

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XV.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1824.



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AND

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1824.

between the mother's hands, and the sweet serious eyes were raised and fixed upon the mother's eyes, (there beamed, as yet, the infant's heaven,) and one saw, that it was lisping out its unconscious prayer—unconscious, not surely unaccepted. A kiss from the maternal lips was the token, of God's approval; and then she rose, and gathering up the scattered garments in the same clasp with the half-naked babe, she held it smiling to its father, and one saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child—one saw in it all the holy fervour of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew with her little one—and then the curtain fell, and, still I lingered—for after the interval of a few minutes, sweet sounds arrested my departing footsteps—a few notes of the harp, a low prelude stole sweetly out—a voice still sweeter, mingling its tones with a simple quiet accompaniment, swelled out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn came wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage, and around it, and the perfect silence, and the deepening shadows, brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still; for the moon was rising, and the

stars were shining out in the clear cloudless Heaven, and the bright reflection of one, danced and glittered like a liquid fire-fly, on the ripple of the stream, just when it glided into a darker deeper pool, beneath a little rustic foot-bridge, which led from the churchyard into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighbouring hamlet.

On that bridge I stopt a minute longer, and yet another and another minute, for I listened to the voice of the running water; and methought it was yet more mellifluous, more soothing, more eloquent, at that still shadowy hour, when only that little star looked down upon it, with its tremulous beam, than when it danced and glittered in the warm glow of sunshine. There are hearts like that stream, and they will understand the metaphor.

The unutterable things I felt and heard in that mysterious music!—every sense became absorbed in that of hearing; and so spell-bound, I might have staid on that very spot till midnight, nay, till the stars paled before the morning beam, if the deep, solemn sound of the old church-clock had not broken in on my dream of profound abstraction, and startled me away with half incredulous surprise, as its iron tongue proclaimed, stroke after stroke, the tenth hour of the night.

A.

POMPEII.

PANORAMAS are among the happiest contrivances for saving time and expense in this age of contrivances. What cost a couple of hundred pounds and half a year half a century ago, now costs a shilling and a quarter of an hour. Throwing out of the old account the innumerable miseries of travel, the insolence of public functionaries, the roguery of innkeepers, the visitations of banditti, charged to the muzzle with sabre, pistol, and scapulary, and the rascality of the custom-house officers, who plunder, passport in hand, the indescribable *desagremens* of Italian cookery, and the insufferable annoyances of that epitome of abomination, an Italian bed.

Now the affair is settled in a summary manner. The mountain or the sea, the classic vale or the ancient

city, is transported to us on the wings of the wind. And their location here is curious. We have seen Vesuvius in full roar and torrent, within a hundred yards of a hackney-coach stand, with all its cattle, human and bestial, unmoved by the phenomenon. Constantinople, with its bearded and turbaned multitudes, quietly pitched beside a Christian thoroughfare, and offering neither persecution nor proselytism. Switzerland, with its lakes covered with sunset, and mountains capped and robed in storms; the adored of sentimentalists, and the refuge of miry metaphysics; the *Demisoldes* of all nations, and German geology—stuck in a corner of a corner of London, and forgotten in the tempting vicinage of a cook-shop;—and now Pompeii, reposing in its slumber of two thousand

years, in the very buzu of the Strand. There is no exaggeration in talking of those things as really existing. *Berkley* was a metaphysician; and therefore his word goes for nothing but waste of brains, time, and printing-ink; but if we have not the waters of the Lake of Geneva, and the bricks and mortar of the little Greek town, tangible by our hands, we have them tangible by the eye—the fullest impression that could be purchased, by our being parched, passported, pummelled, plundered, starved, and stenchd, for 1200 miles east and by south, could not be fuller than the work of Messrs Parker's and Burford's brushes. The scene is absolutely alive, vivid, and true; we feel all but the breeze, and hear all but the dashing of the wave. Travellers recognize the spot where they plucked grapes, picked up fragments of tiles, and fell sick of the *miasmata*; the draughtsman would swear to the very stone on which he stretched himself into an ague; the man of half-pay, the identical *casa* in which he was fleeced into a perfect knowledge that roguery abroad was as expensive as taxation at home.

All the world knows the story of Pompeii; that it was a little Greek town of tolerable commerce in its early day; that the sea, which once washed its walls, subsequently left it in the midst of one of these delicious plains made by nature for the dissolution of all industry in the Italian dweller, and for the commonplaces of poetry in all the northern abusers of the pen; that it was ravaged by every barbarian, who in turn was called a conqueror on the Italian soil, and was successively the pillage of Carthaginian and of Roman; until at last the Augustan age saw its little circuit quieted into the centre of a colony, and man, finding nothing more to rob, attempted to rob no more.

When man had ceased his molestation, nature commenced hers; and this unfortunate little city was, by a curious fate, to be at once extinguished and preserved, to perish from the face of the Roman empire, and to live when Rome was a nest of monks and mummies, and her empire torn into fragments for Turk, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, and the whole host of barbarian names that were once as the dust of her feet. In the year of the Christian era 63, an earthquake shewed the city on what tenure her lease

was held. Whole streets were thrown down, and the evidences of hasty repair are still to be detected.

From this period, occasional warnings were given in slight shocks; until, in the year 79, Vesuvius poured out all his old accumulation of terrors at once, and on the clearing away of the cloud of fire and ashes which covered Campania for four days, Pompeii, with all its multitude, was gone. The Romans seem to have been as fond of villas as if every soul of them had made fortunes in Cheapside, and the whole southern coast was covered with the summer palaces of those lords of the world. Vesuvius is now a formidable foundation for a house whose inhabitants may not wish to be sucked into a furnace ten thousand fathoms deep; or roasted *sub aere aperto*; but it was then asleep, and had never flung up spark or stone from time immemorial. To those who look upon it now in its terrors, grim, blasted, and lifting up its sooty forehead among the piles of perpetual smoke that are to be enlightened only by its bursts of fire, the very throne of Pluto and Vulcan together, no force of fancy may picture what it was when the Roman built his palaces and pavilions on its side. A pyramid of three thousand feet high, painted over with garden, forest, vineyard, and orchard, ripening under the southern sun, zoned with colonnades, and turrets, and golden roofs, and marble porticoes, with the eternal azure of the Campanian sky for its canopy, and the Mediterranean at its feet, glittering in the colours of sunrise, noon, and evening, like an infinite Turkey carpet let down from the steps of a throne,—all this was turned into cinders, lava, and hot-water, on (if we can trust to chronology) the first day of November, anno Domini 79, in the first year of the Emperor Titus. The whole story is told in the younger Pliny's letters; or, if the illustration of one who thought himself born for a describer, *Dio Cassius*, be sought, it will be found that this eruption was worthy of the work it had to do, and was a handsome recompense for the long slumber of the volcano. The Continent, throughout its whole southern range, probably felt this vigorous awakening. Rome was covered with the ashes, of which Northern Africa, Egypt, and Asia Minor, had their

share; the sun was turned into blood and darkness, and the people thought that the destruction of the world was come.

At the close of the eruption, Vesuvius stood forth the naked giant that he is at this hour—the palaces and the gardens were all dust and air—the sky was stained with that cloud which still sits like a crown of wrath upon his brow—the plain at his foot, where Herculaneum and Pompeii spread their circuses and temples, like children's toys, was covered over with sand, charcoal, and smoke; and the whole was left for a mighty moral against the danger of trusting to the sleep of a volcano.

All was then at an end with the cities below; the population were burnt, and had no more need of houses. The Roman nobles had no passion for combustion, and kept aloof; the winds and rain, robbers, and the *malaria*, were the sole tenants of the land; and in this way rolled fifteen hundred years over the bones of the vintners, sailors, and snug citizens of the Vesuvian cities. But their time was to come; and their beds were to be perforated by French and Neapolitan pick-axes, and to be visited by English feet, and sketched and written about, and lithographed, till all the world wished that they had never been disturbed. The first discoveries were accidental, for no Neapolitan ever struck a spade into the ground that he could help, nor harboured a voluntary idea but of macaroni, intrigue, monkey, or the gaming-table. The spade struck upon a key, which, of course, belonged to a door, the door had an inscription, and the names of the buried cities were brought to light, to the boundless perplexity of the learned, the merciless curiosity of the blue-stockings of the 17th century, and all others to come, and the thankless, reckless, and ridiculous profit of that whole race of rascality, the guides, cicerones, abbés, and antiquarians.

But Italian vigour is of all things the most easily exhausted, where it has not the lash or the bribe to feed its waste, and the cities slumbered for twenty years more, till, in 1711, a duke, who was digging for marbles to urn into mortar, found a *Hercules*, and a whole heap of fractured beauties, a row of Greek columns, and a

little temple. Again, the cities slumbered, till, in 1738, a King of Naples, on whom light may the earth rest, commenced digging, and streets, temples, theatres opened out to the sun, to be at rest no more.

So few details of the original catastrophe are to be found in historians, that we can scarcely estimate the actual human suffering, which is, after all, almost the only thing to be considered as a misfortune. It is probable that the population of, at least, Pompeii had time to make their escape. A pedlar's pack would contain all the valuables left in Pompeii; and the people who had time thus to clear their premises, must have been singularly fond of hazard if they staid lingering within the reach of the eruption. But some melancholy evidences remain that all were not so successful. In one of the last excavations made by the French, four female skeletons were found lying together, with their ornaments, bracelets, and rings, and with their little hoard of coins in gold and silver. They had probably been suffocated by the sulphureous vapour. In a wine-cellar, known by its jars ranged round the wall, a male skeleton, supposed to be that of the master, by his seal-ring, was found as if he had perished in the attempt at forcing the door. In another, a male skeleton was found with an axe in his hand, beside a door which he was breaking open. In a prison, the skeletons of men chained to the wall were found. If it were not like affectation to regret agony that has passed away so long, it might be conceived as a palliation of that agony, that it was probably the work of a moment, that the vapour of the eruption extinguished life at once, and that these unfortunates perished, not because they were left behind in the general flight, but were left behind because they had perished.

A large portion of Pompeii is now uncovered. This was an easy operation, for its covering was ashes, themselves covered by vegetable soil, and that again covered by verwe and vineyards. Herculaneum reserves its development for another generation; its cover is *lava*, solid as rock; and that again covered with two villages and a royal palace; and the whole under the protection of a still surer guard, Neapolitan stupidity, poverty, and in-

dolence. The Panorama gives a striking coup-d'œil of one of the two great excavations of Pompeii. The Forum, the narrow streets, the little Greek houses, with their remnants of ornamental painting, their corridors and their tessellated floors, are seen, as they might have been seen the day before the eruption. The surrounding land-

scape has the grandeur that the eye looks for in a volcanic country. Wild hills, fragments of old lavas, richly broken shores, and in the centre the most picturesque and sublime of all volcanoes, Vesuvius, throwing up its eternal volumes of smoke to the heavens.

LAMENT FOR INEZ.

Oh! thou! who in my happier days
Wert all to me that earth could hold,
And dearer to my youthful gaze
Than tongue can tell, or words have
told,
Now, far from me, unmark'd and cold,
Thine ashes rest—thy relics lie;
And mouldering in earth's common
mould
The frame that seem'd too fair to die!

The stranger treads my haunts at morn,
And stops to scan upon the tree
Letters by Time's rude finger worn,
That bore the earthly name of thee.
To him 'tis all unknown; and he
Strays on amid the woodland scene;
And thou, to all alive but me,
Art now as thou hadst never been.

Ah! little didst thou think, when I
With thee have roam'd at eventide,
Mark'd setting sun, and purpling sky,
And saunter'd by the river's side,
And gazed on thee—my destined bride—
How soon thou should'st from hence
depart,
And leave me here without a guide,—
With ruin'd hopes, and broken heart.

Oh, Inez! Inez! I have seen,
Above this spot where thou art laid,
Wild flowers and weeds all rankly green,
As if in mockery wild display'd!
In sombre twilight's purple shade,
My steps have to thy grave sojourn'd;
And as I mused o'er hopes decay'd,
Mine eyes have stream'd, my heart
hath burn'd.

I thought of days for ever fled—
When thou wert being's Morning-Star
I thought of feelings nourished
In secret, mid the world's loud jar!
I thought, how, from the crowd afar,
I loved to stray, and for thee sigh;
Nor deem'd, when winds and waves a
bar
Between us placed, that thou should'st
die.

I saw thee not in thy distress,
Nor ever knew that pale disease
Was preying on that loveliness,
Whose smiles all earthly ills could
ease;
But, when afar upon the seas,
I call'd thy magic form to mind,
I little dreamt that charms like these
Were to Death's icy arms resign'd.

Now years have pass'd—and years may
pass—
Earth not a fear nor charm can have,
Ah! no—I could not view the grass,
That revels rustling o'er thy grave!
My day is one long ruffled wave;
The night is not a lake of rest;
I dream, and nought is with me, save
A troubled scene—Despair my guest!

Or if, mayhap, my slumbering hour
Should paint thee to mine arms re-
stored,
Then, then, the bliss-fraught dream has
power
A moment's rapture to afford;
Mirth cheers the heart, and crowns the
board;
My bosom's burden finds relief;
I breathe thy name—but at that word
I wake to darkness, and to grief!