started, and which he would have immediately suppressed) contains fifty-five coloured lithograph plates of tartans, and seven plates coloured and emblazoned of the arms of the several clans. The patterns are in size such as a linen-draper would forward to a customer,—as the *Journal of Design* would insert (in original) as illustrations of manufacture,—and as our grandmothers would have fashioned with skill and taste into a patchwork counterpane or table cloth. Great care has been taken, we are told, to ascertain and present the *true* setts of the several tartans of the clan Gael—in order to secure for future use the original designs "before modern and fanciful innovations shall have rendered any attempt of the kind hopeless and impracticable." In the majority of the examples given, the editor has thought fit to follow the setts held as genuine at the Bannockburn manufactory of the Messrs. Wilson,—a firm of very old standing, and long distinguished for its desire to restore the tartans of the clans to their primary patterns. The head of a clan in the present day may perhaps choose for a freak to adopt a somewhat different sett from Mr. Smibert's example; but his private loom it is thought will seldom differ for the better from the example worn by his forefathers when their feet were on their native heather and Walpole was a name unknown in the Highlands. Mr. Smibert, we need hardly add, differs materially in his patterns from those given in the costly work of the Messrs. Sobieski Stuart. He may be moreover wrong in some of his examples; but he will be found to have attended to his subject with care,—and not to have introduced a single sett without some particular reason for the selection. The MS. of setts which John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, is said to have left, is as much a fable as an early MS. of Ossian; while the intelligent Gael will probably smile, with Mr. Smibert, at the notion of the existence, at the Highland Society, of a sealed box of tartans admitted as "standard" by the whole body of the members.

The letter-press in the volume wears a heavy look, from the quantity of matter contained in each page; but it is legibly—and even learnedly—put together. The following passage on the origin of the tartan will be found interesting.—

"The period at which *regular Clan-Tartans* were first used over the Highlands has been the subject of frequent controversy. It seems probable, that, while the wearing of garments of diversified colours is to be viewed as a custom of great antiquity among the Gael, the adoption of formal family or tribe Tartans is at least not of equally distant origin. Lindsay, of Piscottie, in 1573, alluding to the dress of all the Highlanders generally, speaks only of 'a mantle and a shirt, *saffroned* after the Irish manner.' In like manner, a French traveller, in 1583, tells us of 'a large and full shirt, *coloured with saffron*, and over this a garment hanging to the knee.' By these and other old writers, the use of the *kilt* in their times is established beyond all doubt; and indeed the custom was even much more ancient, the nakedness of the Gael below the knees being noticed in the Norse Sagas eight centuries ago. To the kilt, the common people seem to have added the *plaid*, which, worn over the shoulders, probably constituted nearly the whole of their primitive attire. The mantles of the rich, in truth, were but large plaids. With regard to the colours, it may be remarked that Taylor, the water-poet, describes the Highlanders of 1618 as all wearing, without distinction, 'stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, called Tartan,' with 'a plaid about their shoulders, which *is a mantle* of divers colours.' The plaid and hose seem certainly to have been the first articles tinged as Tartans. In 1716, Martin relates that the plaid of the Islanders 'consisted of divers colours,' and that there was 'a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy.' It must be owned that he does not leave to us here a perfectly distinct account of the use of established Clan-Tartans by the generality, though from another remark, to the effect that a connoisseur could tell the district where a plaid came from by its appearance, it may be presumed that some formal arrangements were usual at this time as regarded plaids. Some few years later, distinct notices appear of what must be understood as regular Clan-Tartans. When Lady Grange was carried away to St. Kilda, the agents in her abduction, according to her own account, were several 'Highlanders in Lord Lovat's *livery*.' This can only be interpreted as meaning the Fraser Tartans. In 1745, again, the clans were to a large extent attired in tartans peculiar to or adopted by their septs respectively. It seems very likely, indeed, that the Scottish Civil Wars, from those of Montrose down to the rising under Prince Charles, would be largely instrumental in causing a closer adherence to fixed forms of the Tartans by the Clans. Each, in all probability, would select, or be made to select that sett which its chiefs had used, perhaps long before, as a means of distinction from other chiefs. In that light, Clan-Tartans may be viewed as things of high antiquity. At all events, the form—the plaid and the kilt—and the general variegation of hues, are peculiarities of the Gaelic garb which in all likelihood originated even with their most remote Pictish sires."

Sir Walter Scott's love of the tartan (though a Lowlander) is incidentally alluded to by Mr. Smibert in the following passage.—

"Sir Walter Scott, strongly as he felt the kilt-fever at the time of George IV.'s visit in 1822, had far too much good sense and sound knowledge to assume to himself either philabeg or trews of many colours, or to dictate any such attire to his border kin and friends. He knew well that the good *grey plaid*, or 'maud,' black and white in its hues, formed the only tartan ever known or used by the Scottish Lowlanders. All that he did was to vary slightly the sett from the simple and small alternate squares of equal size, adopting the arrangement given in the plate, and which, in honour of him may be called the Scott Tartan. The draughtboard pattern, however, is that of the true Lowland tartan, if such a term may be used. Any tartan articles, beyond such trifles as scarfs or screens for ladies' necks were, to all appearance, of rare occurrence in southern Scotland, until our Paisley or Glasgow factories began to approach their present eminence, and to scatter their produce far and wide over the lands. Allan Ramsay mentions a tartan plaid of many hues in his 'Gentle Shepherd;' but he wrote in the eighteenth century, and his description goes far to prove the article one of uncommon value. In works of the seventeenth century, the word 'tartan' is found to occur but very rarely; and, where it does occur, it seems as often to apply to the grey 'plaiden' as to anything else. In the sixteenth century, again, Lowland writers use the word 'tartan' still more unfrequently. No doubt, they knew the term, and applied it at times to parti-coloured worsted stuffs, wrought with something like Highland regularity; but half-a-dozen scattered allusions cannot establish it as a fact, that the tartan was ever in general use as a casual article of Lowland attire—much less that it was systematically used as a full dress, and by distinct tribes in distinct forms. In the Lowlands at least, and partly (as already stated) for local reasons, the stuffs sent from the venerable hand-looms of our sires were more distinguished by utility than by variegated beauty of dyes; and it was not until our manufacturing towns obtained the splendid aids in machinery, that *the decorative* became a grand feature in our manufacturing labours, often even throwing into the shade *the useful*, though, for the most part, the two have been successfully combined. Now-a-days, every admixture and arrangement of colours which the human fancy has been able to invent, or which ingenious instruments, such as the kaleidoscope, could suggest, have been applied to the adornment of all manner of stuffs, and by all manner of processes, until the varieties of tartans have become as multitudinous as the possible combinations of the hues of the rainbow. This changed state of things has affected the whole country; and it was to ascertain and establish the genuine and oldest setts of the proper tartans of the Highland Clans, before the influx of such variations rendered it impossible, that the present work was undertaken. The Highland chiefs themselves have of late thrown the most serious obstacles in the way, seeing that they have been too ready to adopt changes at the mere dictation of fancy, with the view of improving, no doubt, the look of their family setts. They have introduced, besides, clan setts, and setts for their chiefs, and hunting setts, and drawing-room setts, until the real fundamental and primitive article is in danger of being lost to sight wholly. The present attempt has, therefore, only been made in time, if, indeed, not somewhat late in the day."

The draughtboard pattern reminds us of an old Scotch lady who extorted, when in London for the first time, innocently enough, a stare and something beyond a titter from more than one cockney shopman by remarking—the mania for tartans in 1822 being at its height—"that [turning the several patterns aside on the counter] she didna want that sett or the ither sett,—ane was too gay and the ither too narrow; but [raising her voice]—canna ye fin' me a *damboard* pattern?" The sound in a northern ear was innocent and explicit enough:—to southern hearing somewhat too explicit in a way that the reserved old Presbyterian matron never imagined for a moment,—and which she was greatly shocked at hearing explained to her by her southern companion.

We had hoped to have extracted some account of the tartan worn by that Rob Roy of the forest, the present Duke of Atholl—the head of the clan Murray. But the pattern would puzzle a speaking kaleidoscope to describe. The arms, however, of the Duke's clan, with which Mr. Smibert's account concludes, may—curiously enough at the present moment—conclude our account of Mr. Smibert's book. They are—*Crest*, "a demi-savage wreathed, bearing a sword and key. *Supporters*, a lion collared and a savage fettered. *Motto*, Truth, Fortune and fill the Fetters." These are at least appropriate. The "sword" in the present day is exchanged for the fist; but the Duke acts and dresses in a sort of "demi-savage" fashion,—and he keeps the "key" of Glen Tilt.

The Personal History of David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Bradbury & Evans.

THAT this is in many respects the most beautiful and highly finished work which the world has had from the pen of Mr. Dickens, we are strongly of opinion. It has all the merits to which the author already owes a world-wide popularity; with some graces which are peculiar to itself—or have been but feebly indicated in his former creations. In no previous fiction has he shown so much gentleness of touch and delicacy of tone,—such abstinence from trick in what may be called the level part of the narrative,—so large an amount of refined and poetical yet simple knowledge of humanity. The Chronicler himself is one of the best heroes ever sketched or wrought out by Mr. Dickens. Gentle, affectionate and trusting,—his fine observation and his love of reverie raise David Copperfield far above the level of sentimental lovers or hectoring youths whose fortunes and characters are too often in works of this sort made the axles on which the action and passion of the story turn. The loving, imaginative child—with his childish fancies perpetually reaching away towards heights too high for childhood to climb—his rapid and sympathetic instincts for enjoyment—his quick sense of injustice,—his tremulous foresight of coming griefs,—the boy seduced by the fascinating qualities of a dangerous friend,—the youth's boy-love for his child-wife,—that love itself never faltering even to the end, yet by a fine instinctive information leading his mind to dim glimpses of a higher domestic happiness at which he might

have aimed,—all these are outlined, filled in and coloured without one stroke awry or one exaggerated tint to mar the portraiture. Few authors would have so finely comprehended the step-child's mixture of awe and curiosity under the tyranny of that she-turnkey Miss Murdstone, —few could have touched the strange, inexplicable shrinking of the orphan when he makes one of the pleasure party of the merry and beneficent undertakers, Omer and Joram, — few could have so nicely indicated the relish which, in spite of their sorrows, their shabbiness, their difficulties, their fustian and their prosing, David could not help finding in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. In coarser hands this must have become a taste for bad company. —Then, over all there hangs that mournful sentiment which, being the natural accompaniment of all personal reviews of the past, never in its saddest expressions takes the tone of sentimentalism; but follows the narrative like a low, sweet—and true—music :—beginning with the narrator's first look out on his father's cold grave in the churchyard against which every night his mother's door is barred, and only ending with the last line that chronicles the gains, the trials and the losses of a life.

To the lovers of higher excitement—who have no relish for these natural truths—the tale before us will be less pleasing than many another written by Mr. Dickens, exactly for the reason which makes us like it better. As an autobiography—the story of a life—'David Copperfield' is—properly—more than usually destitute of defined and artistic plot. The looseness of texture as a story, however, is, on the one hand, imperfectly, sought to be disguised by afterthoughts,—on the other, rendered more apparent by one or two strained incidents and forced scenes. For instance:—the villany of Uriah Heep is made to crumble away like a bad *genie* in a faëry tale, whom the Hour and the Man has converted, in the waving of a wand, from a gigantic torturer into a wreath of smoke.—In the interests of Art, too, we must ask what was the purpose of giving to Betsey Trotwood that phantom husband of hers, if he had no more significant part to play than is here allotted to him?—The moods of Miss Mowcher we fancy have no natural ante-types. If we be wrong in this, we can only say—and so, our objection remains—*si è vero, non è ben trovato.*—With regard to the fortunes of Dr. Strong and his youthful wife, we suspect the author of some relenting in the progress of his work. But be this notion—which we get out of the Symphony to which the reconciliation scene is the Song—true or false, we have an objection to that scene so far at least as the wife's elaborate orations are concerned.—Then, there is Rosa Dartle again,—a creature the conception of whom is novel, bold, yet not unnatural. We can recognize her consuming passion, her ferocity, her vigilance and jealousy blended; but we are repelled—as by something painfully discordant, even in a nature like hers—by the tirades which she discharges against the ruined Emily, when she hunts out the lost girl for the purpose of terrifying her by a scene of sublime melodrama.

There is one other scene on which we have a remark in the way of objection to make. We make this with far more doubt than our other objectional suggestions,—and it is sure, because of the great qualities of the scene itself, to find a less amount of acquiescence. The scene to which we allude is one of the most awful, elaborate and powerfully descriptive in the book:—that of the great storm in which the injured lover and the seducer perish within a hand's breadth of each other, close to the devastated home. That mortal calamity never takes the forms of such fantastic combination, who shall dare to say? That Doom and Horror are never symphonized as in all the careful preparations made for the catastrophe by Mr. Dickens, few will be prepared to assert. But the novelist is bound when wielding the thunderbolt to spare us the crucible and the laboratory:—for his own sake, as an artist, to conceal, not display, his recourse to forced expedients for the purpose of administering poetical justice —whether it shape itself into the vengeance of annihilation or into the vengeance of forgiveness. In spite of the amazing descriptive power here exhibited—a power that deafens as it were with the sounds and the assaults of wave and wind—in spite of the wonderful force given by accumulation of detail—we cannot divest ourselves of an impression of stage-effect; of that of a punishment elaborately adjusted by Man—rather than bursting on us with the terrible unexpectedness of the thunders of retribution. Even when Fate has been visibly approaching in the tragedies of Scott, his simplicity of manner has enabled him to invest the expected terror with the character of a surprise. What reader is not thus shaken by the arrival of *Ravenswood* in the midst of the contract-signers,—by the ghastly interruption of the bridal ball,—by the strange, wild incident of the hero's final disappearance,—though woe and death and ruin have been distinctly foreshown as about to follow the ill-starred meeting of the lovers from the very first pages of the story? Mr. Dickens must announce his devices with less pomp, and arrange them in less artificially imposing forms, if he would enjoy among artists the full fame which his descriptive powers entitle him otherwise to claim.—In reference to a book which is so full of wholesome and beautiful things, we should scarcely have cared to urge this point of objection, were there not in it so many signs of the mellowing and ripening processes through which successful and experienced genius passes having already taken place with Mr. Dickens. We do not demand from him a sacrifice of that exaggeration in which his forte lies, so much as a distribution of it. We would not yield up any characteristics of so keen an observer, so capital a narrator as Mr. Dickens:—only bring them into greater harmony one with the other, and himself into a better agreement with himself.

To point out half the strong points, shrewd hits and exquisite passages in this tale, would be a superfluous task, were it a possible one. Every reader has already by heart the disasters of little Dora's housekeeping,—including Mary Anne and the Life Guardsman, the tearful page, the pet dog in his pagoda and bells, that wasteful whole salmon, and those oysters locked fast in their shells of which the trusty Traddles made the best; but has every one sufficiently admired the unobtrusive skill with which we are made to allow for the child-wife's folly without granting her a fool's pardon,—to feel that she is a mistake in the hero's fortunes, yet love her and weep for her early withering away?—Everybody has revelled in Miss Betsey Trotwood's racy eccentricity,—her donkey-phobia, her antipathy to Peggotty as one having a Pagan name:—but some of her most whimsical outbursts and most womanly sophistries may have escaped the reader in the heat of first perusal. Hear her, for instance, like another Queen Bess, working herself up into high disdain on the subject of first and second marriages.—

"'Whatever possessed that poor unfortunate Baby, that she must go and be married again,' said my aunt, when I had finished, '*I* can't conceive.'—'Perhaps she fell in love with her second husband,' Mr. Dick suggested.—'Fell in love,' repeated my aunt, 'What do you mean? What business had she to do it?'—'Perhaps,' Mr. Dick simpered, after thinking a little, 'she did it for pleasure.'—'Pleasure, indeed!' replied my aunt. 'A mighty pleasure for the poor baby to fix her simple faith upon any dog of a fellow, certain to ill-use her in some way or other. What did she propose to herself, I should like to know! She had had one husband. She had seen David Copperfield out of the world, who was always running after wax dolls from his cradle. She had got a baby—oh, there were a pair of babies when she gave birth to this child sitting here, that Friday night!—and what more did she want?' * * * 'And then, as if this was not enough, and she had not stood sufficiently in the light of this child's sister, Betsey Trotwood,' said my aunt, 'she marries a second time—goes and marries a Murderer—or a man with a name like it—and stands in *this* child's light! And the natural consequence is, as anybody but a baby might have foreseen, that he prowls and wanders. He's as like Cain before he was grown up, as he can be.'—Mr. Dick looked hard at me, as if to identify me in this character.—'And then there's that woman with the Pagan name,' said my aunt, 'that Peggotty, *she* goes and gets married next. Because she has not seen enough of the evil attending such things, *she* goes and gets married next, as the child relates. I only hope,' said my aunt, shaking her head, 'that her husband is one of those Poker husbands who abound in the newspapers, and will beat her well with one.'"

Aunt Betsey's delicious sophistries about Mr. Dick, too, are positively Shandean in their humour.—

"'I say again,' said my aunt, 'nobody knows what that man's mind is except himself; and he's the most amenable and friendly creature in existence. If he likes to fly a kite sometimes, what of that! Franklin used to fly a kite. He was a Quaker, or something of that sort, if I am not mistaken. And a Quaker flying a kite is a much more ridiculous object than anybody else.'"

Then, commend us to the Micawbers:—he, with his genteel manner and his delight in his own epistolary powers, his conviviality at a moment's warning, his sanguine readiness to take any conceivable shape or embrace any possible project, his mathematical I O U's and magnificent obliviousness of all money difficulties;—she, with her affable air of business, her wondrous lucidity and orderliness in counsel, her family affections always "on the gush," and that one song by Storace which she contributes by way of melody to the ever-recurring jug of punch. Few things have been richer than the sudden metamorphosis of the whole family into settlers. We must give the outfit of the party: followed by a passage of admirable word painting.—

"Mr. Micawber, I must observe, in his adaptation of himself to a new state of society, had acquired a bold buccaneering air, not absolutely lawless, but defensive and prompt. One might have supposed him a child of the wilderness, long accustomed to live out of the confines of civilisation, and about to return to his native wilds.—He had provided himself, among other things, with a complete suit of oilskin, and a straw-hat with a very low crown, pitched or caulked on the outside. In this rough clothing, with a common mariner's telescope under his arm, and a shrewd trick of casting up his eye at the sky as looking out for dirty weather, he was far more nautical, after his manner, than Mr. Peggotty. His whole family, if I may so express it, were cleared for action. I found Mrs. Micawber in the closest and most uncompromising of bonnets, made fast under the chin; and in a shawl which tied her up (as I had been tied up, when my aunt first received me) like a bundle, and was secured behind at the waist, in a strong knot. Miss Micawber I found made snug for stormy weather, in the same manner, with nothing superfluous about her. Master Micawber was hardly visible in a Guernsey shirt, and the shaggiest suit of slops I ever saw; and the children were done up, like preserved meats, in impervious cases. Both Mr. Micawber and his eldest son wore their sleeves loosely turned back at the wrists, as being ready to lend a hand in any direction, and to 'tumble up,' or sing out 'Yeo—Heave—Yeo!' on the shortest notice.—Thus Traddles and I found

them at nightfall, assembled on the wooden steps, at that time known as Hungerford Stairs, watching the departure of a boat with some of their property on board. * * 'If you have any opportunity of sending letters home, on your passage, Mrs. Micawber,' said my aunt, 'you must let us hear from you, you know.' —'My dear Miss Trotwood,' she replied, 'I shall only be too happy to think that any one expects to hear from us. I shall not fail to correspond. Mr. Copperfield, I trust, as an old familiar friend, will not object to receive occasional intelligence, himself, from one who knew him when the twins were yet unconscious?'—I said that I should hope to hear, whenever she had an opportunity of writing.—'Please Heaven, there will be many such opportunities,' said Mr. Micawber. 'The ocean, in these times, is a perfect fleet of ships; and we can hardly fail to encounter many, in running over. It is merely crossing,' said Mr. Micawber, trifling with his eye-glass, 'merely crossing. The distance is quite imaginary.' —I think, now, how odd it was, but how wonderfully like Mr. Micawber, that, when he went from London to Canterbury, he should have talked as if he were going to the farthest limits of the earth; and, when he went from England to Australia, as if he were going for a little trip across the channel.—'On the voyage, I shall endeavour,' said Mr. Micawber, 'occasionally to spin them a yarn; and the melody of my son Wilkins will, I trust, be acceptable at the galley-fire. When Mrs. Micawber has her sea-legs on,—an expression in which I hope there is no conventional impropriety—she will give them, I dare say, Little Tafflin. Porpoises and dolphins, I believe, will be frequently observed athwart our Bows; and, either on the Starboard or the Larboard Quarter, objects of interest will be continually descried. In short,' said Mr. Micawber, with the old genteel air, 'the probability is, all will be found so exciting, alow and aloft, that when the look-out, stationed in the main-top, cries Land-ho; we shall be very considerably astonished!'"

A last glance at the emigrant ship—within.—

"It was such a strange scene to me, and so confined and dark, that, at first, I could make out hardly anything; but, by degrees, it cleared, as my eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, and I seemed to stand in a picture by Ostade. Among the great beams, bulks, and ringbolts of the ship, and the emigrant-berths, and chests, and bundles, and barrels, and heaps of miscellaneous baggage—lighted up here and there by dangling lanterns, and elsewhere by the yellow day-light straying down a windsail or a hatchway—were crowded groups of people, making new friendships, taking leave of one another, talking, laughing, crying, eating and drinking; some, already settled down into the possession of their few feet of space, with their little households arranged, and tiny children established on stools, or in dwarf elbow-chairs; others, despairing of a resting-place, and wandering disconsolately. From babies who had but a week or two of life behind them, to crooked old men and women who seemed to have but a week or two of life before them; and from ploughmen bodily carrying out soil of England on their boots, to smiths taking away samples of its soot and smoke upon their skins; every age and occupation appeared to be crammed into the narrow compass of the 'tween decks."

The ship seen from without.—

"The time was come. I embraced him, took my weeping nurse upon my arm, and hurried away. On deck, I took leave of poor Mrs. Micawber. She was looking distractedly about for her family, even then; and her last words to me were, that she never would desert Mr. Micawber. We went over the side into our boat, and lay at a little distance to see the ship wafted on her course. It was then calm, radiant sunset. She lay between us and the red light; and every taper line and spar was visible against the glow. A sight at once so beautiful, so mournful, and so hopeful, as the glorious ship, lying, still, on the flushed water, with all the life on board her crowded at the bulwarks, and there clustering, for a moment, bare-headed and silent, I never saw. Silent, only for a moment. As the sails rose to the wind, and the ship began to move, there broke from all the boats three resounding cheers, which those on board took up, and echoed back, and which were echoed and re-echoed."

As we turn again, for the purposes of this notice, over the pages that during their course of publication yielded us so much enjoyment, our regret is, that the most charming passages of the book are those which we cannot detach for extract in explanation of that delight. But our readers either have made, or will make, acquaintance with them elsewhere. Meantime, we must borrow one passage which to them—so far, at least, as its moral is concerned—will need no introduction,—because it brings excellent satire in aid of truths which have long been gravely argued in the *Athenæum*. Copperfield is taken to see the Model Prison.—

"However, I heard so repeatedly, in the course of our goings to and fro, of a certain Number Twenty-Seven, who was the Favourite, and who really appeared to be a Model Prisoner, that I resolved to suspend my judgment until I should see Twenty-Seven. Twenty-Eight, I understood, was also a bright particular star; but it was his misfortune to have his glory a little dimmed by the extraordinary lustre of Twenty-Seven. I heard so much of Twenty-Seven, of his pious admonitions to everybody around him, and of the beautiful letters he constantly wrote to his mother (whom he seemed to consider in a very bad way) that I became quite impatient to see him. I had to restrain my impatience for some time, on account of Twenty-Seven being reserved for a concluding effect. But, at last, we came to the door of his cell; and Mr. Creakle, looking through a little hole in it, reported to us, in a state of the greatest admiration that he was reading a Hymn Book. There was such a rush of heads immediately, to see Twenty-Seven reading his Hymn Book, that the little hole was blocked up, six or seven heads deep. To remedy this inconvenience, and give us an opportunity of conversing with Twenty-Seven in all his purity, Mr. Creakle directed the door of the cell to be unlocked, and Twenty-Seven to be invited out into the passage. This was done; and who should Traddles and I then behold to our amazement, in this converted Number Twenty-Seven, but Uriah Heep. He knew us directly; and said, as he came out—with the old writhe,—'How do you do, Mr. Copperfield? How do you do, Mr. Traddles?'—This recognition caused a general admiration in the party. I rather thought that everyone was struck by his not being proud, and taking notice of us.—'Well, Twenty-Seven,' said Mr. Creakle, mournfully admiring him. 'How do you find yourself to-day?'—'I am very umble, sir!' replied Uriah Heep.—'You are always so, Twenty-Seven,' said Mr. Creakle.—Here, another gentleman asked, with extreme anxiety: 'Are you quite comfortable?'—'Yes, I thank you, sir?' said Uriah Heep, looking in that direction. 'Far more comfortable here, than ever I was outside. I see my follies now, sir. That's what makes me comfortable.'—Several gentlemen were much affected; and a third questioner, forcing himself to the front, inquired with extreme feeling: 'How do you find the beef?'—'Thank you, sir,' replied Uriah, glancing in the new direction of this voice, 'it was tougher yesterday than I could wish; but it's my duty to bear. I have committed follies, gentlemen,' said Uriah, looking round with a meek smile, 'and I ought to bear the consequences without repining.' A murmur, partly of gratification at Twenty-Seven's celestial state of mind, and partly of indignation against the Contractor who had given him any cause of complaint (a note of which was immediately made by Mr. Creakle), having subsided, Twenty-Seven stood in the midst of us, as if he felt himself the principal object of merit in a highly meritorious museum. That we, the neophytes, might have an excess of light shining upon us all at once, orders were given to let out Twenty-Eight. I had been so much astonished already, that I only felt a kind of resigned wonder when Mr. Littimer walked forth, reading a good book! 'What is your state of mind, Twenty-Eight?' said the questioner in spectacles.—'I thank you, sir,' returned Mr. Littimer; 'I see my follies now, sir. I am a good deal troubled when I think of the sins of my former companions, sir; but I trust they may find forgiveness.'—'You are quite happy yourself?' said the questioner, nodding encouragement. —'I am much obliged to you, sir,' returned Mr. Littimer. 'Perfectly so.'—'Is there anything at all on your mind, now?' said the questioner. 'If so, mention it, Twenty-Eight.—'Sir,' said Mr. Littimer, without looking up, 'If my eyes have not deceived me, there is a gentleman present who was acquainted with me in my former life. It may be profitable to that gentleman to know, sir, that I attribute my past follies, entirely to having lived a thoughtless life in the service of young men; and to having allowed myself to be led by them into weaknesses, which I had not strength to resist. I hope that gentleman will take warning, sir, and will not be offended at my freedom. It is for his good. I am conscious of my own past follies. I hope he may repent of all the wickedness and sin to which he has been a party.'—I observed that several gentlemen were shading their eyes, each, with one hand, as if they had just come into church.—'This does you credit, Twenty-Eight,' returned the questioner.—'I should have expected it of you. Is there anything else?'"

Half-a-hundred more traits strike us each in its peculiar way marking the artist—as we are about to close these remarks. We could point to Mr. Spenlow's lecture on will-making, followed by Mr. Spenlow's death intestate, as a fine illustration of human self-cheatery,—to the French butterflies in the Old Soldier's cap, as a wonderful bit of costume,—to the kind, hopeful, cheery Traddles, among that unlimited number of girls, his sisters-in-law, as a cordial illustration of domestic felicity. Mrs. Gummidge is the best of the inhabitants of the old boat; though Peggotty's search for his niece—a bit of extravagance—nevertheless becomes poetical in its pathos.—Enough, however, has been noted and quoted to illustrate our honest judgment and our high admiration of this best work of a genial and powerful writer.

Anthology for the Year 1782—[*Anthologie, &c.*]. By Friedrich Schiller. Newly edited, with introductory Essay and Appendix, by Edward Bülow. Heidelberg, Bangel & Schmitt; London, Williams & Norgate.

A few words will suffice to inform those who delight in German classics of the republication, after a pause of nearly seventy years, of Schiller's 'Anthology for 1782.' In this volume they will recognize a document of some importance in the poet's history. He published it with a fictitious imprint while still fretting at Stuttgart under the control of the Duke of Würtemberg,—soon after 'The Robbers' came out:—and it is said to have been the immediate occasion of that escape to Mannheim, in 1782, which was a decisive turning point in his destiny. The Duke, it will be remembered, assumed the right of criticizing his subject's literary productions,—and commanded him, on the appearance of 'The Robbers,' to submit all future compositions to his judgment:—an order which was not obeyed. The disobedience was aggravated in the sovereign's eyes by the style of some pieces in the Anthology; which was, in truth, sufficiently harsh and daring to alarm critics of the legitimate school. The Duke angrily forebade Schiller to publish anything in future except on the subjects belonging to his (medical) profession. Hereupon the poet fled:—it was, indeed, time.

The original of this *corpus delicti* has long been extremely scarce. The critics of Schiller's works have not hitherto paid much attention to the poems in this volume which were excluded from the later collections; nor have they sufficiently noticed the alterations made by the author in those which are reprinted, among the compositions of his "first period." Foreign biographers appear for the most part to have known this volume by description only: and by some of them its existence even is not expressly mentioned. Thus, as some thirty out of the whole number of fifty-two poems which Schiller contributed to it have never since been