fine opportunity of studying the succession of noises which distinguish a Spanish night. After a treacherous interval of silence from ten to eleven, commences the music of strolling minstrels, the barking of dogs, the whistling of the watchmen, and the shouts of Viva la Libertad from some band of drunken patriots, for let me inform you that the people of Granada, whatever the Spaniards may be elsewhere, are decidedly *not* a sober race. About two o'clock this concert of sounds has somewhat moderated, and you may indulge in a nap till four o'clock, when the jangling of the mule's bells as they are driven into the town by the neighbouring peasants again rouses you. The day, however, is now breaking, the shrill mosquitoes are retiring to rest. A second interval of silence succeeds till seven o'clock, when the water-carriers returning from the springs commence their song of agua, agua fria.

And now I shall conclude this letter, and it is indeed high time, by giving you some account of politics in this city. For the first time in my life I am in a city which is in open insurrection

against the Government. Having proclaimed the Constitution immediately after Malaga, Granada has chosen a municipal government for itself consisting of its *wise* men, viz. the mayor, aldermen and others of its principal citizens. This self-formed Junta, the Madrid government refuses to acknowledge, and has declared that the entire responsibility of its acts shall rest personally upon the individuals who compose it, and to re-establish its authority has ordered a body of three thousand men to march upon the town. But the Junta it seems has screwed its courage to the sticking point, and relying upon the co-operation of the entire province of Andalusia, has issued a Manifesto, which I now see placarded on the walls, calling upon every Andalusian within a certain age, to take up arms, and to enroll himself amongst the Urbanos. Such is the rather awkward crisis of affairs to a traveller like myself bound for Madrid.

But you must now still further indulge me with a few remarks in general on the state of Spanish affairs. However long the Spaniards

may have wished to shake off despotism and establish a constitution founded upon liberal principles, the immediate exciting cause at the present moment seems to be the deep hatred which prevails against the prime minister Toreno, who is universally execrated as a public robber (ladron) in having made his office solely subservient to his own pecuniary interest and his speculations in the funds. There prevails added to this a sense of the utter incapacity and even treachery of the Queen's government in general. People naturally express their astonishment that a civil war confined to two provinces, after two years' continuance with the whole resources of the Spanish monarchy opposed to it, should still exist in all its vigour, and that Don Carlos should still maintain his position unmoved, though too weak to have been able to take a single fortified town during the whole of that period. And in their own way they thus attempt to account for this stationary posture of affairs. The Queen's government they say, though compelled by the force of circumstances to hold out a liberal sys-

tem, is in fact desirous to avail itself of the first opportunity that may chance, to return to the old one—that in furtherance of this project the government is all the while tampering with this war, and has actually entered into a negotiation for a treaty of marriage between the infant Queen Isabella and the eldest son of Don Carlos; and that after the dissensions of the royal family of Spain shall have thus been settled, a strong government will be re-established, and despotism be once more the order of the day. Whether groundless or no these suspicions, I only relate that such exist, without pretending to form a judgment to which I must necessarily be utterly incompetent.

To account for extraordinary circumstances people will naturally recur to extraordinary reasons. There does not appear to me, however, any necessity to attempt to explain this state of things by any other than the most obvious causes. Espousing the cause of Don Carlos, we see on the one hand, the best and bravest people of Spain, contending among the impregnable fastnesses of their mountains, not so much for a disputed principle of succession as for their ancient

rights, privileges, and immunities, which they have enjoyed from the time of their incorporation with the monarchy—strong in their cause, and strong in their defensive position. On the other hand stand opposed to these mountaineers, fighting in earnest, for men *will* fight in earnest for themselves, their own rights, their own interests, a government corrupt to the very core, feeble, vacillating, with an army badly paid, discontented, and officered by a set of court minions. At first sight these might strike you as fearful odds, viz., the monarchy of Spain, with General Evans and his brigade to boot, together with the French and Portuguese mercenaries pitted against the Biscayans and Navarrese single handed. I shall just mention to you two facts related to me, one to shew the determination of the latter, and the other the resources which their country affords them. The first is this, that the Biscayan women were in the habit of entering the English camp, to purloin the soldiers of their cartridges, under the pretence of granting them certain favours: the second, that the insurgents were so well supplied with corn (for the vallies of Biscay

and Navarre are not like the sterile plains of Arragon and the uncultivated sierras which form perhaps five-sixths of Spain) that they sold their corn to the enemy for the advanced profit they gained from the traffic.

It seems to me, therefore, that this is no *six weeks' campaign*, no butterfly summer excursion, no field for calculating ambition, no harvest where glory may be reaped, but one of coming discomfiture and disaster, if not of disgrace. Even laurels, were they to be won at the expense of a brave and oppressed people, are not in these liberal days a subject of very triumphant congratulation.

September 13th. The political news this morning is warlike and stirring. The Urbanos of Granada, joined by those of the neighbouring villages, have set forth for Despeñaperros, the frontier village of Andalusia. The Count de las Navas commands the Constitutional force, and General Latree the Queen's. The question which interests me under these circumstances is, will the Madrid Diligence arrive, and shall I be able to accomplish my projected journey to the metro-

polis of Spain?—(September 15th.) The Diligence is arrived, and will return to Madrid to-morrow, and I am booked for four in the morning. Con Dios usted.

Believe me, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER IX.

ON THE PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP, AND ON THE SORT OF JUSTICE DONE TO AUTHORS BY REVIEWERS.

Athenæum Club.

DEAR SIR,

I WISH it were in my power to comply with your request, by furnishing you with any anecdotes of the literary characters of the day: some few of them, no doubt, would be piquant enough. Would not Aspasia be the person to apply to? For myself, I am so barbarously ignorant of the literary world, that there are not half a dozen authors I know even by sight. If I might judge, however, of their personal charms from those sketches of them exhibited in a certain dandified shop-window in Regent Street (if these be their veræ effigies,) I must say they present a very lamentable caricature on humanity, at least outwardly. The only decent looking portraits I have observed among that monthly *show up*, are those of Lord F—— E——, and the magnus

Apollo of the American traveller—these being the very antipodes of the rest, inasmuch as they both present the very extreme of dandyism, opposed to the very extreme of slovenliness. What the latter personage can have to do with the literary world I am ignorant, except from his connexion with a certain literary lady.

As to the conversation of a fashionable literary coterie, judging from certain tales told out of school, I presume it may be about as edifying as that of the Templars (not the Knight Templars), namely, flippant, affected, with a perpetual straining after wit, and a supercilious contempt of any thing so vulgar as common sense.

> "Learning, that cobweb of the brain
> Profane, erroneous, and vain;
> A *trade* of knowledge, as replete
> As others are with fraud and cheat."

But when you ask me the difficulties a young author has to struggle against ere he wins his entrance into the temple of fame, I can easily picture them to myself. What a jostling of rival candidates, attempting to enter like himself! What an opposition in those already admitted to

prevent his sharing with them the same honour! Addison would have damned Pope with his "faint praise," and a critic in the Edinburgh Review would have crushed the rising energies of Byron. Now take the case of a candidate for literary fame in the most favourable point of view. He shall be no venal scribbler, but independent in mind, circumstances, and principles. I shall suppose he submits not his work to the judgment of a bookseller, but publishes it independently at his own expense. How amongst the numbers of works which are piled up on the Reviewer's table is his to obtain notice? I hear frequently of an author making interest with a friend who is acquainted with some of the reviewing circle, to beg as a favour that some one of them will be charitable enough to review his work.

We will, however, suppose that our young author's work is reviewed, and then comes the question *how* it is reviewed? And first I must beg to premise that Mr. Hayward has proved that Reviewers are not always infallible. In his preface to his prose translation of Goëthe's Faust

he has convicted some of them of gross ignorance of the subject which they had undertaken. This we will charitably suppose to be a rare exception, and assume that the author falls into the hands of a critic competent to his task. Now suppose there be one passage in the book that bears upon politics—this decides his fate at once according to the party opinions of the *one-eyed* Reviewer. Look at the review of Colonel Napier's Peninsular war in the Quarterly—how it bears wholly and exclusively on the political opinions advocated by the writer, and of the talent, industry, and truly classic historical stile of Colonel Napier says not one word. I agree that those political opinions formed a subject to be taken notice of and to be animadverted on, but surely they form but a portion and a small one of the work, and do not cancel its merits in other points of view. Why are those merits passed over? Is this fair and even-handed justice? This, however, is the usual practice of reviewing. But we will take a work in which the political opinions of the writer are not sufficiently prominent to prejudice the reviewers either one way or the other; for in-

stance, Von Raumer's letters on England. So different are the opinions passed upon it by these judges of literature, that by some it is considered, and with them I myself am rather disposed to agree, an uninteresting collection of common-place remarks, and by others it is extolled as a very admirable production. Again Lord L. Gower's translation of the Faust has been praised without making due allowance for its serious errors and misconstructions. Cary's translation of Dante is cried up by the Quarterly to the prejudice of Mr. Wright's, and Mr. Wright's is vindicated by the Edinburgh. Where doctors thus disagree, how are the public then to decide? For *themselves;* and thus not the opinion of reviewers after all, but of the public is the real and only standard of literary merit.

But how happens it you may well enquire that reviewers come to such different conclusions upon one and the same work? Is it not that the one, I would ask, picks out the most favourable specimens of his protegé, and the other, in opposition, singles out, perhaps, only the most unfavourable ones, and thus the reputation of an author is pro-

nounced upon by a one-sided judgment, instead of by drawing a fair balance between his merits and defects? Fortunate, therefore, it may well be considered both for authors and for the public that such are the number of reviews, that the injustice committed on the one hand may have a chance of being neutralized by the justice done on the other.

Upon a late article in the Quarterly it has been very properly remarked, I mean that on French novels, that it is mischievously calculated to usher into notice those very works which are singled out for reprobation. Now I beg to ask why that Review has thus gone out of its way to introduce a subject which more properly belonged to the British and Foreign Review? Certainly the Quarterly has of late become rather miscellaneous, for I remember it once undertook to edify the public with a learned and harmless dissertation on Fox-hunting. The writer of the article in question, necessarily feeling the dangerous subject he was ushering into notice, seems to have endeavoured to still his own misgivings of mind by all the excuses he could devise. In that far-

fetched one, about labelling a phial with poison, he may deceive himself, but he will hardly deceive others. Poison to men's bodies, and poison to men's souls, is viewed with very different degrees of apprehension. The label on the one phial is an effective warning, the label on the other operates but as an inducement to many to drink off its contents. As to those passages he forbore to pollute his pages with, how ill does this squeamishness become him after those he has *not* forborne? As I continued to read that article, more and more I became convinced that the real object of the writer was to evaporate his indignation against French morality which had reached the boiling point, until I came to his earnest denial of any such motive. It must be ascribed to a singular weakness of judgment then. May the public not suffer from such indiscretion, and may the notice of these works not put it into the head of needy and unprincipled writers, either to imitate or translate them. We have had our Monk—let us not have another such infliction. But what shall we say of these censors of our literature, who are ever so eager to pluck the beam out of

the eye of others, seeing not the mote that is in their own? And now, having said thus much on reviewers, as you have many literary friends who may be contemplating some new work, pray caution them against that now worn-out cloak for literary modesty, the ingenuous preface commencing "These sheets were written without the slightest idea of publishing them, but the flattering testimony of the author's friends," &c. &c., for this is beginning to be considered at present rather as a stratagem to deprecate public censure by shifting the temerity of the undertaking on the shoulders of one's friends than as a proof of genuine modesty. And do advise them, if they write to indite something bearing upon the manners and age of the times we live in, for I believe there are others besides myself who profess to be somewhat of Utilitarians in literature, and who are apt to exclaim "what's Hecuba to me or I to Hecuba," when they observe the emanations of genius and fine writing lavished on an Athenian statesman and orator, and an Athenian courtezan (making all allowance for the different acceptation of the term at present), and who wish that

the author had touched on a subject somewhat more nearly interesting to us. At the same time I acknowledge that it would not be fair to circumscribe the flights of genius; but we may regret when they deviate from some useful object. Will Mr. L. Bulwer's Pompeii, with all the talents displayed in it, be remembered when his England and the English shall still endure, as I fancy it will, outliving the other? Will the Vicar of Wakefield, or Tom Jones, or that epitome of the world in all countries, Gil Blas, ever cease to interest us? Yet Anastasius, with all its refinement, wit and polish, may soon be forgotten. Let our writers of talents remember the remark of Horace—

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit UTILE dulci."

Yours, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER X.

ANALYSIS OF DANTE CONTINUED.

University Club.

DEAR SIR,

WE now proceed to the IVth Canto, in which the poet with bow unbent (for as you remember "non semper arcum tendit Apollo,") seems to repose himself, as he conducts us through his limbo, pointing out to us with more of learning than of poetry, the spirits of the mighty dead, who from their not having received Christian baptism, but yet from their merits he has considered it would not have been just to condemn to a place in his Hell. He has therefore placed them in a sort of intermediary state between torment and happiness. Mr. Cary commences the Canto with great spirit thus,—

> " Broke the deep slumber in my brain a *crash*,
> Of heavy thunder that I shook myself,
> As one by main force roused"—

spirited as it is, however, he has not observed

the just remark of Venturi Lombardi and Biagioli on the word ' Tuono,' " which here signifies that confused and appalling mixture of sounds produced by the groans, wailings and cursings of so many condemned souls assembled in this infernal abyss—a sound which might well resemble the *dull*, *heavy*, *mutterings* of distant thunder." This sound rousing Dante from his trance, he gazes around him and discovers he has been conveyed to the edge of the infernal pit. The groans of multitudes made the air vibrate like the effect of thunder; in vain his eye attempts to pierce to the bottom of the abyss, dark, profound and overspread with a curtain of clouds. Virgil then inviting him to follow him as he purposes to descend into this blind, benighted world; Dante having remarked the change of colour which his cheeks have undergone, asks how he shall venture where even his guide shews symptoms of dismay. Virgil replies to him, " it is pity for those unfortunates below, which thus hath blanched my cheeks and which thou mistakest for the signs of fear."

Upon this answer of Virgil Monsieur Artaud

remarks " how touchingly is here displayed the sensibility of the poet in which he makes his guide partake? Little know they the heart of Dante, who mistake him for a character of a morose, disdainful and unfeeling nature."

They then descend into the first circle, and from the sounds that meet his ear, Dante judges they proceed not from souls in torture, but from the sighs of sorrowing spirits. His guide now informs him that he is among the spirits of those who had not received Christian baptism, and that he himself is one of the number, and that their sole penance is to live on in a state of continual longing and desire. After some further conversation, in which Virgil is very inconsistently made to talk of our Saviour descending here to release David and Israel, they proceed towards where a great fire illumines the whole horizon. Here Dante discerns spirits of great dignity and worth, whom Virgil informs him from the honoured names they bore on earth, have gained a place apart from the rest. A lonely voice cries out at the appearance of Virgil, " Pay honour to the loftiest lord of song, whose

shade hath now returned among us." Four mighty spirits then advance towards them, on whose lineaments neither joy or sorrow could be traced. These are Homer, Horace, Ovid and Lucan, who come to pay honour to Virgil.

Thus, (says Dante) I beheld in conclave met the noble school,

" Of him the Lord sublime of loftiest song,
Who towering like the eagle wings his flight above the rest."

After the four poets had exchanged discourse awhile with Virgil, they turned towards Dante with courteous sign, which his guide acknowledges with an approving smile, and pay him the honour of enrolling him the sixth among their immortal band. They then advance towards a noble castle, encircled by a line of seven walls, and a limpid streamlet. They enter through the gates of the castle and arrive at an emerald meadow.

" Here saw I spirits with composed and thoughtful mien
Their brow majestic with authority was stamp'd,
Few were their words and silvery soft their tones.
Unto an open space apart we then retired,
Placed on a rising ground and luminous with light,
Which o'er the throng assembled wide-extended prospect gave.

There on th' enamell'd verdure seated, were me shewn
The spirits of the mighty and illustrious dead
Whom to have seen my swelling heart with pride exults."

Among this throng are Electra, Hector and Cæsar, all armed with eyes like eagle's bright, Brutus, Lucrecia, &c. &c.; and further on Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Averroes of Cordova, &c. &c. and a list of names somewhat difficult and annoying to the translator whose task it is to hitch them into verse. With all the facility which the Italian language affords him, Dante himself seems to feel that his Pegasus is turning restive, observing that he would fain record all the names of that bright throng, but words would fail him in the attempt. They then part from one another, and Dante is led by his guide to a place unblest by a ray of light. In the next Canto we shall again find Dante putting forth all his strength.

I remain, &c.

To Trelawney Tomkinson, Esq.
Land's End, Cornwall.

LETTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM GRANADA TO MADRID.

Madrid, Sept. 20.

DEAR SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the peril (if it be not grossly exaggerated) of travelling in Spain, and the additional danger which might naturally be apprehended from the present state of the country, so kindly is the influence of my lucky star, that certainly with no peculiar talent for fighting my way, and with very little practise in the language, still I seem to get over my ground both smoothly and safely. But thus I believe it is ever the case; dangers at a distance are magnified; when closely approached, like the horrid shapes which guarded Tasso's enchanted forest, they dissolve into airy nothings and vanish before the touchstone of experience. Nor imagine that I am the only fortunate traveller. The family I met at Seville are arrived here safe,

and two other Englishmen from Gibraltar, viâ Malaga, and not a tale of robbery can they make up among them.

I left Granada, Sept. 16th at four in the morning, and would willingly have slept over some part of the road, but being seated in the berlina, the front part of the diligence, sleep or slumber was out of the question. Incessantly rung in my ears the cries of the mayoral and postilion—Macho, macho, mula, mula, arri, arri; Coronella, Coronella, Coronella; Señor, Señor; and one of these animals who I presume had not yet been christened, was designated mula a la derecho, mule on the right hand.

Now, the zagal or postilion would begin pelting the leading mules with stones of which he is always provided with a store, his whip not reaching so far; then he would jump down, steal up to them on foot and begin cudgelling some shirker unmercifully, who would strait resent it with furious kicks. In no country in the world can these poor animals be more barbarously treated. They are covered with wounds, and it is always dangerous to approach one of

these ill-treated beasts, for they never behold the face of man without fear and alarm.

We arrived at Jaen about six in the evening, having during the last stage passed through a most fertile scene of continuous fruit-gardens. The good landlady with the wen on her cheek, had provided us with a most varied and plentiful supper, consisting of a rich assortment of guisalos of all sorts, seasoned with saffron, oil and garlic. As I was just going to stretch myself on bed after this abundant repast, my fellow-travellers who had been during the whole journey in earnest conversation on the present critical state of affairs, acquainted me that from the news they had collected, we might probably the next day on our reaching Despeñaperros, be spectators of an engagement between the Royal and Constitutional forces, and that it was very doubtful if on our arrival there the diligence would be permitted to continue its journey. This intelligence as you may imagine was not very agreeable to me, but making a virtue of necessity I received it with an apparent sang froid that somewhat amazed them, replying that as the diligence was

to proceed I would take my chance and wished them good night.

At three in the morning we again started, and traversed a solitude during four hours, when we arrived at the bank of a wide river without a bridge. And now commenced the tedious affair of ferrying us over. First were carried over the passengers, then the first division of mules, then the second, and lastly the diligence, a business of full an hour.

Amongst our passengers were three monks not clad in the habits of their order but dressed as ecclesiastics, who having been expelled from their monastery (for at Grenada as well as at Cadiz the Government has taken possession of the monasteries, turning the brethren out and charitably leaving them to shift for themselves) were on their way to Madrid, probably with an ulterior view of seeking their fortunes with Don Carlos. The mayoral from the opposite bank observing that they were proceeding to walk forward with the rest of the party, began hollaing to them for the love of the Virgin Mary and all the Saints, to stay where they