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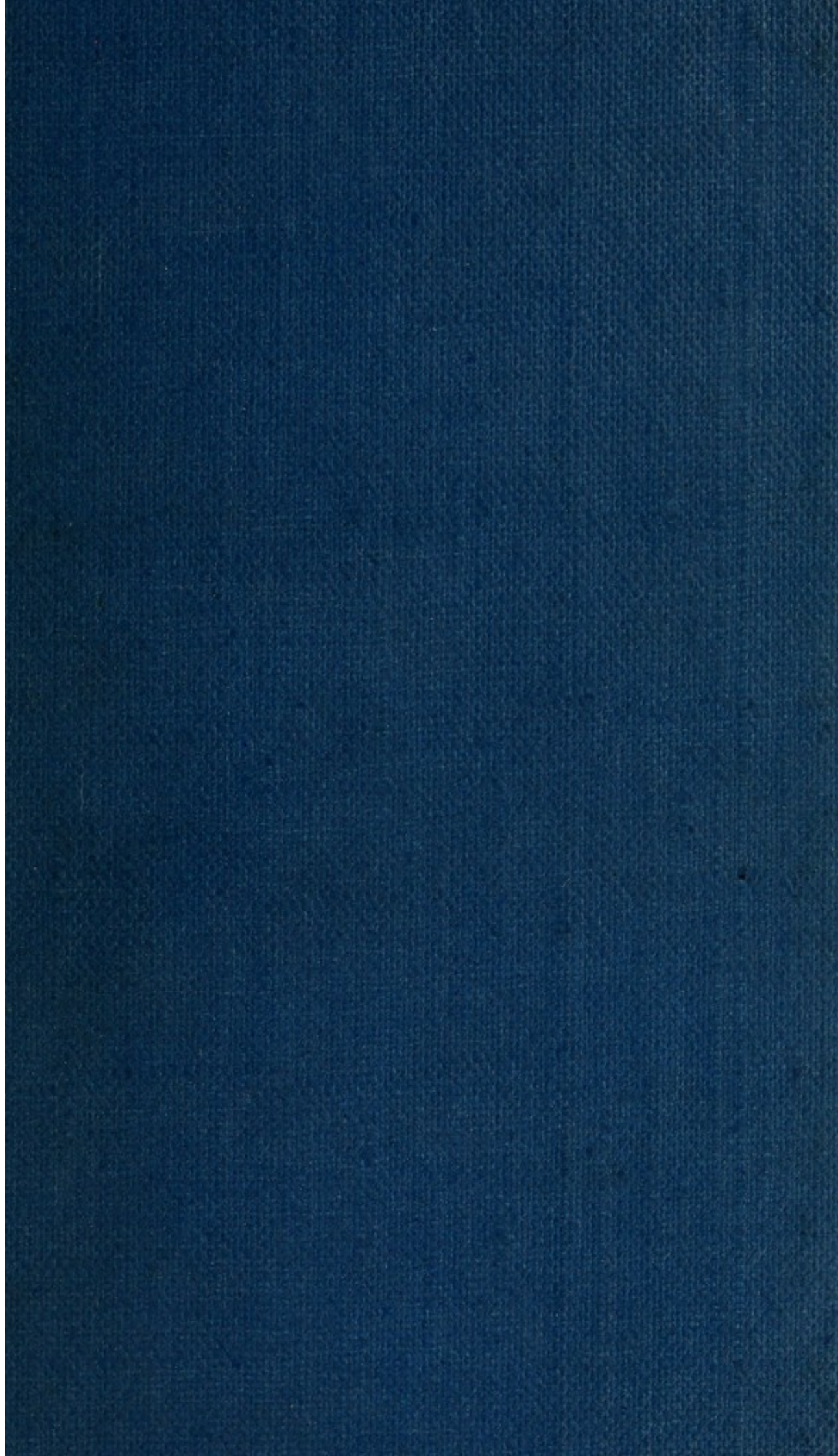
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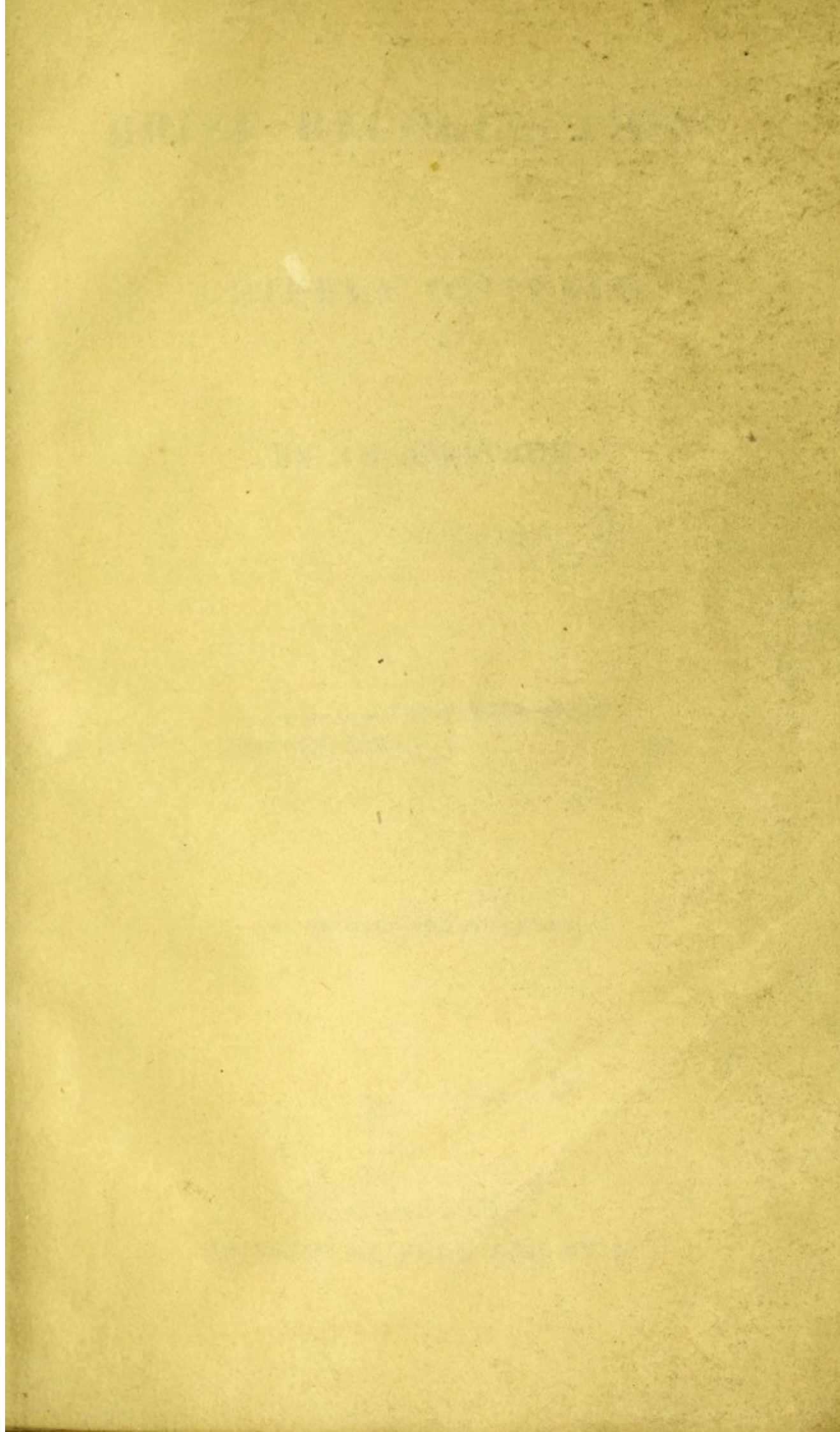
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BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS,

CHIEFLY OF ITALY,

BY AN AMATEUR.

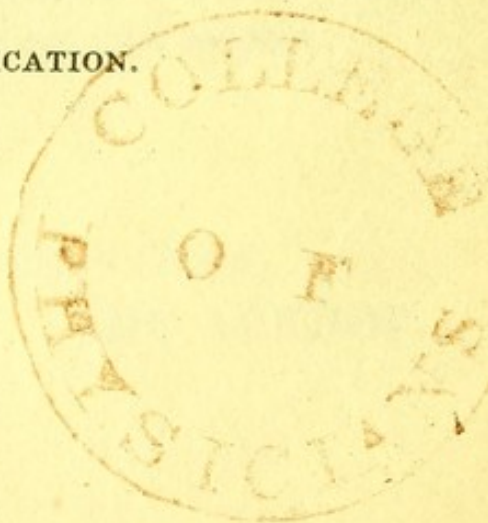
BADHAM (Charles)

~~~~~“ quod Medicorum est  
Promittunt Medici.

Hor.

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DATE

TO THE  
REV. EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY,  
D. D. F. R. S.

HEAD MASTER OF ETON, &c. &c. &c.

MY DEAR SIR,

Were these trifles not merely printed, but to be seriously published, I should have greatly hesitated to connect your distinguished name with productions of so light a nature, however pleased I might have been with your flattering opinion of them, when, from time to time, you have seen them in MSS. You will, I hope, at least not find them to have suffered by delay.

I have at last secured an occasion of sending you a letter in print, which being in its nature more permanent, and prefixed to compositions with which you are acquainted, may remind you, long hence, I hope, of your claims on a father's gratitude, for accumulated kindness to his son—for encouragement and advice, of which that son already felt the inestimable value, and to the author of which he now looks back with sentiments of unalterable attachment and respect.

I remain,

MY DEAR SIR,

Your obliged Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

COLLEGE OF GLASGOW, }  
1st May, 1835. }





## THE ARCH OF TITUS.

---

High mass! The stall'd and banner'd quire—

White canons—priests in quaint attire—

The unfamiliar prayer :

The fumes that practis'd hands dispense,

The tinkling bells, the jingling pence,

The tax'd, but welcome chair :

The beams from ruby panes that glow,

Of rythmal chant the ebb and flow :

The organ, that from boundless stores

Its trembling inspiration pours

O'er all the sons of care ;

Now joyous as the festal lyre,

When torch, and song, and wine inspire :

Now tender as Cremona's shell,

When hush'd orchestras own the spell,

And watch the ductile bow :

Now rolling from its thunder cloud

Dark peals o'er that retiring crowd!—

All that enchants, inspires—fatigues,

And wafts you o'er a thousand leagues

Beyond the springs of Po !



# THE ARCH OF TITUS

## THE ARCH OF TITUS

The Arch of Titus, a triumphal arch in Rome, Italy, was built in 81 AD in honor of the Roman Emperor Titus. It was the only arch to survive the fall of the Western Roman Empire. The arch is a fine example of Roman architecture and is a popular tourist attraction. It is located in the Roman Forum, one of the most important archaeological sites in Rome. The arch is a three-story structure with three arches. The central arch is the largest and is flanked by two smaller arches. The arch is made of travertine and is decorated with relief carvings. The arch is a symbol of Roman power and is a reminder of the glory of the Roman Empire.

## THE ARCH OF TITUS.

It is well known that this monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of Judæa, and the capture and spoliation of Jerusalem: it bears the following INSCRIPTION:—

SENATUS POPULUSQUE ROMANUS DIVO TITO DIV. VESPAS. FIL. VESPASIANO  
AUGUSTO.

“ SENATE and people ! well allied  
“ On every stone where Roman pride  
    “ Inscribes a nation's fall !  
“ Senate and people !—but the Hun  
“ Hath yet his fiery course to run,  
    “ The Goth but waits his call.

“ From Jura, to the dark morass  
“ Of sweeping Rhine, the signals pass ;  
    “ Pannonia's forests hear :  
“ Nor flood nor fell the vengeance stay ;  
“ They march !—and, lo, a trodden way  
    “ Before the Vandal spear !



“ What though awhile the lingering beam,  
 “ On Salem’s sculptured sorrows gleam,  
     “ And reckless hinds behold  
 “ Her cherished Candelabras torn  
 “ From holiest sites, in soldiers’ scorn  
     “ Of consecrated gold ? \*

“ What though its circling wall embrace  
 “ (Raised by our toil) the guilty space, †  
     “ Where fall’n on shatter’d brand,  
 “ While mobs his panting murderer cheer,  
 “ Some wretch is borne on blood-stained bier,  
     “ Forth, from the trampled sand ?

\* The bas-relief *within* the arch, (which is of superior execution considering the state of the arts, already in decline,) preserves to this hour the impressive spectacle of a military procession, bearing away the sacred vessels, the ornaments, and the seven-branched candlestick of the temple of Jerusalem.

† It is chronicled, that in the erection of the Colosseum,—to them what the monuments of Babylon and Egypt had been to their forefathers—the Jewish captives, victims in turn of Pagan and of Christian, were compelled to assist. It is curious that the miserable shadow of the Roman games, in the races of the modern Corso, (to say nothing of the revolting annual ceremony, in which the new elected Senator spurns, by *statute*, the Jewish deputies kneeling to do him homage,) takes occasion of inflicting, at once a pecuniary wrong, and a public mark of Helotism, on the modern Israelite, “ for sufferance is the badge of all his tribe.” In the middle ages, their community had to contribute 1130 florins to the



" O'er the green vault and humid stair,  
 " The night bird's haunt, the reptile's lair,  
     " Ere long the feathery throat  
 " Of upward lark, on fluttering wing,  
 " Shall raise new hymns to leafy spring,  
     " In wild continuous note ! "

'Twas thus the banished Hebrew sung,  
 When those half-perished Forms were young,  
     And o'er the archway blew

games of the Piazza Navona, (the odd 30 in memory of Judas.)  
 Their present tribute is a prescribed quantity of some labour of the  
 loom ; a piece of fine cloth, or certain embroidery.—*See the Books.*

Anglo-Saxon pilgrims already visited the eternal city, in  
 the time of Bede. The Colosseum was then still entire, at  
 least as to its external circumference ; and the duration of Rome  
 was connected with its integrity, in a proverbial saying which that  
 historian has preserved, *Quamdiu stabit Colosseus stabit et Roma.*  
 A magnificent Bull-fight was exhibited in its arena in 1332,  
 and is described by Muratori. Even so late as the middle of the  
 sixteenth century, however injuriously treated the *inside* may have  
 been, (*dilapidated* in such a structure is not the word) the external  
 wall of 1612 feet was yet unbroken, and in its triple elevation of  
 four score arches, still rose to the height of 108 feet from the  
 ground. Of the present ruin the nephews of Paul III. (*quod non*  
*fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini,*) are the guilty agents—  
 Benedict XIV. saved the remainder by the simple expedient of  
 consecration.



Their trumpet-blast!—when, passing fair,\*  
 Each fluted shaft, and moulding rare,  
 The nations throng'd to view!

---

Yet Sion's courts,—fair Salem's pride  
 While Judah reigned—had feebly vied  
 With yon majestic Fane,  
 That rears the far conspicuous dome,  
 And marks the Apostle martyr's tomb,  
 Wide o'er the Latin plain! ‡

\* Trumpet-bearing figures of Fame or Victory, with expanded wings disposed over the triumphal way, (suitable ornaments on these ancient monuments,) are far from being so in their modern imitations. See, for instance, the arch commemorative of Napoleon's victories, so preposterous in its present situation, so absurd in its details of men with muskets, trowsers, and swallow-tailed coats cut in marble. The French are not perhaps a people of taste for the fine arts generally, but their monuments are usually well placed. It has been concluded that this monument was raised after the death of Titus—his Apotheosis being indicated by an Imperial figure borne upon that Eagle which soars over the centre of the vault.

‡ Omnes eódem cogimur!—Sovereigns, statesmen, soldiers, pilgrims, artists, idlers—all halt on the volcanic monticule, above *Baccano*, (nearly two posts from Rome) to hail the Cross of the Basilica Vaticana, there first discernable. “*Signore*,” says the postilion, *Eccola!* after this, it is all excitement, among tombs, (one of them bearing falsely the appellation of Nero's,) Colombari, meagre-looking farms, unhealthy looking peasants, till you are at the Ponte Molle, and the tawny Tiber—yellow as a tan-pit—and presently the Porta del Popolo, and disappointed expectation!



Oh ! not in art's cold canon sought,  
 Result sublime of heavenward thought,  
     Thou Inspiration bold !  
 What cherished dreams of poet's mind,  
 Visions that flee not with their kind,  
     Thy fostering arms enfold !\*

At Rome's fierce noon, oft let me stray  
 Along thy monumental way,  
     Or, when the shrines grow dim,  
 And the rapt soul at mercy lies,  
 Of Music, to her native skies  
     Borne on the vesper hymn. †

\* I have seen abundance of persons who have been disappointed on a *first* arrival at Rome ; indeed, I take this to be the usual feeling ; but I have seen no individual who has entered St. Peter's for the first time, without justifying, according to the measure of his sensibility, the expressions of Gray. At once placed at ease in your animal sensations, you perambulate this inexhaustible structure with constantly renewed satisfaction. A considerable folio has been devoted to its history and 'curiosities;' but as this book has the added objection of being in Latin, it is only consulted by book-makers, and the curious in church history.

† That St. Peter's is the place of shelter which has no rival, from the heat or cold of the respective seasons, is known to all ; and this circumstance makes it, to protestant foreigners, more a gallery of the fine arts, more a sort of promenade, than is meet and right to the feelings of others. If the consumptive invalid could indeed be profited by an equal temperature, combined with the inhalation of the



Or, as the deep-toned anthem rolls  
 Through fretted roofs and golden scrolls,  
     And shakes the sounding aisle,  
 Pause, where no bootless sighs be spent,  
 Where pitying Saints at length relent,  
     And bid the sick man smile. \*

Behold ! where from the depths of shade,  
 Emerging on the sacred glade,  
     O'ercanopied and slow,  
 The lengthening sacerdotal train,  
 Empurples all that rich domain,  
     And spreads the genial glow. †

gums and balsams of Arabia, he might lodge, where, in fact, none ever lodge, in the suburb of St. Angelo, and abide in St. Peter's a large part of the winter day.

\* The modern "votiva paries" is not always judicious, and certainly not to be perused under *medical* auspices. When a mason happens to fall, even from a *church* scaffold, (engaged, perhaps, in repairing one of the dizzy mosaics of a cupola,) on the marble floor, the invocation of saint or surgeon might be expected to profit him little; and yet, according to more than one inscription to which I could conduct the reader, has been found by experience, which is every thing in medicine, to assist him much. Calcined gypsum and water could not harden quicker than compound fractures recommended to the surgery of saints.

† In so vast a church as St. Peter's, it is obvious that many different ceremonies, processions, masses, &c. may occur at the same time. The functionaries of the church proceeding to, or en-



Awed by those shadowy Seers, we turn \*  
 To silver lamps that glimmering burn,  
     Where many a bending knee,  
 Declares his tomb, to whom was given  
 Of Hell, of Hades, and of Heaven,  
     The all-compelling key. †

Here, by dark altars dimly lit,  
 For lonely griefs retirement fit,  
     The frequent footsteps cease ;

gaged in performing various duties of the altar, cannot fail to add by their costume, to the brilliancy and variety of the picture. Here a hard featured peasant, kneeling at an altar, furnishes a Spagnoletto or Guercino in real life ; a Titian, a Rubens, occasionally even a Corregio, fugitives from their frames, present themselves to the observant traveller, nor are the cope and stole of the officiating priest without their magnificence. Indeed, the *living* pictures the infinite variety of groups, that are of infallible occurrence during every day or hour, and in all the accidents of light, afford continued studies to the artist who frequents, as they all do, this magnificent and indescribable edifice.

\* The sybils and prophets of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, are awful *even in Engravings*.

† The line of lamps in front of the great altar or Baldaquino, fix attention at once on the memorable spot. The ancients named Delphi the *ομφαλος γης* ; in this *Omphalos* of the church of Rome, the *Tu es Petrus*, in sesquipedal characters, is legible in an atmosphere of light, high over the Apostolic sepulchre.



There run the gazers of the land,\*  
 Where plumed Processions wave the hand  
 Of charity and peace !

Howe'er thou utter'st Christian creed,  
 One to console thee at thy need,  
     Thou seek'st not here in vain ;  
 Of Spain or Gaul the erring child,  
 Pilgrim of Scandinavia's wild,  
     Or lands beyond the main. †

Divine in death, round yonder brow  
 The twisted Thorn clings pointless now !  
     Approach that Mourner near,  
 That Niobe of matchless wo,  
 Who bids the mother's anguish flow  
     In one lone marble tear ! ‡

\* Those who have seen St. Peter's on any of the great festivals, (the Corpus Domini, for instance,) will recognise the fidelity of our epithet, and understand the allusion. To others, who only catch a dreamy impression, the *ignotum pro magnifico* will be the Poet's best success.

† The very numerous confessionals encamped in the transepts, with their various inscriptions, " Pro lingua Hispanica, Gallica," &c. &c. including many oriental ones, are alluded to. Whether the church actually possesses the means of receiving a confession in whatever language, nobody perhaps but Mezzofanti, who speaks a score or two, is in a condition to ascertain.

‡ The ancient sculptor would have forborne the tear : see the Laocoon, &c. Michael Angelo has ventured to chisel that ex-



On dying Saints meek angels smile !  
 Racks yawn !—tombs open !—felons vile  
     The dreadful windlass turn !  
 Here, the red arm its blow prepares !  
 The faultless bust some maiden bares,—  
     There, hoary martyrs burn !

To brighter scenes !—Oh ! matchless art,  
 That thus canst life and warmth impart  
     To more than mortal theme ;  
 Shrines ! hear ye not the stranger's voice  
 Amidst the rosy light rejoice  
     Of Raphael's glorious dream ? \*

pression of suffering with no degrading effect, and the painters adopt it almost universally, as far as the representation of the Madonna is concerned—*Res fisci est*. Taste and good sense are often offended, in the selection, or in the treatment of sacred subjects, (in the next stanza, for instance, a picture is alluded to, in which two martyrs suffer evisceration after the fashion in which a lady winds cotton !) yet we must not deny taste to the Romish church, with its gothic aisles and windows, its processions and ceremonies before us, and its music in our ears.

\* Not the original Transfiguration, but the copy in mosaic. The success of the best of these attempts to make picture as durable as architecture appears to me, especially when weighed against time and cost, to be very equivocal; and this, I should say, is not the best of them, as one might indeed expect; the *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael, laid down in pavement, ought to be a failure. The extent to which success *has* been carried, is, however, wonderful. These pictures were *built* close by, in the *ci-devant* chambers of the Inquisition.



Here, Rome her mitred princes weeps,  
 At Clement's feet his lion sleeps,  
     Here stately Braschi kneels:—  
 Those drooping Forms with downward torch,  
 To Celtic groans consign the porch,  
     Which Stuart's fortune seals. \*

But, see ! deep shades be gathering round,  
 Dear to the ghosts of perished sound  
     That haunt these sacred floors !—  
 Some lingering step's belated tread,  
 Or voice half hushed amidst the dread  
     Of gloom, and closing doors.

---

But what when Rome, all Rome comes forth,  
 With Saxon, Celt, and half the north,  
     Impatient of delay,  
 Till darkness brood o'er Tiber's strand,  
 And yon beleaguered gates expand  
     To give the nations way :

\* The Popes are indeed magnificently interred ! The Lion of Canova is known every where, and will, ere long, be carried about through our villages by those useful missionaries of the fine arts from Como and its neighbourhood, on the same board with Napoleon, Byron, Shakspeare, and half the mythology of Greece. The tomb of the Stuarts with its simple inscription, " Regiæ Stirpis Stuartianæ postremis" is affecting, and the design effective. James II. is entombed at St. Germain's.



When, to one spot all eyes be raised,  
 (So the night-watching shepherds gazed  
     On Bethlehem's starry sign :)  
 Where faith's eternal Symbol glows,  
 Bright, as the banner-Cross that rose  
     O'er troubled Constantine !\*

From those high citadels of sound,  
 With golden shafted organs crowned,  
     No Hallelujah soars !  
 One voiceless movement heaves the crowd !  
 One mighty wave all heads hath bowed !  
     King, soldier, hind,—adores !

\* The miracle displayed for the conversion of Constantine (see Gibbon,) is plainly the origin of the illuminated Cross, which I have thus ventured, together with other objects in these stanzas hitherto treated only in prose or in painting, to attempt in poetry. There remain, indeed, many others ; two that particularly tempt me, and have tempted me long,—the Tombs, (Consular, Imperial, Apostolic) and the *Sites*, whether Christian or Pagan—both very extensive and full of capability.





## THE FOUNTAINS.

ROME! thou hast still one tongue that speaks to all!

Queen of the fountained cities! eloquent  
In waters, rushing forth from marble hall  
Of nymphs, and green-haired river gods, besprent  
In silvery shower, or foaming in its fall,  
Or through fantastic channels idly spent;  
Turn where thou wilt, the Naiad of the stream  
Clings to her urn, and seems not all a dream.

Hark! where along the open-latticed street,  
Exhaustless, rising from it's flinty cell,  
The Tazza's brim o'erflows with droppings sweet,  
As distant tinklings of the sheep-worn bell;  
Or where young Tritons, round their monarch's seat,  
Snatch ocean-brides, the snorting sea-horse quell,  
Or dash the stream on Galatea's shell;  
While ever-cloudless moons in glory shine  
O'er Trajan's column and Pamfili's pine!



Come, sit awhile beside the mimic sea  
 Of Trevi, where the deep-lunged Roman vends  
 Ausonia's giant gourds—of such as he,  
 The legion strode from empire's end to end !  
 There, from pressed fruits of famed Hesperia's tree,  
 Quaff thou the boon that gods and fountains send,  
 And glean Rome's gossip from the loitering throng,  
 A Pope's last pageant, or Rossini's song.\*

Or, do the home-sick fancies more invite ?  
 By Spain's Barcaccia† take thy listless stand,  
 And see descend the Scalinata's height  
 The bloom and beauty of thy father land :  
 Smile at Caleche, addressed to doubtful site,  
 With Vasi's lore in too-confiding hand ;  
 Or sit, as I have sat, companionless,  
 And in thy bosom's core thy griefs compress !

\* *Trevi*, by far the most ornamented, and almost the largest fountain at Rome, receives water, brought eight miles from the city, by Clement XII. The subject here treated by the sculptor, is *Oceanus*, an erect colossal figure, on a car drawn by sea horses, and conducted by tritons.

† The *Barcaccia*, or Boat-fountain, of the Piazza di Spagna, stands at the foot of the marble *Scalinata*, or staircase, which conducts from the Pincian hill, (*Trinita di Monte*.) That stair, the ordinary line of communication with the higher parts of the city, was constructed at the expense of Monsieur Gouffier, (I presume the French envoy to the Holy See,) in the pontificate of Innocent XIII. The Piazza itself is the supposed site of the *Naumachia* of Domitian : it is indebted for its fountain to Urban VIII.



Or, weary of thy country's coxcomb breed,  
 And wondrous sameness of the Saxon face,  
 The pomp of waters wouldst behold indeed?  
 No peopled marts those gushing sources grace;  
 The brow suffused, the toilsome step there need,  
 Ere thou shalt gaze from that unfrequent place  
 On glowing roofs, or hear th' Æolian hymn  
 Which broods eternal o'er that fountain's brim.\*

Spann'd by the purple bow, 'midst glittering spray  
 Of missile showers uplaunched those courts within,  
 Lo! the twin rivals, who the live long day  
 Stand shouting hoarse defiance! 'midst the din  
 Of deafening waters, or the fitful sway  
 Of alpine Bise, that rakes the thundering linn.  
 As from the rock, in fainting Israel's flight,  
 So leap the springs to life, where Pontiffs smite.†

\* The greatest fountain at Rome is that of the *Aqua Paolina*, erected on the Janiculum by Paul V. in 1612. The water which it conveys had been originally conducted to Rome by Trajan, from its sources at *Bracciano*, twenty-five miles distant, but the imperial aqueduct, having, like all the other ancient ones, fallen into decay, the merit of the Pope is liable to no abatement on the score of posteriority. So vast is the quantity of water received and distributed by this fountain, that, in descending to the level of Rome, after supplying its first immense demands, the mere waste is employed in turning several wheels of large diameter at the Mole de Grano. One of the noblest views that Rome or Europe can present is obtained from this spot.

† There was originally, but *one* fountain in front of St. Peter's,



On faithless wells while meek-eyed camels gaze,  
 And burning sands their suffering lords explore,  
 And no Callirrhoé fills the fictile vase  
 That Attic maiden to Ilyssus bore,

as appears from the following passage in the folio of Bonanni, the historian of the Church. Rome, 1696.

“In hoc fonte ad altitudinem sexaginta quatuor palmarum elato, porphyreticum labrum e marmore Numidico, primum decedentes imbres recipit, e quo postea in subjecta vasa dilabantur, amnium instar, adeo copiose prosiliendo ut inter elegantissimos uberrimosque fontes totam Italiam decorantes, hic primum sibi vindicet locum in Vaticana platea, a Carlo Moderno sub Paulo V. collocatus. Illum, Hyeronimus Pretus, insignis poeta, sequente carmine eleganter expressit.” As the Sonnet alluded to is not elsewhere accessible, it may be well to insert it, though it prove that we are not the first to whom it occurred, that at least *one* of the fountains of Rome might be a subject for song.

This fountain of Paul V. was afterwards moved from its central position in the Piazza by Alexander VII., in order to allow of the construction of the corresponding one, as now seen; it remained unfinished in consequence of his death, and was not resumed during the pontificate of Clement IX., partly because it was supposed that the water derived from Bracciano would not suffice for both: but the *Prefect of the waters*, (an officer existing nowhere else) having ascertained its sufficiency, Fontana completed the architectural part, and the springs were permitted to burst their bondage, amidst loud acclamations of the people, on St. Peter's day.—*Bonanni Templi Vaticani Hist. Romæ*, 1696, p. 160.

#### SONNET.

Ondosa mole ogn' hor d'acque feconda  
 Appiè del Vaticano il capo estolle;  
 L'alto di spume è biancheggiante, e l'onda,  
 Benchè gelida sia, gorgolia, e bolle.



By Numa's walls his own Egeria stays !

Indulgent Popes inscribe one fountain more !

And Rome still welcomes, from her distant hills,

The grateful music of a thousand rills.

Quasi corona il marmo orna, e circonda,

Misto à perle stillanti argento molle,

Cadde un fiume d' intorno, e l'aria inonda,

E par, che procelloso ondeggi un colle.

Meraviglie di Pavolo ! I marmi, i monti

Nuovo Encelado santo, innalza, e muove ;

E trahe, nuovo Mosé, da pietre i fonti.



By Nature's walls his own towers rise  
 And Home will welcome from her distant hills  
 The grateful music of a thousand rills.

Good comes to many a man, a circumstance  
 Which a poor fellow would not have  
 I add an image of a man, a circumstance  
 The first of the world, a circumstance  
 The first of the world, a circumstance  
 The first of the world, a circumstance  
 The first of the world, a circumstance

I leave thee, Warwick, and those friends  
 Of which a thousand years have spent  
 While living words but stop the day  
 And coming winter will no more relent  
 Crisp dew now glitters on the joyous hill  
 The sun's red disk now sheds no parting ray  
 While o'er thy trophied hall each banner'd shield  
 Spreads, as thy death, the swiftly mounting blade

The pious Father from Jordan's shore,  
 And all the steepled barons are at rest  
 Thy towers sound to war's tread no more  
 Beneath their bow the dove hath built her nest  
 High on thy battles the harmless lark now sings  
 No stormy trumpet wakes thy sleep no more  
 Past are the days, that on the sunset line  
 Around thy walls, saw the portcullis close

LINES WRITTEN IN WARWICK CASTLE,

OCTOBER, 1824.

I LEAVE thee, Warwick! and those precincts grey,  
O'er which a thousand storms their strength have spent,  
While rising winds but strip thee day by day,  
And coming winter will no more relent:  
Crisp dews now glitter on the joyless field,  
The sun's red disk now sheds no parting rays,  
Wide, o'er thy trophied hall, each burnish'd shield,  
Spreads, of thy hearth, the swiftly mounting blaze.

Thy pious Paladins from Jordan's shore,  
And all thy steel-clad barons are at rest;  
Thy turrets sound to warder's tread no more,  
Beneath their brow the dove hath hung her nest.  
High on thy beams the harmless falchion shines,  
No stormy trumpet wakes thy deep repose,  
Past are the days, that on the serried lines  
Around thy walls, saw the portcullis close.



The bitter feud was quelled!—the culverin.

No longer flashed its blighting mischief round,  
But many a crumbling stone had fallen unseen,  
Ere Taste's calm eye survey'd the gifted ground;  
Bade the high woodland path, seductive stray,  
From lawns where Avon's swans serenely glide,  
Wrought, through the rock, its deeply channell'd way,  
And threw, to Arts of peace, the portals wide.

But most to Her, whose light and daring hand  
Can swiftly follow Fancy's wildest dream;  
All times and nations in whose presence stand,  
All that creation owns, her boundless theme!—  
For hither came not she of Attic stole,  
Untaught, of modern schools, the wealth to prize,  
Who breathes on Form, the inmost depths of soul,  
Heroic strength, and grace that never dies!

All ye that gaze—with practis'd glance I ween!—  
His fair-hair'd Goddesses where Titian paints;  
Or Raphael's youthful Eremite is seen,  
Or Zampieri groups his dying Saints: \*  
The arts ye love descend on shores of Thames!  
A British Louvre crowns your long desire!  
Whence no stern soldier the rapt spoil reclaims!—  
We send our Memnons home—in ships of Tyre.

\* The Venus of Titian, (as well as the *Medicean marble*,) is deposited in the "Tribune" of the Florence gallery: the beautiful St. John of Raffaele is also there. The Communion of St. Jerome by Domenichino is in the Vatican.



Come ! hail with me the mighty master's power,  
 In that inspir'd Enthusiast's upward eye ;  
 That clouds the brow, and bids already lour,  
 O'er the first Charles, the shades of sorrows nigh ;  
 With nature's truth, the dusky Rembrandt seams,  
 Breathes the fresh rose of life and beauty there,  
 In the soft eye of Henrietta, dreams,  
 And fills with fire the glance of Gondomar.

See ! to Salvator's solemn pencil true,  
 How swing those branches in the mountain blast !  
 How grave Poussin, on gloomy canvas threw  
 The lights that steal from clouds of tempest past !  
 Behold, from Canaletti's glassy wave,  
 Like eastern mosques, patrician Venice rise !  
 Or marble moles that rippling waters lave,  
 Where Claude's warm sunsets tinge Italian skies !

Nor let the critic frown such themes arraign,  
 Here, sleep the mellow lyre's enchanting keys ;  
 Here, the wrought table's darkly polish'd plane,  
 Proffers light lore to much-enduring ease !  
 Enamelled clocks here strike the silver bell,  
 Here Persia spreads the web of many dies,  
 Around, on silken couch, soft cushions swell,  
 That proud Stambol's viziers might not despise.



From gorgeous lamp, subdued, the pearly light,  
 Scarce marks the limits of the cedar'd wall ;  
 No mirrors here, that vagrant eyes requite,  
 Mar the grave majesty of ancient hall :  
 There, the long Vista leads, of lessening doors,  
 And there the summer sunset's golden gleam,  
 Athwart the line of darkling portrait pours,  
 And warms the polish'd oak or ponderous beam.

Hark ! from the depths beneath that proud saloon  
 The water's moan comes fitful and subdued,  
 Where, in mild glory, yon autumnal moon  
 Smiles on the arch that nobly spans the flood ;  
 And here, have kings and buried statesmen gazed,  
 When spring with garlands deck'd the vale below ;  
 Or when the waning year, as now, had razed  
 The woodland heights, or bade the streams o'erflow !

And did no minstrel greet the courtly throng ?  
 Did no fair flower of English loveliness  
 On timid lute sustain some artless song,  
 Her meek brow bound with smooth unbraided tress ?—  
 For Music knew not yet the stately guise,  
 Content with simplest notes to touch the soul,  
 Not from her choirs, as when loud anthems rise,  
 Or when she bids orchestral thunders roll !



Here, too, the deep and fervent orison,  
 Hath matron whisper'd for her absent lord,  
 Peril'd in civil wars, that shook the throne,  
 When every hand in England clench'd the sword.  
 And here, as tales and chronicles agree,  
 If tales and chronicles be deem'd sincere,  
 Fair Warwick's heiress smiled at many a plea  
 Of puissant thane, or Norman cavalier.

Or, hold'st thou light these ivy-mantled walls,  
 These ancient moats, and battlements and towers?  
 Behold the Vase! that erst in Adrian's halls,  
 Hath found a splendid home in Warwick's bowers!  
 To British meads ere yet the Saxon came,  
 The pomp of Senates swept its ample base,  
 While kings of many an Oriental name,  
 Stood humbly by!—Rome's clients in disgrace.

Why, princely Adrian! fix thy loved retreat,  
 By reedy Anio's much suspected shore,  
 While Tybur woo'd thee to her matchless seat,  
 High o'er the mist of Anio's plunging roar?  
 Where yet, those slender shafts, Acanthus-crown'd,  
 Sustain her Sybill's fame, and fane, on high,  
 O'er orchard banks, and Faun-frequented ground,  
 Where Horace sang, and wolves passed harmless by.



Or, did it catch the cooling fountain's shower,  
 In some dark grove, or marble solitude,  
 Where the world's Cæsar, far from pomp and power  
 Of life beyond the tomb, the doubts reviewed !  
 Dismiss'd the dream ! and rear'd that hardy Mole,  
 Whence, o'er th' Archangel's sword, on festal night,  
 Rome flings on high her matchless Girandole,  
 Her thousand rockets, winged with arrowy light !

Warwick, farewell ! Long may thy fortunes stand,  
 And sires of sires thy ancient walls maintain,  
 Thy streaming banners to the breeze expand,  
 And years flit past, and leave no lasting pain !  
 May happier bards, on Avon's sedgy shore,  
 Sustain, on nobler lyre, thy poet's vow,  
 And all thy future lords—what can they more ?  
 Wear the proud titles of thy soil, as now !



## NOTES.

Every person is aware that a building of this character is to be visited for its own sake ; it does not profess to exhibit a gallery of pictures ; but where the noble proprietors of such edifices happen to be blessed with a taste for the fine arts, it cannot fail but that in a course of years, pictures of value will accumulate.

The castle is rich in Vandykes. It possesses, among others, a duplicate, or triplicate, of the grand picture in the Louvre, in which Charles I., bare headed and in military costume, is represented on a well-known white horse of singular beauty, attended by the Duke d'Eperon on foot, carrying his helmet. But the portrait to which allusion is here made, is a half length, and of the finest execution.

The *Saint*, is Ignatius Loyola, the famous Captain General of the Jesuits ; a man of genius, if there ever were one ;—the painter, Rubens ; and this undoubtedly one of the finest of that master's inimitable works. The Jesuit chieftain holds in his hand a register of the names of his followers ; the ledger bearing the following title,—“ *Ad majorem Dei gloriam, quicumque huic Christi militiæ nomen dederit.*”

Gondomar. A great proficient in the useful art which the Greeks so happily distinguished by the term of *amphoterising*, *i. e.* *both-siding*, was our ambassador from Spain in 1612. He became very unpopular here, from his endeavour to bring about the Spanish match, superseded by the union of Charles to Henrietta Maria ; he could speak Latin with James I. and drink fair with the king of Denmark, and really looks in this portrait (by Velasquez) as if he could do both, and much more beside.

The Countess of Carlisle, and the Henrietta in this collection, are both by Vandyke, as are Prince Rupert and the Duke of Alva. The



red-haired Spinola, and the black-haired Montrose are from the pencil of Rubens; and there is a portrait of Catherine of Arragon, which, when I saw it, was habitually assigned to Leonardo da Vinci, but is since, I observe, given to Raphael, in what is called his *early* manner. There is a good deal of uncertainty about these things, and it is mortifying to think that picture dealers, vulgar fellows as they are, frequently know as much about them as more informed people. The picture thus in *chancery* is a very fine one, rather too full, perhaps, of details in dress and ornaments, rings, bracelets, chains, &c.

As to Leonardo da Vinci, he was indeed a remarkable man, who, like Michael Angelo, excelled in all he undertook, and undertook every thing.

“~~~~~ Geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
Omnia novit.”

Aliptes,—for he was celebrated for compounding his own *oil* colours. Painting a Madonna one day, constructing an aqueduct the next, *che uomo e questo?*—as Canova is reported to have said of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

If the happy and fruitful genius of the ancients is any where most remarkable, it is in the endless and beautiful variety in the form of their Vessels, of whatever material composed; a variety to which the moderns have been able to add positively nothing.

The *marble* Vases now extant, of any considerable size, are, of course, comparatively few in number; this is enormous, and perhaps, excepting the Medicean, the finest of them all. The best representations of it are those in Piranesi—but it is now familiar on our tables. One great and conspicuous beauty of this Vase, consists in the elegantly formed handles, and in the artful insertion of the extreme branches of the vine tendrils, after executing this office, into it's margin, upon which they throw off a rich embroidery of leaves and fruit. A lion's skin, with the head and claws attached, forms a sort of drapery, and the introduction of the thyrsus, the lituus, and three bacchanalian masks on each side, complete the embellishments. The capacity of this Vase is 163 gallons; its



diameter, 9 feet ; its pedestal is, of course, modern. It was discovered, in a great variety of pieces, in 1770, in the draining of a mephitic lake within the enclosure of the Villa Adriana, called Lago di Pantanello. Lord Warwick had reason to be proud of his acquisition ; for whereas almost every other object of art in the kingdom has been catalogued and sold over and over again, this Vase merely passed (after a sufficiently long parenthesis of time) *from the gardens of Adrian into his own !*

This Pericles of the Roman empire, when he came to the throne, burned the bonds of obligation from cities and individuals to the imperial treasury, to the amount of several millions, and is, accordingly, represented on a medal with a torch in his hand. He instituted schools, pensioned his indigent nobility, and, down to the time of the Popes and the Medici, was the greatest patron of art on record. As he travelled much, he became necessarily liberal and a man of taste,—*subtilis veterum judex*. He probably built the exquisite temple at Nismes called *Maison Carré* : he passed a winter at Athens, and thence proceeded to Sicily to see the sun rise from the top of *Ætna* ; he rebuilt three great cities in Asia overthrown by earthquakes ; and, after many other acts of magnificence, died of dropsy at Baia, was burned at Puteoli, and his urn placed in the immense mausoleum on the margin of the Tiber, (a fortress, a prison, and a tomb,) which has always borne his name. He excelled in all the learning, practised all the arts and accomplishments, and was addicted to all the luxuries, and to most of the vices of his time. His apprehensions of a future state are evident in the well-known lines translated by Prior and Byron, “ *Animula vagula,*” &c.

The Mole or Mausoleum of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo, must, besides its extraordinary solidity, have been an epitome of all the beauties of ornamental architecture. Built from the Parian quarries, surrounded by columns of the rarest coloured marbles, (the same, it is traditionally believed, that, before the late fire, decorated the Church of *St. Paolo fuori la mura*,) the intercolumniations originally filled with the finest statues and bronzes—the



Pallas of the Vatican, and the colossal bust of Adrian were among them, as well as the Barbarini Faun, now at Munich, found, they say, in the castle ditch!—there can have been few buildings of that splendid epoch equal to Adrian's tomb: its ornaments are gone! even the flaming sword of the *present Archangel* would have been insufficient to protect them!

The Girandole is a firework indeed!—think of the discharge at once of a thousand rockets! Enough to make Vesuvius envious!

“Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria ripis.”

Hor.

The Villa Adriana is on the plain, entirely without prospect, on a very dangerous soil, and yet within two or three miles of those very sites which Horace celebrated, and which strangers flock from every quarter of Europe to see! Could the selection have had any reference to mere loss of time, and the ennui of ascending the long steep hill of Tivoli?



## MARENGO.\*—SEPTEMBER, 1816.

“ Scilicet et tempus veniet cum finibus istis.”—*Virgil, Georg. III.*

“ AH, yes! the time shall come, when rustic Toil  
 “ Shall glean corroded weapons from the soil,  
 “ And, as it wields the rake, or guides the plough,  
 “ Smite the void casque that bound some ardent brow,  
 “ Or at huge bones in stupid wonder stare,  
 “ Bones of the battle-slain, that mouldered there !”  
 Thus Virgil!—but what soil could now be turned,  
 Yet, of the fray, no vestige thence disurned?

\* The singularly fine bread of Turin comes of the wheat of Marengo. The unsentimental Turk makes his *pilau* of the rice of Farsa, (Pharsalia.) The plain of Cannæ is the appanage of the Apulian herdsman, and Thrasymene a stopping place for carriers' carts! All this is, *of course*, every where; moreover, the husbandman on any of these fields of glory, will never earn a shilling a-day, and will die in his hovel crippled perhaps with rheumatism; while the general who, upon such a spot, shall have thrust *his* sickle into so rich a harvest of his kind, shall wear Crosses of distinction, acquire cacophonous titles, be praised of men and favoured of women, and finally be buried under bushels of epitaphs—*sic vivitur*!



A thousand harvests shall securely wave,  
 Marengo ! o'er thy vast promiscuous grave !  
 Funereal cypress o'er no warrior's head,  
 Nor mound nor monument, record thy dead !  
 Earth, and her fruits be here !—the useful grain,  
 And those red petals that the corn-field stain :  
 Twin boons ! o'er every land which nature throws,  
 To nerve our sinews, and to calm our woes !  
 'Twere vain to ask the undistinguished spot,  
 'Midst the long ridges thou discern'st it not ;  
 Blythe birds are there ! and bees their labours ply  
 Where rang the hoof, and clarions rent the sky.



## GENEVA.—THE MUSICAL SNUFF BOX.

THOU, that from the polished shell,  
 Dear to Jove, as poets tell,  
 Send'st forth the link'd and liquid sound,  
 Amidst thy coils so strangely wound,  
 Pride of Helvetian *mechanique*,  
 Who first devised thy wonders, speak !

As from Memnon's magic stone,  
 Sound came forth, as sun beam shone,  
 Or Harp, in airy hall that moans,  
 And wakes, untouched, its saddening tones,  
 Oft as athwart the slender strings  
 The stirring breeze its incense flings,  
 Steals there some viewless influence o'er thee,  
 For human eyes in vain explore thee ?—  
 Or art thou, tell us ! mission'd Sprite  
 Of fairies, who, at summer night,  
 Hold moonlit revels, as we learn  
 From Avon's bard, by oak of Herne ?

Or northern Fay, or eastern Peri,



Well hast thou conn'd thy Barbiéré,  
 And got delightfully by heart  
 The sweetest morsels of Mozart !  
 Come ! set thy little lyre a-going,  
 In streams of mimic music flowing,  
 With not a note that halts or lingers,  
 Though never mortal sees thy fingers,  
 And render back those happier hours,  
 When first we marvelled at thy powers,  
 Where Rhone's dark waters, far imbue  
 The Lake, with insititious blue—  
 When onward travel's cheerful day,  
 And summer skies, and mountains grey,  
 And paths untrod before us lay.



“Λευσσών ἐπὶ οἰνοπία πόντου.”—*Hom.*

By the terraced shores of some myrtled bay,  
 On mart, or sea-washed mole,  
 When guitars be slung, and the waning day  
 Hears the song of the Barcarole :  
 By the shingly beach of the wholesome breeze,  
 When the yacht of the snow-white sail,  
 Plumes her swan-like neck in the deep-green seas,  
 Or bounds in the rising gale :  
 When swift is the race of the drifting cloud,  
 And the deep and low sea-growl,  
 Or measured beat of the surge, is loud  
 In the pause of the tempest's howl,—  
 In the viewless spirit around us cast,  
 We mix in the motley scene :  
 Mount the tall cliff of the Signal mast,  
 As the wind sounds shrill and keen :  
 Or wander, late, on some watery shore,  
 In the gloom of the stilly air,  
 When the wide sea space our eyes explore,  
 Nor bark nor sail is there ;



At that hour of hours, when the joyless One,  
 Is fixed, in the failing light,  
 On the last bright glance of a blood red sun,  
 That sinks in the gulph of night.



# LINES ON A JOURNEY THROUGH GREECE.

1816.

UNKNOWN, untried, the anguish'd mind  
In distant climes would refuge find  
From cares that still pursue !

Alas ! by old illusions led,  
Forth from the land of sorrow fled,  
We fly not sorrow too !

In every clime, some kindred scene,  
Recalls the place where griefs were green,  
In that forsaken home !—

The very weed on Tiber's shore,  
May bring us back the pangs we bore,  
A thousand leagues from Rome !

Where mosques 'midst Doric ruins rise,  
And mark, far off, those azure skies  
With graceful minaret :



Or where his mountain warriors wait,  
 Round Ali's \* interdicted gate,  
 In groups that none forget :

On Phylé's rock to Freedom dear ;  
 Or where Larissa's milk-white steer  
 Drags the Thessalian plough :  
 Still, still, recedes the place of rest,  
 That cherished phantom of the breast,  
 That never granted vow !

\* Ali Pacha, the Vizier of Albania, whom I visited in 1816.

“ *Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres  
 Optandas !* ”

Whether the “ *vows of cities* ” saved *him*, like Pompey, or *our* medication, from his *not providential* dropsy—saved he was,—but it was only to be put to death, in the fulness of time, as a rebel. His head, which I so often saw with a pipe in *its* mouth, was bagg'd *a la Turque*, and carried at the bow of a courier's saddle, to Constantinople, within two years of the time alluded to.



## THE STORM-BELL OF DUINO.

On one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, on the shore of the Adriatic, an iron staff is erected during summer, and it is part of the duty of a Sentinel, whenever a storm threatens, to raise a halberd on the summit of this staff. If, on the approach of the halberd sparks are emitted, it is held sure that a storm is impending, and he tolls a bell, which sends forth the tidings of danger to the surrounding country.

THE sentinel mounts the turret-stair,  
His halberd is raised in the sultry air,  
And the sparks they danced  
As the lightning glanced,  
And he rings the deep-toned bell ;  
And the tocsin rolls,  
As the deep bell tolls  
Wide over the flood and fell.

Though the lark sing high  
In that ocean sky,  
On the verge of the darkling cloud,  
There's the mischief dire,  
Of no earth-born fire,



Conceal'd in that purple shroud :  
 And the storm, they know,  
 Will not be slow,  
 When they hear that warning loud.

The swine-herd hastes from the woodland height,  
 And hurries his herd before him :  
 The fisherman pulls with main and might,  
 Ere the first loud peal burst o'er him :  
 The peasant is fled  
 To the hill-side shed  
 Ere the blinding flash he see ;  
 Not a sound is heard,  
 Nor of beast nor bird,  
 Far over that wide country.

Hark !—Duino's bell  
 Rings the warning knell !  
 In ! in ! with the wandering kine !  
 For the flinty shower  
 Shall its vengeance pour,  
 And the grape be torn from the vine—  
 Oh ! there's many a knee,  
 In fair Italy,  
 Before the Madonna's shrine,  
 And heads all bare, in the convent prayer,  
 When that bell swings loud, and that spear is there !



## THE SHIELDS OF IDOMENE.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THUCYDIDES.—*Book III.* 113.

Και αὐτοῖς τῇ ὕστεραια ἦλθε κηρυξ, ἀναιρεσιν αἰήσων τῶν νεκρῶν  
 . . . . . ἰδὼν δὲ ὁ κηρυξ τὰ ὄπλα, ἐθαυμάζετο πλῆθος, κ. τ. λ.

Who goes there?—halt!—thy name and plea?  
 And wherefore art thou found,  
 While sinks yon sun in Ion's sea,  
 On Acarnanian ground?

“ Ambracia sends me!—all we crave  
 “ The victor well may yield—  
 “ The soldier grants the soldier's grave  
 “ On every battle field.”

Of blood-stain'd shields a fearful pile  
 Stands heap'd that herald nigh;  
 And much he scans their mould the while,  
 With dark and restless eye.



Haste ! of thy slain the number tell,  
 And deem thy mission done !  
 “ Nor hard the task !—*Two hundred* fell  
 “ Ere sank that fatal sun.”

Two hundred !—the bruised bucklers here  
 A Thousand arms had tired !—  
 “ Soldier ! thou sooth’st mine anxious ear  
 “ With tidings most desired :

“ Not then at cost of ours, or care,  
 Were those sad trophies bought—  
 And yet—thou seem’st the garb to wear  
 Of those, with whom we fought,

Hard by Idomené, when last  
 Yon waning sun was high :  
 Approach !—thine eyes around thee cast—  
 And trophies cannot lie !

Loud groan’d the herald at the news  
 Of that most fatal day,  
 Silent he turns ! and ’midst the dews  
 Of Acheloan meads, renews  
 His lone and moonlit way.



## THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.

A certain gold-headed cane of very stately presence, and now become historical, had been borne successively (a sort of *Lituus auguralis*,\*) by Radcliffe and by Mead. Passing, by some means, into the hands of Dr. Baillie, the last man in the world whom it would have suited, it was presented after his death to the College of Physicians, within whose archives it is finally deposited,—one of the junior fellows being, *of course*, annually appointed “*Curator of the Cane*,” with a considerable salary.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis  
Sedibus, virgaque levem coerces  
*Aurea turbam—*

*Hor.*

HAIL! mighty instrument of fate,  
Last vestige of our palmy state,  
When doubting doctors leant  
Their double chins on such as thee!—  
The Consultation's best *appui*  
By Esculapius sent!

From Coromandel, jungle-bred,  
Where rustling through their reedy bed,  
The venom'd serpents glide,  
Cam'st thou by sea?—or caravann'd  
With Indian colonel, much betann'd,  
And *Conjunctiva* dyed?

\* *Lituus id est incurvum et leviter a summo inflexum bacillum.*  
*Cicero*—ast vide Cannam ipsam.



That well-turn'd form, that polished neck,  
Its coil of silk no more shall deck !

(So on th' Asclepian stem,  
The snake of Epidaurus wound,—)  
Oh ! golden days, of looks profound,  
And many a learned " hem !"

Would'st forth, once more, to Mall or Park ?  
Not strange to thee !—go after dark,  
(Like Giant at the Fair :)  
Folk else might turn, and vote thee queer,  
And clip-eared mongrels vex thy rear,—  
Or greater insults dare.

Hustled by rogues, thy *precious* head  
Soon might'st thou lose ! or walk in dread  
Of street marauders' plot,  
And wish once more, these Realms of peace !—  
Thou could'st not call the new Police,  
Alas ! thou know'st them not.

To Warwick Lane ?—thou'dst not be known !  
The last of all that race is gone,  
With whom thou entered'st in,  
When wit and friendship graced the board,  
Warmed from some old interior hoard,  
The Treasurer's choicest bin.



Then poured we forth the social wine,  
 Trimestral! *then*, we met—to *dine*,  
     As pious founders will'd;  
 Then, were the *Circulation's* laws,  
 That leave not Blood nor Wine to pause,  
     Right pleasantly instill'd!

Of all they talked of, then and there,  
 How much, unblam'd, might'st thou declare,  
     And break no College vow!  
 Memoirs like thine were counted gold,  
 From Colburn's desk, were secrets told  
     That few could tell, as thou.

And though by laws in Hellas coin'd,  
 Iatric silence be enjoin'd,  
     We know, when doctors meet——  
 Come! tell us now! did M —— relate  
*All* that thou told'st him, *tete-a-tete*,  
     To Murray, the discreet?

Now better lodged, by far, than fed,  
 No more our social boards be spread,  
     (All for the lack of lands!)  
 Hungry we part, at half-past-four,  
 When browner tints are stealing o'er  
     Thy Radcliffe's ruffled hands!



Dine ! why 'twere something yet to *sup* !  
Of tea—and Smyrna's tepid cup

Alas ! we're getting tir'd :  
Our *Casseroles* are waxing green,  
Our noble battery—*de cuisine*,  
Hath scarcely once been fir'd !

Of Pall Mall east, in vain the pride,  
With strife to sunshine thus allied,  
Dear confidential Cane !  
Would we were *still*, “ or less in view,  
Or twice as strong,” ere trumpet blew  
To vex thy peaceful fane.

I fear me thou hast stay'd too long  
On earth, illustrious Theme of song,  
But greater griefs to see !—\*  
Thou should'st have *gone*, when Doctors proud,  
Stepp'd down to earth, like Jove from cloud,  
With *Chapeau bras* and *thee* !

Thou should'st have *disappear'd* in scorn,  
Ere Brennus and his crew were born,  
With *Chthonian* thunders round thee ! †  
Or been *sublim'd* in London smoke,  
Ere rogues should thus thy bile provoke,  
And thy best friends—impound thee !

\* Hæc data pæna, dia viventibus.—*Juv.*

† 'ετύπησε μὲν Ζεὺς χθόνιος.—*Ædip. Colon.* 1589.

Stanza 12. “ Deh fossi tu men *bella*, ó almen piu *forte*.” Filicaia.

Stanza 9. ‘α δ' ἄν ἐν θεραπείᾳ ἢ ἴδω, ἢ ἀκούσω . . . σιγήσομαι,  
ἀόρητα ἡγευμένος εἶναι τα τοιαῦτα. ΟΡΚΟΣ ΙΠΠΟΚΡ.



## NOTE.

To any person reading with the necessary attention, the evidence on the affairs of the College of Physicians before the Committee of the House of Commons, there is ample matter for reflection. To say nothing about the *hardship* of not being admitted to the use of our old folios on *civil law and controversial divinity*, in their own right, it is an equally absurd and eternal complaint of the Licentiates, that the Fellows are more ready to assist one another, than to assist *them* on occasions of competition. Now, who denies *esprit de corps*, or can stay its operation in society? If it enable us, occasionally, to act in concert for each other's benefit, can we be fairly expected, or by any legislation be compelled, to renounce so natural an use of influence? If the Licentiates do not profit by a similar *union*, which their superior numbers might render formidable, what may be the reason? Not, I presume, that they could not easily provide a place of convocation, a rendezvous in which to dine or to debate; not, I presume, that they are deficient in unanimity, in the vital article of opposition to the College, but that, in fact, they *are not*, and, by the exceedingly different discipline of their early lives, *never can be* sufficiently interested in one another, every variety of education contributing to the formation of their body, and the "*mens agitat molem*" being as impossible in their case as it is effective in ours. Could Parliament make the Licentiates *participants* in this our *esprit de corps*, by drafting in upon us one-third of their body? Would they, so introduced, become *chemically mixed*, or only *mechanically suspended* in the society? Would they lie upon the surface in oleaginous tranquillity, subside by their own insolubility, or be neutralised, as every acid particle should meet, as it *would* meet with its appointed antagonist; and then what an effervescence! In short, it is obviously impossible that the mere induction of the agitators, whether accomplished by a file of soldiers or a bench of lawyers, could impart to them certain feelings and habits in common with ourselves, which they *rightly* apprehend one of our greatest advantages.

Besides, it seems sufficiently certain that the future College thus constituted, would soon cease to be an object of envy. Deprived of the *prestige* of letters, and no longer passing for a confederation of scholars, many persons would rightly hesitate to bring up their sons to the mere *metier* of Physic; many of the Fellows whom we could ill spare, would, we know, abstain from a society no longer to their taste; the sympathies of the *other* learned professions would be withdrawn, and the true academical character of a really important Body would merge in that of a Medical incorporation.

As to the statement of equality in scholar-like advantages between the physicians of France and England, occurring in some of the evidence, I should consider nothing to be less true. The French Physician will be sure to be found a partisan either of Broussais or of some other leader, and will, accordingly be either dangerously *active*, or, to invent a word, a mere *Ptisanier*. That he will seldom know any thing of the ancient Medicine, nor probably of the languages which preserve it, is certain; and this may pass for, and be, a light matter—but the man who cannot read Celsus or Hippocrates, will be equally unable to read Homer or Virgil.

One of the gentlemen interrogated on the course of study pursued at Edinburgh, states that possession (or *some* possession) of the Greek language is an accomplishment there *taken for granted* in the candidates for medical degrees! So might the knowledge of Arabic! it is very far from being my own apprehension of the state of things in that deservedly eminent seat of *medical* instruction. In Glasgow, it is true, that I have known several whom I am ready to *presume* good scholars, from knowing the great advantages they had possessed, subsequently take medical degrees, but here, in an endowed university, there are vastly more inducements to students to go through the "Gown" classes, than in any other place in Scotland.



In short, I see in the whole of the captious and litigious proceedings about medical reform, only an added sign of the evil times on which we are fallen. Agitation requires no *genius*,—"the meanest can disturb—those that set things straight, are from the gods."

μεγάλαν γὰρ πόλιν σεῖσαι  
δύναμις καὶ ἀφαιροτέροις, ἀτὰρ κατορθοῦν  
ἔκ Θεῶν τυχόντος.

Pindar.

We do seem to be approaching the "*pro aris et focis*" times. Whether the security of the Foci, may consist with the insecurity of the Fanés, remains to be seen, For me, after being, all my life long, a determined opposer of the insolence of Privilege, I should say to more than one of the Cleons of the day, "almost thou persuadest me to be—a Tory!" We want, if ever people wanted, the moderation and the guidance of a Pericles—of some one whose ministry might enable us to say, as an ancient said of another ancient, that

"Morn dawned calmly o'er his country saved!"

Juv.







