance with the Icelandic records, which remained unknown till the 17th century, when, by the exertions of Peringsköld, Verelius, Worms, and others, they were first disclosed. The rhyme and prose chronicles, both composed by unknown authors in the middle of the 15th century, are mainly indebted to the accounts of Jornandes, for a guidance through the confusion of popular tradition. As the chronicles chiefly relate to the large collection of tales concerning Attila, Dietrich von Bern, and Siegfrid,—tales which pervade the national poetry of the south as surprisingly as that

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that of the north, we cannot wonder at the confusion which fills the chronological index of the old Scandinavian kings, whose origin is traced to Eric, the Beric of Jornandes. Geijer asserts that the rhyme chronicles have taken their information from a Swedish treatise on the Saga of Diedrich von Bern (Verona, the great Theodric of the Ostrogoths). The Icelandic Vilkina Saga, which was first edited by Peringsköld, seems to have been as little known to the Swedish chroniclers just mentioned, as to the first Swedish historian Eric Olai, who wrote his history down to the year 1464, at the request of Karl Knutson, King of Sweden; these chronicles enrich the Swedish history with from seven to eight kings before Ynge, partly taken from the account of Jornandes, and partly from the Saga of Diedrich von Bern. Eric Olai could not refrain from giving these kings a place in his genealogical table, at least as far as the authority of Jornandes supported him; and for those which the chroniclers have taken from the Saga, he substitutes others from Saxo Grammaticus. For the rest he follows generally the old genealogical table, from the first half of the 14th century (Registrum Upsaliense) which, on the whole, agrees with the Icelandic line of kings, and concludes with the year 1333. Geijer deems it vain to trace northern history higher than Odin, and, consequently, rejects all previous dynasties, but, in thus doing, he appears to cut, rather than to unravel the Gordian knot. For our parts, how dark soever may be the veil which covers the period in question, we are not inclined to refuse all belief in these kings, whose existence agrees with our previous opinion on a migration of the Goths before the time of Odin. We see no reason for impeaching the veracity of Jornandes in this instance.

The endeavours of the chroniclers and historians, in the 15th and 16th centuries, to prove an analogy between the native chronology and those of the Bible, led to the most extravagant results. Johannes Magnus, in his extensive Historia Gothorum Sveorumque, first edited at Rome, in 1554, by his brother Olaus Magnus, stated the Goths to be descended from Magog, the son of Japhet; and in pursuance of this theory, he fills Swedish history with names of kings who bear no historical mark but their Pagan appellations. In vain his two contemporaries, Olaus and Laurentius Petri, resisted his gratuitous assertions. The ideas of Johannes Magnus were adopted by later Swedish and foreign historians, and were so firmly entertained, that when, in the 17th century, the Icelandic sources became known, they were, without further critical investigation, received as proof of the preconceived erroneous opinions. With such opinions, Olaus Rudbeck composed his Atlantis, a work in which we hardly know which is more surprising, the immense learning or extraordinary fallacies.—



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Though the historical authorities, from the 14th century downwards, have been for the most part founded on foreign records, still the north was not without native historical relics, which are principally the Runic, and the northern tales and songs.

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Run, or Runic, (meaning in the primitive Scandinavian language, *line* or *stroke*,) in the old northern tales, signifies *speech*, *song*, and also *letter* and *writing*. Ulfilas, in whose gospels it first occurs, uses it to express *secret*,* and thence it is employed in the old northern tales to denote mysterious spell, song, or letter. That Runic, partly on stone, partly on wood, was the only writing known to the ancient inhabitants of the north, is proved by the concurrring testimony of various early authors, both native and foreign, to whom Geijer has referred; and Ulfilas can by no means be called the inventor of the art of writing among the Goths, as his alphabet bears obvious traces of the Runic. From the mythological songs and sagas, preserved by the Icelanders, we see that, among the Pagans, the Runic was in particular request for spells and charms, and generally for sacred purposes. In this mystic quality the Runic characters are called a kingly science, the invention and introduction of which among the northern people was ascribed to Odin and his Asen. But the Runic was also used for the composition of history and traditions, in which sense Rhabanus Maurus and Saxo refer to them. Still it appears that the Pagan Runic characters were the property of a few initiated persons, and not in general use among the people of that period. The missionary zeal of the first Christian clergymen in Scandinavia, for the destruction of everything tending to revive idolatrous recollections, prevented the preservation of any relics of the Pagan Runic, excepting a few, possessing no great interest, which have descended to our times. But the use of the simple Runic, on the contrary, was not only permitted but encouraged by these ecclesiastics for recording events of general interest; and thus we find the kingly science of the Pagan Runic dwindle into the common writing of the north, by which general use, however, the superstitious ideas of witchcraft and spells, connected with the use of the Pagan Runic, were effectually destroyed. Of between fourteen and fifteen hundred Runic stones, from the 10th to the 14th century, thirteen hundred belong to Sweden; and of these more than half are to be found in the province of Upland, in which genuine country of the Svear, was the chief temple and ancient seat of religion, and where, consequently, the priesthood were most numerous. Hence we may conjecture that this mysterious

* From this signification, it appears that the verb Raunen,—to whisper secretly, has been adopted in the Teutonic language.

writing

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writing was there better known, and in later times more generally spread by the Christian clergy.*

Geijer states that no Runic monuments of historical consequence† have descended to the Christian times, and proves that Saxo is merely boasting when, in his Danish history, he speaks of historical records and songs in Runic, relating to the ancient heroes of the north, from which songs he pretends to have made extracts. Yet one satisfactory result for the elucidation of the old Pagan times of the north has been obtained, namely, that the ancient Northmen, before the introduction of Christianity, possessed an art of writing, by which they were enabled to record historical traditions.

These historical traditions have descended to us in the old northern tales and songs, though deeply shrouded in mythological obscurities. Saxo repeatedly refers to olden tales and songs, from which he tells us his history is composed. They were, however, not the Icelandic sources, but traditions and songs, existing among his countrymen, which must necessarily have lost much of their primitive signification in the mouth of a Christian people, when the mind and the belief, which had inspired them, were no more. In the composition of Saxo, we observe a variety of shades, arising from his inclination, either to accommodate mythological ideas to Christian conceptions, or to represent the old gods as men of uncommon strength and prudence. In other instances he brands the race of the gods as an infernal invention, having for its object the betrayal of mankind, and the gods themselves as malicious wizards, possessed by the devil. On the whole, it appears from Saxo's work, that the old religion of Odin, as it is represented in the two Eddas, was known to the Scandinavians, at least in its principal features; and if Saxo endeavours to transform the Old Mythos into an historical anecdote of a dark individual

* The results drawn by Geijer, from his critical and learned investigation on Runics, are presented to us under three heads:—first, the number of Runic monuments, with the fact of their having been generally understood, which he proves from the circumstance that authors, in the relation of events which they wished to be known universally, made use of the Runic by preference. They were thus the popular writing, in opposition to the Latin characters, introduced by the clergy. The period of the Christian Runics, as far as it can be ascertained, seems to have extended from the 10th to somewhat above the 13th century. 2nd. The period of their use,—thus traced to the first dawn of Christianity, and shown to continue till the last centuries of the middle ages, when both alphabets were indiscriminately used, till at length the Latin characters supplanted the Runic, though the latter have not entirely vanished, even in our own times. 3rd. The earliest Christian historical testimonies, alluding to Runic inscriptions in wood, stone, and other materials, corroborated also by testimonies from Germany and England, while paganism yet prevailed in those countries.

† In the royal library at Copenhagen, there is a parchment code of the Skonian law in Runic characters of the 14th century. Jacob de la Gardie, General of Gustavus Adolphus, in the Polonian war, used the Runics as cyphers for secret instructions; and in the 18th century, the inhabitants of the Swedish province Dalarne, or Dalecarlia, used a sort of Runic alphabet, augmented with Latin characters.

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being, the creature of his own fancy, we may account for it by the tendency to bring down to the sphere of history those miraculous and mystical creations which may have reminded his contemporaries of the pagan splendours that had passed away. It must also be remembered that Saxo was a monk, and careful not to sully his pen by any expression which might imply a doubt of Christianity; but however ignorant he may have been of the real treasures of the Icelandic sources, his assertion, that he regards the Icelanders or Tylenses (as he calls them) as the most credible authorities on northern antiquities, is highly important. Nor is Saxo the only author who praises the Icelanders for their historical veracity. Sven Åkeson, who wrote before 1187, consequently before Saxo,* in his Compendium of the History of Danish Kings, from Sköld, down to Canute VI., mentions the Icelandic songs as the sources of his historical information. The monk, Theoderic, the first Norwegian historian, who wrote in the latter half of the 12th century, praises the Icelanders as being pre-eminently distinguished in the old northern history, and having communicated this knowledge principally by their old songs. These old songs thus remain, as far as they have been preserved by the Icelanders, almost the only primitive source for instruction on northern history. It is the opinion of Geijer that only the mythological songs of the old Edda were transmitted to the Icelanders by Runics, but that the other songs and tales have descended simply by verbal tradition. The improbability that entire songs of considerable length should have been engraved in stone or wood, seems obvious; and Snorre Sturleson expressly says that he has taken his accounts from verbal tradition. This brings us to the immediate consideration of the Icelanders and their records.

'Iceland, the best land that the sun shines upon,' (so says the ancient proverb,) is the depository of northern history. As the miser hides his treasures in the gloomy earth, so it would seem that the historic muse had chosen this cheerless isle wherein to conceal her northern stores. Without Iceland, we should know nothing of northern history or mythology. This island was discovered by Norwegian adventurers in the latter half of the ninth century; and Ingolf was the first Norwegian who settled there, in 875. Harald Hårfager, resolving the destruction of the petty Norwegian kings, resolutely effected his purpose; but, at the same time, deprived his kingdom of many distinguished men of rank, and some of royal descent, who, with their families, fled to Iceland;† where, as it is said in the ancient Icelandic Saga, 'they lived

* Saxo composed his work during the last years of his life—he died in 1203 or 1204.

† In the eleventh article of our last number, a whole line of the manuscript has been overlooked,

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lived free from the oppression of kings and tyrants.' Sixty years afterwards, Iceland was, according to Are Frode, (Are the Wise,) more populous and cultivated than it ever has been before or since that period. Not only Norwegians, but also Swedes, of rank and wealth, settled in Iceland; and it may be generally observed, that they were for the most part men of considerable property who undertook so distant a voyage. They took with them their household deities, furniture, portable goods and cattle. Iceland thus became a second Scandinavia, enjoying perfect freedom under a republican form of government, till the thirteenth century, when it submitted to Norway.*

The origin of the Icelandic poetry, which had been formed during one hundred and twenty years of uninterrupted idolatry, could not be concealed, even after the establishment of the Christian religion. The sorrowful tones of the Skalds long continued to be heard, in lamenting the vanished glory of their gods and the pleasures of Valhalla. Halfred Vandråda Skald, when forced to baptism by the Norwegian king, Olof Tryggvason, thus complains: 'The race of Odin,' he says, 'has formed songs for the delight of all, and well do I remember the custom of our

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overlooked, and the sense thereby materially altered. The passage in which the omission occurs will be found in page 271; and, as it stands, is as follows: 'Norwegian noblemen, who fled before the powerful arm of their King Harald Hårfager, brought, indeed, the Christian religion to Iceland; &c.'

It should properly have run thus:—'Norwegian noblemen, who fled before the powerful arm of their King Harald Hårfager, settled in Iceland, and there introduced *the religion of Odin.* About a century later the Christian religion was, indeed, brought to Iceland; but, &c.'

* The land was divided into districts (Fjerdingar,) and every district into three parishes (Tings Socken,) in each of which was a temple under the superintendence of a priest, who, at the same time, enjoyed the temporal power. He was called Godordsmadr (the speaker in the name of the gods). The public interests were discussed and decided upon at a general meeting of all the freemen, called Allting, over which the chief dignitary of the Republic presided, supported by twelve chiefs of districts, *Hïirads Höfdingar*, each of whom was attended by two peasants from his district. The arrangement of the commonweal, the worship of the gods, religious feasts and sacrifices, festive enjoyments and recitals of the old Sagas, in verse and prose, formed the objects of these assemblies. They were the more necessary by reason of the lonely situation of the huts, (not collected into villages,) which prevented the ordinary intercourse enjoyed by more wealthy and populous countries. These general councils were the more requisite on this account; for, notwithstanding the obstacles which nature has opposed to them, the character of the northern nations is peculiarly social. The Icelanders were remarkably proud of their descent, which some of them traced up to Odin, and this, perhaps, is the reason why their literature abounds in such carefully constructed genealogical tables. They also made use of poetry to celebrate the feats of their ancestors; and the Skalds, the rhapsodists of the North, were every where welcomed. The memory of these bards, sharpened by exercise, had probably reached a degree of perfection which we cannot conceive, containing the stores of ancient northern history and affording continual subjects for their songs. Christianity, which was introduced into Iceland in the year 1000, was not there so fatal to the preservation of mythological relics and recollections, as in Scandinavia, where the recently converted kings often strove to prove their zeal for the Christian faith by forcing their subjects to embrace it, and by stifling, as much as possible, all memory of the idolatrous manners and customs.

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fathers. Now I am forced (for much did the Skald love the rule of Odin) to hate the Man of Frigga (Odin), because we serve Christ.' The constant intercourse, which always subsisted between Iceland and the mother-country, gave opportunity to the Skalds of visiting the Northern courts, which they frequently did, and returned laden with honour and rewards; for, when the first sanguinary zeal for the propagation of Christianity had subsided, the Northern Kings and Jarls listened with delight to the olden tales, which recalled their high descent and ancestral glories. Geijer attributes the pure and unadulterated state of the Icelandic language to the poetry, which is a legacy from the Pagan times. At the close of the eleventh and commencement of the twelfth century, the Icelanders first began to collect and transcribe their tales and traditions.

The relics of Icelandic literature are, by our author, divided into Mythological Songs, historical songs and sagas, and romantic songs and sagas. The mythological songs are contained in the Sämund's Edda, called also the poetical, or elder Edda, collected by the priest Sämund, surnamed the Wise, who studied at Paris towards the close of the eleventh century, and died in 1133. The mythological sagas or tales are contained in the younger, or prose Edda, commonly attributed to Snorre Sturleson; but Geijer believes him to have merely assisted in its composition, contending that it gradually acquired its present form in the fourteenth century. Of the 'historical songs and sagas,' we may particularly notice the 'Heims Kringla'* of Snorre Sturleson, which, for the most part, treats of the Norwegian kings descended from Odin; the 'Knytlinga Saga,' probably written by Olof Thordson, called Hvita Skald, and nephew of Snorre Sturleson, treating of the 'Danish History;' and 'Sturlunga Saga,' a History of Iceland, the principal part of which is ascribed to Sturle Thordson, brother of Olof.† The golden age of Icelandic literature thus commences with the twelfth, and concludes with the fourteenth century; for, at the latter period, the Icelanders began to write their romantic sagas and songs after the model of the chivalric songs of Germany, of which the Icelandic were, for the greater part, direct imitations: as, for instance, the 'Wilkina Saga.' When the connection between poetry and history was thus dissolved, the latter degenerated into dry chronological annals till the end of the eighteenth century, when, by the exertions of Vidalin and Espolin, Icelandic literature was revived; and our own times have produced distinguished literary labourers in the land of ancient lore,—a Thorlas-

* So called from the two first words of Snorre's Ynglinga Saga, Heimsin's Kringla, the globe of the earth.

† John Espolin, an Icelander, has continued this saga down to modern times.

son,

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son, Petersson, and a Finn Magnusson, who have successfully endeavoured to bring back the Icelandic language and poetry to their original simplicity, purity, and strength.

It now remains for us to afford a view of the Northern Mythology; and we think we cannot do better than to follow Geijer, in the compressed form in which he has compiled it from the two Eddas, and particularly from that prophecy of the Vala, which is called Völuspa, and contained in the elder Edda.

In the beginning of time, Ymer was, when neither the heaven nor the earth were, but only the bottomless abyss of Ginnungagap. And Nifelheim and Muspelheim were before the earth; and in Muspelheim, the region of flames, reigned Surtur, who shall destroy the world by fire. From the well Hvergelmer, in Nifelheim, twelve floods went forth, which were called Ellivågar, and ice was generated from the poison contained in the twelve floods; and by the mingling of ice and dew the hoar was formed. The hoar banks in Ginnungagap accumulated exceedingly; so that from the part towards Nifelheim, the snow and the wind, and the rain, flew forth. But the South was kindled by sparks from Muspelheim. From the connection of heat and hoar, proceeded drops, which were animated by Him,* who sends forth the heat, and thus the form of a man arose, who was Ymer. Ymer was not God, but an evil one; both he and all his race, the Rimthursar—the giants—were evil. The cow, Audhumbla, was created after Ymer, whom she nourished with her four milk-streams; but she herself was fed by licking the stones, covered with hoar; when, three days after, a man was mysteriously born, who was beautiful, and his name was Bure. His son was Börr, who married a giantess, and begot three sons, Odin, Vile, and Ve, by whom the heaven and the earth are governed. Odin is called Allfader, the father of all the Gods. The Earth† is his daughter, and wife, and mother of his first-born Asa-Thor, the invincible. There are twelve divine Asen, a race beautiful, and fair, and light. The son of Börr slew the giant Ymer, whose blood caused a deluge that drowned all the Rimthursar, except Bergelmer, from whom all other giants are descended. But from the body of Ymer the gods created the world. Thus, says the Völuspa: from Ymer's flesh the earth was formed, and from his blood the sea, and from his bones the rocks, and from his hair the trees, and from his skull the heaven. From his brows the kind gods created Midgård (the abode of men,) but of his brain they formed the heavy clouds. The sparks from

* The Icelandic words are Med krapti Thess er til sendi hitan, *i. e.* 'By the power of Him who sends the heat.' This alludes to the Mighty One on High, referred to by the Völuspa, as being above the gods.

† The Earth, Frygga, called, by the Germans, Hertha.



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Muspelheim, that flew about in Ginnungagap, were fixed as stars in the new heaven, by the gods, who sat in council, and fixed the names of the times of the day. Natt (the night,) of the giant race, is dark and gloomy, and Earth is her daughter. Thrice hath Natt been wedded; the last time to Delling of the Asa race, and their son Dag (day) was born beautiful, like his father. Then Allfader gave two waggons and horses to Day and Night, one to each, wherewith to travel round the earth, in four-and-twenty hours. And the horse of Night is named Rimfaxe, the foam of whose bitt causes the dew; but both air and earth are illumined by the mane of Skinfaxe, the horse of Day; and it is given to the two children of Mundilför, to direct the course of the sun and moon. The Heaven arches over the Earth, which is flat and round; and in the four corners thereof the gods have placed the four dwarfs, East, West, North, and South; and at the North the giant Hräsvelg sits, and devours the dead. He hath the form of an eagle, and, when he moves his wings, the winds arise. The earth is encompassed by a deep sea, on the extreme shore of which is Utgård, also called Iotunheim, where dwell the giants, against whom a wall was built, separating them from Midgård, the abode of gods and men. In Utgård, under the root of the tree of the World, is the abode of Sleep, who rises every night, to rule mankind; and there also the dwarfs and elves abide. The prophetic giantesses, Gygior and Völor, live with Hel, in the Netherworld, whence they may be conjured up by spells. But the light elves inhabit the high heaven, where is found the palace Gimle, beyond the power of Surtur. There are nine heavens, and nine earths, and in the deepest below dwells Hel, the Goddess of the Netherworld.

No human being had been yet created, when three of the Asen undertook the task; and, having found Ask and Embla, both lifeless and shapeless, Odin gave the breath of life; Loder, blood, and beauty of countenance; and Hæner, intellect—and thus the human race arose.

The ash-tree Ygdrasil is the tallest and most beautiful of all trees, and also evergreen, being watered by the Nornor. Its boughs overspread the earth, and reach to heaven. Yet the sacred tree suffers much, for an eagle sits in the branches thereof, and between the eagle's eyes a hawk is perched: four stags feed upon the buds; while a squirrel leaps up and down, to sow discord between the eagle and the serpent (Midgårdsormen,) who lies in the abyss. Of the roots of Ygdrasil, one stretches to Nifelheim, where Nidhögg sits, and gnaws it in the well Hvergelmer; another to the Rimthursar, and under it is the well of Mimer, the source of wisdom, where Odin left his eye in surety; but the third root reaches to the Asen, and the human world, and beneath it is the holy well of

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of Urd, in which two swans are nursed. Ygdrasil is watered by the Nornor, in order that it may not wither. The Nornor are of several kinds, good and bad, but the well under the third root of the sacred ash belongs to the good, who are Urd (the past;) Verdande (the present;) and Skuld (the future.) These three live in a large hall, beneath the well, secure from the power of the gods, to whom they often prove hostile, having been nourished by the giants. The gods sit in judgment at the well of Urd, whither they ride daily over the Asa bridge, Bäfröst, the Rainbow, on which the giants dare not tread; but it will finally be broken by the sons of Muspelheim. In the beginning the gods dwelt on the earth, in the midst of which they built Asgård det Fordna (the ancient,) and Allfader placed there the rulers, who, with him, should sway the destinies of men. There, also, the gods built a temple, with a throne and twelve seats, and called the habitation Gladsheim; and there the large gold-beaming Valhalla was founded. Another beautiful saloon was afterwards erected for the goddesses, and called Vingolf, the Hall of Friendship.

In Asgård the gods lived joyfully, and played with their golden tablets, till the arrival of the giant-maids, whom they married; and thus peace was concluded with the race of the giants—but it lasted not long. An alliance was early formed between Odin and Loke,* after which the giants disturbed the peace of the gods by their evil auguries and prophecies, when the gods, in their anger, killed Angurboda,† one of these prophetesses of ill. The first war arose by Odin throwing his lance upon the earth; a war with the Vaner, a mystic race distinguished from men by their wisdom, whence they are still called the Wise Vaner. This war between the Asen and the Vaner was concluded by agreement, Nord, one of the Vaner, being with his children Frey and Freya received among the gods; and from this time no more is heard of Vile, Ve, and Loder, the last of whom assisted Odin in the creation of men. Meanwhile, the power and pride of the giants increased. Loke (the bad) married a giantess, by whom he had Hel, the serpent Midgård, and the Fenriswolf. Hel was hurled by Odin into Nifelheim, who also cast Midgård into the sea, where it lies in the depths and gnaws its tail; and the Fenriswolf was bound down by the gods with a mysterious chain. Besides these, the dangerous alliance of Loke produced two other wolves, who persecuted the sun and moon, because the giants wished for them and the fair Freya. At length the giants secured another goddess Iduna, who possessed the apples that give eternal youth to the

* Loke, from Liga, (fire,) though reckoned among the Asen, belonged rather to the race of giants.

† In the Voluspa called Guldveig.

gods;

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gods; who, finding that they grew old, mourned exceedingly, and prevailed with Loke (who had assisted the giants in carrying away Iduna) to release her from their power. This was accordingly done; but the giants then endeavoured to sink Asgård, wishing to transport Valhalla into Iotunheim, and to destroy all the gods. Then they filled the air with blood and poison; but Thor, with his mighty hammer Mjölner, fought and defeated the eternal foes of gods and men; but the struggle was afterwards continued by the earthly heroes who were descended from the gods.

The heavenly empire was secure during the life of Balder, the guardian of Valhalla. He was the son of Odin and Frigga, and of such exceeding beauty that all things were illumined when he looked on them. He had all power among the Asen by his wisdom and his mildness; and the decrees which he had once passed were irrevocable. On account of his cruel fate, he is called the God of Blood, and the God of Tears; but, by reason of his shining purity, he is also called the White God. Heavy dreams announced to him his dreadful destiny; and Odin, having conjured one of the Völar from her infernal abode, learned from her that Balder must shortly die. Then Frigga called on all beings animate or inanimate to take an oath that they would spare the life of Balder; but one mistletoe was overlooked, which became the instrument of death, as follows. When the gods, in their pastime, cast their weapons at Balder to try his invulnerable charm, the malicious Loke presented a sprig of the fatal mistletoe to his brother the blind god Höder, and directed him to throw it at Balder. This Höder did, and Balder fell wounded to the earth, while the gods let fall their hands in speechless wonder. The death of Balder was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the gods; yet no one dared to avenge him, for the place wherein their festival was held was sacred. All burst into tears, when Frigga, the mother of Balder, called on some one of the gods to hasten down to the abode of Hel, and offer ransom for the release of Balder; and Hermöd (the swift) undertook the charge. Then the Asen carried the corpse of Balder to the seashore, that it might be burnt on a ship; but, being unable to launch the ship, they called a strong giantess from Iotunheim, who pushed it from land so violently that it flashed fire, and the whole earth trembled. Balder's corpse was then placed on the ship and burnt, together with that of Nanna, his lovely bride, who had perished from a broken heart. His horse, its harness, and the ring of Odin were burnt at the same time; and, before the pile was fired, Thor consecrated it with a hammer. In the mean time Hermöd returned from Hel, with a promise that Balder should be restored to the gods if everything on earth were found to

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to weep for him. Then the Asen sent over the whole earth, and ordered all things to weep for Balder's death, that thus he might be rescued from the power of Hel. Only one being refused to weep for him—this was a giantess, whom the messengers, returning, found on a rock. 'Let Hel keep his prize,' was her curse. When the Asen heard this, they thought the seeming giantess had been Loke in disguise; but he ventured to appear among the gods at the feast of Aeger, god of the sea, and, trusting to the sacred peace of the festival time, loaded them with ignominious reproaches, as is related in a song of the old Edda, called Aeger's drecka. He afterwards fled from the anger of the Asen, and took refuge in a house with four doors, built by himself, from which he often went out, and, in the shape of a salmon, sported in the streams, till at length the Asen caught him in Franangars fors (Franangar's stream), and took him to a rocky cavern, where his punishment is as terrible as his crime. With the entrails of his son he is bound to the rock, and a serpent above him drops poison on his face, which his wife Sigyn is employed in gathering into a bowl; but when she would empty the bowl, the poison falls on the face of Loke, who then struggles strongly in his rage, and this causes earthquakes. There he lies bound till the Ragnarök, the last day for gods and men, shall approach. To Fimbulvetr, the long winter, formed by three winters without summer, perpetual war and bloodshed will succeed. The Ax-age, the Storm-age, the Sword-age, and the Wolf-age will distress the plains of the earth. All the cocks will crow,—the Fire Red with the giants; the Gold Yellow with Odin, and the Soot coloured with Hel. The Fenriswolf will howl and burst her bonds, for all ties shall then be loosened. Then the giants will scoff, the earth tremble, and the dwarfs sigh at the doors of the rocks, while Loke breaks loose and regains his freedom. The ash-tree, Ygdrasil, will crack and bend,—the sea will roar and overswell its coasts, for the Midgård serpent will go mad, and strive to come on land. While all nature is thus moved, the Ase Heimdal, guardian of the bridge Bäfröst, will wind the Gjallar horn, so that it shall resound throughout the world, calling the gods to battle. In vain will Odin seek advice at the well of Mimer,—the eagle will shriek and tear the bodies of the dead. The swelling waves will rush and roar, and the ship *Nagelfar*, guided by the giant Hrymer, shall drive on the open sea. Heaven shall burst asunder, and the sons of Muspelheim ride forth, led by the world's destroyer, the gloomy Surtur, surrounded by flames, and bearing a sword brighter than the sun. Bäfröst, the bridge connecting heaven and earth, shall crush beneath the feet of the fiery crowds. Then the giants will break loose, led by Rhymer and the liberated Loke; and the gods will arm

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arm themselves for the strife, joined by all Einheriars, the heroes of Valhalla, and led by Allfader Odin to the plain of Vigrid. The Fenriswolf will swallow Odin, and, after him, the sun and moon, but shall fall, at length, by the hand of Vidur, the silent Ase. Heimdal and Loke shall perish in single combat, and Frey be slain by Surtur. Thor will slay the Midgård serpent, but its poison shall stifle him; and after the gods have been destroyed, Surtur will consume the world by fire—

The sun all black shall be,
The earth sink in the sea,
And ev'ry starry ray
From heav'n fade away;
While vapours hot shall fill
The air round Ygdrasil,
And, flaming as they rise,
Play towering to the skies.

Thus sings the Vala: but in the destruction of gods and men, not all the heavens shall be destroyed; and, it is promised that, either in one world or the other, every man shall have eternal life. The best heaven is Gimle; and Brimer and Sindre are also celestial regions, where the blest reside. But perjurers, seducers, and murderers shall go to Likstranden (the strand of corpses), and dwell in the hole of serpents, wading among streams of poison. Then a new heaven and a new earth shall rise, and the Daughter of the Sun, that was swallowed by the Fenriswolf, will tread the bright path of her mother. Two men will also escape the general conflagration, and, nourished by the dew of morning, will produce a new generation. Nor will Vidur and Vale, the sons of Odin, perish, but live on the Ida plain, where Asgård stood; and the sons of Thor will save themselves by their mighty hammer. Then Balder and Höder will return from Hel, and live in the triumphant saloon of Odin in Gimle, preserving the ancient magnificence of the gods, and the divine Runics and the golden tablets, with which the Asen played in Asgård. This will be the blessed life for heaven and for earth; but the shadow of death will also come over this happy time. The dark dragon Nidhögg will fly above the plains carrying corpses. Vala, the prophetess, conjured by Odin from the abode of Hel, after having thus prophesied, sinks into the abyss:

'Thus,' says Geijer, 'sounds the voice of the northern prophetess, the Vala, to us obscure and indistinct through the darkness of ages. It speaks of other times, of other men and ideas, fettered, indeed, by the bonds of superstition, but longing after eternal light, and, however imperfectly, expressing that longing. In this doctrine we may also recognise some of those "mighty sounds," of which the Greek poet,

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poet, Pindar, while fixing attention to the remembrance of noble deeds, sings, "that they wander eternally over earth and sea." Such are the voices with which heaven and earth announce an Eternal Being and their own mortality; which no paganism has expressed more strongly than the northern. It also alludes thereby (however darkly) to the Mighty One on High who is above those gods who were strengthened by the powers of the earth, the cooling of the sea, and by the mead of the Skalds; to one mightier than the mighty, whom they dare not name, to the unknown God, whom the Pagans also worshipped, according to St. Paul.'

We regret that we cannot afford space for the elaborate and judicious view which Geijer has taken of this mysterious assemblage of mythological ideas, whose origin he traces to Asia, the source of all religions. He is undoubtedly correct when he says, that the two Eddas are the principal means by which northern mythology can be explained, and that, so far from creating a mythology, they evidently suppose one previously existing. The mystic songs of the poetic Edda speak in mysterious tones of the cosmogony, and always seem to allude to Esoteric doctrines. This Edda would be utterly unintelligible, and not to be decyphered, were not the other Icelandic sources, with elucidations from various authors, employed as comments on its contents, which, notwithstanding this assistance, remain, for the most part, clothed in mystery. The younger Edda appears to be rather a compendium of mythology for the use of the Skalds, than a religious code, an idea which is strengthened by the Skalda, to which is annexed an essay on Icelandic versification. It abounds in allusions to doctrines, sagas, and songs, which it supposes generally known.

Geijer has successfully combated the scepticism of Rühs, and others, who held the whole system of ancient mythology to be a Monkish invention, and an imitation of the Greeks and Romans. After such convincing arguments as those enforced by the author, it is difficult to conceive how the Heidelberger Jahr Bücher, which briefly notices the work before us, can contend that the point is still undecided.

The author has endeavoured to explain the mythology which we have briefly sketched, and in which he traces a history of the epochs of nature, of the human race generally, and of their religion. The religion of the old inhabitants of the north was a religion of nature, allegorically and symbolically representing the elements of cosmogony. We will here quote the author's explanation of the beautiful mythos of Balder.

'This beautiful mythos is undoubtedly an image of the life of the Seasons, destroyed by Winter, and of the subsequent re-awakening of nature by the Spring. But at the same time it carries with it another, and

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and more remote signification—being a symbol of all time, of the changes of the great year of the world, and in this sense it implies a higher meaning, as it represents the general dissolution as a consequence of the first death of the god (Gudadöd)—the death of goodness and justice in the world. Balder returns, followed by reward and punishment, by a new heaven and a new earth. Through this, and at the same time the inviolable sanctity which the northern mythology attaches to an oath, it rises above nature, and acquires a moral value for mankind.'

The concluding sections of the present work contain an exposition of the Ynglinga race, according to Snorre Sturleson, and of the line of kings continued down to Ragnar Lodbrok, whom Geijer places at the close of the eighth century. These sections being more exclusively historical, we defer noticing them till the whole, or a larger portion of the author's work shall have appeared. We have the best authority—that of the learned historian himself—for announcing, that the second volume of his work will be produced in the course of the present year.

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ART. IX.—*Un An à Rome, et dans ses Environs—Recueil de Dessins Lithographiés représentant les Costumes, les Usages, et les Cérémonies Civiles et Religieuses des Etats Romains, &c.* Thomas. Paris.

THERE *was* a time—(and it is not very long ago, for it was in our younger days, and we are not yet very old)—when, to have been at ROME, and to have trodden on the ruins of the seven-hilled city;—to have beheld, as Hobbes expresses it with quaint sublimity, 'the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire sitting throned upon the grave thereof,' implied a sort of distinction to a man—and far more to a woman. To have had ocular demonstration of the Coliseum and the Palatine, and to have commanded our coachman to drive 'to the *Capitol!*' or 'to cross the Tiber!' (which Madame de Staël reckons not among the least of a traveller's pleasures,) was indeed something extraordinary. But how times are changed! People migrate to Italy, as once to Devonshire, for change of air; and think no more of crossing the Alps than of rattling down to Brighton. Rome, the mother of Christendom, the queen of the pagan world, has had her magnificent desolation invaded by troops of semi-barbarous idlers—has become as common ground as Bath or Cheltenham. Young lawyers go there to lounge away the vacation, and read Horace—and young ladies to spend the Christmas holidays, and take lessons in singing; Mr. Higgins, and Mrs. Wiggins, and the nine

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nine Miss. Simmons's, talk as familiarly of the Coliseum and the Pantheon as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs; and the imperial City, divested of every charm borrowed from memory and imagination, history and poetry, has truly fallen in reputation; being regarded in a point of view totally different from that which existed fifty years ago.

The exhaustless antiquities of the ancient capital, the architectural splendours of the modern city—its sites, its palaces, have been illustrated *ad infinitum*, from Piranesi and other embellishers of genius—'lying engravers', who scrupled not to exalt the low and level the high; to make the crooked straight, and fill up the lapses and hollows left by 'Time's effacing fingers', down to Batty, so hard and cold; and Hakewill, so artificially graceful; and Turner, of the fanciful pencil and luxuriant imagination, who mixes up gorgeous earth and sky, till the eye of the beholder is lost in deep bewilderment; and last, and above all, Rossini, (we mean the engraver, not the man of notes,) who, rivalling Piranesi in power, in richness of effect, and classical feeling, is superior to him in fidelity and correctness—all these give us the external or poetical aspect of Rome. But they present to the eye no just idea of the appearance of the modern city—nor of the moral condition of the people who inhabit it.

The elegant work before us has taken new and different ground: it does not rank high as a production either of literature or art—for the plates are merely lithographed from spirited tinted drawings, taken on the spot; and, for the literary part, the author, leaving antiquity and retrospection out of the question, has confined himself to plain matter-of-fact explanations of the plates. The work is literally illustrative of a year at Rome; to each of the twelve months are allotted six drawings with descriptions, representing the religious ceremonies, processions, amusements, and occupations of all classes of society, peculiar to the month. To some of our readers these light and popular sketches will be interesting, as correct delineations of national manners; to others as vivid recollections of daily, familiar, well-remembered scenes; and to the reflective they will have a deeper interest superadded to both,—the association of the past with the present. It is impossible to look upon these scenes without a sense half melancholy, half ludicrous, of the patchwork mixture of Christianity and Paganism—meanness and magnificence—ferocity and servility. Old Rome survives, not only in the grand and mutilated monuments she has left behind; but in every house, and street, and individual, and through all the details of familiar life, we trace the spirit of the antique times. The character of the people, the dress, religion, manners, customs, have been, to a certain degree, modified



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modified by the lapse of ages, but they remain essentially unchanged; names only are altered, things remain the same.

The very first plate is an amusing instance of what we have just asserted; it is the benediction of the Santissimo Bambino, in front of the church of the Ara Celi, on the highest point of the Capitoline. The fat capuchin, holding up the miraculous infant, which was brought down from Heaven one night by an angel, and being left at the door, pulled the bell for its own admission, is capital; and the devotees upon the noble flight of steps in front, whose attitudes express such total prostration of mind, as well as body, are all admirable. The traveller, attempting in vain to pierce the dense crowd, moralizes in his secret soul, and thinks of the 'iron masters of the world,' and sighs over their priest-ridden and degenerate posterity, forgetting that it was up this marble staircase where the Temple of Jupiter stood, where the Ara Celi now stands, that Julius Cæsar and part of his victorious army crawled on their hands and knees to avert the evil omens which attended his triumph. Another plate in the same number is a pretty Italian Interior. The mingling of the common utensils of vulgar life, basons and birch-brooms, with the symbols of a poetical and elegant life, the tambourine and the guitar; and the Madonna and the saints taking the place of the lares and penates of old, are all truly Italian and à l'antique; so is the simple earnest figure of the woman looking out at the window. The figures and costumes of the populace in the 'Benediction of the Horses' at the Church of St. Anthony, and the 'preaching in the Coliseum' are equal to Pinelli; in the first—look at the theatrical grace of the laquais, bowing to the saint from the foot-board behind the carriage! and the miserable, poking, bedizened horses, with their tails and manes tucked up with ribands and artificial flowers after the most approved style of hair-dressing in these modern times: and in the latter, what fine ruffian-like, dishevelled becloaked figures!—what a picturesque formality in the old priest, with his cocked hat on the top of his wig!—and how the sunshine glares upon the mountainous ruins piled up behind the group of listeners! Apropos to costume—we must remark, that the net for the hair, and the use of massy ornaments of coral, are remnants of the antique fashion; the ample cloak, too, is thrown round the figure with a grace that emulates the ancient toga; and the list sandals of the Trasteverini, the pin supporting the coiled tresses of the women, and the cumbrous ear-rings, of which Pliny complains, meet us at every turn.

The second series is devoted to the Carnival, which, at Rome, is always immediately preceded by an execution; and if, by special ill fortune, there is no poor wretch ready to be executed, the

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the city is treated with a scene scarcely less lugubrious—the punishment of the *somaro*, (the ass.) In Plate 7, we have a pair of grim gaunt fellows, of most villainous aspect, with the symbols of their delinquency—dark-lanterns, picklocks, false-keys, hung about them, paraded on asses through the streets, between lounging soldiers, till they come to the *Cavaletto*, a sort of flogging-machine, where, under the very nose of a benign Madonna, they suffer discipline according to their deserts. Their subsequent fate is generally to be sent to the 'gallera;' that is, to labour in chains at the public works. Of these condemned fellows, there is an admirable, yet shocking group,—squalid, ragged, ferocious, sturdy, depraved, and sullen.

The day after this exhibition, the delights of the Carnival begin. We have a crowd of masks in the Corso—combats of *confetti*, in which the group of the lady in the corner, and the gentleman gallantly shielding her with his umbrella from the 'arrowy sleet of sugar-plum showers,' hurled by the huge black bear, (worthy of his name,) who is seated in an elegant barouche; the standards of the combatants, 'allegramente, Signori Pazzi!'—'Viva il piacere!'and the placard against the wall, are true to the life. The horse-races on the Corso, though as good, and, when on the spot, a most animated and animating scene, are accompanied by cruelty and suffering, which make the spectator, not accustomed to such sights, absolutely shudder with horror. We pass, therefore, to the last day of the Carnival, and the *moccoletti*, or 'bougies.' The streets are then one vast and moving blaze; every window is illuminated, every person, whether walking, driving, riding, standing, or sitting, carries a wax-taper, and the sport consists in each person endeavouring to extinguish the light of his neighbour, while he defends his own. The scene is as well done as such a scene of tumultuous mirth can be represented to the eye. The cunning of those who have perched their tapers on the eminences of broomsticks and vine-poles, and the superior artifice of the fellow who has provided himself with a long-nosed pair of bellows,—the frightened dog snarling at a punchinello—and the horses rearing back, dazzled and astonished, are admirably illustrated. The extinguishing of the moccoletti is the precursor and the symbol of the gloom of Lent; people go about shouting, 'e morto il Carnavale,' and a masqued ball at the Teatro Aliberti concludes these modern Saturnalia. The next day, (Ash-Wednesday,) these good Christians set to work to repent of all the sins committed during the days of license. Among the Lent scenes we must remark the *friggitori*, (sellers of fried fish, &c.) who, on the festival of St. Joseph, erect their booths in the square of the Pantheon. These booths, hung with festoons of evergreens and flowers, with

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pictures of the saint, and sonnets in his honour intermixed, and the jovial looks of the friggitori, as they invite passengers to taste their *frittura*, are really appetising; and then the fine dark portico of the Pantheon, rearing itself in the background!—But we must pass to another scene, more interesting in its way—the two boys who, during Lent, assemble all the children of their neighbourhood, and lead them to be catechised and instructed in the arena of the Coliseum, where priests are stationed for that purpose. The group is beautiful; one carries a cross as tall as himself, the other sounds a bell, and cries out at intervals, in a piping tone, 'Padri e madri, mandate i vostri figli alla dottrina Cristiana! se non li manderete, ne renderete conto a Dio,'—'Parents, send your children to be instructed in Christianity! for otherwise ye shall be accountable to God.'

In the Fourth Number we have the famous scene of the Pope blessing the congregated multitudes from the balcony of St. Peter's.* The stupendous architecture is well contrasted with the Lilliputian crowd in the Piazza; and to the right, the eye rests with pleasure on the long lines of the loggie of the Vatican, rich with Raffaelle's frescos, and fancies it sees them. In a detached group of the crowd, represented in another drawing, observe the old hag seated with her rosary, and the boy looking upwards in impatient expectation! The drawings which represent the procession of those white-robed and mysterious looking personages, the Mortuari, bearing the uncoffined dead to the church, are very striking. We observe here one of those startling approximations of the solemn and the grotesque, which are so common at Rome. Beside each of these awful ministers of the dead, runs a ragged beggarly boy, who, with a bit of brown paper twisted into a *cornette*, is intent to catch the drops of wax which fall from the tapers as they flare along. The masses performed for the dead seem to have succeeded to the Parentalia, or funeral sacrifices of the Romans. The first are to shorten the pains of purgatory—the latter were to deliver the wandering soul from the wrong side of the Styx: the difference is not very great.

In the month of May, we can only notice the young girl offering flowers at the shrine of a rustic Madonna—full of quiet grace and sentiment: the scene, by the way, poetical as it looks, is one most common and familiar in the neighbourhood of Rome. In the procession of the famous Madonna of Frascati, it is worth while to remark the contrast between the fat, indifferent, lazy-looking, smirking priests and monks, and the fervent, earnest, eager faith of the multitude around them. It is by such touches of truth and

* 'Dio mio!' exclaimed a Pope, after this august ceremony, 'quanto è facile il coglionare le gente!'—how easy it is to gull folks!

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nature that the author has proved himself no common artist. The group, in front, of a distracted mother imploring a miracle in favour of her child, makes the spectator—for we fancy ourselves one of the crowd—serious, if not sad: we are tempted, for the first time, to venture upon an extract translated from the letter-press description:—

'Among the poor, diseased, and infirm, who, on this occasion, had assembled to implore the favour of the miraculous Madonna, there was a beautiful girl, blind from her birth, who was kneeling, with her mother, on the steps of the altar; they were apart from the other supplicants, and their condition seemed to excite the sympathy of all around, who, forgetting their separate affliction, united to implore mercy for the mother and her child. The church resounded with sobs and groans—they wept—they kissed the earth—they beat their breasts. "Cruel Virgin!" exclaimed the mother aloud, "cruel!—dost thou refuse to hear me!—thou, to whom God hath refused nothing!" She then fell, fainting, on the steps of the altar. There was a dead silence—then the women and children raised their voices, tremulous with emotion, and sung a hymn—the deep voices of the men joining in the responses. At this moment one of the wax tapers, which had been ill placed in the candlestick, was seen to incline towards the young girl—the multitude shouted "miracolo!" The sacristan attempted to replace the taper—it again bent forwards, and the whole church resounded with shouts of triumph. The people pressed forward to behold the miracle, which they doubted not was performed. The poor mother, deluded by her own enthusiasm, and that of others, gazed in the eyes of her child with a momentary hope—was undeceived, and fell, senseless, at the foot of the altar.'

We forbear to make reflections; they would lead us too far and too deep, for an article of this nature. The reproaches which the unhappy mother utters against the Virgin, are quite in character; we all know how the ancient Romans sometimes treated their gods, when the latter were inexorable; and the modern Italian uses not more ceremony with his tutelar saints. We once saw a man near the Ponte Rotta, buffeting a little leaden St. Philip he had taken out of his bosom, and, after loading it with such epithets of abuse as 'animalaccio!' (great ugly beast;) and 'porco di santo,' (pig of a saint,) hurl his saintship into the Tiber, into whose sandy bed many a cross-grained and refractory god had been flung before:—

'——— Injustos rabidis pulsare querelis
Cœlicolas solamen erat.' STATIUS.

Another festival at Frascati, the Infiorata, or feast of flowers, in honour of the holy Virgin, is only a modern edition of the festival of the goddess Flora, celebrated about the same time in the neighbourhood of ancient Rome. The drawings, which attempt to

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to give us the volcanic ascent of two thousand sky-rockets, at once, from the summit of St. Angelo, and St. Peter's blazing away in the distance, are necessary failures. The roaring, thundering, crackling, flaming combustion—the unimaginable splendour of the whole scene, can only be remembered—not conceived, nor represented. A common illumination at Rome is, by the way, a grand thing and got up with a sort of wild magnificence; their great vases of fire ranged along the centre of the streets, and torches blazing through the night, throw such a broken, yet rich and fervid glare over the lofty buildings, with their long lines of architecture, that the effect is, in some situations, positively awful. In the seventh series, we have one or two edifying specimens of the style of husbandry in the neighbourhood of Rome. Four of those tremendous sized gray oxen,* indigenous to the country, with horns of a yard long, are dragging a diminutive plough, upon which stands the half naked ploughman to increase the weight of the machine (we fancy a Suffolk farmer looking at this *set out*, and holding his fat sides with uncontrollable laughter.) To the ghastly desolation of the Campagna, is added the spectacle—no uncommon one—of a murderer's limbs blackening on a gibbet. Oxen and horses are still used to tread out the corn, and the operation is carried on in the open air, no improvement having taken place either in the style of agriculture, or the farming implements, since the days of Virgil and Columella.

A banditti scene, in a cavern, is feeble and bad, and will not bear a comparison with Pinelli, who certainly treated similar subjects *con amore;* but then the procession of Saint Anne dei Palafrenieri is delicious. Nothing can be better than the unhappy *facchini* perspiring under the shrine of the saint; the priests chaunting litanies to the accompaniment of a full military band, the laquais, in dress liveries, preceding the penitents, and the little boys in wigs and surplices, turning out their toes, are all in the spirit of the scene. Saint Anne and the Virgin are, on this ocassion, dressed out in their best; for the saints of modern Rome, like their predecessors the gods of the Capitol, have a change of wardrobe for state occasions. But we must proceed: the sports of the Giostra, which are given with detail, in several spirited drawings, are something like the bull-feasts of Spain—a remnant of the inhuman exhibitions of gladiators and wild-beasts, so much in fashion during the latter ages of Rome. The amphitheatre in which these amusements are given, is on the site, and forms part of the mausoleum of Augustus Cæsar; and being like the ancient amphitheatres open to the air, the tremendous shouts of the populace mixed with the roar of some infuriated bull or buffalo are some-

* Eight are sometimes used.

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times heard to a vast distance. A more agreeable recollection is the inundation of the Piazza Navona, during the hottest days of summer; this amusement recalls its ancient destination, that of an aquatic or naval amphitheatre which existed on its site. The three immense fountains in this Piazza are suffered to overflow till the water stands two feet deep or more, and it is then a fashionable promenade: mixed with the horsemen and carriages are groups of mischievous boys, and fine paddling, ducking, and splashing of water about, while the windows and balconies of all the houses round are filled with groups in holiday dresses, enjoying the coolness and the spectacle. Another summer scene, almost as refreshing, is the booth of Cocomeraro, or seller of water-melons, a favourite food of the ancient Romans, as it is of their descendants: the man on one side, with his face buried in a huge slice of the fruit, and the juice running down his fingers, and the hot look of the poor fellow shading his face from the noon-day sun, whom we imagine without a baiocco in his pocket, are very characteristic; and so is the burning pavement, and the glaring sunshine contrasted with the green looking pile of melons and the cool splashing of the fine fountain in the Piazza Colonna. We are obliged to pass unnoticed some capital figures of the Roman preachers, shouting, stamping, weeping, gesticulating—'o'erdoing Termagant:'

'Tears in their eyes—distraction in their aspect.'

But, we must pause at a representation of the interior of the famous Santa Maria dei Voti, on the *other* side of the Tiber, (plate 52). This Virgin, and a certain 'cobwebby sister,' in the Pantheon, are celebrated for their miraculous efficacy, and are hung round with ex-votos in every form, as trophies of the gratitude or repentance of the votaries; here are legs and arms in wax and plaster, and even in silver; crowns and garlands; pictures representing hairbreadth escapes by fire and flood; some of which, daubs as they are, have considerable expression; the crutches of cripples miraculously restored, and the pistols and stilettos of penitent brigands. But the ex-votos we never could look upon without a touch of interest, were the *hearts* in every material, often accompanied with some little poetical inscription, and the long tresses of dark or fair hair, suspended by knots of riband: here we have the Madonna acting the part of Isis, Ceres, Vesta, Venus, Juno Lucina, and even the Naiads:

'Take, running river—take these locks of mine,
(Thus would the votary say,) this severed hair,
My vow fulfilling, do I here present,' &c.

The cemetery of the Santo Spirito, with the burial by torch-light of the uncoffined poor; and the dramatic representation

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tion of the Last Judgment, with *real* dead bodies brought from the hospital for the purpose, are striking but painful, and we gladly pass them over to come to a scene truly Italian —the festivals which generally accompany or follow the vintage in the month of October. The Monte Testaccio, near the tomb of Caius Cestus, is the favourite resort of the populace on these festive occasions. Drawing 55 represents one of the open carriages or light barouches (called at Rome *caratelle*), in which thirteen merry souls are crowded, after a fashion altogether indescribable in words; the man on the dickey singing to his guitar, the girl who accompanies him on the tambourine, another man draining a flask of wine, and the gaudy dresses and jovial looks of the party, are not only very gaily and prettily touched, but very true to nature. The Salterello, or national dance of the Roman populace, is given in plate 56; it is, in its intention and character, like the Neapolitan Tarantella, and the Spanish Fandango, a regular love-scene in pantomime, in which the men sometimes display considerable elegance and agility of movement, and the women no less grace and coquetry. Among the other scenes distinguished for national character or novelty of subject, we must point out the three old Capuchin friars, in their habits and hoods of ceremony thrown over their dirty woollen cassocks and cowls, assisting at high mass in the church of the Ara Celi, looking as solemn, grim, withered, passionless, and motionless as three dried mummies: and a scene of a far different character, so well expressed and so peculiarly Italian, that it deserves a few words. At Christmas time the confectioners and the toy-shops are decorated like the same shops at Paris on new year's day,* with flowers, tapers, green boughs, tinsel, and various ornaments; in the centre is the *Beffana*, or goblin, (represented by an old man or woman, dressed up in black and daubed with rouge and soot,) who, according to the legend, came down the chimney on Christmas eve to distribute *bonbons* to the good children and whip the naughty little boys; the pretty aristocratic group of the mother and her two children, with the abbate their tutor; and the man and woman of the Trasteverini, lounging on the steps, wild and dark looking, but evidently enjoying the scene, are excellent.

On the whole, to those who wish to have an accurate idea of the present state of Rome and its inhabitants, or to revive half-fading recollections in all their first vividness and interest, we can recommend this elegant volume, as the next best thing to visiting

* 'The Beffana appears to be heir at law of a certain heathen goddess called *Strenia*, who presided over the new year's gifts *Strenæ*, (i. e. les étrennes) from which she derived her name; her presents were of the same description as those of the Beffana;—viz. figs, dates, honey, &c.'—So says Blunt, in his 'Vestiges'—see, however, among our shorter notices, for a fuller account of the festival, under the article of 'Simond's Italy.'—*Ed.*

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(or revisiting) the scenes which it represents. The drawings are not all of equal merit, but we can bear witness to their general spirit and fidelity. The comparisons which they suggest between ancient and modern times are not always so unfavourable to the latter, as classical and antiquarian enthusiasts would fain make us believe. Instead of lamenting and sentimentalising over the fallen greatness of old Rome, we may wonder, with more reason, to see how little moral change the lapse of centuries has produced —the Romans of to-day are very like their barbarous, haughty, and luxurious forefathers, in spite of Forsyth's assertion, 'that the national character is the most ruined thing in Rome.'

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ART. X.—*Entstehungsgeschichte der Freistaedlischen Bünde im Mittelalter, und in der neuern Zeit.* Von Dr. F. Kortüm. Zürich. 1827.

THE history of the middle ages gains a peculiar interest, if, after having ascertained the precise state and condition of the different people of Europe at that particular period, we watch the first dawn of a popular spirit, and endeavour to follow the gradual advance to civil liberty, by comparing the principles, tendencies, and results of the popular emotions, which took place either simultaneously or successively in different countries, and carefully examining all the circumstances which promoted or thwarted the efforts which the nations made towards civil improvement. We possess works of distinguished merit on various countries of Europe during the middle ages, more especially Sismondi's work on the Italian Republics, Hallam on the Middle Ages, and John Muller's 'History of Switzerland,' which, left by the author in an unfinished state, was continued by Robert Glutz-Blotzheim; and, after the premature death of the latter, by J. J. Hottinger,—so that the work is now advanced as far as the time of the reformation. England and France can boast of a variety of works, which describe either the whole of that period or some particular portion; but we have not a work which embraces all the Republican Confederacies of the middle ages, in order to show that the spirit of freedom vibrated here with a strong, there with a languishing motion, from the beginning of the twelfth century up to our times, through the whole surface of Europe, and to afford us a vivid, faithful, unbiassed picture of all the contests, wars, negociations, which it carried on against terrestrial despotism and spiritual thraldom.

The author of the present work, well known in Germany for his extensive and varied knowledge, with classical literature and historical

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historical erudition, was one of the high-minded German youths who exchanged the pen for the sword, and rushed from the college to the field of battle, when the time had come to shake off the yoke of French despotism. In his mind, the struggle for liberty had not ended with the downfall of Bonaparte; he has not yet put up the sword of his spirit into the scabbard, but continues a warfare against general ignorance and servility, and devotes his mental powers to those researches which may bestow a permanent benefit on mankind.

There are two material points of difference between the republics of the ancient world, and those of the middle ages. The former had no separate ecclesiastical establishment—not a regular independent clergy, which might have been tempted to pursue a sacerdotal interest opposed to that of the national majority; but the clerical branch of the state was in perfect harmony with the civil part of the government, and could only be considered as an emanation from it. A free scope was given to the intellect of man, to the traditions or prejudices of every particular province or town,—no infallible or unalterable creed was established: and, whilst every government transaction partook of religious ceremonies, no such ceremony could again be introduced without the sanction of the state. Another point of difference, equally important, is, that the Greeks and Romans never thought of forming strong confederacies, as, from a narrow policy, their conceptions hardly ever extended themselves beyond the particular state to which they belonged. The worthiest Greeks, either inhabitants of Athens, Sparta, or Corinth, could not divest themselves of feelings of petty jealousy against other states or towns. They could not raise themselves to any conception of national importance; and, except in the moment of the most imminent danger, the Greeks never acted in concert together. All their policy was confined within the boundaries of one single town; and the expression they use to designate the whole fabric of administration, and the whole sphere of action left open to public characters (πολιτεία, πολιτεύομαι,) means nothing else than township.

Had the whole of Greece been united to a powerful and well regulated confederacy after the battle of Platæa, the disastrous day of Chæronea would never have laid them prostrate at the feet of the barbarous Macedonians. The Ætolians and the Achaians thought too late of maintaining their independence by leagues and confederacies; and we know from Polybius, that even then their injudicious hostilities towards each other did not cease. The Achaian league acted with great animosity against the Lacedæmonians, and the latter remained indifferent spectators of the destruction of Corinth. The despotism of the Cæsars might have been avoided at Rome, if the proud citizens of the eternal city had granted a fair

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fair share in the public administration and the privileges enjoyed by the plebs at Rome, to the inhabitants of Italy. The most sanguinary war, which brought Rome to the brink of ruin, the Social war, was occasioned by the selfish policy of the Romans themselves. The municipal towns submitted only to disqualifications, when they could not offer further resistance; whence it became easy, to a man full of ambition like Cæsar, or of artful cunning like Octavius, to destroy the whole republican fabric of Rome, by gaining over its corrupt populace, a misfortune which would not have happened, if the municipal towns of Italy could have exercised any kind of controul over the rabble of Rome.

The modern confederacies have taken a more enlarged view. They have paid a greater regard to the bulk of the people, and to national interest altogether. 'Republican Confederacies,' says our author, 'are the immediate instruments of divine justice, which draws bloody furrows through the field of monarchy, fills the citizens with contempt of death, and prepares them for the enjoyment of a nobler life.'

Christianity, well understood, was a new auxiliary to freedom; for the Christian faith is incompatible with slavery; but centuries passed before its real principles could duly spring forth into action.

From the beginning of the 12th century, we find a predominant tendency among the towns in Italy, and Germany, in the Netherlands, and Spain, to form strong confederacies against monarchical power, or the insolence of the nobility.

The towns in Lombardy formed close alliances, and struggled, from 1167 till 1182, against the emperor of Germany; the Hanseatic league more successfully established itself, 1241; and shortly afterwards (1255), the cities on the Rhine entered into a confederacy; and when the grasping Habsburg family became dangerous to the minor principalities in Germany, the highlands of Alemannia, the Swiss Cantons, united together, and held out an encouragement to the German towns by the bold and successful resistance, which they made to the Dukes of Austria, either to assert ancient rights, or to acquire new privileges.

Thus a number of imperial free cities rose in Germany, which soon became wealthy and opulent by industry and commerce, and wise administrative regulations. Their population increased to such an extent, that the nobility of the environs gradually lost their sway and authority; and that the emperors were often under necessity to court their alliance. Knowledge became more generally diffused, since a higher scope was given to talent,—and, as the dark ignorance of former ages disappeared, the abuses of all kinds became more glaring. None were more evident than those of the church; and those clergymen, who wanted to save their reputation

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of good sense, joined the laymen in a common warfare against the church of Rome. Thus the Reformation was a necessary revolution, which came most happily to aid the nascent work of regeneration, and to cleanse the 'Augean Stable' of Papal filth and infamy. Martin Luther did not act upon any premeditated plan—his views were not comprehensive:—he was driven along by circumstances—he was not the wind that raised the storm, but the wave which was carried uppermost by it. The admonitions he gave to the peasantry in Suevia, in 1525, prove that he did not comprehend the spirit of the age; for, at the very time he set the authority of Rome at defiance, he declared, to the mutineers in Germany, *that passive obedience was a Christian duty*. 'You will not suffer wrong and injustice, but you will be free. But Christ says—Sufferings, sufferings!—Cross, cross!—That is the right of Christians—that, and no other.' And he advised the princes to kill the people, like mad dogs.

If civil liberty had prepared the path to the Reformation, the debt was paid by the latter back, since the beginning of the fifteenth century. For we perfectly agree with Schiller, who says, in the introductory chapters to the history of the 'Thirty Years' War:'—'Since the beginning of the religious war in Germany, to the peace of Munster, nothing great or remarkable happened in the political world of Europe, in which the Reformation had not the principal share. All the important events, which took place during this period, are connected with the Reformation, if they did not originate in it,—and every country, ever so great, or ever so small, has felt its influence.' The Netherlands owed their independence from Spain to the Reformation; the Revolution of England sprung from the same source, and the Protestant emigrants, in America, were the men who sowed the spirit of freedom in the other hemisphere. A spark of the revolution of the United States was carried over the Atlantic ocean, and kindled the flames of the French revolution. Thus, we find action and reaction every where, in the intellectual as well as in the physical world,—there is a concatenation of causes and events, which runs, imperceptible to the common eye, from century to century; and which unites the generations, which are mouldering in the grave, with those which will spring forth into life at a yet distant period.

Like the meteorologist, at the approach of a thunder-storm, the historian must observe and watch the signs which precede great moral revolutions; he must not, like the tragedian, bow to destiny, as a dark, invisible, irresistible power; but, as Bonaparte meant to banish the word 'impossible' from the French dictionaries, so he must carefully avoid the word 'accident,' by which vulgar historians stamp their own imbecility. He must endeavour to discover

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discover the *causa motrix* of important occurrences,—and, like double-faced Janus, look backwards and forwards—back, into the past—forward, into the future.

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Thus, we have given a short sketch of the task, which our author has imposed upon himself; and it gives us great satisfaction to say, that we were not disappointed at the perusal of the work itself. The author has published, several years ago, a history of Frederic I., Barbarossa, which met with general approbation in Germany. His style is concise and vigorous; scorning all meretricious ornaments—all dazzling illustrations, and exuberant similes;—we find no

> 'Grand oration, neat and fit,
> Smoothed on the hone of human wit;'

but the simplicity and force of his diction reminds us of Thucydides, of which he intends, we understand, to publish a new edition.

The author first takes a survey of the state of Europe at the beginning of the twelfth century. The church of Rome,—the pope at the head of it, was at the height of its power. The world had witnessed, with astonishment, under Gregory VII., the gigantic developement of a system, which inflicted, even on kings and emperors, in case of disobedience, all the humiliations of public penitence in this world; and threatened them with eternal damnation in the next. But uncontrolled power exercises always a demoralizing tendency; those who could so easily forgive the sins of others were not over anxious to lead themselves a virtuous life. Peter de Bruys first raised his voice, in the year 1104, in the south of France, against the immorality of the clergy, and attacked several doctrines of the church. He was burnt, 1124; his pupil, Henry, died in prison at Rheims, 1148; and Tanchelin, another zealous reformer, at Antwerp, was stabbed by a fanatic priest. Then came the bold and eloquent Arnold of Brescia, who exposed more powerfully, than his predecessors, the pride and avarice of the church, and recommended the humble simplicity and poverty of the primitive Christians. Excommunicated by Pope Innocent II., he fled to Zurich, and continued to preach there with ardour and success for five years, from 1140 to 1145. His principles spread through Switzerland and Germany, so that, at the diet of Ulm (1152) several members declared, 'that excommunication, without being sanctioned by the temporal power, was not valid.' Wetzel, the friend of Arnold, wrote to emperor Frederic I. from Rome, that the donation of Constantine was a fable and a falsehood, and that the emperor of Germany had a right to separate himself from priests and monks. The country people of Ury, Schwytz, and Unterwalden forced the monks of the convents of Einsiedeln to

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to perform divine service in 1144, in spite of the excommunication, and the imperial ban. Arnold died in the flames at Rome, 1154; but Peter Waldo propagated (1160) his doctrines in Piedmont, in Lombardy, and the south of France. In Spain, the commoners began about the same time an animated struggle against the church, the king, and the nobility; they forced king Alphonso III. to acknowledge their right of electing another king, whenever any member of the union, which the cities of Catalonia and Arragon had formed, were illtreated by the king in contravention to the laws of the country.

The cities of Italy recovered many ancient, and acquired several new privileges during the reign of Henry IV.; Milan elected its own magistracies, and the emperor reserved only the right of appeal to the Comes Palatii; the nobility accepted or sought after the freedom of the cities, and the property of the clergy was brought under the controul of the civil power. Even at Rome, in the centre of pontifical power, Pope Eugene III. would have lost his sovereign rights without the assistance of the Normans. A confederacy of cities in Lombardy set imperial authority at defiance, and boldly pursued its independence from the Roman empire. Not only cities, but even villages, as Moreno and Montealto, in the territory of Modena, freed themselves from feudal obligations. 'What a youthful force,' says Raumer, the author of the history of the Hohenstauffen Dynasty, 'what an activity, what an enthusiasm, what a happy concurrence of circumstances was necessary, to raise the cities of Italy, in the 12th and 13th century, in spite of all obstacles, passions, crimes, wars, devastations, to such an extent of population and power!' Then, Italy was full of life and spirit; every town endeavoured to increase its privileges, to improve its institutions. Alessandria, Arezzo, Bologna, Faenza, Fano, Florence, Genoa, Gubbio, Lucca, Milan, Mantua, St. Marino, Modena, Orvieto, Padua, Pavia, Perugia, Piacenza, Pisa, Pistoja, Pordenone, Ravenna, Radicofani, Reggio, Rome, Siena, Spoleto, Terracina, Tibur, Pordona, Trevisto, Tino, Turin, Tuscanella, Velletri, Venice, Verona, Vicenza, Vigevano, Volterra; every one of these towns had its period of liberty and glory, and every one has handed over to history some immortal exploits, some eternal names.

It is grievous to say, that the Italian Confederacies could not secure to themselves this state of prosperity for any length of time. Our author assigns various reasons for it: first, the union was without a powerful centre of unity, without a strong executive authority; hence the interest of the towns came in conflict with the interest of the Confederacy, and the latter was, in many instances, sacrificed to the former. They had not experience enough

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enough in managing public business; their deliberations were not conducted in a proper form, nor their resolutions executed in a prompt manner: the authority of the Confederacy over its members was not strictly defined, which gave rise to dissensions, and factions and intestine wars. Secondly, their connexion with the German Empire was not established upon a clear basis; both parties seemed to avoid a proper settling of this point. Thirdly, the overweening power of Milan excited the jealousy of other cities, or lulled them into dangerous repose and idle confidence. Lastly, the diversity of institutions, and the frequent changes weakened the bond by which these Republics were connected together. With respect to the influence of the Church, the author is completely at variance with Raumer, who regrets that it was not exercised more frequently, nor attended to with more submission, while Kortüm thinks, that these Confederacies ought to have broken altogether with the church. We beg to dissent from both: the popes had an interest in supporting the Confederacies against the Emperor of Germany, as long as they dreaded the latter, and to have broken then would have been very unwise; but, on the other hand, we allow, that the Confederacies ought to have recollected the old adage, 'Timeo Danaos dona ferentes.' Much as we admire Dante as a poet, we reprobate him as a politician: for we think that a true Italian, in those times, ought not to have extolled the German empire at the expense of the hierarchy, but he ought rather to have endeavoured to defeat the objects of the one as well as the other.

From the Lombardic league, our author passes over to the state of Germany after the extinction of the dynasty of the Hohenstauffen. Already, even before the establishment of the Hanse towns, the peasantry combined in various parts of Germany for the maintenance of their liberties, and for mutual defence; and the citizens of the towns entered into confederacies against the king or the feudal lords.

We intend here to present our readers with a specimen from our author's work on the history of the Dithmarsen and Frieslanders, which contains several interesting details which are but little known.

'The inhabitants of the small tract of land, bordering on the Eider to the east, on the Elbe to the south, on the sea to the north, and on marshes and dykes to the west, afford another evidence of the progress of civil liberty. There lived in primitive simplicity, the valiant people of the Dithmarsen, which slew, in the year 1145, the count Rudolf, to free themselves from the servitude to which they had been reduced by Charlemagne, and which had been maintained under his successors. In 1160, they expelled the nobility which a new conqueror, Henry the Lion, had settled in their country; and again, in 1190,

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1190, when it had entered a second time, so that all the attempts of the counts of Holstein to chastise this insolent peasantry proved unsuccessful. In 1820, the flower of the nobility of Holstein, Mecklenburgh, Pomerania, Saxony, and Bremen were destroyed in the battle of Oldenwerde, in the *rage and devotion of penitence*, which a prudent priest had imposed upon them. . . . . .

'The Frieslanders, from the Weser to the Zuydersee, maintained their ancient constitution and liberties with the same success and perseverance. For this purpose, the people had, as early as the 11th century, formed a general confederacy against the Normans and Saxons, which was divided into the *seven Seelands*, and held annually its diet beneath the high oak at Aurich, near the Upstalsboom, enacting laws by deputies, determining on peace or war, deciding on intricate questions of law, settling differences, and establishing the law of the country, in particular statutes, called Willküren. Every community had its separate regulations and customs; the judge, who was elected annually, was assisted by speakers, called talemen, in order to prevent abuses of power. In the 14th century, the dissensions and the ambition of the nobility, whose most powerful and influential members had become oppressors of the people after having been its protectors, succeeded in dissolving a confederacy, which had been established on a simple, yet safe foundation, and which had defeated all the views of foreign conquerors, as the counts of Holland, and which had never paid tithe or any other regular tax to the clergy. Princes, knights, and priests conspired to subdue and crush such a spirit of the German peasantry. The archbishop of Bremen, together with the counts of Oldenburg, and other temporal and spiritual lords, entered into a league against the small, industrious, but valiant people of the *Stedinger*, a branch of the Rustringer, who inhabited the western bank of the Weser; for the confederacy was then united only by slender ties. These country people, the Stedinger, had, for many generations, lived in a small district defended by rivers and ditches, maintained their ancient rights, given their votes on public affairs in general assemblies, abiding, in controverted cases, by the sentence of appointed judges. Against them, when the feudal system was every where gaining in strength, the archbishop of Bremen, the count of Oldenburg, and the nobility of the surrounding countries, took to arms; spiritual and temporal sway was forced upon the *Stedinger;* the rights of the people were trampled upon by the nobility of the neighbouring castles—tithes and indulgences were introduced by the priests; but, the recollection of former days remained, a ray of purer faith still threw its light, in the 12th century, over Flanders, the Netherlands, and the districts of Friesland. Therefore, the Stedinger rose in the year 1204 for the ancient customs of the country, they refused taxes and tithes, broke the castles, expelled the knights, fortified their confines, and invaded and devastated the territory of the neighbouring feudal lords. Those commanded by the archbishop of Bremen and the count of Oldenburg fought with manly courage, and built, near Delmenhorst, a strong castle, called Slutterberg (1213).

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The Stedinger, more incensed, continued their attacks, till 1232, the castle was taken by assault and destroyed. Then called archbishop Gernhard, the son of Bernhard of the Lippe, for the assistance of the nobility of the north of Germany, and of Gregory IX., and succeeded in rebuilding the fortress Slutterberg. In obedience to the exhortations of the father of Christendom, many pious believers took to arms against the Stedinger as heretics, and a numerous body broke, about Christmas, 1233, into their land, murdering, plundering and burning every where; 200 men were slain, women and children thrown into the fire. To revenge such atrocities, the country people rallied in large numbers against the enemy, and killed in battle Count Burkhard of Oldenburg and Hermann of the Lippe, with several hundreds of their men. The crusaders were seized with a panic, and fled. But this defeat doubled the rage of the spiritual and temporal lords; sermons, indulgences, and atrocious falsehoods were resorted to, to represent, near and far, the stubborn peasantry as rebels against divine and human law.

'The Stedinger,' thus letters of the Pope asserted, 'seduced by the devil, have abjured God and man; slandered the liberties of the church, slighted the holy sacrament; applied to witches for the will of evil spirits, ill treated, even crucified, priests and monks, shed blood like water, and made a diabolical plan to propagate the doctrine of Asmodi, their idol, by means of secret societies among the ignorant country people. The initiated must kiss a toad, as also the devil himself, who appears sometimes in the shape of a goose, or a duck, or in the figure of a pale, black-eyed, emaciated youth, whose cold embrace fills the heart with eternal hatred against the holy church. After the banquet, when those who are not initiated must kiss a black cat, the master gives to the adepts perfect liberty to indulge their sensual appetites in the dark; at last appears the devil in a brilliant shape, &c. &c. These absurd reports had no other foundation than the murder of a priest in the beginning of the war. For when the wife of a respectable Stedinger went, on Easter Sunday, to receive the holy sacrament, the priest put, instead of the consecrated host, the penny into her mouth, which she paid him for the confession, he having expected a larger present. The woman complained to her husband, who slew the priest, whereupon the whole country was excommunicated by the Pope, since they would not deliver up the guilty individual. The urgent exhortations of Gregory XI. were listened to by the spiritual and temporal lords, and the Emperor, Frederic II., pronounced the imperial ban against the peasantry; and the bishops of Ratzeburg, Lubeck, Osnabruck, Munster, and Minden, summoned the faithful, to earn the reward of heaven by the extermination of these heretics. They took to arms, the Duke Henry of Brabant, the Counts Florence of Holland, Dietrich of Cleve, Dietrich of the Mark, Henry of Oldenburg, Wilhelm of Egmond, Gerhard, Lord of Diest, and other valiant knights; and many bishops and priests.

'In the spring, 1234, numerous troops came by water and by land, making up an army of 40,000 men. They passed the river Ochtmond, and put themselves in battle-array. The Stedingers were not afraid;



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afraid; but, holding in derision the holy Roman Church, and the holy Roman Empire, they saluted each other as emperor, or pope, or archbishop and bishop. Then the whole warlike population, to the number of 11,000, well armed, was cheerfully marched down to Altenesch. The captains, when they were in sight of the enemy, addressed them shortly for the last time:—"Ambitious priests and monks are thirsting for the blood of men, who refuse to submit to eternal servitude, or to believe superstitious doctrines. Other people have other reasons to fight courageously and to defend their lives, but we must rather die twice than become a mockery to monks and priests; let us fight *like mad beasts.*"

'The noblemen and priests reminded their troops of the justice of their cause, since the Pope and the Emperor had summoned them to this war: "These heretics have slain many thousands of noble earls and lords, and have not even spared the priests. Let us fight valiantly, let none take to his heels, but every one to his fist, and to his weapons; among the marshes and ditches flight is impossible."

'Then made Duke Henry of Brabant, and Count Florence of Holland, the attack with a great noise; the Stedingers received the shock, and repelled the enemy. The priests raised loud clamours, and the noble *Maten,* perceiving the impetuosity of the country people, renewed the attack with chosen cavalry on the open flanks. A bloody strife arose, the bravest captains of the Stedingers were slain, confusion seized their ranks, they were crushed by the superior number of the enemy; above 8000 were killed on the field of battle, the whole race was exterminated. The loss of the crusaders was not inconsiderable; many noblemen, as the Counts Henry of Oldenburg, Wilhelm of Egmond, and several thousand others were lost. The conquerors enraged, went up and down the country, slew men and women, old men and children, and drove away the cattle, after having made a deadly waste of the land.'

These facts are well authenticated by a number of historians, and prove that the people in the middle ages made vigorous efforts for their liberties, and would not allow themselves to be treated as a herd of sheep by priests and noblemen.

Thirteen years after, (1247,) the cities on the Rhine made a confederacy, which was renewed 1254. About seventy towns belonged to this league, amongst them Cologne, Mentz, Worms, Spire, Strasburgh, Basel, Zurich, Freiburg, Colmar, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Bonn, Munster, &c.; and in the following century the *guilds* were established, by which the common people, tradesmen, and working-men, received a share in the administration. This put an end to the oligarchy of the noble families. It happened in 1330 at Spire, 1332 at Strasburgh, 1335 at Zurich, 1341 at Constanz, 1343 at Kempten, 1346 at Lindau, 1349 at Nurnberg, 1363 at Frankfort, 1368 at Cologne, 1368 at Augsburg.

Along the coast of the North Sea and the Baltic a strong confederacy of the Hanse Towns was established, (1241), in which were

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were united together sixty-four towns, for the defence of trade, navigation, and independence. They set, in the height of their power, the Emperor Charles IV. and Pope Urban V. at defiance, and refused to be subjects either of the Emperor or other princes. Our author speaks thus of the inhabitants of the Hanseatic districts. The people on the coast were bold, enterprising, prudent, deceitful sometimes in trade, and fond of costly banquets; the country people less industrious than warlike, slow in their anger, but fierce in their passions; cold and reserved towards strangers, but at nearer acquaintance friendly and trusty, serious by disposition, open, and averse to flattery or falsehoods, chiefly well-made, strong men; they showed impetuosity and perseverance in war. The people on the coast and on the islands were quarrelsome; the usual threat of an inhabitant of the island of Rugen was:—'Let God and cold iron decide.'

Our author gives a lucid account of the constitution of this confederacy, and of their commercial regulations, and points out the defects of them. However, on comparison with the league of the cities in Lombardy, it appears that the system of confederacies had already been improved upon by the Hanse Towns. The legislative power was no more divided, as this was the case in Italy, but united in the body of the deputies of the diet, and instead of filling up the parliament from the corporations, the communities sent the deputies by free election. The greatest fault of the Hanse Towns was their establishing monopolies of trade, a fault, however, which is easily accounted for, by the limited knowledge of that age on subjects of political economy.

Dr. Kortüm then passes over to the Swiss confederacy, relates its origin and development, its constitutional enactments, and demonstrates again the peculiarities of the institutions, and shows the weak points of this confederacy. Thus the reader is made to perceive, in every new established confederacy, the progress of the age, and its aberrations.

The first chapter of the second book is especially interesting, which treats of the Reformation; 'in vain was the attempt made to slay the *child of centuries* at its birth; it grew up to a gigantic youth amidst the storms, and conquered by the power of truth.' He discusses at considerable length the state of Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands, at the beginning of the Reformation, and the consequences of its progress; delineates in a masterly manner the tendency and proceedings of the order of the Jesuits. In China, the Jesuit appeared as mandarin, in India as Bramin, in France as courtier, confessor, and *esprit fort*; in Spain, as high nobleman, a grandee; everywhere supple as long as he encountered resistance, but cruel without mercy where he was not threatened



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by any danger. In comparison with the other monkish orders, whose *præpingues et crassi ventres*, as Martin Chemniz said, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, were of no use to the Holy See, the Jesuits could boast justly of a great superiority in learning; yet they possessed no genuine science, since their researches were limited by prejudice. As P. Daniel, from flattery towards Louis XIV., extolled, in his 'History of France,' the talents of his illegitimate children; thus the works of the Jesuits generally kept in view the advantage of the society at the expense of truth and reason, and they produced rather petrifactions in literature, than works of transcendent merit.

The author closes the *first* volume of his work, the continuation of which we most anxiously expect, with an account of the revolution in the Netherlands. The whole is drawn from the most authentic sources; and even those readers, who are acquainted with Schiller's work on the same subject, will feel highly gratified in perusing our author's narrative, which rectifies several inadvertencies of the admirable poet.

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ART. XI.—*De Moallaka Lebidi, celeberrimi veterum Arabum poetæ carmine laudatissimo Dissertationem Commentario præviam scripsit et in lucem emisit* Carolus Rudolphus Samuel Peiper, S. S. Ministerii Candidatus. Jordanincolæ ad Nimitium 1823.

THE heaven of Arabian poetry has its seven pleiades, commonly pointed out as the triumph of their authors' genius and of poetry itself, though the number of Arabian poets, who flourished after the seven, is almost incalculable. The names of Zohair, Amroo ben Kelthoom, Tharafa, Amrool-Kais, Hareth, Antara, and Labeed, will last as long as the literature to which they have so strikingly contributed. They all flourished about the time of Mohammed; and the high estimation in which their works were held, may be concluded from the circumstance related by many oriental writers, that their poems were hung in the Caaba written with golden letters, which account is corroborated by their titles Moallakat and Modhahabbat, the former denoting poems that are hung up, and the latter signifying poems written in golden letters. The love of the Arabians for poetry would sufficiently warrant this account, although Professor Hengstenberg, in his edition of 'Amrool-Kais,' has endeavoured to render it doubtful. Tharafa's 'Moallakah' was first published by the learned Reiske, and 'Amrool-Kais' by Lette; but Sir W. Jones was the first to publish all the seven poems together in the original language,

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guage, with a translation, preceded by an historical essay, in order to render them more intelligible. Zohair's 'poem' was edited by Professor Rosenmüller, and a second edition has been lately published at Leipzig. The 'songs' of Hareth and Antara, from Sir W. Jones's text, were given in Arabic by professor Boldyrew, now professor at Moscow. 'Antara' has been explained with great learning and industry by Menil and Willmet. 'Hareth' was first published at Oxford by Professor Knatchbull, and afterwards by Vullers. 'Amroo ben Kelthoom' is indebted for elucidation to the care and ability of Professor Kosegarten. Labeed's 'Moolakah' has been commented on by several oriental scholars. The first attempts were unsuccessful, but, at length, the great Arabist Silv. de Sacy presented the oriental scholars with a perfect edition in 1816; it was inserted in the edition of Pilpay's fables, and accompanied by Soozenee's commentary, taken from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris. Mr. Peiper has chosen the same subject for his commentaries, to which the work mentioned at the head of our present article, is designed only as an introduction. We regret that Mr. Peiper should have been prevented from travelling to those countries most abounding in books and manuscripts relative to the subject of his inquiry, as he might have been thereby enabled to throw greater light on the difficult matter which he has selected for elucidation. After the dedication, written in Arabic, to professors Middeldorpf and Habicht of Breslaw, the author proceeds, in his first section, to a full account of Labeed's life, and of the period when his poem was composed. The poet was born of a noble family, his father being Rebiah, called also, Rebiat Almokterin, that is Rebiah of the poor, on account of the great liberality he displayed, thus blending nobility of soul with that of blood. The son inherited all his father's bountiful disposition, which however reduced him to poverty; an event, that, so far from causing despondency, stimulated the noble Labeed to those exertions by which he has been immortalized—the delightful occupation of poetry. Though humble in soul, he was strongly tenacious of his poetic character, which was much respected by his countrymen, for being at Koofah, he was desired by the tribe of the Beni-Nahal, to say who was the first poet of his country; to which he replied, 'the wandering king covered with sores,' alluding to the royal Amrool-Kais; he was asked to name the second, and he answered, 'the youth of the family of Betr,' meaning Tharafa; on the third time of asking, he unhesitatingly said, 'the man who bears a staff,' that was himself; and this is the reason, say his biographers, why his poems hold the third place. Before the time of Islamism, the Arabs chaunted his 'Moallaka,' in their ceremonies round the Caaba,

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Caaba, and the Kalif Mohammed amused and instructed his mind by its frequent perusal. Labeed, in whose life-time the false prophet raised his standard, was no friend to the new faith; but, his brother Arbed, who had gone to attack and slay Mohammed, having been destroyed by lightning on his return from the fruitless expedition, the awe-struck poet conceived this to be a manifestation of celestial wrath, and, throwing aside all his previous obduracy, hastened to the prophet's feet, proclaimed himself a convert, and craved remission of his sins. He alleged as the reason of this sudden conversion, the perusal of the second surah of the Koran, called 'the Cow'. This conversion of Labeed is a circumstance much celebrated among Mohammedans; and, as may be supposed, the prophet was anxious to confirm the belief of so influential a proselyte, whose open confession of faith could not fail to produce a great effect among his countrymen. Labeed soon became so attached to Mohammed, that he entered himself one of the Mohajereen, or body of the sacred few, who accompanied the prophet in his flight from Mecca to Medina in 622. From that time, Labeed's poems were all of a religious character. At what age he became a follower of Mohammed, and whether he became so from honest conviction, it would be fruitless now to inquire. When on his death bed, he ordered his daughters to mourn for him during a year, in the following couplets.

My two daughters wish that their father should live;
But who am I, but the offspring of Rabia and Modhars?
Should it therefore happen, that your father die,
Disfigure not your faces, nor shave your heads:
Say 'he was a man who did not betray
His companion, nor cheat his friend,'
Through a year; after that, adieu,
Who has wept one whole year, has done enough.

The second section of the commentary is entitled 'de Moallakæ authentia, &c.' We perfectly agree with Mr. Peiper, that the Moallakah is the undoubted production of Labeed; an opinion which is founded on the fact, that it is written in a peculiar idiom, mixed with Himyarit words, and not in the pure dialect of the Beni-Koraish which prevailed after Mohammed's time. The poem is now, we believe, in its original state, save only some trifling variations and transpositions of verses. The Moallakas, having many difficulties, even for the Arabs in whose language they were written, have consequently employed numerous commentators, of whom we need only name Abu Jafar, Nahhas, Tebreezi, and particularly Soosene, the most able and accurate of all those who have attempted this inquiry.

The third section is entitled, 'De carminis genere argumento personæque

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personæque quæ in eo tanquam Lebidi amata celebratur nomine proprio et gentilitio.'

The fourth section is entitled, 'De carminis materia et compositione.' www.libtool.com.cn

In the fifth section, 'De lingua et dicendi genere' shows, that the poem is written in pure Arabic; after which follows a concise essay on the different figures of the diction.

The sixth section, 'De metro et rhythmo finali,' relates to the metre, which is of the kind called Kaamil, or the full, every verse terminating in the syllables humaa.

The volume concludes with an Arabic letter, written by Professor Rosenmüller to the author, while he was at the Seminarium Pastorale, at Wittenberg in Prussia, 1819.

As we have before said, the present book is merely an introduction to the proposed commentaries of Mr. Peiper. We congratulate oriental scholars, that further elucidation is thus about to be given of the dark mysteries of eastern lore. The continent is most prolific of scholars in this department of literature. A description, however, of the whole body of oriental scholars in Europe would require more space than we can at present afford; we shall therefore confine our attention to Germany, where they are to be found in the greatest numbers, and have by their exertions acquired an extended renown.

Austria is the only German country in which the oriental languages are studied for political utility. Prussia has, it is true, a diplomatic agent at Constantinople, but the intercourse between the two countries is very limited. Austria, on the contrary, bordering immediately on the Turkish dominions, and of course in constant commerce with them, has long sent and received ambassadors; a natural consequence of which has been, that the languages, through which affairs were frequently transacted, have received the attention which they deserved. Hence Prince Kaunitz proposed, in 1753, to erect an oriental academy at Vienna, and had the gratification of seeing his idea carried into execution in the following year. Oriental studies were begun and pursued in the other German countries, for the purpose of religious inquiries into the Old Testament: for, as that sacred volume (written in Hebrew) was subjected to close disquisition, it became necessary to cultivate the Jewish language; and the relics of Hebrew being insufficient for the elucidation of some obscure passages, the kindred dialects, commonly called the Semitic, were consulted for the signification of otherwise inexplicable Hebrew words. This, and the study of the oriental translations of the bible among the divines, originated more general inquiries into eastern literature. The connection between the Hebrew and Oriental

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Oriental languages continued to influence scholars until a very recent period, and the idea of an oriental scholar, who was no theologian, was regarded as a delusion. A different view has, however, since been taken, and oriental learning may now be pronounced a flourishing branch of literature in Germany.

There being a laudable anxiety in all the governments of Germany, to have an enlightened and meritorious clergy, it is indispensably required of every theological student, that he devote some time to the Hebrew language. Professors of Hebrew are employed in all the higher schools, and the pupils are obliged to pass an examination on their knowledge of this language, before they are allowed to proceed to the University. A chair for Oriental and Hebrew literature is established at each of the Universities, where every facility is afforded for the prosecution of these studies, both by their professor, properly so called, and the professors of theology in general. Hebrew dictionaries and grammars are constantly appearing, as also valuable works on scriptural and other writings, from such men as Gesenius, Rosenmüller, de Wette, Paulus, &c. whose names are a sufficient commendation of any work to which they are affixed. The metrical science of the Hebrews has been elucidated by Bellermann of Berlin, Saalschütz of Konigsberg, and others; and the literary history by Eichorn, Jahn, de Wette, Augusti, &c. The attainment of Hebrew learning is further facilitated in several universities by associations of scholars, called Hebrew bodies, under the direction of a professor; the object of which is, to promote the study of Hebrew and the kindred languages as much as possible.

We now proceed to the Aramæan dialect, comprehending the Syrian, Chaldæan, and Samaritan. The Syrian, which was formerly much attended to among the German scholars, is now comparatively neglected, and the dictionaries very imperfect; though it is understood, that Professor Bernstein intends to supply this defect by employing his undoubted ability in compiling an enlarged and improved Syrian dictionary. An account of this ancient language may be found in Wahl's 'History of the Eastern Languages.'

The Chaldæan has been illustrated by Vater, Jahn, Oberleitner and others, distinguished as general oriental scholars, and particularly Professor Winer, who has recently published a grammar of very considerable merit.

The Samaritan, notwithstanding its literary poverty, has received the attention of Dr. Gesenius, who wrote an essay on the Samaritan Pentateuch, which, with other works of the learned Doctor on Samaritan theology, have met with universal applause.

The Punic and Phœnician, relics of which are preserved on tombstones, and in a passage of Plautus's 'Pœnulus,' has formed the

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the subject of Dr. Bellermann's sagacious inquiries, who clearly proves that the passage in Plautus is really Punic. Gesenius has also deciphered a Punic inscription, and Mr. Kopp of Manheim, the founder of Oriental palæography, is at present occupied in similar researches.

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Rabbinical literature is now comparatively neglected. The greatest scholar of later times in this ancient language was the learned O. Tychsen, of Rostock, who left at his death an able successor in the person of his pupil, Professor Hartmann Dr. Winer has published a Rabbinical Chrestomathy, and Dr. Ewald, of Erlangen, is the author of an excellent treatise on the same subject. Professor Kosegarten's edition of a Jewish author* is also deservedly approved of by the literati of Germany.

The Maltese idiom is not Punic, but merely a corruption of the Arabic, as has been fully proved by Gesenius.

The Ethiopic, likewise an Arabic dialect, is principally known through the researches of Ludolf, a German of the seventeenth century, whose writings on this subject have not yet been surpassed. After his time the language was long neglected, but is, at present, again exciting the attention of learned men. Dr. Dorn of Leipsic published an essay on the Ethiopian translation of the Psalter, with an inquiry into Ethiopian verbs. He was immediately followed by Professor Hupfeld, of Marburg, who endeavoured to illustrate some chapters of the Ethiopian grammar, and shortly after appeared a treatise on Ethiopian conjugations, by Dr. Drechsler of Erlangen.

The languages above enumerated, with very few exceptions, have been cultivated with reference to biblical and scientific researches. The Arabic, however, which is one of the richest languages at present existing, is studied throughout Germany with the most universal assiduity; so much so, that a knowledge of Arabic is no longer received as evidence of extraordinary learning. Printed books, grammars, &c., of this language were formerly extremely scarce, owing to the want of Arabic characters; but Prussia has set a laudable example of liberality in the encouragement of students, by procuring types, &c., for the universities, which are thus the principal supports of Arabian literature. A complete dictionary is, nevertheless, still wanted, and the learned Arabist, Professor Freytag of Bonn, has taken upon himself the duty of furnishing a new and improved edition of Golias's Lexicon, for which he has proved himself fully qualified by his able edition of the 'Hamasa,' and other Arabic writings. Of his pupils, Professor Hengstenberg, of Berlin, is the editor of 'Amrool-Kais's Moallakah;'

* Aaron Lhibri Coronæ Legis, &c., Jenæ. 1824.

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and Hareth's 'Moallaka' has been furnished by Mr. Vullers; and a poem of Motenabbi's has been published by Mr. Horst.

At the Prussian university of Halle, which has long been one of the first seats of Oriental study, and where even the Chinese is cultivated, the very learned Professor Wahl is pursuing the course of the late lamented Professor Vater, of the same university. Nor must we omit to mention Dr. Gartz, author of an able essay on the Arabic interpreters of Euclid.

Greifswald can at present boast the possession of the great oriental linguist, Professor Kosegarten, whose previous Arabic publications, 'Amroo ben Kelthoom's Moallakah,' &c., will be crowned by the edition of the great annals of 'Tabari,' from original manuscripts in the libraries of Leyden and Berlin.

At the university of Königsberg, Professor Peter von Bohlen has excited well-merited attention by his edition of the poem 'Amali,' and his essay on Motenabbi, the Arabian poet.

Professor Ideler of Berlin has afforded a clever explanation of the Arabic names for stars, and also cleared the way for our inquiries into oriental chronology.

In the university of Breslau, Messrs. Middeldorf, Bernstein, and Habicht are the principal orientalists. The first has given an account of the literary institutions founded by the Arabs in Spain; the second has presented us with a poem of Safi Addeen's, and other works; and the third has published an Arabic edition of the 'Arabian Nights Entertainments;' which consists of ten octavo volumes. The Arabic manuscript was sent to Professor Habicht by his Tunisian friend, Mardochay Anragar, with whom he had become acquainted while studying the Arabic at Paris. Anragar was one of the eastern refugees who sought an asylum in France, during the disturbances occasioned by the attack upon Egypt. After their departure from Paris, an epistolary correspondence took place, which Habicht published in 1824.

Among those Arabic scholars of Germany, who are indefatigable in their endeavours to enlarge the field of meritorious exertions, we must particularly mention the venerable Professor Rosenmüller of Leipsic, whose services in Hebrew literature are fully equalled by those he has rendered to the Arabic. To pass over his small Arabic grammar, we will cite his edition of 'Zohair's Moallakah,' and of some, till then unpublished, proverbs of Meidani, from a fine manuscript copied from Reiske's, and furnished with accurate indexes, now in the Academic Library of Leipsic. Thus the prevalent opinion, that Germany is in want of Oriental libraries, is shown to be unfounded. The students, it is true, frequently travel to other countries, as England, France and Italy,

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Italy, but only to become acquainted with the stores of other nations, not from any absence of information at home. In further proof of this assertion we will take a view of the libraries in Germany, where Oriental manuscripts are preserved. To begin, then, with the Austrian capital, Vienna: a list of the treasures contained in its library may be found in von Hammer's Catalogue, published in the 'Fundgruben des Orients.' The library at Berlin has been enriched with the important and numerous manuscripts of the late Mr. von Diez, Prussian ambassador at Constantinople. The Ethiopic and Chinese manuscripts have been long since described by Messrs. Winkler and Klaproth. Dresden also possesses no inconsiderable portion of manuscripts. Professor Frank has begun an account of the manuscripts at München, in Bavaria. Hamburgh possesses numerous Persian, Arabian, and other Oriental manuscripts, most of which were formerly the property of Hinckelmann, editor of the 'Koran,' and Wolf, author of the Bibliotheca Hebraica, &c. Here also the famous collection of Rabbinical books, left by the late Rabbin Oppenheimer, still remains exposed for sale. The principal, however, of all the oriental libraries in Germany is that of Gotha, the capital of the dukedom of the same name. This rich collection was made by the celebrated, but unfortunate Dr. Seezen, who, travelling at the charge of Duke Ernst of Gotha, and the Crown-Prince August, fell a sacrifice to his indefatigable pursuits in the east. An account of these manuscripts is begun by Dr. Möller of Gotha, who has already distinguished himself by his description of oriental coins, a science originated and brought to a high degree of perfection by natives of Germany. Among others, Professors Kehr, Reiske of Leipsic, Eichorn of Göttingen, and O. Tychsen of Rostök, have particularly forwarded it. Mr. Adler of Altona has given an extremely instructive notice of the collection of medals belonging to the Cardinal Borgia, in Veletri, near Rome, as Professor The. Chr. Tychsen has done of those in the Gottingen Museum.

But to resume; we are happy to say that Mr. Rosenmüller, after having written a very good Arabic grammar, contributed to the knowledge of Mussulman martial law, by publishing, in the first volume of his 'Analecta Arabica,' a treatise of Coduri, from a manuscript at Dresden, where M. Beigel, a clever Arabist, is still living.

The University of Göttingen, though lately deprived of an Arabic scholar, in the person of Professor Eichorn, still possesses Tychsen and Ewald. The metrical science of the Arabs had been much neglected; Clericus's 'Prosodia Arabica,' compiled from Arabic authors, in their own intricate unphilosophic manner, and Jones's

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Jones's equally dark essay, being the only books of any value on the subject. Professor Freitág, and one of his pupils, have offered some valuable hints on Arabian prosody; but Ewald, following Hermann's principles on Greek metrical science, has laboured to reduce that of the Arabs to certain philosophical rules, and we think he has, in great measure, succeeded.

Schnurrer, an Arabist of deep learning, who belonged to the University of Tübingen, and died in 1823, was the author of the 'Bibliotheca Arabica,' a work which would alone rank him among the first of his contemporary scholars. The same University has to lament the loss of an equally learned professor—Conz, whose various poetical translations from the Arabic are highly deserving of notice.

The University of Heidelberg, in Baden, possesses Dr. Paulus, formerly professor of oriental literature at Jena, and who, after his voyage to England, published an edition of Saadia Gaon's Arabic translations of 'Isaias,' from the Bodleian manuscripts, (Jena, 1790). He also has published a small Arabic grammar, and Abdallatiph's description of Egypt.

Jena, in the grand dukedom of Weimar, not long since possessed Dr. Kosegarten, under whose auspices several scholars were formed; among them we may notice Apetz, the publisher of Ebn. Batati's description of Malabar (Jena, 1819).

At the University of Marburg, in Hesse Cassel, Professor Arnoldi greatly distinguished himself, and Professor Melchior Hartmann, still there, has edited an useful essay on Edrissi's Africa (Gott. 1796).

Erlangen, one of the Bavarian Universities, where the chair of oriental literature has become vacant by the death of Professor Kanne, may be congratulated on the acquisition of Dr. Rückert, whose numerous poetic translations, and particularly his translation of a part of Hariri's rhetorical work, prove his perfect acquaintance with the Arabic language. Without such acquaintance, he could not have produced a translation in which the rhymed prose of the author is imitated with a flexibility hitherto unheard of.

One more German country remains to be noticed. We have already observed that Austria is by no means void of oriental scholars, and it still continues to encourage the study. F. von Dombay has deserved well by his grammar of the Moorish Arabic, and a history of the Mauritanian kings. The late Dr. Jahn's Arabic chrestomathy and grammar were universally admired, as also that of Oberleitner; nor must we omit to mention M. von Rosenzweig's edition of the poem, commonly called 'Borda.' The most distinguished, however, of oriental scholars, is M. von Hammer,

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Hammer,* whose long residence in the east, as member of the Austrian legation at Constantinople, gave him facilities for the acquisition of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish languages.—Besides his translation of Montenabbi's Divan, &c., he has given many proofs of his deep Arabic learning, in a work edited under his direction, but now, unfortunately, discontinued, called the 'Fundgruben des Orients,' (the mines of the east). This admirable work was preceded by numerous others of a similar kind, as the 'Orientalische und Exegetische Bibliothek,' (Jena, 1772), edited by Hirt; 'Repertorium für Biblische und Morgenländische Literatur,' (Leipz. 1777), by Eichorn; 'Magazin für die Biblisch-Orientalische Literatur,' (Königsberg, 1759), by Hasse; 'Orientalische und Exegetische Bibliothek,' (Gotha, 1786), by Paulus, Michaelis, &c. &c.

From the rich and powerful language of the Koran, and the Beduins, we now come to the melodious Persian, which, totally differing from the Semitic dialects, bears a close affinity to the Greek and German, a circumstance which has stimulated the inquiries of many eminent scholars in Germany and elsewhere. Professor Wahl of Halle and Professor Frank have published some clever essays on the subject; the best inquiries, however, have been made by von Hammer, who is about to present us with a list of four thousand Persian words, perfectly agreeing with an equal number of German.

Persian literature has long been a favourite pursuit among the scholars of Germany. Dombay of Vienna and Wilken of Berlin have afforded elaborate Persian grammars. Professor Rosenmüller has written on the Persian version of the Pentateuch, and Bohlen has thrown considerable light on biblical subjects in this language. Kosegarten is the editor of a Persian poem, in his 'Triga Carminum Orientalium.' Rosenzweig has edited Giami's 'Fussuf und Suleicha;' Professor Görres has translated Ferdousi's 'Shahnameh;' von Hammer the poems of Hafiz; Dorn Sadin's 'Goolistan;' and Professor Wahl is occupied with a new translation of the 'Shahnameh.'

The inscriptions found at Persepolis, Babylon, &c., have long been unexplained; but Professor Tychsen, of Rostock, has applied himself with some success to this intricate writing; and Dr. Grotefend, of Hanover, has prosecuted the inquiry with a perseverance which has secured his object. He has shown that the inscriptions of Persepolis are to be referred to Cyrus and Darius, and that the Zend language, found in Zoroaster's works, is not an invention of modern times, as had been imagined.

* See an account of his history of the Turks in our first number.

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We now proceed to Turkish literature, which was cultivated, particularly in Austria, where Meninsky, the author of the Turkish dictionary, published various works of the same kind. Professor Kosegarten has published a Turkish poem, and Tholuk has also translated from the same language; but the greatest scholar in this difficult language is von Hammer of Vienna, author of the 'History of the Ottoman Empire,' translator of 'Baki's Divan,' and other works.

The study of hieroglyphics, which had long been fruitlessly pursued, has at length proceeded so far, that England, Germany, and France, all boast of having found the key to the ancient Egyptian writing; and the names of Young, Champollion, and Spohn, will never be forgotten. Spohn, an eminent classical scholar, late Professor at Leipzig, studied the Oriental dialects, especially the Coptic; and, after strenuous exertions, he succeeded so far as to give an explanation of the Rosetta inscription. In consequence of this, hieroglyphic rolls were sent to him from Berlin, where there are several, brought from Egypt by Count von Minutoli.* Professor Spohn was about to publish a large work on the subject of hieroglyphics, explanatory of his principles of deciphering them, when he fell a victim to disease. His works were delivered to Professor Seyffarth, of the same university, under whose inspection they were published. The principal is entitled, 'Rudimenta Hieroglyphices,' published in 1825. The principles here laid down are different from Champollion's, and it remains yet to be seen which has put forth the best founded system. But Seyffarth, at the expense of the Saxonian government, undertook a literary journey to France and Italy, where he found some important documents concerning Coptic literature; and we hope soon to see the Coptic language studied with a greater degree of application than has been hitherto given to it.

The hieroglyphics have been sometimes, though without any foundation, compared with the Chinese, which venerable language has a considerable number of admirers. Dr. Hager, a German, Dr. Montucci, residing at Dresden, and Mr. Jul. Klaproth, a native of Prussia, have given memorable proofs of their Chinese

* Many other learned men travelled to the east for scientific purposes: Messrs Ehrenberg and Hemprich, Professor Scholz, and Mr. Rüppel of Frankfort, the well-known African traveller. The Geographical Society of Frankfort, in order to show its sense of the kind and condescending attention of the Pasha of Egypt to Mr. Rüppel, sent him a diploma, electing him an honorary member of the Society. But the Pasha was highly offended, that an infidel people should have elected him, a monarch of the faithful, a member of their Society.

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learning. The Prussian government, so distinguished for its general encouragement of oriental literature, is equally praiseworthy for the protection shown to the Chinese. Two Chinese youths, Assing and Hass, who came to Prussia in 1823, and some time afterwards embraced Christianity, were settled by the Prussian government in the University of Halle, where they taught the Chinese language. One of their pupils, Mr. Schott, has since given proofs of his successful application, by a translation from the Chinese into German. The Baron von Humboldt has published a learned letter on the Chinese language.

The Sanscrit language has been long unjustly neglected, but now begins to excite attention both in France and Germany, in which latter country it is of the more interest, by reason of the undoubted affinity between Indian and German. This matter was ably discussed by the learned Professor Bopp, of Berlin, who, at the instigation of the Bavarian government, visited the Oriental Institutions of France and England. A work of his, entitled 'Nalus,' &c., exhibiting a poem of the Mahabharat, was printed at London, in 1819, owing to the want of Sanscrit type in Germany, a circumstance extremely unfavourable to the cultivation of the language. Professor Frank, who enjoyed, like Professor Bopp, an opportunity of pursuing his studies in France and England, by means of the King of Bavaria, surmounted the impediment just alluded to, by the incredible labour of cutting his Chrestomathy and Grammar in stone, and publishing them by the help of lithographic printing, which was also made use of by Professor Bernstein, who, in 1823, published a piece of the Hetoopades. Such endeavours are, however, no longer necessary, Prussia having provided Sanscrit types of the utmost beauty. Professor Schlegel, of Bonn, was intrusted with the superintendence of the casting of these types, which task he performed with perfect success. He is the editor of the 'Bhaghavad Geta,' and the periodical entitled 'Indische Bibliothek.' The whole 'Ramayana' is also destined for publication by the same eminent scholar. Professor Frank's Sanscrit Grammar, the first that appeared in Germany, has been followed by that of M. Bopp, which has just been published, and is of the greatest value.

Dr. Rosen and Professor Ewald have followed in the way thus marked out for them. The former has edited a work, called 'Radices Sanscritas,' and the latter an essay on Sanscrit metres. Baron von Humboldt has written an essay on the Sanscrit language, in the periodical above-mentioned, edited by Schlegel.

We hope that the zeal for Oriental learning, thus shown to exist

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exist in Germany, will meet with no obstacle, but proceed with all the success which we are entitled to anticipate. We shall, probably, hereafter undertake a further elucidation of the subject.

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ART. XII.—*Corpus Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ: editio emendatior et copiosior, consilio* B. G. Niebuhri, C. F., instituta, opera ejusdem Niebuhri, Imm. Bekkeri, L. Schopeni, G. Dindorfii, aliorumque Philologorum parata. Pars III. *Agathias.* Bonnæ. 1828.

A NEW edition of the Byzantine historians was announced by subscription last year, under the editorship of the celebrated Professor Niebuhr of Bonn. It had been for a long time difficult or almost impossible to procure any copy of the Paris edition, which by the by is replete with errors; the Venice edition is a bad reprint of the Paris edition, and, as such, very high in price; besides, several manuscripts have been found, since the Paris edition has been published, which were capable of giving to a new Corpus Script. Histor. Byzant. a decided preference over the French edition. It is superfluous to add, that the new edition was sure to have the advantage of a more correct text, and more accurate Latin translations, as, from the progress of classical knowledge in Germany, this merit is well known to belong invariably to German editions. We, therefore, confidently anticipated the complete success of the undertaking; the more so, as Niebuhr's name was in itself a sufficient guarantee for its proper execution. The barbarous power, which has established itself on the ruins of the Byzantine empire, is at this moment attracting such universal attention, that the history of the Byzantine empire acquires a new interest, and commands even a more serious investigation from those who wish to connect the history of the regeneration of Greece, by an intermediate link, with the history of ancient Greece.

The principal co-editor of Niebuhr is Immanuel Bekker, well known in England by his excellent edition of Plato and Aristophanes, &c., and G. Dindorf, to whom we owe the four last volumes of 'Invernitzii Aristophanes,' and who published lately a new edition of 'Athenæus Deipnosophista:' the latter work will be completed in five volumes, of which three have already appeared. To judge from these, we should at once give the preference to the new edition over the ill-digested, voluminous and expensive edition of Schweighäuser.

The first volume of the Corpus Script. Hist. Byzant. has just been

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been published; it will form Pars III. in the collection, as Procopius must necessarily precede it. It contains Agathias, and is dedicated by Professor Niebuhr to his friend and co-editor Bekker, 'summo in recensendis Græcorum scriptis artifici ut apud posteros amicitiæ monumentum exstet et nova Byzantinorum editio fausto omine prodeat.' These words bring to our recollection those noble words of affection and friendship towards Savigny, in Niebuhr's preface to his History of Rome. The preface to Agathias, page 1—12, tells us, that J. Classen, a pupil of Hermann, assisted Niebuhr materially in revising the text of the author. The translation of Persona was found almost as useful as a new codex of Agathias, especially as the defects of Vulcanius's translation could easily be supplied from it. But the 'Codex Rehdigeranus' itself, from which the translation of Persona has been made, and which Vulcanius, in the year 1594, was unable to obtain, was found out again, and sent to Niebuhr by Professor Passow at Breslau. Nothing then remained but to collate it with the Codex Lugdunensis, which was, indeed, done. It now appears that the various readings, of the printed editions, had their origin chiefly in the edition of Vulcanius.

Schopen, an accomplished scholar of Bonn, has undertaken to correct the proofs with the most minute care and attention; with respect to orthography and accents, the same system will be followed throughout. We cannot understand the necessity for this uniformity in orthography of Byzantine authors, who have written at the distance of several centuries from each other: if the orthography of the particular age of each author had been preserved, then this Corpus Script. Hist. Byzant. would, also, have the merit of diplomatic accuracy, which, in our opinion, is not *minimi momenti.*

From page 13—20, a short account of Agathias is given. He was born at Myrina in Æolis, on the coast of Asia Minor, probably 536 after Christ. He studied at Alexandria, and went in the year 554, to Constantinople. He possessed some talent for poetry, and wrote a variety of amorous effusions, which he collected in nine books, under the title of 'Daphniaca.' A collection of epigrams, in seven books, was also made by him, of which a great number are still extant; he probably wrote his history after the death of the Emperor Justinian. It contains, in five books, an account of his own times, from the wars of Narses to the death of Chosroe, the king of Persia. His work is of great importance for the history of Persia; he compiled his narrative from Persian authorities, 'ἐκ τῶν παρὰ σφίσιν ἐγγεγραμένων,' p. 125. No doubt, therefore, but that he understood the Persian language. He writes, perhaps, with more regard for the truth, than poets



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are wont to do; but, his style is pompous and full of affectation, and his narrative continually interspersed with common-place reflections. The mediocrity of a bastard time is clinging fast to him; and the highest stretch of his ambition seems to have been to imitate the ancient writers. By faith he was undoubtedly a Christian, and probably prided himself upon his orthodoxy; for when he mentioned that the Franks were Christians, he adds, '*καὶ τῇ ὀρθοτάτῃ χρώμενοι δόξῃ.*' His reminiscences of the Homeric poems supplied him with a large stock of epic words, which swim on the smooth surface of his narrative, like heavy logs (sesquipedalia verba) upon stagnant water. This misapplication of Homeric expressions leads us to suggest, at page 72, instead of '*ἐνέπηξε τὰ ὀπίσω τῷ ἐδάφει,*' *ἐνέωηξε τα ἐπίσωτρα τῷ ἐδάφει*: the translation slips altogether over the words *τὰ ὀπίσω*; and page 86, we should write *κινήματα* instead of the *κυήματα* of the vulg.

From page 336 to 356, follow the notes of Vulcanius; and pages 359 to 398, are taken up with the epigrams, which we should have been sorry to lose in the new edition. The whole concludes with an Index rerum et nominum, and a very useful Index Græcitatis in Agathiæ historias. It is shown that some passages are almost literally taken from Thucydides. We have no doubt, that the work of Agathias is, in point of learning and diction, a fair specimen of the age in which he lived; few men at Alexandria, or at Constantinople, may have surpassed him as a writer. The typographical portion of the new edition is excellent.

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ART. XIII.—*Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos, que hicieron por Mar los Españoles, desde fines del Siglo* XV. *Con varios Documentos ineditos concernientes á la Historia de la Marina Castellana, y de los Establecimientos Españoles in Indias, coordinada e ilustrada* por Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, de la Orden de San Juan, Secretario de S. M., Ministro Jubilado del Consejo Supremo de la Guerra, Director Interino del Deposito Hidrografico, Individuo de Numero de las Reales Academias Española y de la Historia, Consiliario y Secretario de la de San Fernando. Tomo i. *Viages de Colon, Almirantazgo de Castilla.*—Tomo ii. *Documentos de Colon, y da las Primeras Poblaciones.* Madrid. 1825.

*Collection of the Voyages and Discoveries which the Spaniards made by Sea, from the end of the Fifteenth Century, with various Documents, hitherto unedited, relating to the History of the Castillian Marine, and of the Spanish Establishments in*

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*in the Indies.* Arranged and illustrated by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, &c. &c.

THESE volumes, which are printed at the Royal Printing-office, and at the king's expense, are dedicated to Ferdinand VII., as a work which 'conciliates and connects the rights of his august throne with the glories of the Spanish nation;' in which point of view it appears that the king himself regards it. A collection of original and authentic documents relating to the discovery and conquest of America could not, it was thought, be brought forward at a more appropriate time than the present, when it might 'tend so powerfully' to the reclaiming of what has been usurped,—to the support of truth and justice,—to seal the lips of calumny, and to expose the sophistries of disloyalty and of ambition; in fine, to pluck the mask from certain venal writers, who, under the semblance of philosophism, are contributing to diffuse the corrupt principles and manners of the age.' It might, indeed, be sufficient, Señor Navarrete says, for refuting the impostures and calumnies with which modern writers have sought to disparage the Spanish discoverers and conquerors, if he merely referred them to the Impartial Reflections upon the humanity of the Spaniards in the Indies, which the Abate D. Juan Nuix published in Italian, against the pretended philosophers and politicians, and in illustration of the histories of Raynal and Robertson. 'But ignorance is obstinate, and venality, corruption of manners, libertinism, and the foulest vices have connected themselves with the principles of a certain false and pernicious philosophy, which has perturbed the whole world, throwing it into revolutions and fearful changes, and sowing hatred and discord among brethren, whom their common origin, religion, manners, language, laws, and interests ought always to have united.' The object had been to deceive and divide them; and he therefore would expose the artifices, falsehood, and malignant intention of these apostles of discord. The Indians, indeed, comparing the present times with the past, are sensible under how merciful and benign a superintendence they had heretofore lived, and therefore, 'although they are the aboriginals of the country, the legitimate descendants of those who were subjects of the Incas, and of the Mexican kings, they have not endeavoured to throw off the dominion of the kings of Spain, the lawfulness of which is sanctioned by the right of priority in the discovery, by the uninterrupted possession of more than three centuries, and the unanimous consent of all the nations of the universe; they understand that those who raise the standard of rebellion solely for the sake of gratifying their own ambition and rapacity, are preparing for them what will be oppression indeed.



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deed. The Indians, therefore, preserve in their breasts that gratitude and loyalty to their sovereign which belong to the candour and to the nobleness of their character.'

Hopes as flattering, and with just as little foundation, are expressed also concerning the Spanish Americans. A French translator has committed what appears, at Madrid, the extraordinary offence of characterizing as horrible, 'the melancholy events, (*los desastres*,) which occurred more than three centuries ago in a remote conquest, and in countries so extensive and remote from each other! 'Is, then,' exclaims Señor Navarrete, 'Hernan Cortes to be compared with Robespierre, or Pizarro with Marat? Who, in such a parallel, would be the monsters thirsting for gold and for blood, of whom this French translator speaks? He calls the age of Columbus and of our first discoverers a tissue of ignorance and of superstition, without considering that it was not then, but at the close of the eighteenth century, and in the midst of cultivated Europe, that these ferocious demagogues raised their ambitious heads. And in what, at last, has this fatal revolution ended, which attempted, like Mahommed with his scimetar, to take possession of the world, carrying desolation and misery every where? What have the sparks produced which were sent forth from that destructive volcano, and rapidly spread a lurid light over Spain, and Naples, and Piedmont, and Portugal? All has past away like a shadow, leaving nothing but grief and repentance. These examples ought to operate as a warning upon the Spanish Americans, and make them cautious not to let themselves be led astray and seduced by fantasms and delusions, which are now discredited and abhorred in Europe. Experience is the great undeceiver; and when it tears away the veil which now blinds the inhabitants of those countries, they will curse the people who have so perfidiously endeavoured to impoverish them, and rule over them by their mercantile traffic and their cunning inventions, separating them from their mother-country, and inspiring them with a spirit of hatred and vengeance against their European brethren; concealing or disfiguring the virtues which made their ancestors so respectable, in order that they may no longer serve for examples for their descendants; for they well know that a corrupt and effeminate people may with greater ease be subjected and enslaved. But this they will not effect, if the honour, the integrity, the love for their country, and the loyalty to their sovereign, virtues which constituted the character of the Spaniards in the age of the Catholic kings, are preserved with the same vigour and spirit in their children and descendants.'

It is fitting that this passage should be presented in a reviewal of Señor Navarrete's work, not with any feeling of disrespect or resentment

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resentment towards the author, but because it is undoubtedly that part of the whole work which will be most cordially admired and approved by its royal patron. For the same reason we must notice the following passage:—'The Spaniards, notwithstanding the malignant violence with which they are calumniated; the Spaniards are not the people who, in their conquests beyond the sea, have furthest overstept the limits which are prescribed by humanity and by the laws of war. Did the English treat better the Indians of Canada, and of the countries which now constitute what are called the United States, when it conquered them? Has Jamaica experienced more humanity or better treatment? And in Hindostan, have they not, to make themselves masters of that region, exterminated millions of the ancient inhabitants, with gunpowder and with the sword?'—This also must be a rich passage for King Ferdinand, who, very probably, may not know that Canada was conquered by the English, not from the Indians, but from the French, and that its conquest, therefore, did not cost a score of Indian lives; that in the whole occupation and settlement, or, if he pleases, conquest, of British America, not so many of the savages have perished in war, or in captivity, as were consumed during the course of a single year,—nay, of a single month, in Hispaniola, under the system which Columbus introduced; and that when the English obtained possession of Jamaica, they certainly are not liable to the reproach of having treated the Indians with inhumanity,—for none were found there:—the whole race had been destroyed. With regard to Hindostan, the history of the British dominion there is before the world; and if ever distant dominion may be considered a blessing to the people who are subjected to it, it is there. But a little of the *Prologo Galeato* may be excused, as well as expected, in a work which appears under such patronage:—and much more might be excused for the sake of so valuable a work.

Somewhat more than thirty years ago, the plan for a history of the Spanish marine, upon a most extensive scale and complicated scheme, was laid before the ministry by D. Josef de Vargas y Ponci, who held the rank of lieutenant in the sea service. It was referred to General D. Josef Varela, by the king's orders; and his opinion was, that the projector should confine himself to the military and political part of the subject; that the scientific part, relating to navigation, naval architecture, and other collateral subjects, should be treated in separate dissertations by other persons whom he proposes as competent to the task; and that another officer should be appointed to publish a collection of the early voyages of the Spaniards; the present editor being intended

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tended for this part of the undertaking. But the first thing necessary was to collect the materials. Señor Navarrete was commissioned to examine the archives and libraries, private as well as public, for the purpose of forming a nautical library at Cadiz, for which transcripts were to be made from whatever papers might seem necessary or useful in such an establishment. In this work he was employed till the war, first with revolutionary France, and then with England, brought with it other cares for the government, and other employments for these military and naval men of letters. Then came the great national struggle against the most insolent usurpation that ever was attempted in the wantonness of power. In that war many and fatal proofs are given of the insecurity to which archives are exposed, and the danger of delaying those national collections, in which alone the materials for authentic history can be preserved. Among the many deplorable losses of the kind, Señor Navarrete notices, as especially to be regretted, that of the archives of Arragon, which were in the most perfect order, and were destroyed by the bombardment during the second siege of Zaragoza; and that of the two great libraries at Valencia, (the university's and the archbishop's,) containing the collections and papers of Bayer and Muñoz, which were in like manner destroyed when that city was destroyed by Marshal Suchet. Other collections suffered under the predatory spirit of the French government, and the predatory hands of Bonaparte's generals. The immense collection of archives at Simancas had been removed to Seville, where Señor Caen Bermudez had made great progress in the laborious task of arranging and cataloguing them; and Navarrete was employed in researches among these papers, when he was called away in the year 1793, *como militar y marino*, to perform the martial part of his duties. One of Ferdinand's first measures after his restoration (and this should be remembered for the honour of those persons who were then his advisers) was to give orders for preserving the wreck of those most important manuscripts, which the French had pillaged and left in the utmost disorder. This task has been performed by D. Tomas Gonzalez, one of those estimable men who, devoting themselves to the patient and meritorious pursuits of literature in the evil days of Spain, have kept themselves free from the madness of contending factions, and thereby attained all the exemption that is possible from the miseries of these most miserable times.

Here then, and at Barcelona, where a labour of the same kind had been performed by D. Prospero Bafarral, Navarrete, when, after the restoration, he resumed his researches, found all the

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the facilities which could be afforded him, by men of similar habits and pursuits. Every where, indeed, in the public libraries, he met with ready and cordial assistance from the persons employed in them, who felt a national interest in the subject of his inquiries. But his most successful search was among the papers of the Duque de Veragua, the present representative of Columbus; where, among other important documents, he found original papers in the writing of Columbus himself, and of his son D. Fernando. The present volumes comprize these papers, and relate solely to the voyages of Columbus, and the circumstances connected with his history and that of these earliest discoveries. The third volume will contain the discoveries of the Terra Firma and of Florida; and the fourth the Relations of Cortez, including some which have not before been published. These are to be followed by the expedition to the Plata, the Straits of Magellan, the coasts of Chili, Peru, and California; and the voyages of discovery to Polynesia, the Moluccas, and the Philippines. 'Thus,' says the editor, 'the genuine history of the New World will be known; truth will appear in all its splendour, and will disperse the shades of error, of interest, of the passions, and of a false policy, which affects, on one hand, principles of concord and legitimacy; on the other, tramples upon those sacred rights, those high considerations of peace, of union, and of fraternity, which ought to bind together the inhabitants of the whole universe.'

The historical part of the preface contains much curious information relating to the commercial and maritime affairs of Spain in those times when the King of England complained that the Spaniards threatened to destroy his navy, and were aspiring at the dominion * of the seas. The claim, indeed, was openly asserted in an earlier age by the Arragonese admiral, Roger de Luria, when, being informed that the French were preparing to come against him with a fleet of three hundred gallies, he made this memorable reply:—'Let them come! I will equip only one hundred in the name of the King of Arragon and Sicily, my master: let them then come, with three hundred, or with ten thousand, if they will! But they will not dare wait for us! Neither fleet, nor galley, shall move upon the seas without a safe-conduct from the King of Arragon; nor shall a fish lift his head above water, unless he show a shield with the arms of Arragon in his mouth!' If a derivation for the word arrogant were wanted, who would not suppose it to be derived from the national spirit that is indicated in such a speech?

* *Sic se supra mare hostiliter tenentes, fines regni nostri Angliæ, ac aliorum dominiorum nostrorum invadere, et navigium nostrum destruere publice aunt comminati, et sic dominium maris ad se attrahere.*—Letter of Edward III., Sept. 8, 1350.

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But the most remarkable fact which the editor has brought forward, is a discovery made by D. Tomas Gonzalez, among the archives still remaining at Simancas, that, in the year 1543, an invention for propelling ships even in a calm, without aid of oars or sails, was laid before Charles V. by a sea-captain named Blasco de Garay. The secret of his invention Garay refused to communicate, and it was not till after much opposition that he obtained permission to make a public trial of it at Barcelona, in presence of D. Enrique de Toledo, of the governor, D. Pedro Cardona, and other persons deputed to witness the experiment, some on the shore, others in the vessel itself. The apparatus was affixed to a ship of two hundred tons, which had come from Colibre with a load of corn; it consisted of a large cauldron of boiling water, and of certain wheels on both sides of the vessel. One of the commissioners, who had always disapproved the attempt, reported, that a vessel might in this way make two leagues in three hours, but that the machinery was very complicated and costly, and there was evidently a danger that the cauldron would burst. The others appear not to have been persuaded of the danger: they said the vessel went at the rate of a league an hour at least, and that it tacked in half the time required for bringing a galley round. After the experiment, the machinery was removed, and the wood-work being deposited in the arsenal, Garay took the other part into his own keeping, lest the principle of his invention should be discovered. He was rewarded with a grant of money and an increase of rank; and Señor Gonzalez says, that if the Emperor had not been at that time engaged in an expedition, the experiment would have been pursued.

It appears also, that the Spaniards were acquainted, in the sixteenth century, with the art of rendering sea-water drinkable by distillation. The discovery was made by a Sicilian, *hombre de buen juicio y entendimiento;* but Señor Navarrete claims the credit of it for Spain, because Sicily was at that time subject to the Spanish crown. Whatever may be thought of such a claim, the Spaniards profited by the invention, and one of their garrisons, when besieged in a fortress by the Turks in 1566, supplied the want of fresh water by this means. An apparatus for this distillation was taken out by the navigator Quiros, in his voyage to the South Seas; but, though it succeeded perfectly, it proved of little use for want of fuel. This fact, which has escaped the researches of Admiral Burney, in his very able history of Voyages and Discoveries in the Pacific, was communicated by Señor Navarrete to Luzuriaga and Ciscar, and published by them in the year 1791, in their *Reflexiones sobre las maquinas y maniobras del uso del abordo.* He found it in a relation of the voyage by the

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the chief pilot of the expedition, Gaspar Gonzalez à Leza, preserved among the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Madrid. A few years afterwards the Procurador General of the Philippines, Fernando de los Rios, exhibited an apparatus of the same kind to the Board of Trade at Seville; and the board presented a report concerning it to Philip III. The cost of the apparatus, they said, was three hundred reales (fifteen dollars); it required little wood, took up little room, and, therefore, ought to be used in order that sailors might never be endangered for want of fresh water. The result of the experiment had shown, that, in the space of twenty-four hours, it produced one hundred and forty-four *azumbres* (between sixty and seventy gallons). They recommended, therefore, that ships going to the Philippines should be provided with it, seeing there was no inconvenience in carrying it, and that it might happen to prove of such great importance. Another curious fact in nautical history is noticed in the annotations appended to this preface. In consequence of the damage which Columbus's ships suffered from the worms, the experiment was tried of sheathing ships with lead, in the manner that copper is now used; and an officer was appointed with the title of *Emplomador de naos*, ships-plumber.

A Spaniard, whether he considers the rank which Spain has borne as a European kingdom, or its progress in arts, or its literature, may well be proud of his country: and assuredly it is desirable that all should take a lively interest in the honour of their native land; for where that feeling is wanting, no nation can either become great or remain so. An equitable reader will, therefore, approve, and, in some degree, partake the pleasure with which Señor Navarrete dwells upon the proofs of heroism, national worth, enlarged policy, and advanced knowledge in which the history of Spain abounds. Nor will he be disposed to censure the spirit with which this writer regards the revolutions in Spanish America; revolutions, whereby, at an enormous cost of human life and human misery, the Spanish Americans have rendered themselves independent,—before they were, in any respect, prepared for independence. This feeling is common to all Spaniards, however opposed to each other in political opinions. The most revolutionary government that could have been established in Spain, would have been not less reluctant than the descendant and representative of the Catholic kings to treat with the revolted colonies and recognize them as so many independent states. It is when he wishes to dissemble the crimes committed in the conquest that Navarrete is censurable, and when he endeavours to find a miserable excuse for those which he cannot but acknowledge, in recriminating charges, which, were they as true as they are

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are groundless, would not, in the slightest degree, extenuate the national guilt. Every nation (our own as well as others) has, God knows, manifold sins and wickednesses of which to repent,—sins in which the government and the people have partaken, and for which we may be assured forgiveness will not be obtained even from infinite goodness and mercy, unless there be a due and effectual repentance; but, upon no other known nation lies there such a burden of national guilt as Spain contracted in its American conquests. Had the discovery and conquest of those countries been made by any other European people, at that time, there is no reason to believe that more humanity or more justice would have been evinced; there might have been as much rapacity, as much cruelty,—perhaps not so much indefatigable enterprise and invincible resolution; but, in the order of Providence, the Spaniards were chosen for this work. They were chosen (for this may well be believed) to be the ministers of vengeance upon national offences, in kind the same, and in degree as great as those of the Canaanites: and the Israelites do not fall so far short in the execution of their charge, as the Spaniards went beyond the limits which, even upon their own principles, ought not to have been exceeded. The crime has drawn after it its punishment in just and necessary consequences; and they who look only to secondary causes may trace to its conquests in America the present humiliation and wretched state of Spain.

The first historians of the conquest did not attempt to conceal or to extenuate the enormities which their countrymen committed: they related them faithfully, and sometimes with an expression of natural feeling; but more often with the complacency of men who believed that the Pope's warrant justified every thing which was done in the King of Spain's service. It was the age of Machiavelli and Torquemada: to men, therefore, who kept pace with the 'march of intellect,' and the 'spirit of the times,' nothing could appear too bloody or too base, if it tended to promote their political or personal interest, or the advancement of the Roman Catholic faith. A dreadful state of public feeling, when ambition, and avarice, and bigotry acted in perfect concert, and a deluded conscience made the worst regard their own actions with complacency, and even account them among the good works which were to help them to salvation! There was, however, one of these historians, the well-known Bartolomé de las Casas, who, though a Spaniard, and a friar, and of the Dominican order, regarded the proceedings of his countrymen as they have since been regarded by just and humane men of all countries. The Dominicans have attempted to impugn the authenticity of his *Brevissima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias*, which with the

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the disgusting prints, wherewith De Bry accompanied it, has contributed more than any, or all other works, to make the atrocities of the first conquerors and settlers as generally detested as they are generally known. Fr. Juan Melendez, in his history of the Dominican province of St. John the Baptist, in Peru, affirms that this relation is a supposititious work, composed by a Frenchman in French, translated into Spanish, and printed at Lyons, with the false date of Seville, *para que todo puse falso, el nombre del autor, la sustancia de la obra, y la impresion de la ciudad.* And in corroboration of this, Dr. D. Francesco Antonio de Montalvo, in a sort of preface, which he calls *Inicio* to this work of Melendez, reports the declaration of a certain Monsieur François de Luceu, that he had seen the original French manuscript in his father's house. The allegation comes from a suspicious quarter; it rests upon evidence which does not carry with it the slightest weight: and in the matter of fact to which it appeals, a bibliologist with the book before him (it is a very distinguished one who has assured us of this) may unhesitatingly pronounce that the story is, in this part, certainly and demonstrably false. That the relation is, in some things, exaggerated, and greatly so, may be admitted; and it is made to appear so by the hideous illustrations, with which, according to the custom of that age, it spoke to the eyes and senses of the multitude. In any relation of calamities and horrors wherein numbers are concerned, there is generally some exaggeration, into which men are led by the warmth of their feelings as unconsciously as they are betrayed into it in the freedom and carelessness of familiar conversation.

But the most important work of Las Casas, his 'Historia General de las Indias,' in three volumes, is still withheld from the public. The original manuscripts of the two first are preserved in the library of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid; that of the third in the Royal Library. In this work, which brings down the course of events to the year 1520, he is said to have displayed great learning, with little judgement, copying many original documents, and extracting from others with faithful accuracy, and so far being worthy of high estimation and perfect credit; but in other parts, relating things upon hearsay, or as he could imperfectly call them to mind after an interval of many years, (for he began the work in the fifty-third year of his age, and concluded it at the great age of eighty-four,) and, therefore, confusing time and place, causes and circumstances. Nevertheless, because he was himself a witness of much that he relates, and because many authentic documents, which exist nowhere else, are preserved therein, this history has been the fountain head to which many of his countrymen

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men have resorted, and more especially Herrera, in his invaluable 'Decades.' But, because these writers have made this use of his materials with a more critical judgement than he possessed, and with more prudence and circumspection than he exercised in arranging them, the Royal Academy of History, after carefully considering the first book of this celebrated work, decided that its publication would not be expedient;—significant expressions, which can only lead to a suspicion, that, however inaccurate and ill arranged it may be, the true reason for suppressing it has been that it corroborates too strongly the horrible statements in his Short Relation. There is a note in the manuscript, written by Las Casas in his 86th year, wherein he bequeaths this work, in trust, to the college of San Gregorio, in Valladolid, belonging to his order, requesting of the prelates of that college, that they will not allow it to be perused by collegians or laymen, for forty years after his death; at the expiration of which term it might be published, he said, if that should be deemed conducive to the advantage of the Indians, and of Spain. The motives for this injunction were evidently such as might be expected to influence so good a man. The actors, in the dismal tragedy which he related, had gone before him, to answer for their sins;—it was desirable, for the sake of posterity, that the memory of their evil deeds should not be buried with them; and living, as he did, to extreme old age, he might well conclude that, after another interval of forty years, no person would be left, whose natural piety would be wounded by the exposure of their fathers' offences. There is an obvious injustice in keeping back accusations till a time when it may no longer be possible to disprove them; but Las Casas is not to be classed among the writers of secret history. He had no intrigues to unravel; nor did he pretend to enter into the secret thoughts of men. The actions which he recorded were public, and related to nothing less than the subversion of powerful states—the degradation of populous nations to a condition of the most miserable servitude—and the extirpation, in the islands, of the original inhabitants,—even the whole race! Could these transactions be blotted from the book of history—could all remembrance of them be abolished, it might, perhaps, be well for human nature, according to the poet's maxim, that,

'Of acts so ill, examples are not good'——

but this cannot be. The history of the discoveries and conquest is before the world; and the Spaniards act unwisely in withholding this work of Las Casas, which, probably, contains nothing whereof the substance is not already known, and which cannot possibly redound more to the dishonour of the conquerors, than it must be supposed to do, so long as it is suppressed.

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The suppression would be more censurable, if it were supposed to proceed from a disposition to extenuate, and, as far as possible, to defend those old sins of the nation, which must still be imputed to it as such, till they are acknowledged and confessed. But, of all such sins, those which are connected with the military renown of a nation, are the last to the guilt of which men become sensible. Thus it is that the French so easily overlook the enormities committed by Louis XIV. in his career of ambition, appearing, indeed, to have no perception of their iniquity; and thus it is that, till there prevails a better moral feeling in that country, there will still be a numerous class there to whom the memory of Buonaparte will be precious. So among the Spaniards, although there are many who reprobate, as it deserves, the system of intolerance, which began with Ferdinand and Isabella, and was continued under the Bourbon as well as the Austrian dynasty; yet, the very persons who pronounced the name of the holy office with merited execrations; and spoke of Philip II., without reserve, as a bigoted and merciless oppressor, still regarded the conquest of America as a glorious event for Spain, and enumerated Cortes and Pizarro among the national heroes. In the splendid achievements of the one, (the most splendid that ever were achieved, if all considerations of humanity and justice could be laid aside) in the surprising success of the other, and in the determined and invincible resolution with which each pursued his enterprise to the end, they lose sight of the injustice in which the enterprise originated, and the abominable cruelties which were committed in their course—not in the heat of ferocious passions, when exasperated to their height—but coolly, deliberately, systematically, and continuously. How far this feeling prevails—how far there is still a disposition in the Spaniards to vindicate the principles upon which the conquests were undertaken and effected, with all their consequences, may be seen by what Señor Navarrete says of Las Casas:—

'To understand the singular character of this writer, it is necessary to premise, that his opinion concerning the conquest of the New World may be reduced to this:—That the authority of the Pope extended no farther than lawfully to constitute the (Catholic) kings sovereigns of the discovered countries, conceding to them nothing more than a certain supremacy. Notwithstanding which, the native kings and chiefs were to remain, with their own immediate authority, and with their respective subjects, as in former times; for this, he argued, was convenient for establishing the Christian religion there, the only grounds, in his conception, upon which a title could be maintained. In fine, evangelical meekness, charity, and peaceful preaching, were the only arms which the bishop would have employed in this spiritual conquest; consequently, whatever departed from this principle is, in his eyes, a crime, an usurpation, a tyranny, an outrage. If the admiral (Columbus)

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bus) proposes the means which he deemed most prudent for subjugating the island of Hispaniola, the bishop sees in this nothing but the oppression and destruction of the Indians. If he selects some of them to serve for interpreters, or to present them to the Catholic kings, he looks upon it as an injustice, and an offence against God and our neighbour, to carry them away against their will, and separate them from their families, although only for a time. If he imposes upon them the obligation of paying some tribute, for defraying the expenses of the expedition, or in order that the kings may see the riches, or the productions of those countries, he qualifies these measures as tyrannical and violent. In fact, Las Casas is to be described, as being influenced always less by a sound judgement, than by a heated imagination—less by sane criticism, than by an importunate and acrimonious zeal—less by policy and knowledge of the world, than by a certain austerity belonging to the cloister; and always more prone to reprove, to cavil, and to reproach, in his relation of events, than to weigh their consequences, to investigate their circumstances, and estimate their real desert. Las Casas, in fine, appears always a prelate and a religionist, full of virtue and of erudition—a diligent and veracious writer, entirely worthy of respect and esteem, except when stumbling against his text, or dominant idea, he comes upon his system of dominion in the Indies.'—pp. 73, 74.

Without such proof before us as is contained in this passage, it would be difficult to believe that Las Casas is, at this day, accounted a visionary by his countrymen—a fantastic theorist—a man led astray by notions of extravagant humanity, because he was of opinion that the pope might invest the kings of Spain with such temporal authority over the undiscovered parts of the world, as the servant of the servants of God claimed for himself over the whole of it; but that, though this power entitled him to regulate and convert the people, the right of conquering and enslaving them was not included in it; and because, as a statesman, he was weak enough to think that Columbus acted cruelly in kidnapping Indians for the purpose of carrying them to Spain, and in tyrannically imposing tribute upon caciques, who had received him with unsuspicious and hospitable kindness.

To Las Casas it is that we are indebted for so much of Columbus's original journals as is preserved in the account of his first voyage, here, for the first time, published.

The birth-place of Columbus, concerning which there has been as much disputation as concerning that of Homer, is, it may be hoped, definitively settled, by his own authority, in his will. The will itself is not existing in its original, nor in a copy, legally authenticated; but the copy has been produced in various lawsuits, relating to the property of his descendants; and Señor Navarrete finds reason for believing that it was annulled the year after it was made—none for doubting its authenticity. Galeano Napione,

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Napione, in a dissertation originally printed in the memoirs of the Academy of Turin, and re-published, with large additions, in a separate volume, at Florence (1808,) adduced arguments for fixing his birth-place at Cuccaro, in Monferrat. But in his will Columbus twice speaks of Genoa,* as the place where he was born, and enjoins his representatives always to maintain† an establishment in that city, for one of his lineage, and to do every thing in their power for the honour and service of Genoa, which may not be contrary to the service of the church, or of the kings of Spain.

Mr. Turner, in a note to his very valuable History of England, during the Middle Ages, inquires whether Columbus may not have been the person, whom, by the name of Christofre Colyns, Richard III. appointed constable, or military commandant of the castle of Queenborough, in the Isle of Shepey, in the years 1484, 5, giving him a ship, which had been forfeited, and an annuity of 100*l.* for twenty years. That Columbus had been in England appears certain—but nothing appears among the documents in these volumes to confirm or weaken the conjecture, that he may have been the person mentioned in these grants. We may, however, be thankful that his name is not more certainly connected with British history; and that when 'the tender,' as Lord Bacon says, 'of that great empire of the West Indies,' was made to Henry VII., what men call accident, delayed it; and thus the conquests were, 'by Providence, then reserved for the crown of Castile.' There was a work of Providence (a fearful one!) to be performed in that quarter, for which the Spaniards were the fittest, and, therefore, the appointed instruments. Had Bartholomew Columbus not been intercepted by pirates on his way to England, Henry would probably have concluded an engagement with him in time. The proposals which, owing to this cause, were frustrated here, were declined by the court of Portugal; and the Portuguese have sometimes been inconsiderately censured, for letting the golden opportunity escape, when it was presented to them. But they refused it for valid reasons. The persons to whom it was referred were better cosmographers than Columbus himself. They knew that, by continuing to pursue the course wherein they were engaged, they should reach Calicut; and, being in the right course, they would not be persuaded to take that, which, though it led to the discovery of America, was the wrong way to India.

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* *Siendo yo nacido en Genova*, t. ii. 228.

† *Item, mando al dicho D. Diego, mi hijo, ó á la persona que heredare el dicho mayorazgo, que tenga y sostenga siempre en la ciudad de Génova una persona de nuestro linage, que tenga alli casa é muger, é le ordene renta con que pueda vivir honestamente, como persona tan llegada a nuestro linage, y haga pie y raiz en la dicha ciudad como natural della, porque podrá haber de la dicha ciudad ayuda é favor en las cosas del menester suyo*, pues que della sali y en ella naci.—Ib, 232.

Columbus

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Columbus had been confirmed in his opinion by Paolo Toscanelli, an astronomer of great reputation, who constructed a gnomon, at Florence, about the year 1468; and, in 1474, had been consulted by the king of Portugal concerning a western route to India. Toscanelli, on that occasion, formed a chart, in which he set down 'the farthest bounds of the west, beginning from Ireland to the south, to the end of Guinea, with all the islands upon the way, opposite to which, due west, was delineated the beginning of India, with the isles and places on the way, and how far you might bend from the arctic pole by the equinoctial line, and for how long a time—that is, in how many leagues you might come to those nations, which were so rich in spicery, and in precious stones.' The astronomer had conversed at Rome with an ambassador from the Great Khan, and with many persons who had travelled in the east; and Columbus, whose own reasonings led to the same conclusion, was fully persuaded of an opinion, which would have been correct, as to the course, though not the distance, if America had not lain in the way. But his abode at Lisbon, and his marriage with the daughter of Perestrello, had familiarized him with the subject of maritime discoveries, in which Portugal for half a century had been engaged, and in which his father-in-law had borne a part. Nothing, indeed, is more common, in the romances of that age, than for knights-errant to be driven by storms into unknown seas, and there to conquer such islands as Sancho expected for his reward; and in romances of an earlier date, and different kind, but which were intended to pass for truth, saints are sometimes described as cruising in search of islands, either to lead a hermit's life there, or to colonize them with monks. How much or how little truth there may be in the story of the Portuguese pilot, it is impossible to ascertain; but certain it is that no subject occupied the thoughts both of speculative and adventurous persons in Portugal, at that time, so much as maritime discovery; and it is said, by Columbus himself,* that others had spoken and written, concerning the lands he had discovered; but it was only upon conjecture, no one asserting that he had seen them; and, therefore, what they said was regarded rather as fabulous than as true. There is a passage, also, in the introduction of his first journal, addressed to the Catholic kings, which hints at doubtful† stories of voyages in this direction. There

* '*Porque aunque destas tierras hayan fablado otros, todo va por conjectura sin alegar de vista; salvo comprendiendo tanto que los oyentes los mas escuchaban y juzgaban mas por fabla que por otra cosa dello.*' This occurs in his letter to Luis de Santangel, now first printed from the original at Simancas (t. i. 174.) In the Latin translation of a letter (the same in substance) to Rafael Sanchez, the original of which has perished, he says, *si harum insularum quidpiam aliqui scripserunt, aut locuti sunt; omnes per ambages et conjecturas, nemo se eas vidisse asserit; unde prope videbatur fabula.*—Ib. 194.

† *Ordenaron que yo no fuese por tierra al Oriente, por donde se costumbra de andar, salvo*

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There was a tendency to religious enthusiasm in Columbus, amounting, indeed, almost to insanity, in the latter part of his life, when wrongs and indignities had exasperated; and he was at the same time in a state of mental excitement and of bodily exhaustion. This temper is but little manifested in the journals of his first voyage, the whole substance of which appears to have been preserved by Las Casas, and, for the most part, in his own words; but it existed, even then, in sufficient strength to have preserved him from the cupidity, the mere worldly spirit, by which most of the principal conquerors, as they are called, (perhaps all with the exception of Cortes,) were possessed. He was ambitious, and to the highest degree, of fame for himself, and so solicitous also, as the reward of those services on which his own fame would rest, to secure rank and honours for his posterity. But he regarded not the acquisition of wealth for its own sake, and before he left Spain solemnly assured the king and queen, that whatever his share in the profits of the expedition might amount to, it should be devoted to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels. This feeling was accompanied with such opinions and principles as were perfectly orthodox at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella; after that unhappy queen had delivered over her uneasy conscience to the keeping of that hell-hound Torquemada the Inquisitor. 'I trust in our Lord,' says he, 'that your highnesses will, with much diligence, determine upon bringing these numerous nations to the Church, and converting them, as ye have rooted out those who would not acknowledge the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit; and that after your days, (seeing we all are mortal,) you will leave your kingdom in a state of great tranquillity, cleansed from heresy and wickedness, and will be well received before the eternal Creator, who may it please to grant you length of life, and great addition of still greater kingdoms and dominions, and disposition and will therewith to extend the holy Christian religion as you have hitherto done:—amen.' The circumstances to which he alludes, as thus meritorious, were the expulsion, the compulsory conversion, and the subsequent persecution of the Jews; the commencement of that determined and remorseless system of intolerance, which, being then established in that country, began, from that time, to eat like a cancer into the bosom of the commonweal and consume its strength. 'Your highnesses,' says he, 'ought not to allow that any foreigner should trade to those parts or set foot here; only Catholic Christians; since the beginning and end of this undertaking were for the increase and glory of the Christian religion; no one, therefore,

*salvo per el camino de occidente. Pordonde hasta hoy, no sabemos* por cierta *si que haya pasado nadre.*—t. ii.



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who is not a good Christan should come to these parts.' The Editor observes, in a note upon this passage, that the advice was followed with good reason in the laws for the Indies, and that it was impartial, having been given by a foreigner, though one who was naturalized in Spain. Thus, even now, the colonial policy of Spain is extolled in that country, after the consequences of such a system have been seen, and at a time when the miserable state of moral and intellectual degradation that it produced in the colonies has been fully disclosed, and is notorious to the rest of Europe!

Columbus went also with a full persuasion, that the countries which he might discover, and all therein, belonged, by right of that discovery, to the crown of Castille. 'My wish,' says he, in the journal, 'was not to pass by any island without taking possession of it, though, in fact, doing this with one may be said to have done it with all.' And in his letter to Santangel, he says, 'I have found many islands, inhabited by people without number, and I took possession of them all, with proclamation and the royal standard displayed, and it was not gainsaid.' It was evident that he attached great importance to this formality; and it seems as if he had not asked himself wherefore or how the people should gainsay a ceremony, the intent of which was as unintelligible to them, as any declaration on their part would have been to him. Other nations, undoubtedly, have proceeded upon the right of discovery; and, with respect to countries uninhabited, or inhabited only by mere savages, the right is valid. But no other nation ever deduced from it such practical consequence as the Spaniards. Columbus's first thought upon seeing the natives was, that they would make good servants,—*ellos deben ser buenos servidores*, (p. 22.) 'Your majesties,' he says, 'may be assured, that this island of Hispaniola, and all the others, are as much yours as Castille; nothing is wanting but to make an establishment here, and command the natives to do what you may think fit; for, with the people that I have with me, few as they are, I could overrun this island without danger. I have seen a whole multitude of these Indians fly before three sailors, when they stepped on shore, though no injury was offered them. They have no weapons, and they are all naked, and of no skill in arms, and so cowardly that a thousand of them will not stand against three;—fit persons, therefore, to be put under authority, and to be made to labour and sow the fields, and do whatever else is necessary, and to form towns, and be taught to clothe themselves, and follow our customs.' (pp. 93-4.) And, in another place, he offers the king as many slaves as he may please to have imported, 'all idolaters.' If such passages naturally remind us of our own voyages of discovery in

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in the Pacific, it behoves us to bear in mind, that the striking difference is, not between Columbus and Cook, still less between Spaniards and Englishmen, but between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. The march of intellect (flatter ourselves as we may!) is, in some cases, like that of a lobster, retrograde; and in others, some of those too where it is most vaunted, of crab-like obliquity in its direction; but, as regards humanity and justice in these things, it has advanced steadily, and in the right course.

Having, when off Cuba, seized five young men, who came unsuspiciously on board the ship, and meaning to carry them to Spain, Columbus sent on shore and carried off seven women and girls, and three boys, being all the persons who were in the nearest habitation. Las Casas has preserved his own words in the relation. 'I did this,' says Columbus, 'because men do better in Spain when they have women of their own country than without them: for it often happens that men are brought from Guinea to Portugal, in order that they may learn the language there, and afterwards the Portuguese have taken them back and hoped to derive some benefit from them in Guinea, for the good usage with which they have been entertained and the presents which have been given them; but, once on their own shores they never appear again; but having their women, they will have an interest in doing what they are required to do: and, moreover, the women will instruct our people greatly in their speech, which throughout all these islands of India is the same; for they all understand each other, and frequent them all in their canoes. This night the husband of one of the women, and father of three of the children, a boy and two girls, came on board in his canoe, and requested that I would permit him to go with them. This pleased me much, and they are now all comforted with him, for they seem to be all related; he is now five and forty years of age.' (p. 55.) Another time he fell in with an old man who gave him an account of many islands, within the compass of an hundred leagues, and how they abounded in gold, and in what direction they lay, as well as they could comprehend his signs. Columbus would fain have taken so useful a guide, and thought, that if they could have spoken his language he might have been persuaded to go with them willingly; but as this was impossible, and the old man was a person of rank, and, moreover, because he regarded all these people as subjects of the king of Castille, for which reason no wrong ought to be done them, he determined not to take him away by force. There is a humanity in these passages, inconsistent as it is, which distinguishes Columbus from those who came after him.

At that time he saw nothing in the people but their good quali-



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ties; and nothing in the country but its beauty, its fertility, and its riches, in all which his most sanguine hopes had been surpassed. 'I and my companions,' said Cortes, 'have a certain disease of the heart, and gold is helpful in it!' He said this to delude the Indians, but, undoubtedly, with a feeling of the severe truth which it expressed. Columbus had not that disease; he had the fever of ambition upon him, but the *auri sacra fames*, as far as it affected him, was in some degree a sanctified, or, at least, an ennobled feeling; and having devoted the gold which he might find to what he deemed a religious object of the greatest importance, he may be said to have sought for it religiously. 'Wouldst thou,' says Quarles, 'know the lawfulness of the action which thou desirest to undertake, let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing: if it be lawful, thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer; if unlawful, thou shalt find thy prayer discouraged by thy heart. That action is not warrantable, which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, dares not present thanksgiving.' Columbus could pray for success on his inquiry for the mines, and expect it for the motives; the only ones of which he was conscious. 'Our Lord,' said he, 'who hath all things in his hand, will look to my help in this, and give it me as shall be for his service.' Cortes, and Pizarro, and Quesada, could have entertained no such thoughts. He suspected that the Indians of Hispaniola, hospitable and generous as they were, and unsuspicious as he found them in all other things, were deceiving him when they represented that the gold which he saw was brought from another country; and the event showed that he was not mistaken in this. His own opinion was, that he was near the fountain-head; 'he believed,' says Las Casas, 'that our Lord would show him where the gold grew.' The Spaniards, indeed, had so far misinterpreted the signs of the old Indian, whom, for his knowledge of the surrounding islands, they wished to have taken with them, as to imagine that he described to them one which was entirely composed of gold, (*que era todo oro.*) This, or anything, Columbus and his companions could have believed; for, in that age, nothing was deemed incredible, and no men were ever placed in circumstances more likely to excite the highest degree of wonder, and expectation, and credulity.

If any man has attained the height of his most ambitious desires, it was Columbus at this time; and, as yet, there had been nothing to lessen the fulness of his contentment,—nothing to alloy a happiness, the purest as well as the highest of its kind. He had succeeded in an expedition which had been deemed extravagant and impracticable; and though mistaken in the opinion that what

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what he had discovered was a part of India, within easy distance of Marco Polo's Cipango, and of the great Emperor of Cathay, there could be no doubt concerning the magnitude and importance of the discoveries which he had made—in fact they were, in their consequence, infinitely more important than the result would have been if it had verified his hypothesis; to all that had hitherto occurred there was nothing which, in the hour of soberest reflection, or of gloomiest despondency, could trouble his conscience with an uneasy thought, had it been more sensitive than it was. No violence had yet been offered to the natives, no wrong done, except in kidnapping the intended interpreters, which was considered to be a matter of course, perfectly justifiable on the ground of expedience; and more than justified by the consideration that they would be baptized in Spain. Upon perusing any history of his first voyage, and, more especially, that in the present collection, where the first impressions of the discoveries are related, for the most part, in Columbus's own words, and neither corrected from subsequent knowledge, nor interpolated with after-thoughts, we are forcibly reminded of the opinions formed by Cook and his predecessors of the South Sea Islanders; by Captain Wilson, of the inhabitants of the Pellew; and by the crews of the Alceste and Lyra, of the Loo-choo people. In all these cases the Europeans fancied themselves among a race who still retained much of the innocence and more of the happiness belonging, in fiction, to the golden and, in truth, to the patriarchal age. Erroneous as, in all these instances, the supposition proved, it is, nevertheless, creditable that it should have been formed; on the one part it indicates a disposition, to believe in more goodness than existed; while, on the other, there existed enough to show that human nature, under circumstances tending dreadfully to degrade it, retains something of its original worth. 'I have seen and learnt,' says Columbus, 'that these people are of no sect, and are not idolaters, but are very gentle, and know not what evil is, and never kill others, nor make them prisoners; and they are without weapons, and so timid, that a hundred of them will fly before one of our men, though he only sport with them: and they are ready to believe, and they know, that there is a God in heaven, and are firmly persuaded that we come from thence; and are very ready to repeat any prayer which we teach them to say; and they make the sign of the cross.' (pp. 53-4.)—'Surely,' says Peter Martire, in his first decade, 'if they had received our religion I should think their life most happy of all men: a few things content them, having no delight in such superfluities, for the which, in other places, men take such infinite pains, and commit many unlawful acts, and yet are never satisfied;

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satisfied; whereas many have too much, and none enough. But among these simple souls, a few clothes serve the naked; weights and measures are not needful to such as possess not skill of craft and deceit, and have not the use of pestiferous money, the seed of innumerable mischiefs; so that, if we shall not be ashamed to confess the truth, they seem to live in that golden world, of the which old writers speak so much, wherein men lived simply and innocently, without enforcement of laws, without quarrelling, judges, and libels; content only to satisfy nature, without further vexation for knowledge of things to come.'*—'They seem to live in the golden world without toil, living in open gardens, not intrenched with ditches, divided with hedges, or defended with walls: they deal truly one with another, without laws, without book, and without judges; they take him for an evil and mischievous man, which taketh pleasure in doing hurt to others.'† It will be seen how different an opinion was soon formed.

As Columbus saw no evil in the people, so he apprehended none from the climate, which has since proved so tremendously destructive to Europeans. In the account of his discovery, which he wrote on his passage home during a storm, and threw overboard in forlorn hope, that if he perished all knowledge of what he had done might not be lost with him, he said that, there were no storms in those parts, and that this was manifest, because herbs and trees grew close upon the edge of the shore, even in the water. The agony of his hopes and fears upon this most perilous and dreadful passage is strikingly represented in the epitome of his journal—'It seemed to him,' says Las Casas, 'that his extreme desire to carry home such great tidings, and to prove that he had accomplished what he had said and undertaken to discover, produced in him the greatest fear of failing; and that any fly, he said, might interrupt and prevent it. This he attributed to his little faith and want of confidence in Divine Providence. On the other hand, he was comforted by reflecting on the mercies which God had shown him, in giving him so great a victory as that of discovering what he had discovered, and in fulfilling all his desires, after having suffered so many adversities in Castille, and so much opposition. And as he had, from the first, commended the end of his enterprize to God, and its whole conduct, and as God had heard him, and given him all that he prayed for, therefore he ought to believe that the same God would fulfill what had been thus commenced, and carry him home in safety; therefore, he ought not to fear this tempest: and yet his weakness,

* Di Novo Orbe, translated by R. Edin, 1612, p. 15.
† Ib. p. 24.

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and extreme anxiety, he said, would not suffer him to keep his soul at ease.'—Never, indeed, has any other man had so large an inheritance of fame at stake; though, had he and all his comrades perished in their homeward passage, and every memorial of this success with them, America would have been made known to Europe only eight years later, the time, when all things, in the order of Providence, were ripe for its discovery, being come.

Many persons, according to Oviedo, suspected that Columbus purposely ran his ship aground at Hispaniola, thereby to have a pretext for leaving a party of his men there. If this had been the case, it is not likely that it would have been intimated in his journal; but the journal disproves it; for Columbus says there, that if the crew had put out an anchor, as he commanded them, the ship would have been saved, and he considered it a special determination of Providence that the ship should thus be lost, through this disobedience or treason, as he called it. They were mostly Genoese, and instead of obeying his orders, they deserted him and the ship, and made for the caravel, which was half a league off. It is more probable, if he had acted from choice, and not from necessity, that he would have left only two or three persons to learn the language, (volunteers would easily have been found,) rather than a party numerous enough to be rendered insolent by confidence in their strength, and whose character and previous conduct must have led him to apprehend the consequences. The expedition had been considered to be so perilous, that even desperate men were not willing to engage in it; and it had, therefore, become necessary to tempt such persons into the service, by what may be termed a legal indulgence. All criminal procedures against them were suspended by a royal order, and the suspension was to continue till the expiration of two months after their return to their respective dwelling-places. Columbus himself solicited that order, and could not have manned his vessel without it. He knew their character, therefore, and they did not belie it upon the voyage. Among the seven and thirty, who were left at Hispaniola, were one Irish and one Englishman; the name of the latter, *Tallarte de Lajes*, is so disfigured, that nothing English can be recognized in it; and the former is described as William the Irishman, *Guillermo Ires*, native of Galway, *natural de Galwey, en Irlanda*. Some claim to remembrance it may be deemed, though a poor one, to have been the first of their respective nations who perished in a land where so many of their countrymen have found untimely graves. Martin Alonzo Pinzon remonstrated against the determination of leaving such a handful of men so far from Spain, and from all succour. They would, however, have been perfectly safe, if they had not, by their villainous conduct towards

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wards the native women, provoked their fate. The most unfortunate man in the expedition was the sailor (a native of Lepe) who, upon seeing a light on shore during the night, first cried 'Land!' but was refused the reward, to which he thought himself entitled, because Columbus had previously observed it, and spoke of it to two persons. Some share of the reward should have been given to the man who first proclaimed the discovery; he felt himself wronged, and in resentment, which sufficiently shows the desperate hardness of his character, he passed over to Africa, and there renounced his faith.

The second expedition consisted of a very different class of adventurers; there went in it, says Oviedo, religious persons, knights and hidalgos, and honourable men, such as they ought to be, to go to establish themselves in new countries, and, by rightful and holy means, to introduce spiritual and temporal civilization. The account of this second voyage, which Señor Navarrete has published, was written by a certain Dr. Chanca, who went out as a physician in the fleet, and wrote this relation from the West Indies, to the cabildo of Seville, his native place. It had evidently been among the materials from which the Curé de los Palacios, Andres Bernaldez, composed the chapters in his history, relating to the discoveries; and it accords, also, with Pietro Martire's account well enough to confirm the credibility of that writer, if it needed confirmation; but it is now, for the first time, printed. A memorial, also, is printed from the original, and for the first time, which Columbus sent him from the city of Isabella, with the reply of the Catholic kings to each of his representations and requests. The fate of the wretches, whom he had left there, had taught him that the inhabitants were not so perfectly inoffensive as he had supposed them to be; and he spoke of the cacique Caonabo as a bad man, and bolder than he was bad, '*es hombre, segun relacion de todos, muy malo, y muy mas atrevido.*' There is a stain upon the character of Columbus, respecting this Caonabo, who was not a native of Hispaniola, but a Carib adventurer, established there—not by conquest, or force of arms—but as one who had sought his fortune there, and found it, having obtained for his wife Anacoana, sister of one of the five caciques, and holding himself the rank of cacique, in her right. Her well-known tragedy is among the worst parts of the Spaniards most atrocious history in the island. That of Caonabo was a prelude to it, in which equal treachery was manifested, but equal inhumanity was not intended. The treachery is brought home to Columbus, by his instructions to Mosen Pedro Margarite, published in this collection from an authenticated copy of the original, as preserved among the Indian archives at Seville:—'The course which should be taken for seizing

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seizing Caonabo,' he then says, 'is this. Contreras must take much pains with him, and find means of making him come to confer with you, that his capture may be more securely effected; and because he goes naked, and it will, therefore, be bad to hold him; and if he once get loose and fly, it will not be possible to lay hands on him again, because of the nature of the country; for this reason, when he comes to confer with you, you must give him a shirt, and induce him incontinently to put it on, and a cloak also, and fasten it with a girdle, and put him on a *toca* or handkerchief on his head, by which means you may hold him fast, so that he cannot get loose; and you must also take his brothers, who will come with him. And if, perchance, the said Caonabo should be indisposed, so that he cannot come to you, in that case you must prevail upon him to receive a visit from you; and, before you go, let Contreras go first, to give him confidence, (*por le asegurar*) telling him that you are coming to see and make acquaintance, and have friendship with him.' (vol. ii. pp. 112-13.) A longer train of treachery was to be laid, by sending him presents, and assuring him that Columbus would always send him some of the things which were brought from Spain, Margarite being directed to go on dealing with him thus, till he could obtain his friendship, that he might get him more easily into his hands,—*tratallo assi de palabra, hasta que tengais amistad con él, para podelle mejor haber.*

Columbus's ambition was of a higher order than that of his contemporaries; it appears not to have been debased by cupidity or selfishness of any kind; but, in the sense of honour or of humanity, he was not beyond his age. Where, indeed, was honour to be learnt in the age of Machiavelli and the Borgias? And how was humanity to be preserved at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella?—In the same instructions to Margarite he orders him, if any of the Indians should be caught thieving, to cut off their ears and noses, because the loss of those members could not be concealed. To the natives themselves this would appear less barbarous than to us, because theft was invariably punished by them with death, and of the cruellest kind. It is said to have been the only offence which they regarded as a crime, and as it was in every case inhumanly punished, without remission, it very rarely occurred. The cause for this extreme severity has not been explained, nor does it seem easily explicable; for, in their state of society, the temptation to theft was little, and the wrong which could have been done by it was not much. As, however, they looked upon theft with such great abhorrence, they were not likely to be shocked at the barbarous mutilation which Columbus appointed for it; and we should remember that later navigators, in humaner ages—even down

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down to recent times—have made no scruples of firing at savages, when they have caught them in the act of pilfering; and have fancied themselves justified in taking away life for an offence which, in Europe, would have called forth no heavier sentence than a short imprisonment, and, perhaps, a few stripes. Columbus enjoined also, as what ought, above all things, to be observed, that no injury should be offered to the natives, nor any thing taken from them against their will; but that they should be respectfully treated, and taught to confide in the Spaniards, so that there might be no danger of their rising against them. It has been seen how complacently he regarded them as lawful subjects of the kings of Castille, by right of discovery, and of the formal possession which he had taken. Oviedo (not otherwise a credulous writer) devised another title: he was imposed upon by the forged Berosus, and believing, upon that authority, that the Hesperides were named after Hesper, king of Spain, and assuming that the West India islands were the Hesperides, he inferred, in Spanish gravity, of weighty asseveration, *indubitadamente*, (a word extending through seven syllables of longitude,) that they had belonged to the Spanish crown three thousand one hundred and ninety-three years before the time of his then writing, and, consequently, upon the maxim *nullum tempus ocurrit regi*, that this most ancient right revived upon the re-discovery. This right of inheritance had not occurred to Columbus;—he rested upon that of discovery; and that discovery might possibly have proved a blessing to the natives, if, most unhappily for them, and for the Spaniards also, Hispaniola had not been found fatally productive of gold.

The right of conquest, whether with or without a plea, was in those ages universally acquiesced in. How, indeed, should it have been disputed, when every existing state had been founded by arms; and every great family throughout Europe traced its pedigree to some successful warrior?—Of the two motives which Columbus held out to Ferdinand and Isabella, for pursuing the enterprise which they had so successfully began,—one was the glory of extending their dominions—the other, that of propagating the faith. The Catholic kings were sensible of both. Faith stood in the place of charity with them, which it excluded,—and in this it has a multitude of sins to cover. 'Those right fortunate princes,' says Oviedo, 'despatched Columbus from their royal camp before Granada—from that town called Santa Fé, which they had founded in the midst of their army, and in that town, or, more rightly speaking, in that *Santa Fé*—that same holy faith, which existed in their royal hearts, this discovery had its * beginning.' They replied

* '*Y desde aquel real y campo, aquellos bienaventurados principes le despecharon a Colon, en aquella villa que en medio de sus exercitos fundaron, llamada Santa Fé: y en ella, y mejor diziendo, en la misma santa fé, que en aquellos corazones reales estava, ovo principio este descubrimiento*, ff. 5.

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to Columbus when he urged these considerations, that they would prosecute the undertaking, and support it, though stones and rocks were all that should be discovered; the cost they considered as nothing, having incurred far greater for inferior objects, and they held for well spent all that had yet been expended, and all that should be, because they believed it would be for the advancement of the holy faith, and of their royal dominions. The first difficulty which impeded this intended progress of the faith, was the want of interpreters; most of those who had been kidnapped for that purpose on the first expedition, having died on the voyage. To remedy this, Columbus, on his second arrival at Hispaniola, sent home a number of Caribs, whom he had made prisoners on the way; they consisted of men, women, and children, to all whom, he said, it was doing nothing but good thus to transport them to Spain, for thus their inhuman custom of eating human flesh would be effectually put an end to; and, learning the Castilian language there, they would much more readily receive baptism to the profit of their souls. Moreover, he represented that, by attacking and taking the Caribs, the Spaniards acquired great credit among the other islanders, who were dreadfully infested by these cannibals, and stood in the utmost fear of them. He proposed, therefore, that the ships which were to bring out cattle from Castille, should be laden with Carib slaves for their return, the owners being paid in these slaves at a fair valuation: they were a bold, well made, and intelligent race: the more of them that could be taken and sent away into slavery the better, both for their own souls, and for the other islanders; and certain gallies, which he proposed to build, might be employed in capturing them. The Catholic kings hesitated at this proposal, till they should be further advised. The Caribs were afterwards declared enemies who might lawfully be taken and enslaved: it was fitting they should be put under the ban of humanity,—but this permission, like a license of the same kind, which was conceded to the settlers on the continent, gave the slave-hunters as much latitude as they might choose to take.

The Abate Hervas calls the Caribs the Phenicians of America, because of their intrepidity in maritime adventures, and the extent of islands and of coasts over which they had spread themselves. There are points of resemblance between the Canaanites and the American nations, the most civilized, as well as those who were found in a far inferior stage: but it is not to the Phenicians that they may best be likened, and least of all the American nations may the Caribs be compared to a people whose voyages had everywhere the effect, directly or indirectly, of promoting civilization. Their expeditions resembled rather those of the Scandinavian Vikingr: but they exceeded even those worst barbarians in ferocity; for the northern

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northern pirates went in quest of booty, the Caribs in quest of human flesh. Those whom they killed they devoured; they ate also their adult male prisoners; the boys they castrated and reserved to be eaten when they should be full-grown; the women they carried away, and ate the children whom they had by them. Incredible as this may seem, it is too well attested to be called in question. There are no pravities, no atrocities of which human nature is not capable, when abandoned to itself, or when perverted by evil institutions.

The opportunity of acquiring what knowledge the islanders themselves possessed of their own history, and what traditions were preserved among them, was neglected by the first settlers; and the Spaniards made such rapid progress in the work of extermination, that when Oviedo would fain have repaired this negligence it was too late. That all the islanders were of the same race, is proved by the certain fact that the same language, with slight variations, was found everywhere among them. But the Caribs were certainly a later migration from the continent. One account brings them from Guiana to the island of Tobago, another derives them from Florida, and the history of the removal is related at considerable length by Rochefort, upon the authority of *Monsieur Bristok, Gentilhomme Anglois, l'un des plus curieux hommes du monde, et qui, entre ses autres riches connoissances, parle en perfection la langue des Virginiens, et des Floridiens:* but it is absolutely incredible that so full and circumstantial an account, and in the form of sober history, could have been collected among the tribes of Florida or Virginia, or preserved among any savages till the middle of the seventeenth century; and the very groundwork is to be suspected, where there has been so little scruple in filling up the details. Hervas, whose sagacity was by no means equal to his diligence, gave credit to this relation. He advances also a supposition of his own as wild as it is gratuitous, that the Caribs migrated from Florida before the submersion of Plato's Atlantis. It did not occur to him that so tremendous an event as that supposed submersion could not possibly have been forgotten by people who possessed so minute a knowledge of antecedent transactions.

Dismissing these fables, it is certain that the larger islands, and many of the smaller ones, were inhabited before the Caribs established themselves in those seas; and by a people who, although of the same stock, and in the same stage of social advancement,—or rather retrogradation,—differed from them essentially in their state of morals. In this they very much resembled the South Sea Islanders; their superstition seems, however, to have been less bloody, and their manners not wholly so depraved: for the charges which have been brought against them on this score by the Spaniards,

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niards, are to be received with some suspicion. Oviedo, in the same chapter * where he describes the Hispaniolan women as the most abandoned in all the Indies, admits that it was to the Christians (!) that they abandoned themselves, not to their own countrymen; they were *continentes con los naturales*. This very faithful and valuable writer has not attempted to account for so remarkable an inconsistency, yet it is difficult to believe that the fact can have been simply as he states it. If we call to mind the extreme horror with which the natives of that island regarded the inhuman servitude to which they were reduced, and the acts of resolute despair which they performed in consequence, it may, perhaps, appear more likely that this behaviour of the women towards their oppressors proceeded from a deep feeling of hatred, than from the depravity to which Oviedo imputes it. When they saw that a disease which, as it existed among themselves, was neither severe nor serious, became to the Spaniards the most loathsome and dreadful of all maladies, the same feeling which induced a whole people to let their fields lie waste, and suffer famine themselves for the sake of bringing that evil upon their tyrants, may very probably have directed them to this mode of revenge. Incredible this cannot be deemed, for the same thing was done at Madrid, during the Succession war, when the Portuguese had possession of that capital. Six thousand of their troops were thus disabled; this is related by the Spanish historian, the Marquez de San Phelipe, not doubtfully, nor as a thing of accident, but as a known and certain fact †; the result of a concerted scheme on the part of those by whom it was carried into effect. He calls it *iniquo y pessimo ardid*, and *impia lealtad;* but the French writer, Saint Foix, says that he had heard the conduct of the women gravely discussed as a case of casuistry, and the decision was, that, as the Portuguese were enemies whom it was lawful to kill, no sin was committed by those who had broken up the strength of their army in this manner, —the motive justifying the means. It may be observed in favour of the conjecture here advanced, that Oviedo represents the female Cacique Anacoana as more dissolute in her conduct towards the Spaniards, than any other woman on the whole island; but as being nevertheless respected in the highest degree by her own people. She was a person of great ability, and of an heroic spirit: she had

* ff. 48, 49.

† —*de proposito las mugeres publicas tomaron el empeño de entretener, y acabar si pudiesen con este exercito; y assi ivan en quadrillas, por la noche hasta las tiendas, y introducian un desorden, que llamo al ultimo peligro à infinitos, porque en los hospitales haviamas de seis mil enfermos, la mayor parte de los quales murieron. Este iniquo y pessimo ardid usaba la lealtad y amor al Rey, aun en las publicas rameras; y se aperezaban con olores y afeites las mas enfermas, para contaminar à los que aborrecian, vistiendo traje de amor al odio: no se leerà tan impia lealtad en historia alguna.*—Comentarios, lib. 7, p. 239.

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suffered injuries of the deepest kind, and Ovando put her to death because he believed that she was meditating revenge. The manner in which he entrapped her is one of the blackest incidents in the history of this atrocious conquest. But that she hungered and thirsted for vengeance cannot be doubted; and what has been pointed out may very well have been part of her plan for taking it.

But though Oviedo bears favourable testimony to the morals of the women, and, consequently, of the whole people, as they were when the Spaniards first took possession of the island; there are circumstances from which a different judgment must be inferred. The law of succession among the caciques, by which (as in many other parts of the heathen world) the children of a sister succeeded, to the exclusion of the male line, implies either a state of great licentiousness or a polyandrian system, and can only have originated, wherever it has been found, in one or the other cause. But polyandrianism was not known here. There were also certain turpitudes connected with some of their customs, and some of their religious, or rather diabolical observances, which would be as incredible as they ought to be unutterable, if similar practices were not known to exist at this time among some of the tribes in western America. The just conclusion appears to be, that they had not reached that extreme degree of dissoluteness which prevailed at Otaheite; but that they were guilty of greater turpitude under the impulse of superstition. There was less pravity in the people, but a stronger root of evil in their opinions and institutions; and the longer they should have remained undiscovered, the worse they would have become, for there were no principles of improvement at work. Even had they been left to themselves, the possible advancement which they might have made in their social institutions could only have been in the same direction that civilization and polity had taken, wherever they had made any progress in the New World;—toward a system of sacerdotal imposture, more or less bloody; and of despotism, either supported by it, as in Mexico, or incorporated with it, as in Bogota, Tunja, and Peru. But this advance could not have been made by the earlier and milder race of islanders; for it is apparent that the Caribs would, in no long time, either have exterminated them, or have made them as warlike as themselves; in which case they would speedily have become as ferocious.

There are two points of view in which their total extermination has been regarded, with reference to the ways of Providence. One which, perhaps, has been taken by no other person than Oviedo, is the whimsical notion, that it pleased God to sweep away the whole race of servants from the earth, as a judgment upon—— their masters, the Spaniards, who compelled them unmercifully to labour,

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labour, and took no care for their conversion! The other is, that they were ripe for destruction, because of their sins; and, in support of this, the logical argument has been advanced, that our Lord having commanded his disciples to go into all the world, so that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, the Gospel must have been preached everywhere in the first age of Christianity; consequently, it had been preached in these parts to the ancestors of these people, and therefore they were guilty of rejecting it. But the opinion is mainly rested upon their abominations, which were so great and manifold, as amply to justify the dispensation of justice under which they suffered. The question may be regarded more charitably, and with less presumptuousness. These people were not at the worst,—far from it; in many instances they manifested great virtues, as well as those great qualities which may take with equal facility the bent of good or evil. But they were in a course of depravation, and their removal, before they became worse, may be looked upon as merciful, considering also that they perished by a destruction which they had not brought upon themselves, nor in the ordinary course of human events, but as an oppressed, and, with regard to those by whom they suffered, an unoffending people. The work of extermination was expedited, happily for the sufferers, by the small-pox, which was imported among them either by the Spaniards or the negroes. Seeing that they were thus swept away by what may be called an extraordinary dispensation, (for no other such has been recorded,) and innocently in their relations to man, —while they retained some remains of primitive simplicity and primitive goodness—while their polity was in its youth, and before it had ripened into maturity of wickedness,—it is at least a consolatory reflection to think that the course of events which led to their extirpation may have been ordained in mercy towards them rather than in wrath.

*Si vitam spectes hominum, si denique mores,*
*Artem, vim, fraudem, cuncta putes agere.*
*Si proprius spectes, Fortuna est arbitra rerum:*
*Nescis quam dicas, et tamen esse vides.*
*At penitus si introspicias, atque ultima primis*
*Connectas, tantum est Rector in orbe Deus.*

These verses are of an unknown author, quoted from Camerarius, by one of the most learned, most eloquent, and most thoughtful of our English divines, Jackson of Newcastle and of Oxford. Treating of God's providence, he says, 'The rule of his liberality in disposing kingdoms, is the correspondency, or proportion, which temporal greatness holds with the execution of his will, whether for punishing those which have made up the measure of their iniquity, or for the propagating or preservation of his church already

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already planted, or for preparing or plowing up the hearts of wild and unnurtured nations, for better receiving the seed of his gospel.' Even such a part as, in ancient times, was appointed for the Romans, that they might prepare the way of the Lord, and make his path straight, the Spaniards and Portuguese were called upon to perform in the age of Columbus and Vasco da Gama. Two great objects necessary for the welfare of the human race were, in that age, accomplished by their ministration; the growth of Mahommedanism in the eastern world was stopt, just when its roots were cut in Spain; and the great systems of idolatry, cruelty, and delusion which were spreading far and wide in America, were utterly destroyed. Ferdinand Columbus discovered a mystical meaning in the name and surname of his father; Columbus he supposed him to have been called *quasi* Columba, because he conveyed the grace of the Holy Spirit to the New World, and carried the olive branch and oil of baptism over the waters of the ocean, like Noah's dove; and what more appropriate name than that of Christopher could have been given in baptism to him who, like the gigantic Canaanite, carried Christianity over the deep waters? Alas, it was not peace that Columbus brought them, but the sword! A dreadful work was to be done, yet so done as that the instruments of Providence might not be wholly depraved by the service in which they were engaged. Their own superstition, and the very fierceness and intolerance of their bigotry, had this effect. In slaughtering the priests and the worshippers of Mexitli and Tezcalipoca—in demolishing temples, the walls of which were literally scaled with an incrustration of human blood—in putting down such abominations as they found everywhere on the main land, the Spaniards believed, and could not but believe, that they were performing a righteous work,—an acceptable service to the Lord. And if that persuasion be compared with the temper and feelings of the Buccaneers, we may understand what it was worth. It is finely observed by the philosophical divine to whom we have before referred, that the course of Providence, when rightly contemplated, is more effectual for establishing a true religious belief, than miracles would be in these ages, were they frequent: 'only the right observation, or live apprehension of those his works of wisdom, is not so easy and obvious unto such as mind earthly things, as his works of extraordinary power are. For such works awake the sense, and make entrance into the soul as it were by force; whereas, the effects of his wisdom, or counsel, make no impression upon the sense, but upon the understanding only, nor upon it, save only in quiet and deliberate thoughts. For this reason, true faith was first to be planted and ingrafted in the church by miracles; but to be nourished and strengthened in succeeding ages by contemplation of his Providence.'

*Pouvons,*

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*Pouvons*, says Marc Lescarbot, *à bon droit maudire l'heure quand jamais l'avarice a porté l'Hespagnol en l'occident, pour les malheurs qui s'en sont ensuivis. Car quand je considère que par son avarice il a allumé et entretenu la guerre en toute la Chrétienté, et s'est estudié à ruiner ses voisins, et non point le Turc, je ne puis penser qu'autre que le Diable ait esté autheur de leurs voyages. Et ne faut point m'alléguer ici le prétexte de la religion. Car ils ont tout tuez les originaires du païs avec des supplices les plus inhumains que le Diable a peu excogiter. Et par leurs cruautés ont rendu le nom de Dieu un nom de scandale à ces pauvres peuples.—Témoin celui que aima mieux estre damné que d'aller au paradis des Hespagnols.* But this is as extravagant on the one side, as Mariano Llorente is on the other, who, in an apology for the conquerors, extols them for their humanity, and, as an incontestable proof thereof, appeals to the rapid and luminous progress (as he is pleased to call it) which their immense establishments have made, the tranquillity which prevailed in them, and the uninterrupted possession which the mother-country had maintained there during more than three centuries, to the reproach of rival nations, while the colonies of other European powers had either past under a foreign dominion, or had broken their chains, or thrown off the yoke of the metropolis *—*Nescia mens hominum!* Before ten years had elapsed after the publication of this bootless boast, the whole of those colonies were in insurrection against Spain, and in a state of civil war!—and at this time the colonists seem disposed to treat the natives of the mother-country who still remain among them, with as little justice, and almost as little mercy, as their common ancestors displayed towards the original inhabitants. This miserable apologist had the effrontery to assert that the Spaniards were induced to encounter the difficulties and dangers of their conquest, not by any greediness for gold, nor by the ambition of extending their dominions, but solely by the desire of propagating the Gospel, and the wish of rendering the savages happy. The old Spanish historians offer no such insult to the common sense of mankind. However much they inclined to represent the exploits of their countrymen in the brightest colours, and to place the most favourable construction upon their worst actions—however strongly they were possessed by the spirit of

* *Prova convincente di questa verita, e testimonio incontrastabile della umanita e amarazione del Governo Spagnuolo, sono i rapidi e luminosi progressi che hanno fatto i suoi immensi stabilimenti; la tranquillita che in quelli si gode, e finalmente il non interrotto possesso di* 300 *e più anni di quei vasti dominj, ad onta della rivalita delle nazioni nemiche della Spagna; mentre le altre colonie Europee o sono passate sotto il dominio d'altra potenza, o spezzarono le catene, e scossero il giogo della Metropoli.*—'Saggio Apologetico degli Storici e Conquistatori Spagnuoli dell' America.' Parma. 1804. p. 89.



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bigotry—and however much that spirit had, in its natural effect, hardened their hearts, they never appear to have suppressed the truth; and they have told it so fairly, that from their relations the world has drawn those conclusions which no sophistry can shake. They were too wise to suppose, and too honest to pretend, that the adventurers had acted upon religious motives.

That would, indeed, have been miraculous! Among the mixed motives which influenced them, cupidity, beyond all doubt, predominated, as it ever will do in any collective body of men, while Mammon remains prince of this world; but with a great deal of superstition and bigotry, there was also not a little of that which, divested of all trappings and suits, was true religion in its spirit, however adulterated in its forms. Cortes acted in the manner of his times, when, in a dangerous illness at Honduras, he had a Franciscan habit made, thinking, perhaps, it might be better to appear at the gates of heaven in any character rather than his own. And, perhaps, it was merely to the fashion of the times that he conformed, when having been stung by a scorpion, to the peril of his life, he called upon our Lady of Guadalupe to succour him; and imputing his recovery to her gracious aid, had the scorpion incased in gold, wrought to its exact shape by the Mexican jewellers; and, when he returned to Spain, went himself in pilgrimage to Guadalupe, there to deposit it. Possibly, too, it may have been from policy rather than devotion, that when a table, at which he and his guests were engaged at cards, in his palace at Mexico, was split by lightning, he went with the whole party on the following day to Fr. Domingo de Betanzos, who had made himself conspicuous by preaching against gambling, to confess their sins at the friar's feet, and to thank *him* that the stroke had been directed to the table, instead of falling upon them in the very act of their offence. This may have been done only for the sake of appearing devout in the eyes of the people; for there is a singular anecdote in his history, which proves that he estimated one part, at least, of the prevailing superstition at no more than it was worth. During his long absence from Mexico, when he went to suppress Christoval de Olid's rebellion, it was commonly supposed that he and his army had perished, and as it suited the purpose of the ruling party in the capital to have this believed, funeral honours were celebrated for him by their order, and masses in great number performed for his soul; and they sold a great deal of his property to defray the cost. When Cortes returned, he knew that these persons had done this in order the better to establish their own assumed authority, which authority, being his enemies, they had used to the injury and danger of his friends; therefore, he refused to ratify the transaction,

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action, and instituted legal proceedings for recovering the property which they had disposed of. Now, according to the established opinion of the Romish Church, these good works and masses had not been wasted upon him, though he happened to be alive when they were performed and paid for. They were so much stock in the bank of purgatory, which might fairly be thought to have increased in value, in consequence of having accidentally been bought in before his death: because he was now sure of finding it there, payable upon demand; whereas, in ordinary cases, a soul must wait there for the remittance, and be kept in something worse than hot water till it arrives. Cortes, nevertheless, with an apparent disregard to the received opinion and the popular feeling, reclaimed his worldly goods and chattels, leaving the defendants to make what use they pleased of the property in which they had invested the proceeds. The termination is not the least notable part of the story. A certain Juan de Caceres, known even in Mexico by the appellation of *el Rico*, the rich, thought it a good opportunity of obtaining letters of credit upon the other world; accordingly he purchased the whole of these good works and masses; and the purgatory stock, which stood in the name of Hernan Cortes, was transferred to the account of Juan de Caceres, *el Rico*.

Yet it is beyond all doubt, that the conquerors, Cortes among the rest, entertained a sincere, and, in many instances, a devout and passionate belief in their religion. He, indeed, of all men, in all times, is the one who has accomplished the greatest undertaking with what were apparently the most inadequate means; means, indeed, so inadequate, that never has the course of predisposing Providence been more distinctly shown than in the whole circumstances which brought about the overthrow of the Mexican empire, and of the bloodiest idolatry with which earth has ever been defiled. The Spaniards saw and felt this. They felt also, in all their conquests, that they were acting as instruments of a higher will than that of man; and though too many of them laid this persuasion as a flattering unction to their souls, and thereby perverted it to fatal purposes, in others it brought forth fruit. Extraordinary as is the whole history of those conquests,—above any other portion of human history, (that alone excepted which was under a visible dispensation,) what the adventurers endured, and what they overcame, though in the highest degree romantic and heroic, is not more remarkable than the lesson which is held out by the fate of the greater number, and the religious effects produced upon others. The vanity of human wishes was never more forcibly illustrated. In the accomplishment of their greediest desires the most rapacious had their



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punishment; but while many wasted in wild and disastrous adventures the wealth which they had gained by violence and oppression, there were many also who took a happier course, and sought to expiate their offences towards God and man, by devoting themselves to the service of both. Men who went out as soldiers to the new world ended their days there as missionaries, and underwent in the latter part of their lives as much danger and as many hardships, in the hope of converting the wildest and poorest Indians, as they had formerly gone through in subduing those great kingdoms which abounded in gold. It happened not unfrequently, that the son of a conqueror renounced his inheritance of wealth which had been so ill acquired, and died either by the hands of the savages, or worn out with sufferings in their service, the martyr of heroic charity. And these labours of love were not lost. Lescarbot speaks truly in saying, that the cruelties of the Spaniards excited hatred and horror of the religion which they professed; but it is equally true, that in more instances the Indians were impressed by the evident sincerity of the Spaniards n their religious belief; and they received the faith which was enjoined them the more readily, perhaps, because it was brought nearer to the level of their intellectual state, and adapted also to their former notions by the gross corruptions with which it was intermingled. That the Indians were thus affected is shown by an episode in the history of Hispaniola, which we shall here present, because it is the only one in the melancholy annals of that ill-fated country, which can be perused without feelings of indignation and abhorrence. Oviedo * and Herrera are the authorities; they have been very faithfully followed by P. Charlevoix, who has also added some particulars from sources which are not indicated; but probably from information collected in Hispaniola by the missionary Le Pers, from whose papers Charlevoix's history of that island was principally compiled.

Isabella had given orders, that the children of the Caciques should be carefully educated; and there is reason to believe, that this duty was, to the best of their power, faithfully performed by the first Franciscan missionaries. In their convent at Verapaz, a youth named Henrique, whose father had been a Cacique in the mountainous district of Baoruco, was bred up from a child. His father and grandfather were among the innumerable victims of

* M. Boucher de la Richarderie, in his *Bibliothèque Universelle des Voyages*, says of Oviedo, that *son style a souvent l'enflure qui caractérise les écrivains de son Siècle et de son pays.* No critical opinion was ever more unfounded,—and this is saying a great deal. For in Oviedo, that part of his work at least which has been printed, and which alone can be referred to in this censure, not an inflated sentence is to be found: instead of it his book is characterized by the liveliness and naïveté which belong to an honest and homely style.



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Spanish cruelty; but the boy had fallen into kind hands; they found him teachable, his youth was past happily and profitably under their care, and when he grew up he married an Indian, of good extraction and Christian education, like himself, who was called Doña Mencia, as he was entitled Cacique. But titles of honour, whether Indian or Spanish, did not secure the few surviving islanders from injury and insult. A young man, Valenzuela by name, succeeded to a Repartimiento in which Henrique and the people, who, in their state of freedom, would have been his subjects, were the slaves of the soil: during certain months of the year they were to work for the lord, and were then relieved by others, who took their turn in this compulsory service. The little protection which the laws allowed them was rendered unavailing by the conduct of those who ought to have seen those laws enforced, and this was exemplified in Henrique's case. Valenzuela first took from him a horse; and then attempted to violate, or to seduce his wife. Against this, though patient as well by education as by disposition and hereditary temperament, Henrique remonstrated, and his remonstrances were answered with blows. What the rights were which the laws had left him, he knew; and appealing to those rights, made formal complaint to Pedro de Badillo, lieutenant-governor of the town of St. Juan de la Maguana, who, instead of attending to the charge, put him for a while in prison; and then threatening him if he ventured to come again with such complaints, let him go. Not yet despairing of redress, he went to the city of St. Domingo, ten leagues distant, and there made his complaint to the Audience, the highest tribunal in the island. These judges dared not utterly disregard it, 'but being,' says Herrera, 'more regardful of their own interests than of the administration of justice, they gave him a letter of recommendation to Badillo, who upon receiving it treated him worse than he had done before.' As Badillo will not appear in the subsequent part of the story, it may be proper to notice the fate which overtook him. Ten years after he had thus proved himself unworthy of the post he held, he was accused of defrauding the king and abstracting gold from the fifths for his own use; for this he was arrested, stripped, and put to the torture: having been rescued, by a more merciful judge, from sufferings which he had well deserved for other crimes, he was sent, as a delinquent, to Castille, and perished by shipwreck on the way.* Nothing

* The way in which Oviedo relates Badillo's death, which is perfectly characteristic of his general style, will show how little resemblance it bears to an inflated manner: '*Pero porque dixe de suso, que de no aver hecho justicia a Enrique el teniente Pedro de Vadillo, sucedio su rebelion; assi es notorio en esta ysla. Y paracere al que esto oyere, que por mis palabras queda aquel hidalgo obligado a alguna culpa: digo que ya la que el tuvo en aquesto*

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Nothing remained for Henrique but to take a bloody and desperate revenge, or brook his wrongs in silence till he could manifest his resentment in a manner more conformable to his temper, and to the lessons which he had received. He bore them, therefore, with a patience which may probably have been deemed as* abject, at the time, as it was afterwards known to be magnanimous. When the months of his service were expired, he retired with his Indians to the mountains: humiliated and broken in spirit as the poor survivors of that race were, they retained, in its full strength, the principle of fidelity to their natural chief; and confiding in that principle, and in the strength of the country, which was inaccessible for horses, he resolved to refuse all further obedience to the Spaniards; but not to make war against them except in self-defence. For this he prepared, arming his people with bows and arrows, and spears pointed with nails or with fish-bones. As he expected, when the term returned for his expected service, and no Indians appeared, Valenzuela, with some twelve Spaniards, set out with the intention of apprehending and punishing him. Henrique met them, at the head of a resolute party, and advancing before them told Valenzuela he might return as he came, for neither he nor any of his Indians would go with him or ever serve him more. The Spaniard replied by calling him dog, and seizing him, and at the same time the others attacked the Indians: but for this also Henrique† and his people were prepared; they fought well, killed two of the Spaniards, wounded Valenzuela and all the rest, and put them to flight at last. Henrique would not suffer them to be pursued, but he called after his former tyrant, saying, 'Be thankful, Valenzuela, that I do not put you to death! go your way, and take heed that you return here no more.'

The news soon spread that Henrique had risen in rebellion, and the Audience, who, says Herrera, might have prevented this, if in the first instance they had chosen to do him justice, got together a force of some three or fourscore men, whom they sent to hunt him out. After a weary search of many days, they found him in the woods; but they were exhausted by hunger and fatigue, and he, who was prepared for such an attack, gave them battle, and sent them back as he had done Valenzuela, with some loss of men, and

*aqueste caso, el lo ha pagado; porque tiene Dios cargo de punir y castigar lo que los juezes del suelo dissimulan y no castigan. E assi yendo desta ciudad a España, entrando por la barra del rio de Sevilla, se peodio la nave en que y va, y el y otros se ahogaron, y con mucha riqueza, y escoto la sin razon hecha al Enrique. Dios aya piedad de su anima, y de los de damas que alli se perdieron, ff.* 51.

* —*tomo por partido el sofrir, o alomenos dissimular sus injurias y cuernos*, says Oviedo.

† Charlevoix says, *se jetta de furie sur les Espagnols*; but Henrique did nothing *de furie*, and this perfect self-command it is which renders his character and his history so remarkable.

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more of reputation. An event which was now the common talk of the Spaniards could not be concealed from the Indians; and Henrique, who had not quite a hundred followers at first, soon found himself with thrice that number. He enjoined them strictly never to kill a Spaniard except in self-defence, nor to offer them any injury, except that of taking away their arms, whenever that was possible. Some of his scouring parties disregarded these orders, but though he could not punish them for their disobedience, lest they should forsake him, it is acknowledged by the Spaniards, that no act of cruelty or licence, in the course of a war which continued for many years, was ever committed with his sanction. Repeated expeditions were sent against him, all which he baffled or defeated, for nothing could exceed his vigilance. Every port where they were likely to land, every pass at which they could enter his country was constantly watched. As soon as the tidings of their appearance was known, he removed the women, children, and all, who, from age or infirmity, were unable to bear arms, into the recesses of the mountains, where places of security had been provided for them, and ground cultivated for their support. A nephew of his, in stature so diminutive as to be almost a dwarf, was left with the main body of his force to watch the Spaniards, wait for them, and give them battle at advantage—Henrique himself, with his chosen band, returning as soon as he had placed the women and the feeble in security. 'They fought,' says Herrera, 'like lions; and wherever Henrique appeared, in every instance he was victorious.

The great dread of the Spaniards was, lest these insurgents should be joined by the negroes, of whom they had already introduced so many into the island, as to have excited a prophetic apprehension of the final consequences. 'It seemed,' says Oviedo, 'like another Guinea,' so many of them had been imported to work in the sugar plantations. A handful of these negroes had taken arms, and if they had not been pursued and suppressed, with a vigour and celerity which the Spaniards seldom displayed in their movements, it was confessed that every Christian would have been in danger of being massacred, and that it would have been necessary to begin the conquest of the land again. But there seems to be a dispathy between the red race and the blacks, which has not existed between the former and the white men: Henrique would have shunned their assistance rather than have sought or accepted it: in seeking liberty for himself and his people, he kept within the strictest bounds of self-defence, and abstained conscientiously from every act of violence which was not warranted by that principle, and necessary for his own preservation. It was the wisest course which he could have pursued, and he appears to have chosen it, less

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less from any hope or expectation of the result which it produced at last, than from religious feeling and the strong sense of right and wrong. That this moderation belonged to him individually, and not to the character of the Hispaniolan Indians, though they were the gentlest of the whole race, was proved by the conduct of those who were encouraged by his success to set themselves in like manner free: for they burnt, massacred, and destroyed. One who, from the name of his tribe, was called the Ziguayo, at the head of a small band not amounting to twenty, alarmed the Spaniards in every part where they were settled, by his activity and his cruelties. He sought them everywhere, at the mines, at their grazing farms, and in their plantations, wherever a few were to be found, and slaughtered them without mercy. At length the President sent a party in pursuit of him: he was overtaken at a ravine, and after he had been transfixed by a lance, fought desperately, till loss of blood exhausted him. His followers escaped, and a certain Tamayo, at the head of such another guerrilla, commenced a similar course of atrocities, sparing neither man nor woman. Henrique was grieved at this; and though Tamayo committed these ravages at the remotest part of the island from the mountains where he had taken shelter, he sent a kinsman of Tamayo's to represent that such a course, as in the Ziguayo's case, must end at last in his own destruction, and to invite him to take a command under him, which would be for the benefit and security of both; and fortunately both for Tamayo and the Spaniards the invitation was accepted.

By such conduct Henrique obtained the esteem of the Spaniards, who, in this instance, were generous enough to render full justice to their enemy, even while they made continual attempts to destroy him. So many expeditions were sent against him, that the cost was seriously felt by the treasury, and in every instance they returned with discomfiture and loss, *lo qual parece mucha poquedad de los pobladores desta ysla*, says Oviedo, 'which may seem great littleness in the inhabitants of this island.' For when it was more prosperous in Indians, and they were so many that they could not be numbered, three hundred Spaniards, or less, (for these were all that were in the country) destroyed them by continued battles and encounters, and subdued the land; and now when it is peopled with Christians, this Henrique and this Tamayo have risen up, with a handful of people, attacking and burning villages and farms of the Christians, and slaying men. I will tell you the cause of this: When the Christians, they being few, conquered and destroyed the Indians, who were many, they lay down at night upon their targets, with the sword at their side, and were upon the alert with the enemy. Now they sleep in right

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right good and delicate beds; and are engaged in sugar works, and other occupations, in which their minds and bodies are wholly taken up.' But it was not because the Spaniards had degenerated in their martial qualities that all their expeditions failed; there was at that time no such degeneracy; but there was a conviction, which, in the most iniquitous of their other wars, had never been felt—that, in the contest, they had not their 'quarrel just;' and this had a powerful effect upon men, on whom conscience, perverted as it was, and drugged with the opiates of superstition, had still a strong hold. There were no volunteers for this service, nor could men be induced to engage in it by any ordinary means; it was necessary to press them into it. Henrique, like his baptismal namesake, Henri Christophe, (to whose great qualities and good intentions justice will one day be rendered,) availed himself of the strength of the country. The mountainous tract of which he had taken possession is described as equal in extent to the whole of Andalusia, and as consisting of more broken and difficult ground than the strongest parts of Granada. Upon the first alarm of danger, his people retired to the mountains, and the Spaniards, it is said, could not pursue them, without carrying provisions, and even water, for many days. The ground was so stony, and the stones so sharp, that the *alpargates* or sandals, which they wore, sufficed only for one day's wear; by the time they reached the defences, which Henrique had prepared, their stores and water were exhausted, and they were barefoot. His intrenchments were so situated, that they could be defended by rolling stones upon the assailants: stones, so employed, are called *galgas*, by the Spaniards and Portuguese, because they bound like greyhounds in their course. If they made their way to one intrenchment, and entered it, another was to be attacked, with the same danger. The Indians were now as well provided with arms as their enemies. When they could fight to advantage, they fought—otherwise, they disappeared in the woods or among the rocks, where no traces of them could be found, and where even the Spaniards, in the age of Cortes and the Pizarros, could not, or dared not, follow them.

It was impossible to surprise Henrique; if he sent a small party of Indians to hunt or fish in a part of the country where there was any chance that they might fall into the enemy's hands, he never let them know where he should expect their return, lest, being prisoners, they should be compelled, by torments, to direct the Spaniards. There was no distrust of their fidelity in this caution; for he observed no such secrecy when the detachment was so large that some might be certainly expected to escape, and bring him tidings of his danger. He slept little, and that in the early part of the night, with two spears and two swords at the head of his hammock.

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hammock. If it were a time when the enemy were looked for, he rose and walked the rounds, two pages carrying his arms, while he told his beads as he went; but with eyes and ears upon the alert,—both senses quickened by the continual sense of danger, or rather by the habit of constant vigilance. At such times his own people reposed a perfect reliance upon his watchfulness, and he was the first to rouse them upon the appearance of a foe. The power which he possessed over his own people, in restraining them from all offensive warfare, and in inducing them to forego their vengeance, though righteously deserved, when the power was in their hands, is, perhaps, the most remarkable proof of the ascendancy which he had obtained. Once, after the defeat of one of the largest bodies that had been sent against him, the fugitives were cut off from all possibility of escape, and took refuge among some caves or hollows in the rocks; they were seventy in number, and the Indians, having them at their mercy, began to collect wood, for the purpose of destroying them by smoke and fire; but Henrique forbade this, and the Spaniards, upon surrendering their arms, were allowed to retire, unhurt. His whole conduct was such as made him an object of admiration to the Spaniards, and of alarm to those who were employed against him; but the persons in authority feared always the effect of such an example upon the negroes; they were mortified, also, by the long continuance of the insurrection, the costs incurred had amounted to 40,000 ducats, and the war of Bauruco, as it was called, became a cause of disquiet at the court of Charles V.

At length Fr. Remigio, one of the Franciscans by whom Henrique had been brought up, offered to seek him out, and endeavour to negociate a treaty with him. The Montaña de Bauruco is the most southern part of the island, and, extending far into the sea, has consequently two coasts. The friar was landed near the place which Henrique was supposed to frequent; the Indians were on the watch as soon as a vessel had been seen nearing the coast; parties were out in every direction where it was possible for the enemy to disembark; and when Remigio had been set ashore alone, it was not long before one of these parties met him. They asked him, whether he was sent by the Spaniards, to spy out the land?—He answered—No; but that he came to speak with Henrique, whose friend he was; and to intreat him that he would no longer persevere in that wild and fugitive course of life, but accept the peace and security which were now offered him. The Indians told him, in reply, that he was a liar; the Spaniards, they said, were bad men, and had always lied to them, keeping neither faith nor truth; he was a deceiver, like the rest, and ought to be put to death for his deserts. The friar was in some alarm at this; but he had not relied in vain upon Henrique's character, and the received

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received opinion, that no person would be killed by his people, unless engaged in hostilities against them. They stript him, however, to his drawers, and, tearing his habit in pieces, divided it among them. He intreated them to take him to their cacique; and when they refused, besought them to tell Henrique, that one of the Franciscan friars would rejoice to see him. Henrique immediately came, and intreated forgiveness for the wrong which, though innocently on his part, had been offered him. Remigio promised him honourable terms on the part of the government, and urged him not to refuse the offer. He replied, there was nothing which he more dearly desired than peace; but he knew what the Spaniards were, and that they had killed his father, and his grandfather, and all the other chieftains of that country. He spoke of his own wrongs; he had taken refuge with his people, he said, in their mountains, that they might not be destroyed, as their parents and their countrymen had been,—a fate, which must have been theirs also, if they had not taken this determination. They sought no man's life—no man's injury; but only to defend themselves against those who sought to kill, to enslave, and to consume them. The friar thought it hopeless to press him further, and asked for his habit. Henrique could only express his sorrow, that the Indians should have rent and divided it. By this time a signal was made from the ship, and the boat approached the shore. Henrique then kissed his old preceptor's hand, and, with visible effort, suppressing his tears, bade him farewell.

This kind of war had continued ten years, to the great expense of the inhabitants, as well as of the treasury, when a party of one hundred and fifty Spaniards was sent against him, under Hernando de San Miguel, who from a boy had been bred in the Indian wars, and was consequently acclimated and accustomed to every kind of hardship; he was a man of good extraction, and also of good report. Expert, however, as he was in such warfare, it was not possible for him ever to take Henrique at advantage. One day, however, they came in sight of each other, on opposite sides of a deep and precipitous ravine, across which, upon mutual assurances of security, San Miguel and the Cacique conversed. The former asked him, whether it were not better to dwell in peace and safety, than to lead this miserable life himself, and occasion so much annoyance to the Spaniards?—Henrique answered, he desired nothing more; but that he was not the offending party. It was then proposed to him, that he and his people should reside in perfect freedom on any part of the island which they might choose; they required from him only, on his part, not to molest the Spaniards; and asked for the restitution of some gold, which a party of Indians, who had since joined him, had taken from some Spaniards,

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Spaniards, and killed the owners. It was a considerable quantity, brought from the main land. In proof that these offers were sincere, he showed him the instructions which he bore from the Audience. Henrique, who cared nothing for gold, and every thing for liberty, and who was also desirous of laying down his head in peace, agreed to meet San Miguel, at a time appointed, on the coast; each one to bring with him eight companions only; the gold should be returned, and the terms of peace be then accepted and ratified. An act of imprudence on the part of San Miguel frustrated the negociation which had begun so favourably. Henrique was first at the meeting-place, where he had erected a bower, and prepared a repast, and laid out the gold. San Miguel came with more persons than had been stipulated for, and with drum beating, as to a festival, and he committed the further imprudence of ordering the vessel to keep close in shore. No treachery was intended; but one, less cautious, and with less cause for acting cautiously, than Henrique, might reasonably think the appearances were suspicious. He withdrew, therefore, desiring his people to present the gold, and serve up the repast; and to say that illness had compelled him to retire. Proof, however, had been given of his desire for peace, and the gold which he had given up was so large a treasure, *que parecia cosa real*, says Herrera,—we might say, in English, that it looked like a king's ransom. San Miguel charged the Indians to tell their cacique, that if he offered no injury, none should be offered him; and upon no other security than this, both parties continued four years at peace.

Such peace, however, was not to be relied on by either party, nor was it to be expected that if Henrique died his people would act with the same moderation that had marked all his proceedings, or be influenced by the same principles. It was determined, therefore, at the Court of Spain, that by force or by negociation, they should be finally reduced; and Francisco de Barrionuevo, who was going out as Governor to the province, then called Castilla del Oro, was instructed to visit Hispaniola on his way, take out two hundred men for this special service, and call upon the inhabitants for such contributions and such personal service as might enable him to bring this war to a conclusion. On his arrival, upon mature deliberation, the way of negociation was deemed best, and Barrionuevo sailed from the port of S. Domingo, in a caravel, to Yaquimo, the nearest port to the fastnesses of Bauruco. Not being able to obtain any intelligence of Henrique, after a search of two months, he went up the river Yaquimo, and there found an Indian dwelling, and some plantations, but no inhabitants; concluding, however, that Henrique was not far distant, he would not allow his people to commit

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commit any waste, but returned to the coast, and sending for some Indians to St. Juan de la Maguana, to serve as guides, dispatched one of them, who professed that he knew where to find the Cacique, with a letter to him. Barrionuevo waited twenty days for the return of his messenger in vain; then taking with him thirty Spaniards, and provisions for six days, he set out with another guide towards the foot of the Sierra in which he was assured that Henrique made his abode. On the fourth day, they came to a plantation, and succeeded in surprising four Indians, from whom he learnt that Henrique was at a lake, eight miles up the country, and that the way thither was exceedingly difficult, the woods being almost impassable. This lake, which was originally named Xaragua, like the province in which it lies, was at that time called the Lake of the Comendador Aybaguanex, from an Indian of Ovando's days, to whom that governor's title seems, in gratification, or in mockery, to have been communicated. It is now marked in the Spanish maps of Hispaniola, as the *Laguna de Henriquillo*, the diminutive of endearment by which the Cacique had been called by the friars in his boyhood, and which he retained with many through life.

Barrionuevo proceeded upon this information till he came in sight of an Indian village, at no great distance from the lake. It was a large settlement, which, in the prosperous days of Hayti, might have contained fifteen hundred inhabitants. He entered this at day-break, supposing Henrique to be there, but the people had disappeared, evidently because of his approach; the houses were well constructed and well stored; there was every indication of comfort and plenty; and from thence there was a broad path cut through the woods to the lake. It was the first sign of man that they had seen, except the single plantation—Henrique having strictly forbidden that a tree should be felled, or a bough cut, lest the Spaniards, by such vestiges, might trace the way to his place of asylum. Here he thought himself safe, or at least knew that if this, which might be called his capital, were reached, any such precautions must be useless here; here, therefore, his people were allowed to rear poultry, and keep dogs for hunting the wild boars, with which the woods abounded; but neither dogs nor poultry were permitted to be kept in any more accessible part of his territory, where the Spaniards might come within sound. Proceeding along this road, they heard the sound of an axe, and surprised an Indian who was cutting wood. He told them that Henrique was about a league and a half distant, but that they must go half a league through a part of the lake, where the water was in some places knee and in others neck deep; and that the other part of the way was among rocks and marshes. When they came

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came in sight of the lake, they were hailed from some canoes, in Spanish, and invited to advance. Both parties were suspicious, but no violence or treachery was intended on either side. The Indians were asked if the messenger with the letter had arrived? They made answer that no messenger had been seen, but that they knew a captain had arrived from Spain, whom the king had sent to treat with Henrique. They were then requested to carry an Indian woman to their Cacique, whose kinswoman she was; to this, somewhat reluctantly, they consented, and with so much caution, that she walked into the water till it was breast high, to reach them. Barrionuevo and his people retired then about a bowshot's length from the edge of the lake, to a piece of open ground, and there passed the night, keeping good watch, and expecting with some anxiety the result of their embassy.

On the morrow, about two hours after sunrise, two canoes approached, bringing back the woman, with Martin de Alfaro, a relation of Henrique, the most intimate of his friends, and twelve other Indians. They landed, being armed with swords and spears. Barrionuevo advanced alone to meet them—he embraced Alfaro and his companions; and the men then returned to their boats, leaving Alfaro to confer with the Spanish commander. The Indian, who spoke fluently in Spanish, invited Barrionuevo to visit the Cacique, who, he said, would have made the advance which he now requested, if indisposition had not prevented him. If the Spaniard had any fears for his own safety in this adventure, it was too late for manifesting them; his retreat through such a country being impracticable, if the Indians intended to cut him off. The greater part of the men, not considering this, looked only to the danger before them, for they plainly saw that to advance would be putting themselves in Henrique's power. Barrionuevo, however, relied upon the known character of the man with whom he had to deal, and knew also that the way to inspire confidence was to show it. So he took with him about half his party, and proceeded under Alfaro's guidance. This was putting himself so entirely in the power of the Indians, and the way by which they led him rendered defence so hopeless in case of an attack, and escape so impossible, that his comrades, when they had proceeded some while, began to murmur, and would fain have persuaded him to turn back. 'Sirs,' said he, 'I have come thus far with you, for no other purpose but to serve God, and the emperor, our lord; and it would not be well that any fear should be discovered in you who are hidalgos, and have been proved in greater dangers than this, where in truth there is none to be apprehended; but let him who likes return to the party which we have left, and there wait for me; and let those follow me who list;

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list; I shall not turn back though I see death before me, for to this end have I come.' With these words he proceeded, having his sword at his side, and a light spear in his hand; and, instead of armour, which in those climates the Spaniards had found it necessary to lay aside, a gipion of quilted hemp, with greaves and leggings of the same. Thus, says Oviedo, he went on, like a good captain, and courageous knight, encouraging his people. They followed him, forcing their way through the thicket, and being frequently obliged to creep on hands as well as feet; till, coming to a spot from whence they could see Henrique, and the Indians with him, at the distance of some two bow-shots, Barrionuevo halted, for the double purpose of taking breath and reconnoitring the ground as well as he could, in case that knowledge might be found useful. From thence he sent Alfaro with a message, repeating the offers of peace and assurance of security from the emperor, and saying that he had come thus far to give him proof of sincerity; but that if the Cacique still should think caution needful, he would return to the open ground, where the rest of his party had been left, and Henrique might come in his canoes, and confer with him upon the water, at safe distance. The Cacique, in reply, reproved his Indians for not having opened the way, and invited him and all his people to an interview. Barrionuevo accordingly sent for those who were awaiting him, and while they were on the way, a path was made.

They found Henrique under the shade of a spreading tree, a cotton mantle being spread on the ground as a carpet. Tamayo, who had personally inflicted more hurt upon the Spaniards, than any other of his countrymen, was with him, six other chiefs, and about seventy warriors, well made men, armed with swords, spears, and targets, their bodies swathed with a cotton cord, passed round and round, and covering them completely from under the shoulders to the feet; this was the defensive clothing which their ancestors had used. They were painted of a dingy red, and their heads adorned with feathers; their array orderly, and their whole appearance martial. Henrique and Barrionuevo embraced with apparent cordiality on both sides; the Spaniards went through the same ceremony with Tamayo and the other chieftains, and Barrionuevo then took his seat on the mantle with Henrique, hand in hand; the Indians were ordered to seat themselves on one side, the Spaniards on the other. Barrionuevo then addressed him, saying, 'Henrique, greatly are you bound to thank God for his mercy, and signal grace shown you by the emperor and king our lord, in forgiving you for all your errors, and inviting you to return under his royal obedience, where you shall be bountifully treated as one of his vassals, and all that has passed be put clean out of remembrance.

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brance. Rather would he have you reclaimed to be his subject and servant, than punished for your offences, that you and yours may not perish everlastingly; but, as a Christian who has received the faith, you shall be admitted to all grace and mercy, as these letters from the king testify.' Henrique took the letters reverently, and then returned them to Barrionuevo, requesting him to read them aloud, his eyes, he said, being weak. The Spaniard read them, and when he had concluded, said to him, 'Señor Don Henrique, kiss the king's letters, and place them upon your head!' Don Henrique did this, happy in the probability of obtaining the security which he had long desired, and pleased perhaps with the title which had been given him in the king's letters, and on which Barrionuevo, in addressing him by it, had laid due stress; for empty titles were held by the Indians in as much estimation as by the courtiers at Constantinople, in the most degraded age of the lower empire; and from that time, till his death, by the name of Don Henrique he was known.

To a long harangue of the Spaniards, setting forth the faults which Henrique had committed, but acknowledging the provocation, and extolling the bounty and clemency of the emperor, and reminding him, that, for thirteen years, he had never laid down at night in security, nor slept in peace; Henrique replied, that peace had always been his desire; that he acknowledged the mercy of God and the emperor, and kissed the emperor's feet and hands; but that wrong had been done to him at first and little faith kept with him afterwards, and therefore he had not ventured to confide in any person belonging to that island. Retiring then to consult with his chieftains, they agreed to accept the offered treaty upon these terms, that Don Henrique should be exempted from all tribute or service of any kind, only performing homage, when called upon, to the King of Castile; that all his people should enjoy the same entire freedom, and all Indians, being natives of that island, who might choose to join him; that he should have, for himself and them, a district apart from the Spaniards, and that it should be stocked with cattle for him; and that if Indians of any other race, or negroes, took shelter there, or were found by his people, they should be delivered up to the Spaniards. The race of native Indians had been so nearly extirpated, that the Spaniards conceded more in appearance than in reality; on the other hand, there was no inconsistency on Henrique's part in the last stipulation; for the other islanders, who were of the same stock, had been consumed, and those who were now in Hispaniola must, with very few exceptions, have been Caribs, and, therefore, odious to the natives. But Henrique is not to be regarded as an Indian hero, engaged in war for the deliverance of his

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his country, and for revenge upon their oppressors. The work of destruction had been too rapid and too complete for this, even if he had been of a disposition to entertain such designs. There remained only a handful of people, too few to be regarded with suspicion by the Spaniards, or even to excite their cupidity, if the advantage of breaking faith, when thus pledged, were compared with the odium of it.

Still Henrique was so cautious that he would not sit at meat with his visiters when he entertained them, but ate apart with his wife, who had shared all his fortunes. The next day, however, he visited Barrionuevo at the place where the Spaniards had bivouacked for the night, and, in proof of increased confidence, most of his Indians were unarmed. He sent two of his captains to accompany him to the sea-coast, and a third, who was to proceed to the city of S. Domingo, and there conclude the treaty with the Audience in his name. These messengers had nearly brought the whole business to a fatal conclusion for themselves, and to an utter breach between the Cacique and the Spaniards; for, being entertained on the shore with stores from the caravel, they drank with such savage intemperance of the wine, that their lives were in extreme danger; but by timely remedies, and perhaps still more by the strength of a savage constitution, they were saved; had they died, their deaths would have been imputed to the Spaniards, and all hope of accommodation must have been at an end. They returned with such presents as the ship could afford, and his agent was sent back from S. Domingo with silken garments and ornaments for Doña Mencia, presents for the chiefs also, sweetmeats, and wine and oil, and iron tools. Henrique had asked for nothing except images: the religion which he had learned among the friars had been well inculcated, and he expressed his concern that, during the thirteen years that this warfare had endured, the children had died unbaptized, and his desire that the living might receive this sacrament. This part of his desires was accomplished before the Audience took any steps towards providing for the spiritual wants of their ally, by Las Casas. That remarkable man was then a friar in the Dominican convent of S. Domingo. He had been acquainted with Henrique in former years, and having now obtained leave of the prior, he set out to visit him, taking with him every thing necessary for the religious ceremonies which it was his intention to perform. He remained with him some days, performing mass daily, and representing to him and his people that they might rely upon the king's word, which was inviolable, and how greatly it was for their temporal welfare,—how necessary for their eternal,—to confide in it. This he did with such effect, that, on his departure, they accompanied



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him to the town of Azua, and there, to the joy of all the Spaniards, the Indians who had been born during the war were publicly baptized. It is said that Henrique, during all those years, had constantly observed his Friday's fast; that he never failed to tell his beads daily, and that he tolerated no licentiousness among his people; marriage not being permitted till the men were four-and-twenty years of age, and illicit intercourse strictly prohibited. The Audience, by whom Las Casas was regarded as an impractical and meddling visionary, took upon themselves to reprimand him for having visited Henrique without their permission; but he, who in the course of his long efforts in behalf of suffering humanity, had learnt perfectly to understand how far the authority of men in office lawfully extended, and what were the rights over which it had no controul, justified himself. Peace, he said, having publicly been made with these Indians, it was lawful for any one to hold communication with them; no license from the Audience could be necessary; and they must, moreover, be well aware that he went not to interrupt the agreement, but to strengthen and confirm it.

Henrique chose for his territory a place called Boya, some fourteen leagues to the north-east of the capital, on the borders of the plain country. He remained among the mountains till his stores there were consumed, during which time it is probable that preparations were made for his arrival on the new ground which he was to occupy. He was received on the way with great honours at S. Domingo, and there signed the treaty in person. It was faithfully observed on both sides. Oviedo estimated the number of his fighting men at from 80 to 100, and the whole of his Indians at 300; but those who settled in the district of Boya, including such as reclaimed their liberty in right of his treaty, amounted to 4000 souls—the poor remains of a population which, only forty years before, was believed to include millions! 'As for the Cacique Don Henrique,' says Oviedo, 'methinks he has made the most honourable peace that has ever been made by knight, captain, or prince, from the days of Adam to this time, and that he has gained thereby more honour than the Duke of Bourbon acquired by conquering and taking King Francis of France at Pavia; because of the infinite disproportion and inequality that there is between the greatest prince of the Christians and Emperor of the Universe, and such a man as this Don Henrique; considering also that the peace was proposed on the part of his Catholic Majesty, and that he was invited and solicited to accept it, and all his offences were forgiven him, and all the murders and robberies and arson, which he and his people had committed, were included in the general and ample pardon; and favours were

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were offered him, and he was allowed to choose any place which liked him in the island, for his dwelling and habitation. Certes Don Henrique, if you understand and feel this, I hold you for one of the most honoured and fortunate captains upon the face of the earth!' Oviedo says also, that many other things concerning Henrique had been written by Las Casas; for himself he did not believe that the Cacique was so far advanced in faith as that father represented; but God grant, he says, that he may be, and much more so, and give him grace so that he and his people may be saved.

Henrique, and his representatives after him, held the vain title of Cacique of the isle of Hayti, with power of life and death over the Indians, subject to an appeal to the Audience. But this people came to the same fate which has hitherto attended every attempt at civilizing any portion of the Indian race. Every generation diminished their numbers, without any assignable cause, natural or political, for this constant tendency to diminution in their own country, and in circumstances where they had no artificial wants. In the early part of the last century, there were only thirty males left, and about twice that number of females; by this time the whole race has probably disappeared. The principle of improvement (which is the life of the life of man) seems to have become effete, and then the primal benediction was revoked.

Among the instruments employed for the destruction of this unhappy race, Columbus, however favourably we may regard his motives, stands foremost; not innocently as the discoverer, but as the person under whose authority the system of compulsory service was introduced, *jusque datum sceleri*. He was unable to repress the enormities to which that system afforded temptation and opportunity, and effectual protection. In the narrative of his fourth voyage, (now published from a transcript made by the historian Muñoz) he expresses his indignation at the manner in which, among other villanies, a slave-trade in girls had been established; and in his letter from Jamaica, on his last expedition, he says he never could think of Hispaniola and Paria, and the other countries, without weeping. There appears no consciousness that he had led the way to all this misery and wickedness, by treating the Indians at first as subjects of Spain, of whom the king might absolutely dispose at his pleasure. But he was unhappy, and his mind was evidently disordered. It is marvellous indeed, that he did not sink under the perpetual anxieties and excitements to which he was exposed. During the third voyage he was three-and-thirty nights without sleep, and he says that he knew not whether his sufferings were inflicted upon him as a



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punishment for his sins or as a means for his salvation. Every thing tended to heighten and confirm his constitutional enthusiasm: he fully believed that his discoveries were prophesied of in the Scriptures; and that the Abbot Joachim, also, had foretold them; twice he was comforted in his afflictions by a miraculous voice, speaking distinctly to him; and when the delirium had past, his persuasion in the reality of the voice remained unshaken. When the joy and the triumph of his first return were past, from that time his whole life was but a series of difficulties, struggles, vexations, injuries, and sufferings, without any interval of tranquillity. No man ever paid more dearly for success. On the other hand, no one was ever more munificently rewarded by the sovereign and the nation whom he served, nor more generously appreciated by posterity. No other name in modern history has obtained so wide and popular a fame; and it is a fame which can by no possibility be superseded, but must hold its place while the world lasts. In our own age, the largest river in western America, and the largest state which has been formed or rather put together out of the wreck of the Spanish empire, have been called after him: and if the state of Columbia (which may perhaps be apprehended) should lose its present designation with its present institutions, and the river (which is to be wished) retain its elder and better name of the Oregan, permanent monuments of the estimation in which this age has held Columbus will remain in Washington Irving's history, and in the fragments of Rogers's poem.

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## SHORT REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

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*Schepeler. Beitrage zur Geschichte Spaniens.* Aachen. 1828.

The writer of this work, a colonel in the French army, had become acquainted, during the Peninsular war, with the bishop of Cordova, whom he visited again in 1816, on his return from the baths of Alhama to Madrid. The bishop showed him the treasures of his library, among which was a volume of manuscripts, containing a variety of interesting documents concerning the history of Charles V. and Philip II. collected by a Major domus of the Duke of Alba. The colonel copied some of them immediately, and copies of the others were sent to him by P. Jesus Munnoz, bishop of Salamanca, member of the Cortes in 1822. These documents are published here for the first time; they are of great importance, and their authenticity cannot be doubted one moment. They are given in the original language, together with a German translation, which, however, is not very correct, and are fifteen in number. 1. The Challenge of Charles V. to the king of France, (Cartel del Emperador al Rey de Francia), dated Monçon in Aragon, 28th June, 1528. 2. The Artillery and Ammunition which Emperor Charles took to attack Metz in Lorraine. (El artilleria y municiones que S. M. el Emperador Carlos llevó para batir à Metz en Lorena). 3. A letter which Philip II. wrote to the Empress respecting the imprisonment of Don Carlos, 1568. This cold cruel letter of the inhuman tyrannical Philip leaves no doubt on the nature of the Infant's death. 4. A letter of Philip II. to the town of Madrid, on the same subject. 5, 6, 7, 8. Letters of the same to the king of France, the queen mother of France, the Duchess of Savoy, and the Constable of France. 9. Accounts sent by the Duke of Alba to the board of Naples of the expenses for barges and bridges. (Cuentas que dan a la sumaria de Napoles barcas y puentes). 10. Letter of the Confessor of Don Juan on the circumstances before and after his death, 1578. 11. Letter of the king Moluco to Don Sebastian, king of Portugal. 12. Letter of the Duke of Alba to Don Sebastian. We beg our readers to recollect that Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, made an expedition to Africa in behalf of Mulei Mohamid, who had been driven from Fezan and Morocco, by his uncle Abdal Melec, whom the Spanish and Portuguese called Muluco. The latter had in vain endeavoured to dissuade Don Sebastian from this expedition. Don Sebastian led, 1578, an army of 20,000 Portuguese to Africa, in which was comprised a great part of the nobility; the king and his army perished in the battle of Alacksar. The Portuguese for a long time believed Don Sebastian would return, as nobody knew what had become of him. The letter of the Duke of Alba has been published before by Spanish historiographers, and it found its place here only, because the editor of these documents thought it would prove acceptable to the German readers, as it refers to the expedition of Don Sebastian, and expresses the opinion of a distinguished warrior. The duke disapproves of the expedition, and advises the king to act with the greatest prudence and foresight.

To English readers, No. 13 is the most important document. It gives an account of the vessels, galleys, marines, infantry, cavalry and artillery, arms, munitions and provisions, which were thought necessary for an expedition against England: it shows how many transport vessels would be wanted, how much they would cost and where they could be got, and what would be the expense of the whole expedition of the fleet and the army for eight months. This project of the Duke of Alba is lengthy, and enters into the smallest details. According to his plan the fleet was to consist of 150 larger vessels, (nave),

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(nave), 46 galleys, 20 frigates, 40 large transports, 340 smaller men-of-war and transport vessels, in all 596 sail, besides 200 flat boats. The crew were calculated to the number of 9800 rowers, and 23,000 sailors, and the troops on board to 55,000 men, infantry, 3000 pioneers, 334 field artillery people, 1200 horsemen, and 700 muleteers for 1400 mules. The whole number, besides the staff, to be taken on board, amounted, therefore, to 60,234 men, which makes, together with the crew, 94,000 men. The Armada, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, was on a smaller scale. The expedition of 1820 from Cadiz to Buenos Ayres, with hardly more than 15,000 men on board, cost Spain twenty millions of piasters; how rich must Philip have been?

No. 14 contains a letter of condolence of P. Luis de Granda to the Duchess of Alba, on the death of the Duke her husband. This letter is written with great elegance of style. "Your Excellence," says the writer, "must know that you married a mortal, not an immortal man, and that of two married people the one must necessarily see the end of the other; that the rejoicings of the wedding-day are balanced by the affliction of the day of death, and that in heaven alone is joy without sorrow, but that in this life the one is blended with the other. Often the end of a pleasure is the beginning of a pain, as your excellency must often have experienced," &c. (bien sabe, que casó con hombre mortal y no immortal, y que la ley de los casados es que necesariamente el uno haya de ver el fin del otro, y que se recompense el alegria del dia del casamiento con la tristeza del dia del acabamiento: pues en solo el cielo hay alegria sin tristeza, mas en esta vida anda manchado lo uno con lo otro. Antes muchas veces el fin de un placer es principio de un peas, como V. Exc. ló habrâ experimentado.) Pr. Luis assures the Duchess that the Duke of Alba never felt the least remorse of conscience for having spilt the blood of heretics and rebels in Flanders—"que no le remordia la conciencia de haber en toda su vida derramada una sola gota de sangre contra su conciencia, e que quantos degolló en Flander era por ser hereges y rebeldes."

No. 15 gives a summary account of the vessels of the expedition of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, Lisbon, 14 May, 1588, and contains, together with No. 13, valuable materials for the history of Queen Elizabeth.

The introductory part of the work presents us with some interesting notices on the history of painting in Spain, together with general reflexions on the fine arts. We wish the author had omitted the angry allusions to the disappointment he experienced in wishing to sell his collection of Spanish paintings to the Prussian government, and had not intermingled his lively prose with lumbering verses. Upon the whole we are sure the book will be read with considerable interest.

### *Ivan Vuizhigin ili Ruskii Gil Blas. Ivan Vuizhigin, or the Russian Gil Blas.*

The name of Le Sage's agreeable, but not very conscientious, hero has become the generic appellation of a certain class of works, which in imitation of their admirable prototype, sketch the manners and follies of various ranks of society, while relating the vicissitudes of an adventurer by profession. The plan, so skilfully employed by the French novelists for presenting us with an entire gallery of portraits and scenes of which his principal personage is the connecting link, is one that, while it amuses the reader by a succession of continually shifting pictures, saves the author all trouble of arrangement and connexion; for, provided he has the talent of depicting with a lively pencil what he beholds around him, we do not demand from him either unity of subject, or regularity of design. Had the ancients produced a similar work, what a light would have been thrown on their private life, and what

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what graphic portraitures would have been presented to us of their domestic habits, their manners, and the state of society! That which we are now obliged to learn piecemeal and imperfectly, we should then have beheld delineated with all that fullness of detail, that richness of character, that fidelity of costume, and those numerous accessories that reflect as in a mirror the original objects. Now, on the contrary, we view the state of society both in ancient Greece and ancient Rome through a very obscure and fallacious medium, and must for ever remain unacquainted with the tone of conversation and the more familiar traits that characterized it. A Grecian Hogarth or Wilkie would be more valuable to us than all the works of Apelles.

Almost every country possesses its Gil Blas, although not one has rivalled the founder of the family. Among his numerous descendants we may fairly reckon our Persian friend, Hajji Baba, who is certainly not the least entertaining of the race. Of the stranger, Ivan, we do not know enough to afford any decided opinion of his character, the author having, as yet, given only a few chapters to the public by way of specimen. Judging, however, from these, and from various other sketches of manners which we have seen from the same pen, we have no doubt but that M. Bulgarin,—who, by the bye, is one of the best and most entertaining writers of this class in Russia, would produce, if not exactly a masterpiece, a very amusing work, and one that would give us greater insight into the state of society in that country, than any that has hitherto appeared. At present, this department of Russian literature is very barren, and we therefore regret the more that our wishes do not appear likely to be gratified. In his prefatory remarks, M. Bulgarin assigns as the cause of their poverty in this respect, the restraints under which writers are placed in Russia, and their apprehensions lest any of their imaginary characters should be considered portraits; or lest they should incautiously utter aught that might offend any class of society. Thus, what is considered in England one of the greatest recommendations to a novel, viz. personality, is, in Russia, considered as quite contrary to bienséance. What with the readers of 'Almack's,' and other compositions of that class, is a striking recommendation, would be received very differently at St. Petersburg. We hope we do not undervalue morality, if we say, that a little satire gives it a stimulating flavour. When more enlightened, the Russians may think so too, but they must first emancipate themselves from the trammels of their literary nurses (the censors of the press), who would persuade them that pap and spoon-meat is more relishing than that *haut-gout* in which John Bull luxuriates.

We regret that M. Bulgarin should, in consequence of this extreme sensitiveness, have been obliged to curb his pen; neither do we think that such an excess of delicacy argues much in favour of the state of society, as it proves that from no class of persons can a vicious or ridiculous character be drawn, without every individual appropriating it to himself. Nor do we see wherefore the Russians themselves should be so afraid of seeing delineated in a book, the same follies and characters which they laugh at when represented on the stage; where their dramatists at least have been by no means timid or sparing in holding up to ridicule the foibles of their countrymen.

For the amusement of our readers, who will, we presume, not be displeased at having an opportunity of contemplating an original sketch by a native,—we select the following scene of a dinner-party at the house of a wealthy merchant. For the better understanding this fragment of the history, it may be necessary to premise, that Ivan Vuizhigin, the hero of the novel, after having been leagued some time with a sharper and gambler, on the departure of the latter from St. Petersburgh, finds himself overwhelmed with debts. At length, in order to extricate himself from his difficulties, and likewise

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likewise to furnish himself with the means of indulging in his expensive habits, he determines upon marrying some wealthy heiress; but in Russia, as everywhere else, heiresses are not to be met with every day, nor to be had, exactly by the mere asking for. Ivan, however, is not particularly fastidious; provided the lady has but a handsome fortune, he is ready to overlook a plebeian origin. He accordingly gets himself introduced to Merkulovich Moshinin, an exceedingly wealthy merchant, who has two marriageable daughters.

'On the following morning, my door was besieged, as usual, by creditors; for these exceedingly officious gentry would not suffer a single day to pass without paying me their respects. On this occasion, I ordered that every one in his turn should be admitted into my cabinet, and informed him that I was on the point of marrying a rich heiress, requesting him to wait with a little patience, and, above all, not to mention the circumstance to any one. Nothing could exceed the delight the worthy creatures testified on this occasion: not even my dearest friends—not my own blood and kin, could have been more overjoyed at this prospect of my future prosperity! They prayed that heaven would favour my undertaking, and even urged me to lose no time in making sure of my good fortune. Worthy people!—there might, perhaps, be some little self-interestedness in your anxiety for my success; yet I am not the less grateful for it. Neither was their regard to my interest confined solely to words; for that very day my tailor sent me home two handsome suits for myself, and new liveries for my servants, which, in spite of all my entreaties and continual orders, he could never, till then, find leisure to finish. A handsome new equipage too, with four noble horses, were furnished me forthwith by the man who superintended this part of my establishment. I spent the whole morning in reviewing my past errors of conduct, and promising to reform for the future; resolving as soon as I should be married, to give up my idle habits and expensive acquaintance; to invest my capital in trade, and to live in the unpretending style of a merchant. "My wife," continued I to myself, "having been educated in that sphere, will have neither any idea of, or desire for, those fashionable refinements and extravagancies that, amidst all their wealth, render the higher classes the slaves of forms, while at the same time they impoverish them and surround them with duns. She will have no wish beyond that of fulfilling her maternal duties towards her offspring, and endeavouring to become the solace and helpmate of her husband. Yes; I am persuaded that after all, it is in the middle sphere of life that I shall find repose and contentment—that by bounding my desires, I shall extend my happiness. Yes, my determination is fixed:—I shall, perhaps, have to incur some ridicule—what then?—I will fix my residence elsewhere—perhaps at Astrakhan. First of all, however, I must marry, and secure my bride's portion of 200,000 rubles."

'I was so engaged in this agreeable castle-building, that I was not aware how late it was getting, till the hand of the dial reminded me that I must lose no time in dressing. My toilet being finished,—on which, to say the truth, I had bestowed no little pains, to set off my person in the most captivating manner, I drove to take up my friend the secretary, who was to introduce me to the family of my intended father-in-law. Hardly had we entered the merchant's drawing-room when I fancied myself at one of our trading fairs: there were officers, both military and civil, merchants, brokers, and captains of ships, of almost every nation, and in every variety of costume. Nor was the female portion of the company less diversified, there being ladies attired in the latest Parisian fashions, and others in caftans, with silk handkerchiefs round their heads: in short, the whole was a medley of tongues, and a masquerade of dresses. Glancing at the crowd which filled the apartment, I perceived

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perceived that there was not a single face which I knew; this gave me some confidence, for I must confess that, notwithstanding my philosophy, I was not a little apprehensive, lest I should discover any of my gaming-table acquaintances.

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'My friend, the secretary, having inquired of one of the attendants where his master and mistress were, he conducted us into a spacious dining-room. Here I found my worthy host, and future father, along with his better half, both toiling in the sweat of their brow, to arrange everything for the entertainment. Servants were bringing in baskets filled with bottles, while his vintner was explaining to Merkulovich the qualities of the various wines, who marshalled them accordingly on the table, taking care that the choicest sorts should be placed near the posts to be occupied by the most distinguished guests; the Madeira and Port, of true native manufacture, being destined for those of less consequence.

'My mamma by anticipation, was a short plump dame, of some fifty years of age, dressed in the old German fashion, but with a handkerchief round her head, *à la Russe*. Merkulovich was a tall portly man, of a florid countenance, with a long white beard. They both made abundant excuses for being thus surprised in the midst of their preparatory arrangements, and requested that I would, on my part, lay aside all ceremony, and consider myself quite at home.

'After a few minutes talk with the good people, we returned to the drawing-room, where the secretary undertook to introduce me to the younger branches of the family. The two elder sons, who, both in their dress and manners, affected to be quite fine gentlemen, addressed me in French, and gave themselves the air of being well acquainted with people of ton. It was evident, almost at the very first glance, that they wished to be considered dashing men of fashion, on an intimate footing with the higher circles, although, from their conversation, I soon perceived that their acquaintance with fashionable life extended no further than the theatres, the Summer Garden, excursions in the environs of the capital, and, in short, all those places and amusements where a well-furnished purse is the only recommendation required. Wishing, however, to ingratiate myself with them as much as possible, I carefully concealed my opinion, and requested that they would do me the favour to introduce me to the young ladies, their sisters. Flattered, probably, by the notice of one who had so much the air of a man of fashion, they instantly took me into another drawing room, where I found a number of young ladies, some of whom were sitting on sofas or chairs, and others either standing in groups by the windows, or promenading up and down the room. The two sparks led me up to their sisters, who were, fortunately, all sitting together. The two elder ones answered perfectly to the description that had been given me of them by the old match-maker who had undertaken to provide for me a suitable spouse, and had pointed out Moshinin's daughters as the very girls proper to repair the fortune of a bankrupt man of gallantry. They were dressed in a very expensive and fashionable style; but the youngest, who was simply attired in a white frock, appeared to me by far the most engaging of the two. They received my salutations with a modish simper, exclaiming, "Charmées de faire votre connaissance;" for they were too well bred to use any other language than French.

'The eldest of the sisters might certainly have passed for a beauty at Pekin, where corpulence and paleness are considered charming. With respect to feet, however, she would hardly have suited the taste of the Chinese, as her's would not be reckoned small even in Russia, where a slender foot is by no means a general characteristic of the fair sex. From the blush and evident embarrassment she betrayed, in spite of her endeavour to appear fashionably unconstrained,

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unconstrained, I was led to suspect that the old woman had given her some intimation of the real purport of my visit. I perceived also that I was regarded with looks of unusual scrutiny and curiosity by all the company, and imagined that I was the subject of a good deal of the whispering I saw going forward. Not particularly desiring such a distinction, I felt much relieved by the summons to the dining-room.

'At table, I was placed between my two new friends, the sons of the host, nearly at the upper end, among the most distinguished guests. The conversation was by no means general, almost every one confining his discourse to his immediate neighbour. That of the elder merchants turned almost exclusively upon topics connected with commerce, the price current, and the state of the markets; subjects which their juniors carefully avoided, discussing only the latest fashions, the merits of horses, the theatres, singers, dancers, and occasionally making a transition to literature. None, however, forgot to do justice to the good things before them, so profusely provided by the liberal host, who, like another Jove, by a single motion of his brow, regulated the attendants, and was the main-spring of the whole mechanism of the feast. Before the repast was ended, a multitude of bottles had been drained of the last drop; and the constant discharges of corks indicated the extensive slaughter that was going on among the champagne and other excellent wines. The lacqueys, too, seemed to have come in for their share of the booty, for the manner in which they staggered about, every now and then spilling wine upon some one of the company, showed that they did not consider forbearance from tasting it as any part of their duty. In the meanwhile, the ladies, who did not participate much in the conversation, made amends for their silence, by the satisfaction with which they evidently enjoyed the dessert.

'My attention, however, was principally directed to the members of the family, of which I flattered myself that Hymen would shortly bestow on me the rights of freedom and denizenship; and observed that the hopeful sons were by no means reserved in remarks at the expense of their parents. These witticisms, for such they appeared to consider them, were uttered in French, a language unintelligible to the worthy people, who therefore were highly delighted at the mirth thus produced, which they of course imputed to the cleverness and facetiousness of their well educated offspring; nor did any one endeavour to undeceive them. I must do myself the justice to confess that I was more shocked than amused by this unnatural levity, and at the ungrateful misapplication these young men made of the education they had received; neither could I altogether excuse the parents themselves, who, eager to procure for their children instruction in fashionable accomplishments, appeared to have neglected the more important duty of moral instruction, and to have given themselves no concern on this head. It is to this perverted education of their children, and to the eagerness with which our principal merchants endeavour to elevate their families to the rank of nobility, that I attribute the paucity of mercantile families, of any standing, among us. In Holland, England, France, and other commercial countries, there are wealthy mercantile houses which continue through a succession of generations, and which, as well by their respectability as their opulence, reflect credit upon their respective countries. But with us, no sooner has a family enriched itself by commerce than it abandons it as illiberal and plebeian; and hence that credit and respectability, which are the result only of a long-continued establishment, are unknown in Russia. This is the chief cause of the little progress of commerce here in comparison with other countries. Amidst these unpleasant reflections, I comforted myself by forming the determination of supporting to the utmost the credit of the firm of Moshinin, and applying myself sedulously to commerce.

'After

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'After dinner several of the company adjourned to play at whist and boston, while a party of the young men, among whom was myself, retired to another room, for the purpose of smoking our pipes, quaffing champagne, and conversing more unreservedly.

'After a short time, the elder of Moshinin's sons invited us to follow him to one of the drawing rooms, which had been fitted up as a temporary theatre, where a little French comedy was to be performed.

'The author of the drama, which was entitled "The Generous Parents, or the Good Children," was M. Furet, the sons' tutor. The plot was evidently intended to insinuate a lesson to the papa and mamma of this hopeful family, as it inculcated the policy of a wealthy merchant's indulging his children in every fashionable extravagance, in order that his daughters may marry princes, counts, and generals, and his sons obtain some high official situations. His children at length obtain a title for the merchant himself, and the family being all thus ennobled, the curtain fell. Although nothing could be more clumsy than the construction of the piece, or more insipid than the dialogue, and notwithstanding that the young Moshinins, who took a part in this strange performance, evidently enough betrayed that the champagne they had drank, however it might increase their assurance, did not at all add to their ability; the audience conceived themselves obliged to applaud almost every speech.'*—With this sample, we beg to conclude.

*Forsøgtil en Videnskabelig Dansk Retskrivningslære, af* R. Rask.—*Attempt at Scientific Danish Orthography.* Copenhagen. 1826.

The above work introduces to the Danish public a journal on the subject of Danish antiquities, under the title of Tidsskrift fer Nordisk Oldkyndighed, founded and supported by native scholars of the first rank, as *Nierup, Thorlazius, Rabech, Sanddtvig, Rask, &c.* We think the selection of the introductory subject extremely appropriate, as it attempts to fix the rules of orthography, which have hitherto been very vague and variable in Danish literature. When a nation has reached a certain point of literary cultivation, a settlement of the orthographical rules of its language becomes absolutely necessary, a duty which, in some countries, as in France, Spain, and Sweden, is discharged by the legislative power of the academies. Remonstrances have been repeatedly made against such an authority, as retarding the progress of a language; but we think that its operation is generally confined to the establishment of orthographical rules, without obstructing the progress or extension of the language which depend chiefly on the writers. Language must necessarily keep pace with the progress of cultivation and science. New terms are thus created, which, though at first beheld with astonishment and contempt, gradually become incorporated into the language. In countries where the academic authorities just mentioned do not exist, the arrangement of orthographical rules must be supplied by distinguished individual scholars, as Johnson and Walker have done in England, and Adelung in Germany. In Denmark Mr. Rask has begun, by the above-mentioned treatise, to establish orthographical rules, which, we doubt not, will be generally adopted by his enlightened countrymen. These rules are for the most part founded on the authority of previous Danish scholars, as Peter *Siv* and *Højegard*, of the 17th and 18th centuries, and Professor Bloch, a distinguished grammarian of our own times. Mr. Rask proceeds upon the simple fact that orthography must be founded on the true pronunciation. We do not hesitate to say that his work is one of the soundest and most acute treatises that have appeared on

* Some passages of the original have been omitted, and in one or two places the narrative has been a little abridged, as it would otherwise have occupied more room than we could spare.

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the subject, and we hope the author will succeed in expelling from the Danish language the broad *aa* by the substitution of the Swedish å. The work is divided into two parts, the first treating of the intuitive, and the second of the practical orthography, with constant reference to the old Icelandic and Danish language, as also to the kindred language of Sweden.

*Noveller af* Ingemann.—*Novels of* Ingemann. Reitzel. Copenhagen. 1827.

This branch of Danish literature is extremely poor, and we think Mr. Ingemann has contributed but little towards its enrichment by the four novels contained in this volume. Their titles are the "Cursed House;" "the Monument;" "the Old Rabbi;" and "the Rope Dancers;" none of which possess any peculiar merit of plot or execution. They all treat of the ordinary events of modern social life, and all end alike with an hymeneal festival. The second may be taken as a fair specimen of the sort of production put forth by Mr. Ingemann in the present volume. "Louisa, the heroine of 'the Monument,' laments the loss of her youthful husband, the curate of the village, with so much sincerity, that she captivates the heart of his reverend and handsome successor. On her part, however, there is a most determined opposition to the very thought of love, so much so that she orders a monument to be raised to the deceased, on which she has her own name inscribed, with a blank space for the day of her death, within the year of widowhood. Notwithstanding such resolute opposition, love contrives to inspire the widow with an affection for the curate, whose talents for condolence appear to be of a very persuasive kind. Louisa becomes first aware of the state of her heart during the preaching of the divine, but, recalling the image of her husband, she is taken ill of a fever, and dies within the year of her widowhood. The clergyman bears this misfortune with Christian patience, and consoles himself by marrying the widow's sister, who, though hitherto disregarded, had long loved his reverence very fervently." Thus much of the "Monument." We will not detain our readers by an analysis of the other three novels, but we may generally remark that the author of "Valdemar the Great," "Valdemar the Victorious," and so many other works of merit, should have employed his pen to better purpose than he has done in the present volume.

*Nya Dikter of* Karl August Nicander. Hörberg. Stockholm. 1827.

Literary contests are good evidence that life exists; and, "where there is most life, there is victory," according to a celebrated writer. In such contests, dormant powers are aroused and strengthened; and, though neither party may acknowledge itself defeated, yet the preconceived opinions, errors, and prejudices, which were in the beginning so pertinaciously defended, subside, and are forgotten in the repose which, like *Phœbus post nubila*, follows such a storm of conflicting elements. In Sweden, the opposition between the *Phosphorists*, or romantic school, and the adherents of "the old," or French school, has produced its good consequences, among others this,—that the Academy of Eighteen, the highest literary authority, has adopted a more refined and enlightened style of criticism. The first evidence of this amelioration was perceived in the election of Tegner, Geijer, and Franzen, as members of the Academy; the productions of those great men having been written in direct opposition to the spirit of the French school. A further proof was, their tacit abandonment of the practice of giving crown prizes only for poems written in Alexandrines. The new romantic school, on the other hand, relinquished the sonnet and German mania; and thus the stream of literature in Sweden flows on calm and undisturbed.

August Nicander, whose poems have given occasion for the above remarks, is one of the younger Swedish poets, who, from the strife of parties, have drawn

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drawn the golden rule of moderation. His first poetic work was *Run Svärdet*, (The Runic Sword,) a tragedy of very considerable promise, which, with a late production, "The Runics," procured for him the notice of the Crown Prince, who is the liberal patron and friend of genius. By this distinguished patronage, Nicander has been enabled to visit the land of arts and song, whence so many of his countrymen have borne away the wreath of honourable distinction. Previously to his departure for Italy, he published the volume before us, which may be taken as a powerful security that he will not disappoint the hopes of his illustrious patron and numerous friends. His poetry is distinguished by deep feeling, a noble enthusiasm for the exalted calling of a poet, and a purity of diction which eclipses the minor faults almost always found in the works of youthful writers. We may particularly notice his sometimes forced and injudicious application of images, a defect which may be remedied by a due regulation of his luxuriant fancy, for which object no better model can be given him than that of his great countryman Tegner, so remarkable for abundant and judicious imagery.

The largest poem in the collection before us is a Lyric, in eleven romaunts, under the title of Enzio. The author has called forth a figure from the dark historic stores, and invested it with the golden hues of poetry. Enzio, King of Sardinia, and Viceroy of Italy, son of the great German Emperor, Frederick II., and who, according to the testimony even of his foes, was the bravest and most beautiful hero of his day, sustained an utter defeat from the Bolognese at the battle of Fossalta, 1249, and was made prisoner. The proud Republicans sentenced him to perpetual confinement; and, within the walls of his dungeon, the unfortunate prince survived the downfall and destruction of his family. Death at length came to his relief, and freed him of an existence which had long been but one continued sigh, and would have before broken his heart but for the beautiful Bolognese Lydia Vindagola, who shed a soothing beam through the long dark night of his captivity. The sorrows of this royal victim of a fate that hurled him from the height of his power to perpetual misery, and the one consoling thought that softened his anguish, have afforded the poet an opportunity for much striking and tender description. We give two Sonnets from this poem:—

De la sua labbia si mova
Uno spirto soave e pien d' amore
Che va dicendo a l' anima; sospira!

She sate beside her lamp at midnight's hour,
When Nature in Endymion slumber lay,
And Zephyr for her fair cheek bore away
A fragrant kiss from many a sister-flower.
And ivy tendrils, creeping up the tower,
Stole through the lattice, playfully to seek
Her silken locks, or woo her lovely cheek,
While sang the Siskin in the myrtle bower.
Now on her veil a tear's pure crystal flows,
Image of thought that trembles in her heart!
As Enzio's name she lays with rose-leaves bright.
Like butterflies from bosom of the rose,
From Lydia's lips the gentle strains depart,
Entrusted to the silent breast of night.

O, Honor's heav'nly martyr, Enzio brave!
To thee I send a silent winged sigh,
And free unto the prisoner's feet I fly,
And from his heart a boon would fondly crave.

My

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My tender foot can thorny dangers brave,
The sword, the Stygian shores I dare defy;
By love more dear than sun-light from on high,
I will th' oppress'd from rude oppression save!
That thou mayst not my feeble hand despise,
When strengthened by love's fearless energies,
That thou mayst mildly judge me, is my pray'r.
To see thee free, and vanish from me far,
To see thy name in Honor's heav'n a star,
And die of pain and joy,—my meed is there!

The Poem on the Death of Tasso obtained the prize from the Royal Academy in 1826. We give one extract from that part of the poem where the people are assembled to celebrate Tasso's coronation festival, while his songs and praises sound on every side from choirs of youths and maidens.

But Tasso hears them not—he cannot hear
The bliss that spreads around, o'er hill and vale;
From Hope's imagin'd land a Nightingale
Far other music warbles in his ear!
At Death's cold breast he low'rs the lofty head,
Whose thoughts through life had been so beautiful,
And clearer visions now before him spread
Than when on earth his eye's reflection shed—
The earth, which now gives only shadows dull.
His heart beats not for mortal joy or strife,
The past is dimly seen, though unforgot;
The present is around;—he knows it not.
He stands upon th' horizon verge of life,
Where earth and heav'n together mingling flow;
Where nought but seraph songs celestial sound;
Where only beams of God's bright glory glow,
The light and love illuming all around!
As longs the Swan upon the fading shore,
Or on the stormy billow's cheerless breast,
For southern lands of genial warmth and rest,
With Zephyr's flight on outspread wings to soar;
So longs the soul of Tasso,—though betray'd
By Time's vain dreams, yet pure and undismay'd,
From his own darken'd heart he longs to fly,
And, like a star, emerg'd from clouds on high
In heav'n's bosom fadelessly to glow,
Mid joy unalter'd by the shades of woe!
The clouds of time shall pass—and he be free,
For the last struggle is a victory!

We have no space for quotations from his smaller poems, all of which bear marks of true poetic inspiration, particularly that on Silence, a piece of singular pathos and beauty.

*Campagne d'Egypte.*

1. *Mémoires du Maréchal Berthier, prince de Neuchatel et de Wagram, Major-Général des Armées Françaises.* 1 vol. 8vo. 433 pages. Paris, 1827. Baudoin, frères.
2. *Mémoires du Comte Reynier, Général de division.* 1 vol. in 8vo. 412 pages. Paris, 1827. Baudoin, frères.

We arrange these two works under the same head, because they both relate to the same subject, and furnish a narrative of the expedition to Egypt. They

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They bear the names of Berthier and Reynier, who were considerable actors in the sanguinary struggle between the French armies and the Pachas of the East; and they enter into the details of the various rencontres, if not with entire impartiality, at least with a truth and accuracy that admits of no dispute. Even as early as the year 1770, Berthier was distinguished among the best officers of France, and, in the American war, was raised to the rank of colonel on the field of battle. On his return to France he displayed the same energy in favour of liberty as he had manifested in the cause of the United States, and fought with the same ardour for the principles of the French revolution, and with the same detestation of the exclusive privileges of despots and aristocrats, as he had evinced in the earlier period of his career. The distinguishing qualities of Berthier were an undaunted courage, a coup-d'œil that nothing could escape, a remarkable quickness and promptitude of conception, and a peculiar vigour of temper and constitution that rendered him indefatigable in the exercise of his profession. In these memoirs, he traces with truth and accuracy the various operations that led to the conquest of Egypt, and the different views and plans of the contending parties. Reynier was less conspicuous among the troops of France, though he acquired renown in the republican armies; but, being younger, and less of a courtier than Berthier, and more cold and reserved than that favourite of Napoleon, he was not calculated to acquire the attachment of armies. He possessed, however, a great capacity for political speculation, and has delineated, with considerable judgment and discrimination, the false and delusive series of measures that completely defeated the expedition to the east. The narrative of the former general terminates at the battle of Aboukir, while that of the latter does not commence till after the victory of Heliopolis; and, in order to fill up the chasm between both these histories, the editor of these memoirs has taken upon himself to supply the deficiency, and by his means we possess a complete account of the wars of Egypt and Syria, the events of which are ranged in proper order, and stated with considerable perspicuity and exactness. With respect to the works themselves, we may observe, that the recital of both is simple, and sketched with a masterly hand, frequently possessing a sort of dramatic interest, and uniformly spirited and animated. The style of Berthier is vigorous and masculine, and his observations chiefly confined to military operations. The language of Reynier, on the contrary, is simple, and he allots a larger space to the consideration of political views. He very ably reviews the administration of the incapable Menou, who, after the assassination of Kleber, succeeded to the command of the army of Egypt.

If, as has been frequently asserted, the expedition to Egypt was conceived in the breast of a profound politician, and undertaken with the highly commendable view of reviving the arts and sciences in their primitive cradle, and the country that had originally given them birth; and if this truly philosophical suggestion gave the first impulse to the enterprise in order to rescue a whole people from the most degrading slavery, then this expedition merits the applause of nations; it affords a striking proof of the civilization of modern times, and the superiority of the men of the present age over the crusaders of the 13th century, who were induced by the fanatical harangues of a frantic hermit to carry fire and sword into distant regions, for the recovery of the holy land. But if, on the contrary, this famous expedition was not undertaken with that benevolent and philosophical view to which we have alluded; if even it were only one of those sanguinary enterprises arising from the ambitious views of governments and individuals, still it would tend considerably to excite our sympathy, and would undoubtedly raise our astonishment and admiration. It must have been a curious spectacle to behold

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behold Napoleon, who had scarcely arrived at the flower of his youth, and who was then the favourite champion of that liberty, the vestiges of which he subsequently destroyed, seated on the tomb of one of the ancient kings of Egypt, at the base of the largest of the pyramids, which the lapse of forty ages has not caused to moulder or decay, and giving lessons of toleration to the priests of the prophet Mahomet. It was also a magnificent spectacle to behold the countries of the east overspread with European armies, that performed exploits almost miraculous in the midst of sandy deserts, or at the foot of Mount Tabor, and the base of the pyramids. Frenchmen, Arabians, Mamelukes, and English,—Africa and Europe come to close quarters, and engage in battle in the vicinity of those stupendous ruins that have stood the test of ages. Buonaparte, Desaix, Kleber, Lannes, and Murat, the Grand Visir Joussef, Sir Sidney Smith, Solyman, the fearless assassin of Kleber, pass successively before our eyes: we follow them to the midst of camps; we repose with them under the same tent; their pictures, indeed, are not equally flattering in the colouring and outline, some being more pleasing and others more sombre and repulsive; but that is naturally to be expected, according as a friend or an enemy has guided the pencil of the artist.

*Mémoires autographes de M. le Prince de Montbarey, ministre secrétaire d'Etat au département de la Guerre sous Louis XVI.* 3 vol. in 8vo. Paris, 1826, 1827. Eymery.

M. DE MONTBAREY is a true representative of the "ancien régime;" he is vain, frivolous, and egotistical. His memoirs are amply descriptive of his character, and in these he furnishes us with the genealogy of his ancestors, displaying at the same time the various means which he employed to elevate the rank of his house, and unfolding the paltry intrigues of the palace, and the chivalrous prowess of the lords of the court. They describe, with admirable exactness, that period during which Paris gave the tone to the fashionable world, when Duclos called the French, "The children of Europe," and when Raynal compared that nation to "A population of women;" and, if we adopt the expressions of the Prince de Montbarey himself, who observes, in speaking of the noblesse of his time, 'Provided that the public should see us sometimes at the court, and in private houses, where decent and honourable society met; and provided that no scandalous and disgraceful adventure can be laid to our charge, we can preserve the tone and the advantages of good company openly, while in *secret* we may have all the pleasures of the bad.'

The author was born at Besançon, on the 20th April, 1732, of a family more distinguished by its antiquity than by any conspicuous characters that it had produced. He quitted the college of the Jesuits at the age of twelve years, to enter into the military service, and joined, with the rank of captain, the regiment of Loraine, of which his father was then colonel. His advancement was rapid and brilliant, and after his first campaigns in Germany, he rose to the post of colonel. Shortly after he was made brigadier-general, and captain of the *Cent-Suisses;* at thirty he was appointed maréchal de camp, and inspector general of infantry. Like other young noblemen of that period, he displayed bravery in the field, and frivolousness and gallantry in the garrisons.

He was a gamester and a rake at an early period of his life, and he devoted the maturity of his age to secret intrigues, and ambitious views. Having drawn up some memorials on the state of military affairs, that circumstance drew on him the marked attention of the council of war, which was manifested by nominating him adjunct to the Comte de St. Germain, who shortly

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shortly after succeeded in the war department. The Prince de Montbarey possessed a prodigious memory, a facility of application, and a variety of knowledge, though of the superficial kind; his manners and deportment were agreeable, and, like all other courtiers, he promised readily without giving himself much trouble about performance.

His rank and character, and his position in society, afforded him every opportunity of obtaining the confidence of princes, and of estimating their real merits.

As he was educated, at a very early age, among the Jesuits, the reader will not be displeased to read his opinions of that renowned society:

'The Jesuits, at this period, had almost exclusively the charge of the education of youth, in almost all the Catholic countries of Europe. The peculiar nature of their institution had assigned them that task, which they eagerly embraced as the means of extending their dominion. Being admitted into the most opulent and distinguished families in the quality of instructors, they also became the confessors of the inmates; and thus two most powerful springs of ambition were placed in their hands. Their secret policy was, while they watched over the health and morals of their pupils, to prolong the duration of the education of the youth committed to their charge to as remote a period as possible; and, necessarily, to render the progress of their improvement slow, especially those who were destined for the military profession. But, with respect to those young persons who were intended for the Ecclesiastical order, their course of proceeding was different. The early talents of these pupils they took every means to forward, and improve, especially if their birth and connexions seemed to promise them the highest preferments in the church, thinking naturally to find in them powerful patrons, or subservient creatures to their own particular views. With the exception of this favoured class, they rarely brought forward, in useful and substantial knowledge, only persons of a middling condition in life, whom they could easily convert into humble instruments, and occasional panegyrists. It is owing to this steady and uniform policy, that, in all the public exercises which they proficiently exhibited, prizes were ostentatiously bestowed only on young persons belonging to the two particular classes which I have named. These worthy fathers were very skilful in converting the ruling passion for public exhibitions, that prevails in the French nation, to their own private benefit; and also in adopting every means that might engage the attention, and interest the vanity of the families of their pupils. Thus they drew into the service of their own body all the passions that usually influence mankind.'

As our author passed the early days of his youth in the midst of camps, his memoirs are filled with military anecdotes, which bear the impression of the peculiar manners of that period, and which, as well as the two following ones, are not defective in point of interest and originality:—

'The battle of Raucoux is, perhaps, the only one, and certainly the first, the order for which was given from the stage. Our head-quarters were at Tongres. When the piece was over, the actress that came forward to announce the performance for the following day, advanced to the front of the stage, and sang the following stanza:

Demain, nous donnerons relâche
Quoique le directeur s'en fâche:
Vous voir eût comblé nos desirs;
Mais il faut ceder à la gloire.
Nous ne songeons qu' à vous plaire,
Vous ne songez qu' à la victoire.

'After this song, the Major-General on duty, who was officer for the day, appeared, and said aloud, that the *General* should beat instead of the



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*retreat* that evening; and that the different corps should be served with powder and ball at ten o'clock at night. He then gave orders that every officer and soldier should instantly join his corps, and not quit it on any account. The order was obeyed, and every one displayed the same gaiety as he had shewn during the play.'

And again—

'The Duke de Boufflers was employed in the capacity of Lieut.-General in the army of Flanders. He was the grandson of the Field-Marshal of the same name, who was so highly distinguished in the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., who, in remuneration of his splendid services at the siege of Lisle, made him Governor of French Flanders, an office which he transmitted to his son, and successively to his grandson, of whom I am now speaking. During the winter of 1745-46, Louis XV. created the regiment of Boufflers-Wallon, of which the son of Boufflers, then only fourteen, had been appointed Colonel. The Duke de Boufflers himself was then Lieut.-General in the same army; and having learned that his son's regiment was among the number of those that were ordered to attack the village of Raucoux, and fearing that, at the early age of fourteen, the commencement of his military career might be attended with unpleasant circumstances, he requested Marshal Saxe to permit him to quit the division of cavalry which he commanded, to place himself, as a mere volunteer, by the side of his son, at the head of the regiment of Boufflers. When the column of attack arrived at the skirts of the village, he took his son in his arms, and flung him over the entrenchments; he quickly followed him himself, attended by two pages, who, by reason of his capacity as aid-de-camp to the king, were obliged to accompany him. Both father and son conducted themselves with the greatest intrepidity, but the two young pages of the king lost their lives.'

Our author subsequently became Minister of War, the favourite of the old Comte de Maurepas, and the Counsellor of Louis XVI. He was thus enabled to have a correct knowledge of the court, and duly to appreciate the men of his own period. But he does not describe them all with equal impartiality; and if the portrait of the Count d'Artois, now Charles X., which we shall transcribe, reveals the pencil of a friend, that of Necker discovers the hatred and jealousy which this ministerial artist bore to the Minister of Finance:

'The person of the Comte d'Artois is formed with the utmost grace and symmetry, and exhibits the most elegant model of the French figure and standard. His countenance is equally pleasing and interesting, and is such as might afford to the imagination an idea of the imaginary portrait of perfection which our poets, authors of romance, and historians, have assigned to a French prince. He possesses all the fire and vivacity of youth, joined to all the graces of politeness and gallantry. The superiority of his accomplishments in this respect has procured him the title of GALAOR, because he realizes the fictitious portrait of perfection which the writers of romance have assigned to that hero. As his extraordinary polish, and his agreeable temper and manners, seemed to point him out as the prince of the youth of France, he was speedily recognised as such, and became a model of fashion both for the city and the court.

'Mr. Necker was born at Geneva, that receptacle of the vile of all nations, where all the vices are naturalised—where stock-jobbing and the art of making a fortune at the expense of others, and by all means, right or wrong, constitute the distinctive character of the inhabitants, and who have, without exception, a natural aptness for commercial calculations and combinations, came at an early age to Paris, as his townspeople usually do.

'His Genevese genius, and its concomitant qualities, soon unfolded themselves,

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selves, so that instead of a salaried clerk, which was his original destination, he became partner in the house into which he had been admitted in the former capacity. The advantages arising from his share in the business, in addition to his own private speculations, having advanced him to a state of affluence and fortune, he assumed a taste for polite literature, and adventured as a *belle esprit*. He opened his doors, and perhaps his purse, to some men of letters who trumpeted forth his praises, as a matter of course. Having published some memorials on the subject of finance, he became associated with that numerous class of idlers that abound at Paris, and who incessantly devote their attention to politics and affairs of state.

'As Mr. Necker kept a good house, his hungry followers exerted themselves to procure him influence and consideration. His Memorial on the Commerce of Corn, published at a moment when the folly of the public was totally engrossed by that subject, made his company and acquaintance be sought by all that interested themselves about such matters.

'He was afterwards patronized and panegyrized by the Duchess d'Auville, who kept open shop for wit and literature at stated hours; and he became, thanks to the gigantic powers of his genius, one of the professors of that school, the members of which, under the pretence of promoting the improvement of agriculture, and giving useful information to Government, became its secret enemies and detractors.'

'Good dinners and a few pamphlets attached the *beaux esprits* of Paris to Mr. Necker, and the panegyrists of his principles of political economy had produced his reception into the society of the Duchess d'Auville, whose Coryphæus he now became. If the interests of the East India Company brought him into contact with persons from whom his birth and condition would have kept him separate; and if the love of lucre had bore him out in a society so superior to his own pretensions, the publication of his opinions on religious matters secured him admission into the philosophical cabal, among whom this book became a sort of catechism, and acquired a celebrity beyond anything of the kind. The Prince de Montbarey, finding himself now counteracted in all his views by this same Mr. Necker, whose portrait he draws, resigned the portfolio of War Minister to the Marquis de Segur, at the close of the year 1780. During his own ministry, Louis XIV. had showered down favours on him, and on quitting office he continued to be attached to that prince, whose excellent intentions he had estimated very highly, but whose feebleness of character he does not sufficiently condemn.

During the insurrection of the 14th of July, 1789, he resided at a hotel in the vicinity of the Bastile, and on the report of some false intelligence that the people were about to set fire to the stores of gunpowder that were in that fortress, he came out on foot with his wife, in order to seek refuge in another quarter of Paris, and was immediately made prisoner by the insurgents. He would perhaps have been sacrificed to their fury on that occasion, had not M. de la Galle, the Commandant of the National Guard, rescued him from the hands of the mob, and concealed him in a closet in the Hotel de Ville, from which he contrived to make his escape during the night.

He emigrated in the year 1791, and went to reside with his family at Constance in Switzerland, where he died in the year 1796. It was during the period of his emigration that the Prince de Montbarey composed the memoirs which are now before us; and we see, by the numerous instances of incorrectness with which they abound, that the author did not intend them for the public eye. The editors have shown every degree of respect to his manuscript; and, with a scrupulosity for which we give them credit, they have not hazarded the slightest alteration in its style, even when it offends against the rules of grammar, or against the principles of good taste. His work, if we



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may hazard the expression, might be styled the "*ancien regime*," painted by itself.

*Voyage en Italie, et dans Sicile; par* L. Simond. 2 vol. 8vo. Paris, *chez Sautelet et Cure.*

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Mr. Simond is a traveller already well known by his observations on England and Switzerland. He is sensible, acute, and philosophical; but all these qualities will be of no avail, unless they have a sufficiency of previous knowledge to work upon. Mr. Simond was doubtless very adequate for his task on Switzerland; as he had not only resided long in the country, but, moreover, possessed many literary friends of the highest name and character who were competent to prevent his falling into glaring error. A rational traveller, and one acquainted with the language, has also every facility for acquiring correct information upon England; for, both in a civil and political point of view, the various departments of this country are so well portioned out and arranged and their limits so excellently defined, that they lay before the eye of the observer like a correctly delineated map, and require only a patient investigation. The haste, however, for which English travellers have been blamed when abroad, may also be brought to bear with justice against most foreigners in this country; and the result is, that we have very few correct informants on our institutions and establishments. With Italy, however, it is very different. The country is so parcelled out and divided, there are so many different states, such a strange diversity of dialects, so astonishing a disparity of institutions, privileges, and customs, such an exceeding mass of ignorance, superstition, and absurdity, and, wherewithal, intercourse is so very difficult, that no traveller can acquire correct intelligence, unless he has had the patience to accumulate that information which years alone can afford.

Mr. Simond enters Italy by the Simplon, and after visiting the lakes of Como, and the Lago Maggiore, stops first at Milan; where he gives the usual description of the Cathedral, the Ambrosian Library and St. Carlo Boromeo. From thence he proceeds to Venice, by way of Verona and Padua, which towns are very slightly mentioned; but we can assure Mr. Simond that, in this instance, brevity is not the soul of wit. Venice is as speedily dismissed; although we could have well spared a few moments perusal for ascertaining the present state of the unfortunate Adriatic Queen; we are sorry that Mr. Simond has not indulged us; for, after Forsyth, we know of no individual so competent for satisfying us in this respect. He hurries on through Bologna to Florence, where, after finding fault with the Venus de Medicis, and impugning the authenticity of Raphael's pictures, on the bare authority of his friend Mr. Fabre, he indulges in a flourishing eulogium on the Countess of Albany; likewise, we presume, on the authority of the same gentleman, who was her late, if not her latest, *Cavaliere Servente*. After a short residence at Pisa, he proceeds to Rome, where his principal care appears to have been, to knock off the greatest number of palaces in the shortest possible space of time. Indeed, the principal object of this gentleman's tour seems to have been, to conclude it as quickly as possible, in order to publish his book. On the subject of Italian society, we must beg to differ from the learned traveller; but as a general refutation would lead us too far, in this brief notice, we shall here take leave of him, laying before our readers *our* account of one of the most curious festivals of modern Italy, denominated the *Befana*, and an exposition of the as curious system of Cavaliere Serventeism; on which, however, he has made a few judicious observations.

On the eve of the Epiphany, it is the custom in Florence, and has been so from

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from time immemorial, as we find it mentioned by the earliest writers, to go about in procession, carrying what is called the Befana, accompanied by lights, music, and the discordant sounds of long trumpets made of glass, much to the annoyance of all quietly-disposed persons. We have often been in society where this ceremony was the subject of conversation, and nobody could precisely define what the Befana meant. Indeed, it would be difficult to do so, as it appears under so many different forms. Sometimes the Befana is a white bull, with a child on its back, adorned with garlands of flowers; at others, it is personified by a donkey, covered with gaudy trappings. We have seen it represented both as a male and female; but more generally it is a sort of monster, or ridiculous representation of the heathen deities, drawn in an ornamented car, and an object of great terror to all the children in the place. Some, indeed, have been inclined to trace its origin to the remotest ages of Paganism, while others conceived it more properly to belong to the earliest days of Christianity. We should be for the latter opinion, both from its etymology, and from the circumstance in the sacred writings which it seems intended to commemorate.

Several of the earliest Italian writers have asserted, that the Befana is a name without any signification, invented by nurses and old women, to frighten children into good behaviour. But this does not appear very probable, as from its near approach in sound to the name of the solemnity which it appears intended to represent, it would rather incline one to suppose, that the Befana, with its synonyme Befania, is a vulgar contraction of the Italian word Epifania; and from the circumstance of its falling on the eve of that sacred rite, which, according to the most ancient ecclesiastical rules, is ordered to be observed on the 6th January, it would be entitled, we should think, to a more substantial derivation than an old woman's fancy.

According to the signification given by the Academia della Crusca, the Befana is defined to be a sort of puppet or doll, made up of rags, either representing a male or female, but more generally the latter, which is carried about on the eve of the Epiphany, and which used to be stuck up at the windows of the lower orders during that festival. From hence the Befana was considered as a kind of scarecrow, and became a term of reproach. To this day it is frequently applied to an ugly woman; and the poet Berni, describing such a one, uses it in that sense:

> "Ha gli occhi rossi, e il viso furibondo,
> I labbri grossi, e par la Befania."

Having thus identified the Befana with the Italian word Epifania, and the solemnity which it commemorates, it may fairly be supposed to represent the extraordinary appearance of the Magi, who are described in Holy Writ as "coming from afar," and the numerous presents given to children at that season, to be typical of the offerings made by them to our Saviour.

Its occurrence at a period of feasting and rejoicing, and, in Catholic countries, of masking and unbounded license, may in some measure account for the ridiculous personifications and chimerical stories attached to the Befana, who, however, is not always held up to children as a bugbear, but sometimes as the rewarder of good behaviour, and dispenser of cakes and sweetmeats. The old nurses of Italy make children believe, that exactly at midnight, all sorts of animals are suddenly gifted with speech: hence Firenzuola observes, "Le pecore la notte della Befana favellano." They say that at that moment every one's lot is ameliorated, and that every thing undergoes a transformation; that the walls of houses are changed into pastry; that the muddiest water becomes most excellent wine; and that nature is every where turned out of its natural course; that the Befana inhabits the tops of chimneys,

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chimneys, and on that night is to be seen flying about in the air, because it is the feast of the Magi, seeking to punish or reward good or bad children, providing the former with cakes, and the latter with bastinadoes.

Neither are these stories confined to the nursery alone, for we have been most credibly informed, that the peasants in the mountains of Tuscany believe in the power of the Befana to this day, and consequently bestow an extra feed on their cattle on that evening, so that, in the event of their being endowed with speech on that occasion, they may be induced to speak well of their masters.

This and many similar ceremonies indicative of traditional superstition, might easily be traced to the earliest theatrical representations of the sacred writings, which were then called "Mysteries," or "Pia spectacula," and were most frequent in Florence, during the early parts of the fifteenth century, although the Befana takes its rise from a much more remote period; and certainly its similarity to the Bacchanalian rites of the ancients savours more of paganism than the generality of these ceremonies. It is also well known that the priests in the early days of Christianity, having first carefully abolished all remains of paganism, were obliged afterward to call in to their aid a number of religious shows and processions, which still bear so strong a resemblance to the heathen mythology, to dazzle the minds of the ignorant, and amuse the imaginations of the superstitious; and hence arises the great similarity between them.

We will now turn to the subject of Cavaliere Serventeism, on which a few years' residence in Italy has enabled us to say something.

In former times, when Italy was of more consequence in the scale of political importance than unhappily she is at present, the male sex were supposed greatly to have out-numbered the female. At that time marriage, as it is now, was considered merely as a matter of convenience or family arrangement, in which the inclination of the parties for each other was the last consideration. If the rank and circumstances of the two persons, so solemnly joined together, appeared to be fitting, they were called upon to lay aside every better feeling, and make themselves as comfortable as they could under existing circumstances.

There is a great diversity of opinion, as to which of the parties the blame should principally be attached; we should be inclined to throw the greater part on the shoulders of the husband, as we are quite convinced that the conduct of a wife in all circumstances, in all stations, and in all countries, so intimately depends on that of her husband, that it is generally his fault if she go wrong. In Italy, also, the husband is most commonly older than the wife, and has a concomitant advantage over her in the ways of the world. She emerges, for the first time, from the precincts of a convent more or less rigid, and is instantaneously removed from the privations of monastic life, to preside over a brilliant establishment, exposed to all the allurements of fashionable society. Her mind is as a blank sheet of paper, on which it depends on her husband to inscribe what characters he pleases, and it generally pleases him to reduce her to the common level. His own youth has, in most cases, been passed in dissipation and intrigue, in invading the domestic happiness of others. What right can he possibly have then, in his turn, to suppose that his own should be respected? It becomes a point of retributive justice, that he himself should be made to feel what he has so frequently inflicted on others, and he in general accelerates his fate, indeed principally occasions it, by being the first to go astray. There are few women who can pardon neglect; and if the husband fail to cherish and protect his wife, she will naturally turn elsewhere for those attentions and kindnesses which he withholds,

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withholds, or at least but parsimoniously deals out, and he will find but little compassion in a country where custom sanctions, and society encourages this almost universal evil.

Another argument in the lady's favour is the difficulty of resisting the influence of fashion; and the depravity of society in Italy is such, that, for a lady to be without a "cavaliere servente," is considered as tantamount to her being without merit sufficient to attract one. The husband, engaged by some other woman, leaves his wife to her own resources; repelled by neglect on the one hand, and allured by attention on the other, it is almost impossible she should resist the general contagion. She naturally gives herself up to the first man of fashion who pleases her, and he neglects his own wife, and permits her to be in like manner attended to by somebody else. In this way a great number of domestic bickerings may be supposed to be avoided, although it necessitates a community of property and universality of relationship, that, however patriarchal, would not be tolerated in some countries.

From the general use of this most neighbourlike practice, one hears but few complaints, as it is the common lot of all. Yet there are instances where the case falls peculiarly hard; such as those, who, from absence, or other circumstances, are equally prevented from increasing the size of their own families, or interfering in that of their friends. To such a one, who had just returned, after a long absence, during which his family had marvellously increased, bearing an exact resemblance to any body but himself, we once heard the puzzling inquiry made, of how he contrived to have his house so full of children, when he himself was so frequently absent. To this he most gravely replied, shrugging up his shoulders, "Che volete? sono tutti nati in casa," (what would you have? they are all born in the house). And this is quite as much as an Italian husband can reasonably expect or hope for; except, indeed, that it is said he is generally allowed to be the father of his first child.

In favour of the antiquity of this system, the Italians assert that cavaliere serventeism derives its origin from the earliest days of chivalry, when it was the custom to select some elderly relative, or intimate friend of the family, always of a certain age, who was to act as a sort of male duenna, during the absence of the husband, either at the wars or elsewhere. The duty of this person, so appointed, was not only to watch over the propriety of the lady's conduct, but was also to be her constant attendant to all places of amusement, to protect her from injury and defend her from insult. So far, we do not doubt that it derived its origin from the kindest intentions, and was then most purely Platonic: but, as in politics, so in love, abuses have gradually crept in; and the ladies, finding they were obliged to have this appendage about their persons to please their husbands, naturally tried to render it as little disagreeable as possible, to please themselves by selecting the least old and ugly of their acquaintance. From that time, the cavalieri serventi have increased in number, and decreased in age, until they may be very justly considered to produce the directly opposite effect to that for which they were originally intended. The cavaliere servente of the present day, at Florence, is a tame domestic animal, possessing all the qualifications of a spaniel-dog—the worse he is treated the better he behaves, and seems always ready to lick the hand that chastises him. We have not yet made up our minds which to admire most—the caprice of the lady, the meanness of the lover, or the degradation of the husband. How a man, possessing the smallest sense of propriety, can see another pay those attentions to his wife, which she should receive from no one but himself, is what we cannot comprehend; and should not have believed, if we had not frequently seen the husband quietly giving up his place to his more fortunate rival, as if it was the lady's right to indulge in a plurality of lovers. By the usages of society, however, no lady



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is allowed to have more than one cavaliere servente at a time; neither is it considered respectable that she should change them too often. At least, she would incur the same sort of reputation that a lady does in our own country, who is always changing her servants, and might perhaps find the same sort of difficulty in getting a new one. But some proportion of blame would also attach to the gentleman, as it might be supposed that he was turned off for some misdemeanour of his own, and this would occasion him equal difficulty in finding another place. For these reasons, the mutual interests of the parties bind them so closely together, that it is more a matter of necessity for a lady to be faithful to her "Cavaliere Servente," or, at least, to appear so, than to her husband; from whence Lord Byron has most justly styled this connection,

"A second marriage, which corrupts the first."

But dearly does the gentleman pay for this preference; for, from the moment that he exclusively devotes himself to any lady, he degenerates into being her slave, and may almost be said to have sold himself, body and soul, to her service, so servile is the attendance required of him. The first thing in the morning is his attendance at her toilette, where he occasionally performs the most menial offices about her person; accompanies her abroad, or amuses her at home, as she may feel inclined; and if, as is frequently the case, he has not the run of the table, he retires to snap up his dinner, and change his dress for the evening, when he again waits upon his mistress, to attend her wherever she pleases to go, to conversazione, opera, or ball. A lady is as regularly expected to bring her "Cavaliere Servente," as any part of her dress; and it is tacitly allowed that he is included in every invitation. He takes care of her cloak, shawl, and gloves; is ready to obey her slightest signal, and watches, with the most vigilant attention, to prevent even her wishes, and gratify all her caprices. The amusements of the day being finished, he calls her carriage, and accompanies her home; takes the light from the servant, and sees her to the door of her bed-room; whether he passes this barrier we will not pretend to determine, but if he does not, time and opportunity can scarcely be supposed wanting to complete the dishonour of the husband.

In giving this sketch of Italian society, we do not think those of our countrymen, who have had opportunities of being well acquainted with it, will accuse us of having overcharged the picture. We do not at all mean to say there are not many most unexceptionable persons among the ladies of Italy; but they are rare, and their very scarcity renders them more estimable; that they are not more numerous is, we believe, the fault of the men. What will appear still more unaccountable to an English reader is the assertion, that, with the single exception on the score of gallantry, they are, in general, excellent members of society; affectionate mothers, kind friends, amiable companions, and, if one may be allowed the expression, where that exception exists, good wives. This may, in some measure, be accounted for by the facility their religion affords them in pardoning their little peccadilloes of this nature. We have seen a lady go to church for the purpose of confessing her sins, leaning on the arm of her "Cavaliere Servente." How she settled the matter between the priest and her conscience, we cannot possibly say; but she must have obtained a "carte blanche," to begin a new score, as the same gentleman accompanied her home, and there was no outward or visible alteration in her conduct. Speaking of their feelings as to religion, Goldsmith has most inimitably described them as,

"Even in penance planning sins anew;"

and there is no case where this observation may be more happily applied than in the present, for they have not altered since his time. Another reason why this

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this system is favoured with such general toleration, is the latitude society allows to what, with us, would be considered as the greatest breach of propriety, and treated accordingly. With us, a woman is either all she ought to be, or all she ought not to be; we admit of no medium. For this, the Italians accuse us of being too severe with the fair sex; and shelter themselves under the pretence, that their little predilections are entirely innocent, and never go beyond a sort of tender and Platonic friendship. Although this may be true, it is almost beyond credibility, and at any rate is a most dangerous experiment. But as we cannot in politeness contradict them, we must content ourselves with hoping, that Plato will never find so many votaries in our land, and that our ladies may continue to support that superiority of conduct, which justly entitles them to the envy and admiration of their continental neighbours.

*Antonio Foscarini. Tragedia, di* G. B. Niccolini. Piatti. Firenze. 1828.

This highly-popular and excellent tragedy was produced at the *Cocomero* Theatre, in Florence, towards the close of last year, and excited a sensation unequalled by any modern dramatic work, if we except perhaps the *Aristodemo* of Monti. It having been rather slightingly mentioned by one of our contemporaries, we think a description of it due, as well to the distinguished author, as to our readers, in order that its merits may be fairly estimated. The scene is laid in Venice, and the tragedy opens with a deliberation of the senate on the measures most proper for the defence of the republic against the Spanish conspiracy of 1618. At this sitting a law is passed, by which it is enacted that whoever should thenceforth be found within the precincts of a foreign minister's residence, or holding with them any communication, was to be punished by death as a traitor to his country. This law, though apparently prompted by patriotic motives, owed its origin to the private hate subsisting between the families of Contarini and Foscari. Antonio Foscari, son of the reigning Doge, had long been the favoured lover of *Theresa Navagero*, but, during his absence, in fighting the battles of the state, she was induced to sacrifice her freedom and happiness to Contarini, in order to save her father's life. On the return of Antonio to Venice, Contarini's inflamed hatred and jealousy procures the passing of the law just mentioned, hoping to ensnare the thoughtless Foscarini, whose liberal principles, and detestation of the domestic tyranny exercised over the Venetians, were well known. The young soldier is naturally anxious to discover Theresa's reason for breaking all her vows of love and faithfulness by a marriage with his most mortal foe. He succeeds in obtaining an interview, which is beautifully described by the poet; and, while the lovers are mingling their fruitless lament on their sorrowful destiny, *Theresa*'s confidante enters, and acquaints them that Contarini and his friend are approaching. Foscarini, finding no means of escape but into the adjoining gardens of the Spanish ambassador, hesitates not to expose his own life by transgressing the newly-enacted law in order to save the honour of his mistress, and shield her from the fury of her jealous lord. But, driven to despair by hopeless passion, and resolved not to be the victim of private feuds, he attempts his own destruction. At the report of the pistol, *Theresa* involuntarily betrays her lover's concealment in the forbidden gardens, and he is there seized by Contarini, who drags him to the sacred dungeons of the state. Foscarini is brought before the Council of *the Three*, and condemned to suffer death, unless he give a satisfactory reason for his presence on the premises of the Spanish ambassador, which, of course, he refuses to do, as he must thereby betray the honour of Theresa. He not only persists in his silence before the council, but disregards the entreaties of his father, who sees himself obliged to condemn his own son. Theresa, however, on hearing

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hearing the situation of Foscarini, discovers herself to the council as his lover, and explains his reason for violating the law. This confession exculpates the prisoner; but Contarini having, on the appearance of his wife, apprehended the probable escape of his victim, gives a private signal for Foscarini's execution, the warrant having been signed previously to Theresa's evidence. The black curtain is then drawn aside, and the lifeless body of Foscarini discovered, upon which Theresa stabs herself, and dies.

Such is the outline of the plot, which, without being particularly intricate, always keeps the attention alive, and gives occasion for much beautiful poetry, abounding in liberal sentiment and fearless expression, such as we are equally surprised and gratified to meet with in modern Italian poetry. This tragedy reflects the highest credit, not only on *Signor Niccolini*, the author, but also on the government, whose wise moderation permitted the performance of a dramatic piece so replete with political and patriotic allusions. It was received with the most enthusiastic applause, and played for a number of successive nights to overflowing houses.

We have translated the following passage descriptive of the Doge's fruitless attempts to discover the reason of his son's apparent violation of Venetian law.

*The Doge and Antonio Foscarini.*

*The Doge.* Oh, how shall words
Reveal the horror that o'erwhelms my soul?
*Antonio.* Guilty I seem, and yet am innocent.
*The Doge.* What say'st thou?
Too well, alas! I know th' ambitious hopes
That swell'd thy daring breast, when borne away
By youth's impetuosity and pride.
In foreign lands hast thou imbibed the hate
Of thine own country's laws?
*Antonio.* I strove to sweep away
This infamy of Europe—and, from my lips,
A liberal voice at length was widely heard
Amid the silence of a dastard age,
While Italy beheld her tyrants pale,
And bondsmen, blush for shame. But when once more
The slavish counsels triumph'd, sweet it was
For me to wander o'er th' Helvetian hills,
Mid frozen Nature's frowning majesty,
And feel that I was free, tho' exiled long
From the sweet air of the Adriatic shores,
By bright suns blest,—but curst by tyranny!
Then I cast off the coward fear that sways
The silent slaves of Venice, and the woes
That bide within the cruel city's breast.
Far sweeter aspect bore those barren hills
Than aught presented in this dungeon cave.
*The Doge.* Who open'd it? Thyself, rash innovator!
Thy haughty hate hath plac'd thee in the power
Of the mysterious *Three*. Each rebel seeks
To prate in public of his private thought,
And descant on the people and the law;
But, know thou, that the power of the *Three*
Is dear to Venice, and by all alike
Beheld in wordless fear. The lordly crest

And

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And lowly brow, nay this, my ducal crown,
Must bend before it.
*Antonio.* Here is no people! Vile and crouching slaves,
Who bear a voiceless sorrow to the tomb;
Ere Death destroys, doth torture seal their lips.
But wherefore waste these unavailing words?
Cast round thy look and tremble! Not a fear
Have I, but again repeat, oh father!
That I am innocent.
*The Doge.* What witness hast thou of thine innocence?
*Antonio.* This heart and God.
*The Doge.* Speakest thou of God? who 'neath thy father's feet
Dost open now the tomb,—and dishonour—
*Antonio.* Believe it not!
Time will soon prove that one sole name belongs
To Foscarini and to Honour.
*The Doge.* The facts accuse thee.
*Antonio.* Guilty on earth,
But innocent in heaven!
*The Doge.* I must, then, condemn
My son if he be silent, and the world
A great and terrible example give.
*Antonio.* Why doth the Doge delay? Increase the list,—
The horrid samples of domestic wrong—
Let Bondage have her Brutus.
*The Doge.* O cruel words!
An only infant thou wert born to me,
And, from thy earliest years, wert ever held
Thy mother's sweetest source of pride, and mine.
O happy mother! She is dead, whose heart,
If living, would be lacerated now!
She had no fear that shame would light on thee,
But hop'd her son would worthy of us prove—
The prop and pride of my declining years.
But now, this purple robe with blood defil'd,
No child shall lift his looks unto my crown,
While doom'd to sad and solitary days,
A splendid slave, despised and insecure;
Within a palace, by the dungeon where
My son shall have been slain, I sadly dwell!—
How!—silent and unmov'd?
*Antonio.* Silent I am—but not unmov'd!"———

We here conclude our extract, which may serve to justify our praise of this excellent poem.

*Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture, ou receuil des principaux tablaux, statues et bas reliefs des collections publiques et particulières de l'Europe; dessine et gravé à l'eau forte, par* Reveil, *avec des notices descriptives, critiques et historiques, par* Duchesse *ainé.* Paris, Brussels, and London.

Gibbon has remarked, that 'were England to know the treasures in the Fine Arts which she really possesses, she would be astonished at their amazing extent and value.' We believe this may be true with respect to England; but the observation will equally apply to any other country of Europe. The fact is, that the labours of the old masters (who worked with such

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such wonderful rapidity, as frequently to plan and finish a glorious production in a few hours) are so widely scattered, that no individual has hitherto possessed the patience and industry to gather the treasures and give them to the public in a compressed and classified form. Without disparagement to the taste and acuteness, and particularly to the *good intentions* of English travellers, the customary haste (*flying artillery fashion*) with which their tours are dispatched, prevents them from gratifying their taste (if they have any) for the fine arts, by an inspection of the works of even the greater masters. The days for the performance of the 'grand tour' are long since passed. Young gentlemen may go to Venice, to float in the gondolas,—they may journey to Florence, for the inspection of the great gallery,—they may push on to Rome, to survey St. Peter's,—or they may even proceed to Naples, for the more important purpose of sipping ices and basking in the sunshine of those pleasures which pour their beams in such profusion on the modern Sybaris;—but, beyond picking up a few Italian compliments for ordinary purposes, and a knowledge of the best eating shops, and traiteurs, and cafés, and hotels, for constant 'babillage' for after life, in what are they the gainers? They may talk of the Apollo Belvedere, and his breathing majesty of youth,—Raphael, and Correggio, and Caracci, may be with them names as common as household words; but would they be able to describe, critically, even the few paintings by these masters which they have beheld, or had opportunities of beholding?—we firmly believe they would not. An artist, however, may travel with different feelings from those of the pleasure-hunting 'voyageur.' He may proceed with a full determination to improve his taste, and enkindle his fancy, and feed the expansion of his genius, by gazing on the most beautiful productions of the heaven-inspired invention of man. But even to the keenest enthusiast, the precious commodity called time, may be wanting, for if he proceed to Paris, there is Italy before him; if he give vent to his inclination, and journey to the principal cities of the southern Peninsula, even comprehending the innumerable and once republican cities of its northern extremity, still it will not be possible, from the peculiarity of circumstances, to gratify his curiosity: for it would require a long life to visit the various palaces and galleries, and cabinets and houses, and even cottages, where splendid emanations of the old rich-visioned artists silently slumber in luxuriant repose. But there are spots even beyond the sanctified ground of Italy, which it behoves the painter to visit—there is Spain and there is Germany—where may be found cities called Munich, and Mayence, and Dusseldorf, and Cassel, and Leipsig, and Dresden, and Berlin, and Vienna; and then there is Holland, with its museums at the Hague, and Amsterdam; and there too may be seen some precious productions of art, in public galleries and private collections.

The museum of paintings and sculpture is, therefore, a desideratum, and, we doubt not but will prove highly acceptable to the artist, the amateur, and the *should-be* man of taste.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that any similarity exists between the present work and the 'Annales du Musée et de l'Ecole Moderne des Beaux Arts,' published by the late M. Landon. There are, indeed, some engravings which are the same in both works, but this is not the effect of wilful plagiarism on the part of the present publishers, but compulsory on them, as, from the intrinsic merit of the paintings, no museum of engravings would be complete without them. But the labours of M. Landon have been exclusively confined to the collections of France, whence the present work will comprise all the best productions of art throughout Europe.

The execution of this work is intrusted to the engraver, M. Reviel, of Paris, already celebrated for his delineation of the works of Canova and Jean

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Jean Goujon, and to M. Duchesne, who has undertaken the explanatory descriptions, and to whom we are indebted for an '*Essai sur les Neilles*,' engravings of the Florentine Goldsmiths of the 15th century. In the text will be found descriptive, explanatory, critical, and historical remarks of the original paintings, and the museum, galleries, or collections to which they belong, and biographical notices of the artists. The exact dimensions of the picture will be also given, so that this collection may be in truth called the most perfect yet offered to the public.

The proprietors and publishers of this work have our cordial good wishes for its success.

*Carta Geognostica de los principales Distritos Minerales del Estado de Mexico, formada sobre observaciones Astronomicas, Barometricas y Mineralogicas Hechas.* Por Federico de Gerolt y Carlos de Berghes.

*Carte Géognostique des principaux Districts de Mines de l'état de Mexico, dressée d'après des observations astronomiques, barométriques et minéralogiques.* Par Frederic de Gerolt et Charles de Berghes. *Formant une Carte en deux planches, et dix coupes géognostiques en quatre planches.* Bonn, 1828.

We beg to direct particular attention to this interesting work. The map, with its accompanying sketches, are taken from mathematical observations by two agents at the German mines in Mexico—Messrs. F. von Gerolt and C. von Berghes, who have presented the fruit of three years' labour in the work before us, accompanied by explanatory remarks from the former gentleman. These remarks are highly important in a geognostic point of view, and are the more entitled to notice and confidence; from the fact, that they have met the entire approbation of the first geognostic scholars in Germany—Mr. von Humboldt, von Buch, as also of Professor Noeggerath at Bonn. They were written originally in German, and have been translated into French, which version is, we understand, at present circulated in London; and we do not hesitate to pronounce the work one of the greatest practical and scientific utility; it being the first attempt to make Europeans acquainted with this important part of American topography.

*Resumen Historico de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mejicanos, por* D. Pablo de Mendibil. 8vo. Londres. Ackermann.

*Historical Summary of the Revolution in the United States of Mexico.*

This work, as the title imports, is a summary taken from a voluminous account of the Mexican revolution by *Bustamante*, one of the principal actors therein. This account, written in the epistolary form, occupies four volumes quarto; and the author of the Summary has had no ordinary labour to reduce the misshapen mass of documents to an historical form. But, this having been done, the work is worthy of the most perfect confidence, from the high character of *Bustamante*, and his means of information, which may be concluded from the fact of his having been one of the principal leaders in the events whose memory he has preserved. This work of D. P. de Mendibil (who is himself an elegant scholar) merits every attention from those of our readers who are curious about American affairs.

*Juizio de la obra del Arzobispo de Pradt intitulado Concordato de Méico con Roma. Por el* Dr. J. L. Villanueva. 8vo. London. 1827.

Dr. Villanueva is opposed to any transactions with the Roman See. Himself a Catholic priest, in the full rigour and purity of the primitive church, he denounces all usurpations; and, while acknowledging the rights of the Supreme Pontiff, denies him every claim originating from other sources. His work

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work is replete with erudition on the point in question, and goes to prove that the new states of America possess in themselves sufficient faculties and resources for the regulation of their spiritual interests, without concessions and concordats from the see of Rome, which he declares to be pregnant with danger to American freedom.

*Ensayo sobre el Hombre de Mr. Pope version del Ingles.* *Por el* Dr. J. J. Olmedo. Lima.

*Pope's Essay on Man, translated from the English.* *By* J. J. Olmedo.

This is a free translation, and, in parts, a poetical exposition of the thoughts of Pope. It is a skilful performance in Spanish blank verse, and evidently from the pen of the able versifier of the Victory of Junin, a poem dedicated to Bolivar, and published in London and Paris. The translation of the Essay on Man proceeds no farther than the first epistle, and we hope soon to be gratified with the remaining three, the publication of which we presume to have been delayed by more important matters, Mr. Olmedo having been Peruvian Envoy in London.

## NECROLOGY.

### BOSELLINI.

The advocate Carlo Bosellini distinguished himself by his writings on subjects of legislation and political economy—topics seldom discussed by an Italian pen. In his *Nuovo Esame delle Sorgenti della Publica, e della Privata Richezze*, which, although long before prepared by its author, did not appear till 1816, it not being considered safe to publish it during the sway of Napoleon, he examines the theories of Smith and other political economists. He afterwards wrote various articles in the *Antologia*, &c., on similar questions; and opposed the doctrines of Sismondi and Malthus. Of civil liberty and religious toleration Bosellini was a warm, yet dispassionate, advocate. He was born at Modena, in 1765, and died on the 1st of last July.

### LOUIS FRANÇOIS CASSAS.

Among those who have applied themselves to the investigation of the remains of ancient architecture, and have enthusiastically devoted themselves to the illustration of buildings and sites hitherto little known, this artist deserves a conspicuous place for those magnificent works on Istria and Syria, which have acquired for him the gratitude of every amateur in Europe. Combining a taste for landscape with that for architecture, his industrious and skilful pencil has delineated some of the most interesting scenery of the countries he explored, as well as many of the most splendid edifices that embellished them; while he has likewise, with no less ability and zeal, in some degree, made us amends for the ravages of time, by exhibiting the buildings themselves in what may be considered to have been their original. Cassas was born June 3d, 1756, at Azay-le-Feron; and after sedulously employing his youth in studying and delineating the antiquities of Sicily, Istria, and Dalmatia, accompanied to Constantinople, Choiseul Gouffier, by whom he was selected to make drawings for the continuation of his *Voyage dans la Grèce*. Shortly after he visited the opposite shores with M. Lechwallier, the author of the classical *Voyage de la Troade*. As soon as he had finished examining the region immortalised by Homer, he proceeded to Balbec and Palmyra, whose superb remains were then known to Europe only by Wood's publication. About the commencement of the Revolution he returned to France, laden with the interesting stores he had collected during so many years of unremitted

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ted application; and the treasures of his portfolio attracted the curiosity, and obtained for him the admiration, of every lover of the fine arts and antiquity. His *Voyage d'Istrie et de Dalmatie*, by dispersing copies of his labours, rendered his name familiar to the artists of other countries. The extensive sale of his other work, *Voyage en Syrie et en Phénicie*, has prevented its completion, for although thirty parts have appeared, it is yet unfinished. In addition to these valuable labours, M. Cassas employed many years and considerable sums of money in forming a collection of architectural models in almost every style, which, with singular disinterestedness, he gave up to the imperial government for a trifling life-annuity. This highly interesting and valuable collection is now deposited in the Palais de l'Institut, until such time as a place shall be provided for it at the new Ecole des Beaux-Arts. M. Cassas died suddenly at Versailles, of a stroke of apoplexy, on the 1st of last November, in the seventy-second year of his age.

DERESER.

On the 16th of June, 1827, died *Thaddeus Dereser*, doctor of philosophy and theology, and professor at the University of *Breslau*. He was born at *Fahr*, a small village in the kingdom of *Wurtemberg*, and pursued his studies at *Wurzburgh* and *Heidelberg*. In 1780, after taking orders at *Mayenne*, he taught philosophy and divinity at *Heidelberg*, whence he proceeded to the University of *Bonn*, and there received his degree, as doctor of divinity, in 1786. In 1791, he was appointed to a professorship at *Strasburgh*, but, on the breaking out of the French revolution, in 1793, was condemned to banishment, and afterwards to death, for refusing to abjure the priesthood. He escaped on the fall of Robespierre, and returned to Heidelberg, where he taught the oriental languages till 1806, when he was appointed to a chair at the University of *Prezburgh*. He soon, however, left his appointment, and resided sometimes at *Karlsruh*, sometimes at *Lucerne*, &c. He finally seemed to have procured a peaceable and permanent appointment, being named professor of divinity and canon at *Breslau*, in 1815; but his unsettled character induced him to think of some other change, when he died, at the date above mentioned.

F. G. FLECK.

Saxony has to lament the loss of F. G. Fleck, Counsellor of the Supreme Law Court in Dresden, and Knight of the Royal Saxon Order of Civil Merit. This gentleman's ability and industry, as a scholar, author, and lawyer, entitled him to a place among the first men of his country. His juridical dissertations and treatises are numerous, and of the very highest authority among the Saxon lawyers. Since 1797 he was Member of the Supreme Law Court in the kingdom, a situation which he filled so as to secure the respect and veneration of his countrymen, as a just and fearless advocate of right.

HASCHKE.

We have lost the Nestor of German poets, *Haschke*, who died at the age of eighty-one years. He was professor and librarian at the University of *Vienna*, and united in friendly intercourse with *Kant*, *Wieland*, *Herder*, and *Klopstock*. His works have never been collected, but we have reason to hope that that duty will be performed by his friend and successor *Mr. Deinhardstein*.

WILHELM HAUFF.

The friend of the preceding, survived him but a very short time, for he expired soon after receiving the intelligence of the battle of Navarino; when, although then stretched on his death-bed, and nearly insensible, he started up, exclaiming, "This will be delightful news to Müller; I must hasten to him directly." Hauff, too, was a writer gifted with both sensibility and originality; although, it must be confessed, that his humour occasionally deviated into

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into extravagance. His *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan*, and his *Phantasienim'Bremer Rathkeller*, certainly display no ordinary talent; yet are more likely to be admired in Germany than in England; and in the latter he appears to have taken Hoffman for his model. In his latest production, a collection of tales, in two volumes, (1828,) that intitled *Die Bettlerin von Pont des Arts*, is one of great interest.

WILHELM MULLER.

On the 1st of October, 1827, this much-admired lyric poet died, within just a week of his thirty-third birth-day, being born October 7th, 1794. Although his parents were rather below the middling class, his father seconded, as far as was in his power, the native talent of young Müller, and bestowed on him a liberal education, in which, however, he was left to his own impulse; but this, although it might have proved injurious in one less favourably gifted by nature, tended only to give freer play to his genius, and that spirit of originality and independence, which are so conspicuous in his writings. Notwithstanding that he was thus induced to be excursive in his studies, he cannot be taxed with having been superficial; which may, perhaps, be attributed to his having subsequently attended the philological courses of Wolf, Solger, and other eminent professors. The war of 1813 called him from his studies to take up the sword; but in the succeeding year he again exchanged the latter for the pen. He now applied himself to the earlier German poets; and in 1816 appeared his *Blumenlese aus den Minnesangern*, accompanied with a *Treatise on the Minnesangers;* which, although it betrayed an immature critic, displayed also an original thinker. About the same time he translated from the English, Marlowe's *Faustus*. In 1817, he was invited by the Prussian ambassador, Baron von Sack, to accompany him on his travels to Italy, Greece, and Egypt; he proceeded, however, with his patron, no further than Rome; after which to Naples, and returned home through Florence and the Tyrol. His work, intitled *Rom, Romerund Romerinnen*, was the result of his observations in the Papal capital, and proves that he knew how to impart novelty to a subject apparently exhausted. But the production which first conferred on him celebrity, and which displays indisputable poetic talent, combined sometimes with sarcasm, at others with a delightful freshness and racy joviality of feeling, was his *Gedichte aus den hinterlassen Papieren eines Reisenden Waldhornisten*. To this succeeded his *Lieder der Griechen*, which must be allowed to be replete with as much energetic enthusiasm as the most zealous advocate of that oppressed people can desire. These productions obtained for him a place among the first of the lyrical poets of Germany: simple in their style, melodious in their language, noble in their sentiments, it was no wonder that they captivated readers of all classes.

Many tales and minor poetical productions of his pen are to be found in the *Urania*, and other German pocket-books; among which ought not to be forgotten the admirable tale of *Debora*, in the *Urania* for the present year. But he was likewise a contributor to many publications of a far higher class—to the *Hermes*, the *Hallische Literatur Zeitung*, and *Ersch and Gruber's Encyclopædia;* besides which, he edited the series of the German poets, intitled *Bibliothek Deutscher Dichter des 17ten Jahrhunderts*, and containing the best lyrical productions of that period.

RENTZEL.

On the 8th December, 1827, the highly respectable scholar and clergyman, Dr. H. Rentzel, died in Hamburgh. He was remarkably assiduous in the discharge of his ecclesiastical duties, and displayed great zeal in opposing the gloomy mysticism which had taken root in the latter years. He wrote several treatises and sermons, which amply attest his piety and learning; and, in 1823, he published a Grammar of the German Language.

RHODE.

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RHODE.

On the 23d August, 1827, died *Dr. J. G. Rhode*, also of *Breslau*, known for his scientific researches in natural history and antiquities, especially relative to *India* and *Bactria*.

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## GERMAN MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE fever, which afflicted in 1826 the towns of Sever, Gröningen, &c., and their vicinities, has been the subject of several medical works on the continent. Among others, we may mention:

1. Die Kurten Epidemie von 1826, insbesondere in Norderditmarschen. Eine medicinische Abhandlung von N. Dohrn Dr. und Physikus in Halle Altona 1827.

2. Historia Epidemiae Malignae anno 1826, Ieverae observatae Conscripta, F. A. L. Popken. Bremen 1827.

3. Beschreibung der epidemischen Krankheit zu Gröningen im Iahre 1826. Von E. S. Thomassen à Thuessink Dr. und Professor. Mit Vorrede and Anmerkungen von Dr. J. W. Gittermann. Bremen 1827.

4. Epidemia quæ anno 1826, urbem Gröningam adflixit in brevi conspectu posita a G. Baker, Prof. Med. Gröningen 1826.

The author of No. 1 considered the fever as a splenitis epid. contagiosa, and conceives that the inundations were the cause of it, since the sea-water could not penetrate the clay, of which the ground all along the coast consists; and produced, in consequence, during the summer heat, those evaporations which infected the atmosphere.

The author of No. 2 states, that the disease began with a tertiana phrenitica, which degenerated afterwards into a cholera perniciosa, and ended with assuming all the symptoms of a febris paludosa. He also considers stagnant sea-water as the cause of the fever, but he denies its having had a contagious character.

The author of No. 3 coincides with No. 1, in considering the spleen as the seat of the disease; the inundations, the unusual heat of the summer, and the nature of the soil, are supposed to have given rise to the fever, which, in his opinion, was contagious. A sandy ground, which absorbed the sea-water, was remarked to be most advantageous to health.

The author of No. 4 treated the fever as an intermittent typhus. The disease, in its *acmé*, was attended with strong fever, not a particularly quick pulse, great pains in the head, and along the spina dorsi, and the lower parts of the body, and violent vomitings. The best remedy was chrom. sulphur. About one-fourth of the population of Gröningen were seized by the fever, and 2448 died. It is remarkable, that in 1718-19 the same fever raged in these countries, and was also preceded by an inundation in the year 1717. In Haller's works, a Dissertatio de morbo Epidemico, anni 1719, written by Koker, gives an interesting account of it.

## CONTINENTAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*Berlin.*

*Mr. A. von Humboldt* has opened a course of Lectures on Physical Geography in this city. So great is the partiality of the public for these interesting lectures, that the halls are crowded to excess, and in that belonging to the Singing Academy, containing about 800 persons, the king, all the royal family, and the chief officers of state, civil and military, are constant and attentive auditors. In this hall, Mr. H. simplifies his Lectures on the Wonders of Nature, and gives a more scientific course in the hall of the University to the



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the members of that establishment. From 500 to 600 persons can assemble in the last-mentioned saloon, and thus *Mr. von Humboldt* has about 1500 auditors. We do not hesitate to say that no scientific lectures were ever delivered with more spirit and genius, or listened to with more profound and respectful attention.

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*Brussels.*

The library of the celebrated Bollandists, consisting of several thousand volumes, among which 600 or 700 manuscripts, has been found again at Antwerp. It had been lost during the French revolution, and will now form again a part of the public library of Brussels.

*Copenhagen.*

The first volume of the transactions of the Society of Ancient Northern Literature, contains a very learned and ingenious Essay of Mr. Rask, on Danish Orthography. Mr. Rask has in this work endeavoured, instead of a very vague and unsettled mode of spelling, which has hitherto been followed by his countrymen, (for it appears that not two of them spell alike) to introduce an orthography based on scientific principles, calculated to be steady and unalterable. He has shown that this may be effected without introducing any thing novel into the Danish orthographic system, but merely by adopting those amendments, which from time to time have been proposed by the most learned Danes. This, however, irritated the minds of some of his countrymen to such a degree, as hardly can be credited of a people so goodnatured and inoffensive as the Danes. What particularly hurt their feelings, was that instead of *aa*, by which the Danes were accustomed to express the same sound as we do by our *a* in the word *all*, he proposes to adopt the Swedish character å, which these neighbours of the Danes use for the same purpose. Mr. Rask, would tell them, that, though Swedish, this certainly was the most natural way of expressing a sound which was intermediate between *a* and *o* or rather, partook of both; he would show them it had been proposed a century ago, by a learned Dane; nay more, that this character was of genuine Danish origin, for he had found it in ancient Danish MSS. from an earlier period than its use in Sweden had been discovered; it was all to no purpose, the unfortunate å was nevertheless a Swedish character in their opinion, and that was enough to condemn it. They went so far as to make representations to his Danish Majesty about this affair; sly hints fell at court, about treason, or at least disaffection, against a gentleman of the most loyal and patriotic principles. We have reason to believe that one of the most clearheaded of monarchs was highly amused with the rather immoderate zeal of his loving subjects. Of course, Mr. Rask's system of orthography is the simplest and most scientific we ever saw; and applicable to many European languages besides the Danish.

In no country are the novels of the great author of Waverley read, or, we may rather say, studied with more avidity than in Denmark. We have seen three translations of the same novel advertised the same day, in the Copenhagen "*Adress Avis.*" We have heard a Professor of Divinity, in his class, recommend these novels most zealously to the students, as apt to impart to them that profound knowledge of man, which he said was so highly required by the clergyman. The students of Divinity are enjoined to read the greatest part of the Old Testament, in Hebrew, and the whole of the New Testament, in Greek, with exception of the Apocalypse. Thus the Waverley novels there go before the Apocalypse, as class-books of divinity students. If the author of Waverley were to appear on the coast of the Baltic, we little doubt he might, if he chose, like a new *Occidental* Odin, pass for a deity, among the enthusiastic Danes. Sir Walter, also, has had imitators in Denmark. Œhlneschlager, who, for a time, was called the chief poet of the kingdom

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kingdom, rather tainted his laurels by an attempt of this kind. "*The Island in the South Sea,*" which the sanguine poet sent over to England, in order to have it translated here, that he might have an opportunity of competing with Sir Walter on his own territory—was *not* translated, and not even very well received by his own countrymen. Much more successful was *Ingemann*, another Danish poet, who lately has published "*Valdemar Sejer,*" or "*Vlademir the Victorious.*" Of this we have already given an account in our last number.

Mr. Rask's Great Etymologicon of the Danish tongue is nearly ready for the press; this work will not only be interesting for the Danes, but for every European nation. Most of the roots of the Gothic tongues are pursued through the Slavonic and the Tartar tongues, to Sanscrit, and the old Zend language of Persia.

The Arnamaynæan Fund in Copenhagen, whose business is to publish Northern Sagas, from MSS. with Latin versions, has now published upwards of sixty large quarto and folio volumes of this description. The last is the *Luxdæla Saga,* a biographical and historical work from the 13th century, making, with the version, 400 pages quarto. It has incidents relative to Irish and Scottish affairs about the close of the tenth century. The Latin version is made by Mr. Thorleifr Gudmundson Repp, who now is assistant keeper of the Advocates' library in Edinburgh.

We have seen an edition of Firmius *Maternus* by Dr. Münter, Bishop of Sealand, and Metropolitan of Denmark. The Bishop is a man of uncommon learning, and has published many works in German, Danish, and Latin, chiefly on Greek and Roman antiquities. The present edition, like his other works, shows much learning and great critical research.

*Gotha.*

Professors A. H. L. Heeren, of Göttingen, and F. A. Uckert, in Gotha, have announced their edition of the History of the European States—*Geschichte der Europaischen Staaten,* a work eminently deserving of attention by its comprehensive plan, and also by the celebrated names enumerated among its directors and contributors. We transcribe the following passage from the announcement, in order to show the view in which the work will be conducted:

'If we cannot name an European State of any consequence of which there are not one or more histories published,' it is equally certain that, generally speaking, their authors have turned attention to points which at the present period do not require explanation. When it had become evident that history ought to be something more than an account of battles and rulers, the development of constitutional right was reasonably madethe chief consideration; and Spittler endeavoured to explain the origin of the third class of citizens. Our own times have fixed attention on administration and finance; and public economy, agriculture, industry, commerce and science are the principal points for inquiry. Those who are not inclined to bring the history of manners and customs, in their more refined sense, under this head, nevertheless require a view of the public life of people in general. These subjects have been hitherto treated singly—public life has been anatomized in detached parts; but no attempt has been made to form the scattered members into one organized whole, which is the object proposed by the present History of the European States, in order to show the progresses by which the existing political system was attained.'

The editors promise, 1, a General History of Germany; 2, of the Austrian State; 3, Prussia; 4, Spain and Portugal; 5, Great Britain; 6, France; 7. Italy;



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Italy; 8, Switzerland; 9, Ottoman Empire; 10, the Byzantine Empire and the Greeks; 11, Poland; 12, Russia; 13, Sweden and Denmark and Norway; 14, the Netherlands; 15, General View; and, strange to say, the whole is concluded by the *Introduction*. The names of Professors *Dahlmann, Ewers, Leo, Zobell, Ranke, Pfister, Rehm*, &c. are quite sufficient to justify the highest expectations of this work, to which they are contributors. The General History of Germany opens the work, and is from the pen of Dr. Pfister, already advantageously known by his History of Swabia. This portion of the proposed work will appear at the Easter fair at Leipzig.

*Florence.*

As poetry is not only the most effective vehicle for a higher education, but also, the most refined enjoyment of life, artists have, in all ages, endeavoured to embody the conception of the Poet, Chev. Inghirami, well known to antiquarians by his magnificent work, in 9 vols., called *Monumenti Etruschi*, and illustrated by about 1000 copper-plate engravings, has just announced a work, under the title of *Galeria Omerica o Raccolta di Monumenti antichi eshibita dal Cav. Inghirami per servire alto studio del' Iliade e dell' Odissea*. Dalla Poligrafia Fiesolana. The whole will contain more than 200 copper-plate engravings. Those that have already appeared, have been pronounced by one of the greatest antiquarian connoisseurs, C. A. Böttiger in Dresden, to be highly distinguished by elaborate and finished execution.

In the *Osservazioni e giudizi nelle Storia d'Italia di Carlo Botta*, which appeared at Modena, the criticisms on Botta's Work are collected, and prove the old principle, that there are two sides to every question.

One of the ablest of the living dramatists of Italy is the Abbate Giulio Genoino, an author hardly yet known in this country, as he did not commence writing for the stage until about ten years ago, when he had attained his forty-fourth year. He had, however, previously distinguished himself by his talent for lyric poetry. His Viaggio Poetico pe' Campi Flegrei, which was first printed in 1813, is written in various measures, and describes with great fervour of imagination the antiquities of Pozzuoli, Baia, Misemo, and other sites of that enchanting region, so well calculated to awaken the enthusiasm either of the poet or the archæologist. So favourably was this work received, that the whole impression was disposed of within a month. A few years afterwards, he produced his first drama, Le Nozze contra il Testamento, the success of which was most decisive; and from this period he determined to apply himself exclusively to this species of composition, selecting for the subjects even of his comedies events or personages from Neapolitan history*; for instance, Battista della Porta, Sannazaro, the Marriage of the Painter Zingaro (Antonio Solario, whose history resembles that of Quintin Matsys); Il Calzolaio di Santa Sofia. These pieces, amounting altogether to thirteen, are distinguished by simplicity of plot, correctness of style, elegance of dialogue, and more particularly by their excellent moral tendency.

*Leipzig.*

*Lacarriere*, the merchant, who died lately, has bequeathed to our university the whole of his rich collection of Minerals, which will be placed in the department of the Society of Natural History.

The scientific society, founded by *Prince Jablanowsky*, intend to propose prize questions in the various branches of science, the finances of the society being, at present, in a very flourishing state.

* Genoino was born May 13th, 1773, at Fratta Maggiore, a village in the province of Terra di Lavoso.

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The Poetical Society founded by *Gottsched*, and called *Deutsche Gesellschaft*, celebrated its jubilee last year, the members being invited by a programme issued by the *Rev. Dr. Stieglitz.*

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In this town are yearly printed 40,435,000 sheets; and the average number of works annually published in Germany is about 5000.

Professor G. Seyfarth gives the following interesting details on the Egyptian Museum of Turin:—

The papyrus rolls refer chiefly to the liturgia, and one of them contains a specific account of a temple. Some papyrus of great extent are fragments of very ancient annals of temples, the same, perhaps, which Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus have seen. These papyrus are particularly remarkable. They are from the time of Memnon II., of Moeris, and Rameses Meiamon, The first is a mummy-roll; the two latter contain contracts. These manuscripts are, therefore, more than 3000 years old, whilst our oldest Greek and Latin MSS. are only from the second or third century after Christ. Several στήλαι (grave-stones), contain silhouettes of the Kings of the 18th dynasty, the heads of which agree perfectly with the statues which have been executed. Some are very ancient, as is proved by the names of the Pharaohs inscribed upon them. One contains, instead of the hieroglyphic, ademotic text. This is of great importance, because the Egyptian grave-stones agree, word for word, with each other, the particular circumstances of the deceased excepted; those, therefore, with a hieroglyphic text, may easily be explained. I have also found several Greek and Coptic grave-stones. Very curious is a grave-stone on a priestess of Venus. It represents the Egyptian Venus naked, standing on a lion, to show, says Seyfarth, that love must be founded on strength and generosity; we should rather suppose, to indicate, that love conquers even the fiercest animals. She holds in her hand a serpent, biting her, and under the head-dress the ears of a cat can be seen.

Among these antiquities is also a lamp in Greek-Roman taste, with a toad upon it, and the inscription ἐγω εἰμι ἡ ἀνάστασις. Professor Seyfarth found also an hieratic writing upon a palm-leaf, whence he infers, that in Egypt, as in India, palm-leaves were used originally for writing, before the preference was given to papyrus, and that the papyrus led to the discovery of parchment, and this to the discovery of our paper. One papyrus contains a number of singular drawings and caricatures, with hieratic inscriptions. The colouring and the attitudes of the figures are remarkable. It appears that the Egyptian painters made sometimes very free with the religion of their country. Thus a pious believer is represented as an ass, with an apron, offering a roast duck, bread and onions, &c., as a sacrifice to the god opposite, which is a cat, and seems to be mightily pleased with the sacrifice. Another papyrus represents a kind of Batrachomyomachia. The monkeys give battle to the cats in full armour, with shield and lances. That the worship of Venus is derived from Egypt appears from a papyrus, which represents the Egyptian Bacchanalia. The ivy, the lotus, the sistrum, the drum, the lyra, &c. are to be seen. Venus is drawn on a two-wheeled carriage, by two young priestesses, followed by a priest, who holds a sistrum and a kettle-drum. On the pole, sits a Priapian monkey, and a boy beats the drum. An old woman is seen painting Venus with a paint-brush.

The most important discovery is that of a papyrus, which contains a sketch of Egyptian history in hieratic writing. After some general chronological calculations, begins an account of the government of the gods. First ruled Ammon Vulcanus, then Ammon Sol, and so on till Osiris, Typhon, Horus, Thouth, Anubis, Horus II. in a period of 13,917 years, as in Manetho.

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Manetho. Thouth alone reigned 3,936 years, but Horus only 300. Then come the heroes and other kings of Memphis, who reigned with those 23,200 years. After these fabulous accounts follow the dynasties of the kings with the king *Menes*. The origin of every dynasty is related, from what town it sprang, how many kings it contained, how many years they reigned; then follow the names of the kings, with short historical remarks, and how many years, months, and days, each king reigned. The papyrus, which was written in the time of the Ptolomæans, agrees perfectly with Manetho, as far as we know. Professor Seyfarth supposes that this papyrus might perhaps contain the original history of Manetho.

The learned Professor has also found out, by means of these papyrus, the cyphering system, from one up to a million—a discovery which will facilitate future researches.

*Munich.*

The Glyptotheca, one of the most classical modern edifices in Europe, and the chef-d'œuvre of the architect Klenze, is now advancing towards its completion. The Bacchus-saal, or Hall of Bacchus, so denominated from statues and reliefs connected with the history of that divinity, is finished, and combines in an eminent degree splendour of decoration with chastity of effect. The pavement of this magnificent apartment is tastefully inlaid with various-coloured marbles, highly polished, and the walls coated with a composition perfectly imitating verde-antico, thereby serving as a ground to relieve the statues. The stucco-work and gilding of the coved ceiling are particularly rich, and of the most admirable execution; nor are the proportions of this room less beautiful than its embellishments. The *ensemble* is, in fact, as much distinguished by gracefulness and proportion, as by its imposing richness. Among the works of art exhibited here is a magnificent alto-relievo, representing the triumph of Neptune and Amphitrite, formerly at the Palazzo St. Croce, at Rome, and purchased by the King of Bavaria from Cardinal Fesch.

*Prague.*

Hanka, the librarian at Prague, has found a large collection of Poems in the old Bohemian language of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, which describe the invasion of the Saxons in Bohemia, Udalric's victory over the Polish, the battle against the Tartars, an ancient Tournament, the prize of which was the duke's daughter, and a war of the heathenish Bohemians against the German princes, who wanted to convert them to Christianity.

*Rome.*

A new work has been announced at Rome, under the title of "Biblioteca Drammatica." It will be printed in 12mo., and a volume is to appear every month. This publication will contain plates of the costume of various nations and different ages; and will be further illustrated by critical and historical notes. The editors have offered a prize of twenty-five sequins to the author of the best drama, to be adjudged according to the decision of the Academia degli Arcadi.

*Monument in honour of Tasso.*—A monument worthy of the great author of *Jerusalem Delivered* is at length to be erected in the church of St. Onofrio. Subscriptions are received by *Count D. Lavaggi*, at Rome, and by his correspondents in the other European States. The design of the monument is furnished by Mr. Joseph Fabris, sculptor, who proposes to give a *bas-relief* of the poet's funeral *cortége* on the base of the monument.

*Spain.*

Foreign journals have echoed the laments of the Gazette of Madrid, the sole organ, if not of public opinion, at least of the Government attempting to control it. The Gazette complains of the journals, pamphlets, and periodical papers

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papers of all kinds, who delight, it says, in throwing ridicule and discredit on the most respectable functionaries and persons in Spain. But what is the real motive of these complaints? We see that in every case where the press is at all reasonable, it smiles or grieves at the affairs of the Peninsula, and exposes the extravagances of the Spanish Government, which may be termed the *Spanish Follies;* and we further know that this Government, unable to reply, and too tyrannical to suffer its subjects to do so, when the national self-love is wounded, pronounces, and reasons not, exclaims 'scandal!' and, at the same time, dares not point out the cause of the scandal. Spain is truly inundated with prohibited books and journals, but they have not been so eagerly sought or generally read as is represented. It is really inconceivable to see the extreme freedom with which, in all circles, the Government is spoken of, and the crowd of manuscripts that pass from hand to hand, sometimes containing grave remarks, sometimes humorous satires, at others recollections of the past, and not unfrequently personal caricatures. Add to this, the impotent cries of the Gazette of Madrid, an avowal of the weakness of the Government, and some idea may be formed of the explosion silently preparing.

In the meantime, there is a stagnation in the principal branches of literature, which is, however, enriching itself in silence; and if, as we may hope, rational liberty is about to be re-established in Spain, we may reckon on the appearance of many interesting and some important works. Navarette is at present preparing the third volume of his collection of Spanish voyages since the fifteenth century. A Spanish Biography is also in a forward state, edited, it is said, by men whose names are a sufficient guarantee in favour of the work. A military dictionary is in the press, compiled by *Don F. Moreti y Casone,* and dedicated to the King, at whose command the work is printed. The Geographic Dictionary of Spain and Portugal, by Don Sebastian Miñano, the eighth volume of which has just appeared, is now approaching its conclusion. This work, far too great for the exertions of one individual, has excited the severest criticisms, and among these the writings of Alvarez and Caballero are greatly distinguished. The former is comparatively feeble, but the latter has crushed the poor priest Miñano. His critiques, written in the epistolary form, combine an exquisite knowledge of the subject, with all the charms of style and a most lively and humourous vein of irony. Thus it is by no means surprising that the *Fraternal Corrections,* as he has entitled his attacks, should be in vogue throughout Spain, and universally read and admired, while all enjoy the laugh at the expense of poor Miñanon, whose name is not very highly respected by any political party, he having followed all, yet attached himself to none. The irony of Caballero is, however, too severe, and his critical style interspersed with personalities which could only please in a country where the liberty of the press has degenerated into a licentiousness that takes every opportunity of venting its vituperative spleen.

The lovers of the *belles lettres* will be happy to find that the valuable selections from the ancient Spanish dramatists are proceeded with. The editors evince their good taste by a judicious choice and careful publication of the most excellent ancient dramas, given entire, and accompanied by concise and well-written criticisms at the conclusion of each piece. Hitherto eight authors have been chosen, each occupying a separate volume with two pieces. The last volume we have seen, the ninth, reverts to the works of Calderon, of which it contains two pieces which, with the two from the same author in the first volume, form the first volume of the Select Theatre of Calderon. We conclude that this arrangement will be followed with the other authors, and that we shall have their *chefs d'œuvres* distributed in volumes containing four pieces each.

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With regard to Spanish Journals they cannot detain us long. *The Gazette of Madrid* occasionally amuses itself by speaking of the ancient Spanish poets and prose writers, thus disinterring the defunct for the amusement of the living. The *Diario* informs you very carefully when to eat fish, and when flesh; and, also, the particular churches at the which you may gain the greatest number of indulgences for the fewest paternosters. These are our only journals. The principal provincial towns have, it is true, their *Diarios*, fashioned after that of Madrid, but not gazette or scientific journal; a privilege confined to the Court of his Majesty *the King of Spain and the Indies*, as the Catholic king is still denominated.

*La Biblioteca de Religion*, a periodical containing frequent articles merely relating to this world. Several volumes of this work have been published, comprising translations of apologetic works, in favour of Religion. The volumes that are immediately to follow are destined for a work called *Posthumous*, and attributed to a Don N. Zafrilla, who, in a burlesque style, amuses himself with defending religion against the pretended attacks of a *Don Roque Zeal*, the printing name of Dr. Villanueva, at present a refugee in London, who by a series of public letters, published under this name during the Constitution, as well as by many other writings, has shewn himself an enlightened champion against the usurpation of the Roman See, on the rights of the Church. This was fully sufficient to obtain in Spain the name of Janseniste, under which appellation, so odious to the petty clerical tyrants, it appears that the respectable ecclesiastic *Villanueva* is to be attacked by *Zafrilla*.

*St. Petersburgh.*

M. Pletueff has lately published his Essay on the poets of Russia, in which, after some general remarks on the nature and effects of poetry, and a particular inquiry into the causes that led to the artificial and forced state of French poetry, during its most brilliant period, he proceeds as follows:

"Cold rules and petty references to the *fine world*, as we term it, had not, nay, could not have any influence on Russian poetry, which was born before the laws of etiquette were known. Patriotism awakened the earliest breathings of *Lomonossoff*'s lyre, when he wrote his first ode in Germany. As the present taste began to prevail in our higher circles, Russian poetry gradually withdrew to the calm of domestic life, where she may still be said to remain. For, does she yet belong to the favourite entertainments of the so called *better society*? The old speak only of *Lomonossoff*, *Sumarokoff*, and *Cheraskoff*, while the young are variously divided in their opinions. For whom has our poetry a charm? Who pronounces on its merits?—a small number of the better authors, who are thus obliged (to their own disadvantage) to be at the same time judges and parties concerned.

"The general use of the French language in refined society has obstructed the progress of our dramatic poetry, which can only reach perfection by means of an eminently cultivated conversational language. Hence the sublime, in our tragedy, appears bombastic, and the natural in our comedy, vulgar. *Osteroff*, in his tragedies, is excellent only when free to express himself poetically and lyrically. In those branches of poetry, however, in which conversational terms are not requisite, we find a profound and true feeling, vivid description, new and powerful thoughts, and a sonorous style of expression, suited to all the cadences of enunciation. Many of our poets are distinguished by sensibility, elegant finish of single parts, or flowing diction; but I will here confine myself to the mention of those, whose poems combine the greatest internal value with exterior accomplishments. Some of these poems have been already edited by their authors, but others have appeared in the journals at different intervals. According to this division, we will begin with the greatest names.

*Derschawin*

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*Derschawin* stands pre-eminently distinguished by his enthusiasm, independence, and various talents. To him the ancient remark is peculiarly applicable, that one must be born a poet, for his genius made its own way, and he created a new language. This great author flourished in the poetic epoch of Russia, under Catharine II.

*Kapnist*, inferior to *Derschawin* in general talent, yet often excels him in pure and easy versification. His muse, more imitative than creative, has taken Horace as a model, and none recall the tones of that great minstrel more strongly to our memory. He was not, however, a mere translator, but cast the thoughts of Horace in the Russian metrical mould, and nationalized them.

*Ostroff*'s tragedies are particularly distinguished among the many satisfactory specimens of dramatic poetry in Russia, though, as we have already remarked, this is the least cultivated branch of our poetry.

*Bogdanowitsch* and *Chenitzer* have both followed *La Fontaine*, with great success, in that easy and sportive style, of which he will be the model in all times. This style is peculiarly effective in our language, as we have for many objects twofold denominations, which may be used alternately as the poem requires.

*Dmitrieff* and *Kruloff* occupy the next place, the first by his pure and flowing style, and the second by his originality, depth and nationality. Besides his fables, *Dmitrieff* has produced many other poetical creations, lyrics, epistles, satires, novels, &c. all bearing marks of the most refined taste. His Gernack is the ornament of our lyric poetry, and, in novel writing, none have hitherto surpassed him.

*Neledinsky*, an enthusiastic poet, whose works, we regret to say, have not been perfectly collected, equally enchants the heart and ear by daring imagery, deep thought, and melodious diction.

I pass, at present, to a fresh period of our poetic history, and begin with a poet who has given a new direction to his art.

*Schukoffsky* combines extraordinary inborn faculties, a cultivated taste, and deep poetic feeling, with a perfect knowledge of the secrets of our language, an accurate observance of the rules of his art, and the greatest talent for representing scenes from nature. The germ of romantic poetry lies in the soul of *Schukoffsky;* and hence his translations from Byron and Schiller have all the spirit and vigour of original productions.

*Batuschkoff* is equally eminent, but in a different style; he rivals *Tibullus* and *Propertius* in sensibility, all his verses breathing the spirit of feeling, in language pleasing and sweet as that of the purest and most tender love.

*Puschkin* has, within the last four years, enriched our recent literature with three poems, which, if translated, would acquire him renown in foreign countries. These poems are, *Rusland and Lumilla*, *The Prisoners*, and *The Fountain Bakschissarai*.

*Gneditsch*, the translator of the "Iliad," has evinced a perfect understanding of the classic authors, and we doubt not that, when foreign countries are more clearly acquainted with the Russian literature, the merit of this author will be acknowledged, as well as the perfection of our language. His original essays are models of poetry, and his *Idylle*, *The Fishers*, surpass anything of the kind produced amongst us.

*Davidoff* and *Prince Wasemskoy* are our principal humorous poets. The former is also the author of a new species of martial songs, the imagery and language of which are entirely his own. He is the Russian Anacreon in the field. *Prince Wasemskoy* has succeeded in combining the elegance of refinement with the language of the people, and, not indebted to foreign books for witticisms, he applies his powers of observation and description in a manner entirely his own.

*Glinka's*

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*Glinka's* Poems form a series of attractive allegorical representations.

*Rulejeff* has prescribed to himself a delightful course of exertion, by founding his poems on the history of his country. He is distinguished by a simple, dignified and flowing diction.

The *Baron Delwig* occupies an honourable place as a dramatic Poet.

*Alexander Kruloff* (not the fabulist of that name) is one of those Poets whose talents, like the flowers of the forest, unfold themselves in solitude and shade without being on that account, the less attractive. The little that he has produced is remarkable for feeling, originality, taste, and a particularly powerful and manly diction. He proceeds in his own way, thereby evincing the truth of his genius.

*Baratiusky* excels in his elegies. Deep, clear, and vivid in thought and versification, he approaches the classic authors in the chief points of poetic perfection.

*Jasikoff*, an enthusiast, a patriot, and a hero, is full of ardent and daring imagery.

*Kudhelbecker* is also distinguished by boldness and originality.

*Michael Dimtrieff's* poems are admired for their soft enthusiasm, correct taste, and easy versification.

*Pissareff* excels in his pictures of nature and a melodious style of expression.

*Wassily Tumœnsky's* style is easy, and addresses itself to the heart.

None of the above-named poets have produced sufficient to enable us to pronounce a decided judgment on their poetry; which, however, is marked by beautiful language and elegant taste. I cannot conclude without noticing a poet whom fate has deprived of almost every thing but his poetic talent. Lame and blind, he sees only by the eye of fancy, but his feeling is for this the more vivid, and his poetry the more delightful. *Rosloff* has so rapidly penetrated the mysteries of poetic style, that he approaches closely to the excellence of the classic poets. At present our infant literature resembles a flowering tree. To clear the environs is the occupation of the present; it remains for futurity to prop its branches, should it then, as we may hope, stand with ripened fruit. The poetry of Russia has never been properly collected, but is, for the greater part, scattered in different journals, so that the most devoted worshipper of poetry would find it difficult to discover them.

I could not refrain from mentioning such eminent writers by name, particularly at a time when we generally regard the most beautiful poem as a mere intellectual toy, and when Russian poetry has more authors than readers.

Manuscripts brought from Pekin by the Archmandrite *J. Pitchowinsky*.

*Moskovskfi Telegraph.* Moscow Telegraph.

The first Russian mission sent to Pekin was in 1714 by Peter the Great, who expected very important results from that ecclesiastic embassy. Little, however, has been done by the members or students attached to the Pekin mission either in geographical or scientific pursuits, and their progress in the Chinese and Mandjourian languages was very limited; when, in 1808, *J. Pitchowinsky* was sent to Pekin, and more fortunate than any other European, he has had the advantage of spending fourteen consecutive years in the Chinese capital. By his previous classical and philosophical knowledge of languages, he was enabled to attain unprecedented success in the study of Chinese and Mandjourian literature. He has since returned to Russia with a precious collection of works, and a fund of information on Chinese manners and literature, greater than has been hitherto obtained by any native of Europe. The titles of the works brought over by *Pitchowinsky* are as follows:—*Tsion-Ten, Teian-Gang-Man.* Chinese Annals, in 8 vols., till now but very partially known. *Geography of the Chinese Empire*, 2 vols., with a large map. *History of Tibet and Tangon*, 1 vol, (very scarce). *Description*

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*Description of Tibet as it is,* 1 vol. *Description of Zungaria and little Bukharia,* 150 years before Jesus Christ. *Description of the same countries in their present state. A minute account of Pekin, with a plan of the city. Description of the dykes and hydraulic fortifications, constructed to stop the inundations of the river Janna,* with a circumstantial account of the great canal of China. *Mongolian Laws. Chinese and Russian Dictionary,* 6 vols. *History of the Bogdikhans of the dynasty of Nim. History of the four first Kings of the race of Tchinguis. Sin Schon,* 4 vols., *attributed to Confucius. Legal Medicine of the Chinese. System of the World. Description of the Mongolian people,* two centuries before Christ.

Dr. Ledebuhr, Mayer, and Blume made, in 1826, a journey to the Altai Mountains, in Siberia, by order of the Russian Government. They have found, on their excursion, about 1600 plants, among which from 400 to 500 were unknown hitherto. Dr. Ledebuhr proposes to publish a Flora Altaica.

The Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburgh has bought a rich collection of Arabic manuscripts from M. Rousseau, formerly French Consul at Bagdad. It contains, among others, the following important historical works:—

1. *A'hmed Makkary*'s work on Spain gives a biographical account of the great Mahomedan Wezir *Lisaneddi*, besides the general history of Spain, from its conquest by the Maures to the end of the Arabic domination, and a geographico-physical description of the country.

2. *Scherif-name*, or the History of the Kurds, in Persian. At the end, a History of the Sultans of the Osmanides, and the Persian Shahs, till the year 1596.

3. Ibn-Chaldun's Historical Prolegomena; but only the first part of the work. No library in Europe possesses the second and third part of it.

Another important work is *Descheuhery*'s Lexicon of the Arabic Language, written at Kairo in 1253; a complete and correct copy.—Also, *Tibeweihi*'s Arabic Grammar, and Sealiby's Fikh el-loghut, an Arabic Onomasticon.

The collection contains also a great number of poems, as Abu-Temmasa's Divan, &c. &c. and a variety of philosophical works, among which Dschawidani Mired deserves to be mentioned, besides several works on medicine, natural history, and on mathematics.

With the present year three new journals have commenced at Moscow, viz. the Atenei (the Athenæum), edited by Parlow; the Raskii Zretel (Russian Spectator) by Kalaidovich; and the Bulletin du Nord. Of each of the first of these periodicals, a Number appears twice every month. The Atenei is devoted to the sciences, literature, and bibliography; while the Zretel, in addition to general literature and bibliography, contains articles relative to Russian history and antiquities: a branch of study in which its editor has more particularly distinguished himself.

*Stockholm.*

There has been lately published a collection of the letters, proclamations, and speeches of Charles John, Prince Royal, and afterwards King of Sweden and Norway. By Deleen of Stockholm.

The pieces contained in this collection belong to the period between October, 1820, and January, 1825. The first is the discourse pronounced by the Prince Royal, on his arrival at Helsingbourg; and the last, an address from the King of Sweden and Norway to the Agricultural Academy of Stockholm. They all breathe a lively interest for the people, and a generous attachment to constitutional principles; and there are passages among them that present a perfect idea of a prince undazzled by the splendour of a throne. Such, for instance, is the following, taken from the discourse pronounced by the King to

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to the Council of State, on the occasion of his son taking his seat for the first time:—

'A Prince,' says he, 'should support the splendour of rank by great virtues and superior qualities. Great actions may excite the wonder of a people, but good ones alone can secure their love. Before the light of truth, all the blandishments invented by interest or flattery to dazzle princes, fade away. Utility and justice form the seal respected by time, and the only durable distinction. Engrave these precepts deep in your heart, and remember that the august crown, decreed by a free people, will sit but loosely on a head inflated with pride and caprice. To wear this crown properly, you must profoundly study the kingly duty and the people's rights; for woe to the prince who persuades himself that, by effacing the traces of popular right, he enhances the power and splendour of his throne.'

These sentiments, falling from the royal lips, are the best guarantee for the happiness of his subjects who are thus rewarded for the choice that called their sovereign to his exalted station, and gave a lasting security to Sweden.

The Committee appointed by the Government to revise the state of Education in Sweden, under the direction of the learned *Bishop Wingard*, of *Yotemburg*, who represented the Crown Prince as president, have nominated *Colonel Lefrèn*, Governor of the Military Academy of Carlberg, *Counsellor Tanstrom*, *Bishop Valin*, and the merchant, *Smerling*, to establish a new academic institution, called *Normal Skola*, which will employ the various modern modes of teaching, in order to ascertain the most worthy of encouragement. *A. Tryxel*, M. A., and *L. Almquist*, M. A., are appointed professors at this new establishment, of which great expectations are very generally entertained.

By the death of *Wirsén*, President of the Exchequer, the Academy of *Eighteen* have lost a valuable member, and the state has been deprived of one of its most indefatigable and useful officers, who will not be speedily replaced.

*Ting Stadius*, Bishop of *Strengnas*, died in December last, and we fear this event may retard the revision of the translation of the Bible, in which he was the most active and efficient labourer.

*Weimar.*

We learn that Goethe is engaged in remodelling or enlarging the *Wanderjahre*, and, what he reckons a weightier enterprise, in preparing a continuation of Faust. The beginning of the second part is to appear with the third *Lieferung* of his works, which will shortly be due. The high success of Helena must encourage him in this undertaking. 'Helena,' observes our correspondent, 'is expected, in the long run, to stand for a sort of third act to the whole piece, of which, if I understand rightly, the part of Faust already published forms only the first act.' We need not say how curious we are to see this second act; or how we hope that, in process of time, the last two may also be forthcoming.

Dr. Leidenfrost, Professor of History at our Gymnasium, has, in his programme, entitled, "The Elector Frederick II. and his Brothers," promised the public a history of the Ernstinian dynasty in Saxony. This will be a very valuable acquisition; for it is only by the exertions of such men as *Raumer*, *Kortum*, *Leidenfrost*, and others, who treat the various portions of German history after the great example shewn by *Justus Moser*, in his History of *Osnaburgh*, that we can hope to obtain, at length, a correct and comprehensive history of Germany.

*Leopold Schefer*, the author of three volumes of novels, from which *The Banished* has been translated into English, will shortly publish New Grecian Popular Songs; and the veteran *Goethe* is to introduce them to the public.

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