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and of Louis Napoleon. The *Königlich Preussischer Staats-Anzeiger* is chiefly filled with official announcements and notices; but it contains two or three columns of intelligence. It is a small daily paper, and appears in Berlin. The *Preussisches Wochenblatt* is published every Saturday in the same city. It consists of a few leading articles of no great length, and contains no news nor other matter. The number before us is chiefly occupied with the discussion of questions of domestic policy not at all interesting in this country. They are treated in a moderate and sensible way, from the point of view of the *doctrinaire* section of the constitutional party. The *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* is a small daily paper with a morning and evening edition. It is printed in Roman type, unlike most German journals, and confines itself strictly to mercantile affairs. Three gratis supplements, however, are published every week in connexion with it. One of them—intended, we presume, for the Sunday reading of the wives and daughters of the subscribers—is a sort of *feuilleton*, and is called the *Börse des Lebens*. *Die Zeit* of Berlin bears the appropriate device of Old Father Time, with his scythe and hour-glass. It contains a great amount of news, official and non-official, political and local, and has some importance from its connexion with the Government.

Klatteradatsch is the *Charivari* of Berlin. During the first months of the last war, its criticisms were most amusing. One in particular, contrasting the delays of the Allies with the then rapid progress of the Russian arms, was as good as the very best efforts of any comic paper in Europe. The series of pictures with which *Klatteradatsch* closed the last quarter contained some clever allusions to passing events—amongst them a picture of a cowled philosopher in his study, surrounded by large books, bearing the titles “Satan,” “Mephistopheles,” &c. The principal figure is fixing on a pin a frightful little imp, with horns and claws. Under this is written—“After long research, Professor Vilmar, of Cassel, succeeds in determining the precise specific name of the Devil.” Vilmar is a Romanizing theologian. Another picture represents a scene in Greece, with bandits behind every rock, and bears the inscription—“In Greece the *Robbers* has been played through the whole summer, by permission of the highest authorities. N.B.—The public takes part in the performance.” *Klatteradatsch* is, unfortunately, a little coarse, but it is generally on the right side in politics. It has a wholesome hatred of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, and ridiculed the absurd glorification of Russia, *apropos* of the Imperial fêtes at Moscow, with considerable success. It dates from the year 1848.

The *Berlinische Nachrichten von Staats und gelehrt Sachen* is a daily paper, containing official announcements, reviews, news, and leading articles. It is published at the office of the *Spenerische Zeitung*. Like most of the Berlin newspapers, it is unfriendly to that political Ishmaelite, the *Kreuz Zeitung*. When the *Nord*, of Brussels, lately turned upon that luckless journal, and denounced the Holy Alliance as having been throughout a mere encumbrance to Russia, its applause was loud and long. After years of servile obsequiousness, it was really very hard upon the *Kreuz Zeitung* to tell it that its partisans knew nothing about Russia—that the words *conservatism* and *liberalism*, which it eternally jingles, do not express Russian ideas at all—that they cannot be translated into the Russian language, and that they are grounded upon feudal conceptions to which Russia has always been an utter stranger. All this, after the *Kreuz Zeitung* had been treating Austria as a vassal, faithless to her liege lord, and had been lecturing Prussia on her neglect of a noble mission, in not springing forward to lead the vanguard of the Czar! Well may the *Berlinische Nachrichten* remark—“The Moor has done his work—the Moor may go about his business—but he must brook to be told, as he turns away, that he has done his work ill.” The *National Zeitung* of Berlin is a strongly liberal paper, dating from 1848, and published daily, with a morning and evening edition. In a late number, there appeared in it an article by a frequent contributor to its columns, Adolph Stahr, the author of *Ein Jahr in Italien*, one of the most delightful of modern German books. The article in question is a critique of a new lithograph of the Sistine Madonna, by Wilhelm Pfaff—which expresses, Stahr says, with singular fidelity, the mingled holiness and majesty of the original.

The *Literarisches Centralblatt für Deutschland* is published at Berlin, and is one of the best papers in Germany. It appears every Saturday, and its price is four shillings a quarter, exclusive of postage. It contains short critiques upon books. A brief description of a late number may show our readers its value. First, under the head of Theology, we see at a glance the contents of the last numbers of some of the more important theological periodicals. Then comes a review of a new commentary on *Ecclesiastes*—then one of a book on Middle-age Church History—next of a sketch of the struggles of French Protestantism—which is followed by a review of a purely theological work on *Atonement and Justification*, the result of a quarrel in the high-Lutheran camp. Natural science is represented by a list of the articles in the new numbers of the chief publications devoted to this subject, by a review of a book on the names of plants, in the various Swiss dialects, and another of a work on botany, which appeared last year in the capital of Croatia. Next follows Law, under which head we find accounts of a Viennese work on the Concordat, and

a treatise on the German law-books of the *Middle Ages and their MSS.* Philology and the History of Literature are represented by an account of the Comte de Marcellus's translation of Nonnus, of a small new work by Jacob Grimm, and of a treatise on a manuscript of the *Nibelungen-lied*. Antiquities and poetry are also noticed; and a long series of articles in periodical publications, enumerated as we described above, finishes the number. The critiques bear internal evidence of being the work of men minutely acquainted with the subjects on which they write. We believe that the paper is in a great measure supported by contributions from many of the myriad scholars of Germany, who, as soon as they read a new work on their own special subjects, transmit a few words upon it to Dr. Zarncke, the editor of the periodical. The *Literarische Central-blatt* is far too much in the nature of a *catalogue raisonné*, and assumes on the part of the reader infinitely too much special knowledge to be generally popular in this country; but we think that there are many persons to whom it would be useful who are unacquainted with it, and for this reason we have assigned it a considerable space in our remarks.

REVIEWS.

AURORA LEIGH.*

THE negative experience of centuries seems to prove that a woman cannot be a great poet. Those who are curious in intellectual physiology may find, in *Aurora Leigh*, some materials for the explanation of feminine misadventures in art. It was natural that, in the exceptional position of a poet's wife, herself possessing undoubted genius, Mrs. Browning should enter on an ambitious enterprise; but it is not surprising that she should have failed in the attempt to achieve several simultaneous impossibilities. A novel in blank verse, containing twelve thousand lines, is in itself alarming to an ordinary reader. The *Iliad* is of equal length, and the *Divine Comedy* is even longer; but the *Odyssey*, the *Aeneid*, and *Paradise Lost*, are considerably less voluminous. It is possible that some of Southey's unread epics may be equally long; but *Madoc* and *Don Roderick* at least contain the result of much historical study. *Aurora Leigh* is wholly and obviously a fiction. The characters are few and unreal—the incidents, though scanty, are almost inconceivable—and the heroine and autobiographer, as a professed poetess, has tastes and occupations which are, beyond all others, incapable of poetical treatment. With all nature and life at its command, Art is only precluded from selecting its own mechanism as its subject. But, of late, the poet's eye, instead of glancing from earth to heaven, seems, by some strange inversion, to be exclusively fixed on the process of writing verses. The details of authorship probably possess a professional interest for those whom they concern; but life at a college, in a hospital, or in a special pleader's chambers, would furnish more interesting pictures to the world at large. The poets with whom Dante dealt were accepted heroes—Homer, *l'altissimo poeta*, and the sacred Virgil, and Statius, traditionally rescued from Paganism and from its doom; but neither the Latin guide nor his Tuscan follower is employed in making verses, or in talking about verse-making. In the three mystical realms which they traverse, they are only reporters and witnesses. The occupation of wrapping up ordinary thoughts and events in mysterious language is different in its purpose and results. “It is the glory of God,” says Bacon, in one of his quaintest scriptural quotations, “to conceal a matter; but it is the glory of the King (*i.e.*, of literature, personified in James I.) to discover a matter.” In *Aurora Leigh*, as in many other poems, the glory of discovering the matter is carefully reserved for the reader.

Imagination and passion naturally express themselves, from time to time, in figurative terms, when they overleap or outrun the capabilities of ordinary language; but an unbroken series of far-fetched metaphors indicates a deliberate exercise of ingenuity which is in itself essentially prosaic, and all dramatic illusion disappears when two persons pitch their dialogue in the same artificial key. Minds in a state of imaginative exaltation will never run in couples. Two *Pythoneses* singing their responses in parts, and keeping time in their contortions, would have destroyed the popular faith in Delphic inspiration. The poetess Aurora, in controversy with her philanthropic cousin and lover, may perhaps be allowed to vindicate Art as opposed to utilitarian practice, in long strings of allusive phrases; but Romney Leigh is equally incapable of calling a spade, in plain language, a spade; and when one of the disputants starts a metaphor, the other almost invariably hunts it down. “Who,” Romney asks, “has time—

An hour's time—think! to sit upon a bank,
And hear the cymbal tinkle in white hands?
When Egypt's slain, I say, let Miriam sing;
Before—where's Moses?”

Edipus himself would have paused before he deciphered such a riddle; but Aurora answers, without the slightest hesitation, in the same oracular style—

“Ah! exactly that!
Where's Moses?—is a Moses to be found?
You'll seek him vainly in the bulrushes,
While I in vain touch cymbals.”

* *Aurora Leigh. A New Poem, in Nine Books.* By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

This passage has a meaning, and the allusion, if not imaginative, is fanciful; but all its propriety is lost when two intellects are employed in pulling at one transient thought. Immediately afterwards, Aurora, in her turn, talks of planting tulips on dung-hills; and Romney at once follows up the hint:—

"True. A death-heat is
The same as life-heat—to be accurate."

Mrs. Browning's poem is open to criticism in all its three component parts, of fable, manners, and diction. The story is fantastical, the conduct of the personages in the narrative is whimsically absurd, and their language is as euphuistic as that of Don Armado or of Sir Piercie Shafton. Aurora Leigh, daughter of an English landed gentleman by an Italian wife, finds herself disinherited by an arrangement which displays a truly feminine contempt of legal probability. Her father ought, as she is told by an indignant aunt, to have

Shrunk before that clause in the entail
Excluding offspring by a foreign wife,
(The clause set up a hundred years ago
By a Leigh who wedded with a French dancing girl,
And had his heart danced over in return.)

The good lady might have added, that a gentleman of large fortune, who had lived in Italy for thirteen years with a single woman servant, ought to have left some personality to his only child; but it is necessary for the purposes of the story that Aurora should be almost penniless, that she may with more dignity refuse a fortune from Romney Leigh, the heir-at-law, after rejecting his personal suit as a lover. This cousin, the hero of the poem, subsequently determines to show his contempt for social distinctions by marrying Marian Erle, a vagrant girl, of the vilest parentage and most delicate sentiments, for whom he feels no attachment whatever. Aurora, entering into his whims as readily as into his metaphors, shows her high approbation of his choice, by forming a sudden friendship with the bride. The wedding-day arrives, and the fashionable world is invited to meet the rabble and swell mob on this auspicious occasion:—

Half St. Giles in frieze,
Was bidden to meet St. James in cloth of gold,
And after contract at the altar, pass
To eat a marriage-feast on Hampstead Heath.

The incidents of dreams, whether in bed or in books, never excite surprise. The aristocracy accept Mr. Leigh's invitation as a matter of course, and a riot got up by the mob on the non-appearance of the bride is easily suppressed by the police. It afterwards appears that Marian, although desperately enamoured of her high-born benefactor, has been persuaded that he will injure himself by the connexion. With an exalted self-denial, she has determined to withdraw herself from his sight; and she communicates her purpose in a letter as grandly unintelligible as if it had been written by Romney himself, or by Aurora, who, she says, had once admitted—

"He loves you, Marian," in a sort of mild
Derisive sadness—As a mother asks
Her babe, "You'll touch that star, you think?" Farewell,
I know I never touch'd it—This is worst—
Babes grow, and lose the hope of things above;
A silver threepence sets them leaping high,
But no more stars—mark that."

Romney, as might be expected, takes his loss very quietly; and, indeed, greatly prefers to Marian's company conversations with his transcendental cousin, who explains to him, if it can be called explanation, the nature of Art:—

"What is Art
But life upon the larger scale, the higher
When, graduating up in a special line
Of still-expanding and ascending gyres,
It pushes toward the intense significance
Of all things, hungry for the Infinite—
Art's life, and when we live, we suffer and toil."

"You take it gravely," he replies. "You refuse your dreamland, you let in the axes to the legendary woods, to pay the head tax; you had better 'take a trade and be of use.'"

"Of use!" I softly echoed, "there's the point;
We sweep about for ever in argument,
Like swallows, which the exasperate dying year
Sets spinning in black circles, round and round,
Preparing for far flights o'er unknown seas—
And we—where tend we?"

"Where," he said, and sighed.

Swift's "little language" was intelligible only to Stella—Romney's big language serves the same purpose with Aurora. A still closer literary parallel may be found in the case of Lord and Lady Froth, in Congreve's *Double Dealer*, where, in the list of *dramatis personæ*, the gentleman is described as "a solemn coxcomb," and the lady as "a pretender to wit, poetry, and learning." "That look," says Lord Froth, in the euphuistic language of his time—"ah! there it is; who could resist? 'twas so my heart was made a captive first, and ever since 't has been in love with happy slavery." *Lady F.*—"O that tongue! that dear, deceitful tongue! that charming softness in your mien and expression! and then your bow," &c. &c. The analogy is rendered perfect by Lady Froth's composition of an heroic poem called *The Syllabus*, in which she designates her lord as Spumoso and herself as Biddy.

Humboldt tells a story of an old parrot which, after surviving some extinct tribe in South America, still repeated to wondering strangers a few unintelligible words from a language irreco-

verably lost. The poor bird presents a striking image of loneliness; but two exclusive possessors of a dialect elsewhere unknown might console each other in their solitude. It is evident that Marian only imitated, under the influence of love, the language in which her friend and her destined bridegroom habitually conducted their mysterious converse. "I," said the pretended Mysie, "am she, Oh most bucolical Juvenal, to whose care are entrusted the milky mothers of the herd." "By heaven!" exclaimed Edward Glendenning, "it is the English knight." "By heaven!" the critical reader may exclaim, "Marian's talk about stars and threepences comes direct from Aurora." Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately, for the composition of the second half of the poem—the philanthropist and the poetess, though they comprehend each other's riddles, cannot understand that they are both in love, and that there is not the smallest obstacle to their marriage. It is not till after the lapse of several years and cantos, or books, that they meet once more. Aurora is living in a Tuscan villa, with Marian and Marian's child under her protection. Romney has turned Leigh Hall into a Phalanstery for reformed criminals, including Marian's father. The inmates, not unnaturally, rebel, and set fire to the building, and worthy Mr. Erle takes the opportunity to throw down a burning beam, which puts out his benefactor's eyes. The blind man proceeds to Florence, for the purpose of once more offering Marian his hand, and on her refusal, Aurora at last confesses her life-long attachment. It is darkly intimated that philanthropy henceforth is to be less presumptuous, and the lovers indulge to their hearts' content in amœbean metaphors expressing their anticipations of a golden age. At the close, they are looking on an Italian sky, and he

Stood calm, and fed his blind majestic eyes
Upon the thought of perfect noon; and when
I saw his soul saw—"Jasper, first," I said,
"And second, sapphire; third, chalcedony,
The rest in order—last, an amethyst."

An apocalyptic conclusion not unworthy of the story.

Notwithstanding the defects of the poem, Mrs. Browning has more fully than ever proved that she is a poetess. The fable, the manners, and the diction, are, as it has been said, more than questionable; but after eliminating the story, the eccentricities of the actors, and a great part of the dialogue, there will remain an abundant store of poetical thought, of musical language, and of deep and true reflection. The book will best display its real merits on a second reading, when the paradoxes in action, language, and thought which encumber the composition are tacitly set aside. Mrs. Browning has a fine ear, and an observant mind. Her partial failure is far less attributable to a want of poetical instinct than to the erroneous theory that art is the proper subject for itself. When Aurora forgets that she is a poetess—or, still better, when she is herself forgotten—the troublesome machinery which had been interposed between the writer and reality is effectually removed. If Mrs. Browning would trust her first thoughts, and condescend to be simple, she would be almost always picturesque and forcible. The Italian girl's portrait of her prim, dry, narrow English aunt, shows a capacity for humorous satire worth much figurative philosophy:—

I think I see my father's sister stand
Upon the hall-step of her country house,
To give me welcome. She stood straight and calm,
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; brown hair prick'd with grey,
By frigid use of life

Vytne

* * * * *

She had lived
A harmless life; she called a virtuous life
A quiet life, which was not life at all
(But that she had not lived enough to know),
Between the vicar and the country squires,
The lord-lieutenant looking down sometimes
From the empyrean, to assure their souls
Against chance vulgarisms, and in the abyss
The apothecary looked on once a-year,
To prove their soundness of humility.
The poor-club exercised her Christian gifts
Of knitting stockings, stitching petticoats,
Because we are of one flesh after all,
And need one flannel (with a proper sense
Of difference in the quality); and still
The book-club, guarded from your modern trick
Of shaking dangerous questions from the crease,
Preserved her intellectual.

A subsequent touch is deeper, and, if possible, more true:—

She had pored for years
What sort of woman could be suitable
To her sort of hate, to entertain it with;
And so, her very curiosity
Became hate too, and all the idealism
She ever used in life was used for hate,
Till hate, so nourished, did exceed at last
The love from which it grew, in strength and heat,
*And wrinkled her smooth conscience with a sense
Of disputable virtue (say not sin),*
When Christian doctrine was enforced in church.

The niece is naturally compelled to profit by a complete course of education:—

I learnt the collects and the catechisms,
The creeds from Athanasius back to Nice.
* * * * *
Because she liked instructed piety,
I learnt my complement of classic French,

(Kept pure of Balzac and neologism)
 And German also, since she liked a range
 Of liberal education—tongues, not books.
 I learnt a little algebra, a little
 Of the mathematics, brushed with extreme flounce
 The circles of the sciences, because
 She disliked women who are frivolous.
 I learnt the royal genealogies
 Of Oviedo, the internal laws
 Of the Burmese Empire—by how many feet
 Mount Chimborazo outsoars Himmehle,
 What navigable river joins itself
 To Lara, and what census of the year five
 Was taken at Klagenfurt, because she liked
 A general insight into useful facts. . . .
 . . . I washed in
 From nature landscapes, rather say washed out;
 I danced the Polka and Cellarius,
 Spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax,
 Because she liked accomplishments in girls.
 . . . she owned
 She liked a woman to be womanly,
 And English women, she thanked God, and sighed—
Some people always sigh in thanking God
 Were models to the universe. And last,
 I learnt cross-stitch, because she did not like
 To see me wear the night with empty hands,
 A doing nothing.

Perhaps there might, after all, have been a worse education; but Aurora is not the less true to nature for a little feminine injustice, or for one or two ladylike inaccuracies. The Nicene Creed was not published at Nice, nor does Chimborazo "outsoar Himmehle," i.e., the Himalaya. A girl's studies can scarcely be kept too clear of Balzac, whatever may be the case with neologism; and, on the whole, it is not undesirable that young ladies should learn to draw, to dance, to speak French, and even to sew. But a burst of honest idiomatic spite is worth a thousand fantastical phrases, such as the proposition that—

In youth

We play at leap-frog over the god Term.

Girls at least cannot, even in metaphor, be allowed to "over" the posts or milestones.

In one passage, even the poetizing manufacture is poetically treated. Aurora, after a successful publication, is lamenting her isolation from all domestic ties:—

How dreary 'tis for women to sit still
 On winter night's by solitary fires,
 And hear the nations praising them far off,
 Too far! ay, praising our quick sense of love,
 Our very heart of passionate womanhood,
 Which could not beat so in the verse without
 Being present also in the unkuissed lips.
 And eyes undried, because there's none to ask
 The reason they grew moist. To sit alone,
 And think for comfort how that very night
 Affianc'd lovers, leaning face to face,
 With sweet half-listenings for each other's breath,
 Are reading, haply from some page of ours—
 To pause with a thrill as if their cheeks had touched,
 When such a stanza level to their mood,
 Seems floating their own thought out. "So I feel
 For thee," "And I for thee: this poet knows
 What everlasting love is"—how that night.
 A father, issuing from the misty roads
 Upon the luminous round of lamp and hearth,
 And happy children, having caught up first
 The youngest there, until it shrank and shrieked
 To feel the cold chin prick its dimples through
 With winter from the hills, may throw in the lap
 Of the eldest (who has learned to drop her lids,
 To hide some sweetness newer than last year's)
 Our book, and cry, "Ah, you! you care for rhymes;
 So here are rhymes to pore on under trees
 When April comes to let you. I've been told
 They are not idle, as so many are,
 But set hearts beating pure as well as fast.
 It's yours—the book; I'll write your name in it,
 That so you may not lose, however lost
 In poet's lore and charming reverie,
 The thought of how your father thought of you
 In riding from the town."

The philosophy of the poem is its least valuable part. It amounts to a vague intimation that some socialist theory yet undiscovered may, under the mysterious inspiration of Art, hereafter correct what are too hastily assumed to be the gratuitous evils of the world. It is something that Romney's pragmatical schemes issue in total discomfiture; but the failure of one experiment scarcely proves that there is another solution of the problem to be found. Fourier's tea-garden and Casino-Paradise is acknowledged to be a chimera; and it yet remains to be ascertained whether an earthly paradise on a more rational model is possible. Aurora is exhorted by her lover to press her clarion to her lip—

And breathe the fine keen breath along the brass,
 And blow all class-walls level as Jericho's,
 Past Jordan. . . .

But his own blunder might have taught him that class-walls, as he calls them, are possibly not to be thrown down with impunity. There are few prophecies more unprofitable than easy anticipations of a new world.—

Developed whence, shall grow spontaneously,
 New churches, new economies, new laws
 Admitting freedom, new societies
 Excluding falsehood.

Happily the poem contains many things more valuable than declamations on the beauties of Utopia. With all her imperfections, most of which are voluntary, Mrs. Browning may claim at least an equal rank with any poetess who has appeared in England.

BOSWELL'S LETTERS.*

"A FEW years ago, a clergyman, having occasion to buy some small articles at the shop of Madame Noel, at Boulogne, observed that the paper in which they were wrapped was the fragment of an English letter. Upon inspection, a date and some names were discovered; and further investigation proved that the piece of paper in question was part of a correspondence, carried on nearly a century before, between the Biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and his early friend the Rev. William Johnson Temple." Such is the account given of the discovery of the letters of Boswell, now published by Mr. Bentley; and no account could well be more suspicious, or awaken a stronger expectation that the letters would turn out a forgery. But the internal evidence is perfectly irresistible. No one but Boswell could have written these letters. Not only is it hard to suppose that any human being could have displayed equal folly with that which characterises them, but the folly is of Boswell's own peculiar kind. We are reminded at every page of the well-known traits of vanity, kind-heartedness, and self-complacency, which shine through the biography of Johnson. All that we knew of Boswell before—his painful longing for distinction, fame, or notoriety of some sort—his restlessness, his good resolutions, and indifferent performance—his love of what was better than himself, and the strange frankness of his confidence—are all, as it were, transfigured in these letters, made larger and plainer, and group themselves into a whole which would be incredible if it were not indisputable. But equally with the famous biography, these letters have the charm of sincerity—a charm which, as long as the world lasts, will be the greatest which the writings of one man can have for his fellow-men. When the sincerity is merely the defiant sense of self-degradation, which, as in the *Confessions of Rousseau*, finds a morbid pleasure in tearing off the last veil of shame and self-respect, we are shocked and disgusted; but even then the truthfulness of the confession carries it down from generation to generation. But when the sincerity is, as in Boswell's case, merely the unconscious revelation of a man who has no reticence—who speaks of his weaknesses and his secret feelings and motives, simply because he is everything in his own estimation, and does not understand what it is to hold his pen for fear his correspondent should think him ridiculous—we recognise that the writer is only what we might many of us be, if we lost our self-control. We have, in reading these letters, exactly the same gratification as in following the evolution of a character in a first-rate comedy. We soon gain a general conception of the sort of person meant to be presented to us; and then, as different scenes and circumstances make a call on the peculiarities we have to observe, we are delighted at finding that the character is always true to itself, says the right thing, and answers or exceeds our expectation. Boswell never disappoints us. He is an unfailing joke. Whether he writes about love, or riches, or literature, he is always the same imitable, inexhaustible booby. These letters, therefore, if not very instructive, are very amusing; and it is rarely that we come across a volume with so much to entertain us and make us laugh.

Boswell was born in 1740, and his letters to Temple begin with two written in his eighteenth year. He studied in London, and then went abroad to Utrecht, Switzerland, Italy, and Corsica. In 1768, he published his History of Corsica, having previously settled in Edinburgh. From 1767, his letters to Temple, preserved in this collection, are tolerably regular, and carry us almost to the close of his life. Temple was a clergyman, and held a small living in Devonshire, and on his ordination Boswell wrote him a letter which very strangely mixes encouragement and advice to his friend on his entrance upon his spiritual duties, with an account of his own manner of living, which was of a sort to make a clergyman a rather unfit confidant. "I view," he says, at the commencement of this letter, "the profession of a clergyman in an amiable and respectable light." "My amiable mistress," he says at the close, "is no longer bound to him who was her husband." His mind, however, is soon bent on finding a suitable wife, and he sets about the business with the queerest possible mixture of a man of feeling and a Scotch laird who wishes to sell himself as dearly as possible. "There is a young lady in the neighbourhood here, who has an estate of her own; just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious. You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighbouring princess, and add her lands, to our dominions?" Shortly after, Temple, travelling in Scotland, came to Auchinleck, in Boswell's absence. Boswell instructed his friend to call on Miss Blair, the princess alluded to, and to keep the possible lover in the lady's memory. "Give Miss Blair my letter. Talk of my mare, the purse, the chocolate. Tell her you are my very old and intimate friend. Praise me

* Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple. Now first published from the original MSS., with an Introduction and Notes. London: Bentley. 1857.