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REVIEWS.

Liber Amoris; or, the New Pygmalion. Crown 8vo. pp. 192. Printed for John Hunt.

Ecce iterum Crispinus—i. e. behold Billy again; it can be no one else. A dukedom to a ducat it is Billy! "A native of North Britain, who died in the Netherlands?" Pooh!—no such thing. It is he of the "Liberal!" The cockney worshipper of Coleridge's nose, "who quaffed flip with the poet and Tom Poole, under elm trees, till they neither of them could make themselves clear and intelligible." There we had him in liquor—and here, in the "Liber Amoris," (laud we his Latin,) we have him in love!—a very *Pygmalion*, as the poor creature calls himself; by which the unsuspecting reader might naturally enough be led to suppose that Billy had fallen in love with some clumsy model or painting of his own (for Billy was formerly a botcher in art). But no—a few pages of this precious record of vulgarity and nastiness lets us into the truth, that it is with his landlord's daughter, a pert, cunning, coming, good-for-nothing chit, who amuses herself with Silly Billy's tomfoolery, till she draws him on to an exposure of himself in all the nakedness of his conceit, selfishness, slavering sensuality, filthy profligacy, and howling idiotcy; and all this, the poor mistaken man has deemed it fit to publish to the world, with a studied minuteness of detail, a gloating fondness of recollection, and a solemn earnestness of manner, as if he were actually performing a duty which might both profit and please society, instead of writing a book from which every mind, with one single spark of good sense and right feeling left within it, will turn with horror, loathing, and contempt.

The work shall speak for itself. We will contribute all in our power to help this infatuated scribbler to shew himself up, convinced that we cannot do the public a better service than giving it every opportunity of seeing what materials go to the composition of these liberal and radical rapscallions, who take upon them the airs of philosophers, poets, and politicians, disseminators of truth, improvers of taste, reformers of abuses, and ameliorators of mankind, as they call themselves.

Our readers will doubtless be astonished as they peruse the extracts to which we must draw their attention, and by which we shall justify our strong expressions of abhorrence and condemnation. They will scarcely credit that any man could be found who would sit down deliberately to write, much more to publish, such unprincipled and indecent trash, and may think that it had better been left to perish in unnoticed obscurity. Were we certain that this would have been the case, we should have been the last to have disturbed the ordure of a filthy mind to the annoyance of ourselves or others. But the writer of this obscene book belongs to a busy gang, who are leagued and covenanted to hold perpetual warfare with all that is respectable and respected—all that is decent and pure, and good and holy; the sworn advocates and upholders of infidelity, atheism, adultery, incest, blasphemy, and revolution; who leave no artifice unemployed, no effort unmade, to carry their detestable schemes into effect; both vigilant and patient in the cause of evil, they make up for their imbecility by their perseverance, and hope to effect, by repetition, what they want vigour to complete by a single blow. It is right, therefore, that we also be vigilant and patient, to protect all on which the happiness of good men and christians hang, from the poison which these miserable slaves of vice are so subtlely and actively spreading abroad. To detect the knaves, and drag them forth on every occasion, to the derision of the wise and the scorn of the virtuous to lay bare the sophistries which talent debases itself to use, and to hang up the clumsy endeavours of the lesser drudges to the mockery of the multitude they would deceive and corrupt.

For the master-spirit of this crew—the "fallen angel" who has chosen "evil" for "his good," and who seems determined

"To wreak on innocent frail man his loss,"

we feel a sorrow, serious, deep, and awful; and should truly rejoice if "a warning voice" could cry loud and strong enough to recall him from the hell which he has made himself, and on the throne of which he has miserably determined to be adored. We leave him to his own mind. Few ever equalled it in power, though he has perverted and debased it.

"Under what torments inwardly it groans,"

amidst all the pride of his talent and the brilliance of his fame, we will not venture to hint; but to such a mind there needs no chastisement in addition to its own. The opiates of scepticism with which it endeavours to drug remorse, or the desperate inebriations of pride with which it hopes to defy it, are sufficient proofs of its sense of utter misery. For the petty devils—"the spirits beneath," whom he has seduced—we feel neither pity, nor sorrow, nor care. We despise them as thoroughly, as they were indeed despised by him who has permitted them to be associates with him in the dirty task on hand, and whose abject natures are proud and pleased with the ignominy of such association.

To return to one of the dirtiest and meanest of the set, Billy Pygmalion and his "*Liber Amoris*." A more abundant display of silliness, cant, nonsense, bad English, obscenity, in short, of cockneyism, never afforded food to ridicule, since the fools began to expose themselves. We shall give examples of them all, and fear not to be gainsaid. Of the poor man's licentiousness, it fortunately happens it is as harmless as it is base. The vulgarity of his voluptuousness defies all sympathy, but from the bosoms of love-smitten link-boys languishing for oyster-wenches, or of sentimental pickpockets, pouring their purloinings into the laps of the leering nymphs of St. Giles or Drury-lane; while the convulsions into which his fits of passion throw him, betray a sensuality at which all shudder, and an impotence at which all must laugh.

The subject of the book is soon told. Pygmalion, separated from his wife, lodges at the house of some petty tradesman, (a tailor, perhaps) whose daughter is servant in general to all the lodgers, from parlour to attic. Pygmalion contemplates her charms, as she brings up his tea and toast, morning and evening, and becomes enamoured. Pygmalion also has a picture, a copy of a Madona or Magdalene of Raphael's (as he thinks), with an engraving of which he has ornamented the front of his book, and which he thinks bears a strong resemblance to this tailor's daughter. He tells her so, and makes love. The tailor's daughter rejects his suit, and tells Pygmalion she can never love him, and that she loves another better. Pyg nevertheless is determined she shall—

goes off to Scotland in desperate mood, to get divorced from Mrs. Pyg—accomplishes it, and returns to offer his hand to his *Infelice*, as the blockhead affectedly calls Miss Sally, and by which name he has assured her of immortality for half a century. See how familiarly and early the cockney Radical promises immortality to a tailor's daughter.—

"I shall think of nothing but thy charms, till the last word trembles on my tongue, and that will be thy name, my love—the name of my *Infelice!* You will live by that name, you *rogue*, fifty years after you are dead. *Don't you thank me for that?*"!!!

Not she, indeed. Miss Sally Shears, cares not a needle-full of silk for him or his immortality—rejects him altogether. Pygmalion becomes outrageous, but softens again; asks to see her, and is told she is gone out. He runs out into the streets, and finds her with "*a tall, well-looking young man.*" He finds, upon enquiry, this *well-looking young man* has been *favoured far beyond* himself. *The murder's out, and there's an end.*

The first part of the "Liber Amoris" consists of seven indecent and childish pieces, called "Conversations with his *Infelice*," and a couple of silly common-place letters to the same, with a scrap of nonsense, written in a blank leaf of "Endymion." The second and third parts are letters to a friend or two, of whom he has made confidants in this affair, detailing its progress, and his feelings, in a manner with which we shall forthwith proceed to make our readers acquainted—that if there should be one among them who, in a fit of delusion, was ever led to admire Billy or his abilities, he may cry at last, with Caliban—

——"What a thrice double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool."

The first extract we make is from one of his love-making conversations, entitled "The Flageolet;" and we give it merely as a specimen of that mere common-place insanity which this besotted cockney, in his high conceit, seems to think so pretty, and so interesting, as to claim the attention of the world. What an ass, we hear the reader exclaim.

"H. Where have you been, my love!

S. I have been down to see my aunt, Sir.

H. And I hope she has been giving you good advice.

S. I did not go to ask her opinion about any thing.

H. And yet you seem anxious and agitated. You appear pale and dejected, as if your refusal of me had touched your own breast with pity. Cruel girl! you look at this moment heavenly-soft, saint-like," &c. &c.

* * * *

"I cannot think how any man, having the heart of one, *could go and leave it.*

S. *No one did, that I know of.*

H. Yes, you told me yourself he left you (though he liked you, and though he knew—Oh! gracious God!—that you loved him) he left you because 'the pride of birth would not permit a union.'—For myself, I would *have a throne*—

What! a radical talk about leaving *a throne*—

—to ascend to the heaven of thy charms. I live but for thee, here—I only wish to live again to pass all eternity with thee. But even in another world, I suppose you would turn from me to seek him out, who scorned you here.

S. If the proud scorn us here, in that place we shall all be equal.

H. *Do not* look so—*do not talk so*—

Not talk of being *all equal* to a radical.

unless you would drive me mad. I could worship you at this moment, &c. &c. Would you but let me try to please you!

S. Nothing can alter my resolution, Sir.

H. Will you go and leave me so?

L. It is late, and my father will be getting impatient at *my stopping so long.*"

Miss Sally Shears, we suppose, was like Miss Polly Watts, whom that prince of cockneys, Liston, in Sam Swipes, tells us, "can't get out only every other Sunday."

"H. You know he has nothing to feel for you—it is *poor* I that am alone in danger. But I wanted to *ask about buying you a flageolet.* Could I see that which you have? If it is a pretty one, it would hardly be worth while; but if it isn't, I thought of bespeaking an ivory one for you. *Can't you bring up your own to show me?*

S. *Not to-night, Sir.*

H. *I wish you could.*

S. *I cannot—but I will in the morning.*"

H. Whatever you determine I must submit to. Good night, and bless thee."

We hope the reader is edified by this sample of the "Liber Amoris," and that he will never think of "going a-courting without taking a leaf out of it." And we are sure he will be struck with the following tender domestic scene of Billy and Sally—the tea-pot and kettle:—

"The next morning, *S. brought up the tea-kettle, as usual;* and looking towards the tea-tray, she said, '*Oh! I see my sister has forgot the tea-pot.*' It was not there, *sure enough;* and tripping down stairs, she came up in a minute, with the tea-pot in one hand, and the flageolet in the other, *balanced so sweetly and gracefully.* It would have been awkward to have brought up the flageolet in the tea tray, and she could not well have gone down again on purpose to fetch it. Something therefore was to be omitted as an excuse. Exquisite witch!

Exquisite noodle.

But do I love her the less dearly for it? I cannot."

Can any thing be more ridiculously silly? This, however, is mere innocence and twaddle. What follows is of another complexion; 'tis from "The Quarrel."—

"H. You are angry with me?

S. Have I not reason?

H. I hope you have; for I would give the world to believe my suspicions unjust. But, *oh! my God!* after what I have thought of you and felt towards you, as little less than an angel, to have but a doubt cross my mind for an instant that you were what I dare not name—*a common lodging-house decoy, a kissing convenience—that your lips were as common as the stairs*—

S. *Let me go, Sir!*

H. Nay—prove to me that you are not so, *and I will fall down and worship you.* You were the only creature that ever seemed to love me; and to have my hopes, and all my fondness for you, thus turned to a mockery—it is too much! Tell me why you have deceived me, and sing'd me out as your victim?

S. I never have, Sir. I always said I could not love.

H. There is a difference between love and making me a laughing-stock."

* * * *

Not much in Billy's case; but we are greatly deceived if our readers will be inclined to laugh at the following senseless display of disgusting indecencies:—

"H. You may remember, when *your servant Maria* looked in and found you *sitting in my lap* one day, and I was afraid she might tell your mother, you said 'You did not care, for you had no secrets from your mother.' This seemed to me odd at the time, but I thought no more of it, till other things brought it to my mind. Am I to suppose, then, that you are acting a part, a vile part, all this time, and that you *come up here, and stay as long as I like, that you sit on my knee and put your arms round my neck,* AND READ ME WITH KISSES *and let me TAKE OTHER LIBERTIES with you, and that for a year together;* and that you do all this not out of love, or liking, or regard, *but go through your regular task,* like *some young witch,* without one natural feeling, to show your *chemistry,* and *get a few presents out of me,* and then *go down into the* KITCHEN to make a fool of it? There is something monstrous in it."

Monstrous, indeed, we believe every one will echo, as they peruse this vulgar detail of the man's low-bred habits and feelings. Mark, however, how the wretched creature proceeds in his filth and folly.—

"H. You say your regard is merely friendship, and that you are sorry I have *ever felt any* thing more for you. *Yet the first time I ever asked you, you let me kiss you:* the first time I *ever saw you,* as you went out of the room, you turned full round at the door, with that inimitable grace with which you do every thing, and fixed your eyes full upon me, as much as to say, '*Is he caught?*'—that very week *you sat upon my knee, twined your arms round me,* caressed me with every mark of tenderness *consistent with modesty; and I have not got much farther since.* Now if you did all this with me, *a perfect stranger to you, and without any particular liking to me,* mind I not conclude you do so as a matter of course with every one?"

And every one but such an ass as the cockney Pygmalion, would have rested content in such a conclusion. But no—

"S. I am no prude, Sir.

H. Yet you might be taken for one. So your mother said, 'It was hard if you might not indulge in a little levity.' She has strange notions of levity.

Pretty well, we think.

But levity, my dear, is quite out of character in you.

Indeed!

Your ordinary walk is as if you were performing some *religious ceremony: you come up to my table of a morning, when you merely bring in the tea-things,* as if you were advancing *to the altar.*"

Is not the reader shocked at the callous blasphemy of this licentious scribbler?

"You move in minuet-time: you measure every step, as if you were afraid of offending in the smallest things. *I never hear you approach on the stairs, but by a sort of hushed silence.*"

Will any one explain what a cockney means by *hearing* an approach by a *hushed silence*, or what a *hushed* silence is?

"When you enter the room, the Graces wait on you, and Love waves round your person in gentle undulations, breathing balm into the soul! By Heaven, you are an angel! You look like one at this instant! Do I not adore you—and have I merited this return?"

Ti tum, ti tum, ti tum ti, &c.! &c.! &c.!

"S. I have repeatedly *answered* that question. You sit and *fancy things out of your own head*—

Infelice's language is characteristically elegant.

—and then lay them to my charge. There is not a word of truth in your suspicions.

H. Did I not overhear the conversation downstairs last night, to which you were a party? Shall I repeat it!

S. I had rather not hear it!

H. Or what am I to think of *this story of the footman?*

S. It is false, Sir, *I never did any thing of the sort.*"

Of *what* sort, Infelice?

"H. Nay, when I told your mother I wished she wouldn't * * * * * * * * * (as I heard she did) she said 'Oh, there's nothing in that, for Sarah very often * * * *' and *your doing so before company*, is only a trifling addition *to the sport.*"

In the name of common sense, and common decency, what does all this nasty and abominable gabble mean.

"S. I'll call my mother, Sir, and she shall contradict you.

H. Then she'll contradict herself. But did not you boast you were '*very persevering in your resistance to gay young men*,' and had been 'several times obliged to ring the bell?' *Did you always ring it?* Or did you get into these dilemmas that made it necessary, merely by the demureness of your looks and ways? *Or had nothing else passed?* Or have you two characters, one that you palm off upon me, and another, your natural one, that you resume when you get out of the room, like an actress who throws aside her artificial part behind the scenes? Did you not, when I was *courting you on the staircase* the first night Mr. C——— came, *beg me to desist*, for if the new lodger heard us, he'd take you for a light character? Was that all? Were you only afraid of being *taken* for a light character? Oh! Sarah!

S. I'll stay and hear this no longer.

H. Yes, one word more. Did you not love another?

S. Yes, and *ever shall, most sincerely.*

H. Then, *that* is my only hope. If you could feel this sentiment for him, you cannot be what you seem to me of late.

i. e. "*a kissing convenience.*"

But there is another thing I had to say,—be what you will, I love you to distraction! You are the only woman that ever made me think she loved me,

Billy was a husband and a father, remember!

—and that feeling was so new to me, and so delirious, that it 'will never from my heart.' Thou wert to me a little tender flower, blooming in the wilderness of my life; and though thou should'st turn out a weed, I'll not fling thee from me, while I can help it. Wert thou all that I dread to think—wert thou a wretched wanderer in the street, *covered with rags, disease, and infamy, I'd clasp thee to my bosom, and live and die with thee, my love. Kiss me, thou little sprewess!*"

Sauceress would be more germane to this goddess of the tea-things.

"S. Never!

H. Then go: but remember I cannot live without you—nor I will not."

We are afraid, nevertheless, Billy has not been so good as his word; and that notwithstanding the assurance given us in the advertisement prefixed to this balderdash, that the author, "a native of North Britain, died of disappointment in the Netherlands," he is an arrant cockney, flourishing still, but not "in youth—or beauty," in the tailor's first floor, in London.

We must proceed in our painful task. The reader shall have ample means of judging for himself. And now for a touch of sublimity.—

"H. You have sometimes spoken of any serious attachment as a tie upon you. *You prefer flirting* with 'gay young men' to becoming a mere dull domestic wife?

S. You have no right to throw out such insinuations;

Insinuations, Miss Shears pronounced it. —for though I am but a *tradesman's daughter*, I have as *nice a sense of honour* as any one can have.

H. *Talk of a tradesman's daughter!* you would *ennoble* any family, THOU GLORIOUS GIRL, *by true nobility of mind.*

S. Oh! Sir, you flatter me. I know my own inferiority to most.

H. To none; there is no one *above* thee, man nor woman either. You are above your situation, which is not fit for you.

S. I am contented with my lot, and do my duty as cheerfully as I can.

H. Have you not told me your spirits grow worse every year?

S. Not on that account: but some disappointments are hard to bear up against.

H. If you talk about that, you'll unman me. But tell me, love,—I have thought of it as something that might account for some circumstances; that is, as a mere possibility. But tell me, was there not a likeness between me and your old lover, that struck you at first sight? Was there?"

Insinuating rogue.

"S. No, Sir, none.

H. *Well, I didn't think it likely there should!*"

Amiable acquiescence.

"S. But there was a likeness.

H. To whom?

S. To that little image! *(looking intently on a small bronze figure of Buonaparte on the mantel-piece.)*

H. What, do you mean to Buonaparte?

S. Yes, all but the nose was just like.

H. And was his figure the same?

S. He was taller!"

Than the small bronze figure, of course.

"I got up and gave her the image, and told her it was her's by every right that was sacred. She refused at first to take so *valuable a curiosity*, and said she would keep it for me. But I pressed it eagerly, and she took it. She immediately came and sat down, and *put her arm round my neck, and kissed me*, and I said, 'Is it not plain we are the best friends in the world, since we are always so glad to make it up?' And then I added 'How odd it was that the *God of my idolatry* should turn out to be like her Idol, and said it was no wonder that the same fire which *awed the world* should conquer *the sweetest creature in it!*' How I loved her at that moment! Is it possible that the wretch who writes me could ever have been so blest! Heavenly delicious creature! Can I live without her?—Oh! no—never—never."

Fiddle-de-dee.

Now we seriously ask the reader if he ever saw more contemptible namby-pamby stuff than all this? It is really too absurd to waste an attempt at criticism upon. "A tradesman's daughter"—a common *flirt*—a common lodging-house servant—nay, a common trader in indecencies with every fellow in the house, this poor infatuated idiot calls "a glorious girl," who would "ennoble any family" "by true nobility of mind." Pooh!—but these are a cockney's and a liberal's notions of nobility; and how should they be otherwise?

The mawkish and maudlin gallantry with Buonaparte's image, is highly amusing. We should like to have seen the pretty tender youth in the act of presenting "the god of his idolatry" to the tailor's daughter. The god of *his* idolatry—the god and the idolater are well matched.

We then have a letter in which he informs his Sarah concerning his literary pursuits. "I regularly *do* ten pages a day, which mounts up to thirty guineas worth a week." There's for you! But he wants her smiles to enable him "*to keep on so*," or he should soon grow rich.

We will give his next epistle entire, as it is but a short one. The style and general matter, as will be instantly perceived, are stolen from "The Complete Letter Writer," with the introduction of some very familiar, if not original, *touches* in a hackney coach, the appropriate scene of a cockney's amours,—

"You will be glad to learn I have done my work—a volume in less than a month. This is one reason why I am better than when I came, and another is, I have had two letters from Sarah. I am pleased I have *got through this job*, as I was afraid I might lose reputation by it (which I can little afford to lose)—and besides, I am more anxious to do well now, as I *wish you to hear me well spoken of.*"

How natural is this ambition—how justly suited would be the person admiring to the writings admired.

"I walk out of an afternoon, and hear the birds sing as I told you, and think, if I had you dangling on my arm, *and that for life*, how happy I should be—happier than I ever hoped to be, or had any conception of till I knew you. '*But that can never be*' I hear you answer in a soft, low murmur. Well, let me dream of it sometimes—I am not happy too often, except when that innocent note, the harbinger of spring, recalling the hopes of my youth, whispers thy name and peace together in my ear. I was reading something about Mr. Macready to-day, and this put me in mind of that delicious night, when I went with your mother and you to see Romeo and Juliet. Can I forget it for a moment—your sweet modest looks, your infinite propriety of behaviour, all your sweet winning ways—your hesitating about taking my arm as we came out till your mother and—YOUR LAUGHING ABOUT NEARLY LOSING YOUR CLOAK—your *stepping into the coach without* MY BEING ABLE TO MAKE THE SLIGHTEST DISCOVERY—

What does the man mean?

—and oh! my sitting down beside you there, you whom I had loved so long, so well, and your so-

uring me I *had not lessened your pleasure at the play by being with you, and giving me your dear hand to press in mine! I thought I was in heaven*—that slender exquisitely turned form contained my all of heaven upon earth; and as I folded you—*yes*, you, my own best Sarah, to my bosom, there was, as you say, *a tie between us*—you did not seem to me, for those few short moments, to be mine in all truth, and honour, and sacredness—Oh! that we could be always so—Do not mock me, for *I am a very child* in love. I ought to beg pardon for behaving so ill afterwards, but I hope the *little image* made it up between us, &c.

"To this letter I have received no answer, not a line. The rolling years of eternity will never fill up that blank. Where shall I be? What am I? Or where have I been?"

These questions the compassionate reader may answer—if he can.

Pygmalion is now in Scotland, "*on his probation*, as he may say." What this means, we know not, except that he is about to put matters in train for his divorce; and he complains to his friend, to whom he writes, that he has been "cajoled out of his little Buonaparte." Billy regrets his gallantry, and begins to think his love-making rather expensive, it appears. "*I couldn't stand this*," he exclaims, in all the elegance of his native idiom, when describing her pretty winning ways which enjoled him out of his Buonaparte; and notwithstanding Infelice's promise that she would only "keep it for him," asks his friend, with a colloquial style, indicative of a Tooley-street education, "*What will you bet me it wasn't all a trick?*"

We will give another example of Pyg's delicacy, in his manners, his language, and his principles.—

"What do you suppose she said the night before I left her?

H. Could you not come and live with me as a friend?

S. I don't know; and yet it would be of no use if I did, you would *always be hankering after what could never be!*

I asked her if she would do so at once—the very next day? And *what do you guess* was her answer—'Do you think it would be prudent?' *As I didn't proceed to extremities on the spot, she began to look grave, and declare off.* 'Would she live with me in her own house—to be with me all day as dear friends, if nothing more, to sit and read and talk with me?'—'She would make no promises, but I should find her the same.'—'Would she go to the play with me sometimes, and let it be understood that I was paying my addresses to her?'—'She could not, as a habit—her father was rather strict, and would object.'—Now what am I to think of all this? *Am I mad or a fool?* Answer me to that, Master Brook! You are a philosopher."

There needs no philosopher to make the answer. The world will ring it in your ears, Billy,

A FOOL!

And here our limits compel us to stop, for the present. We shall continue our extracts next week. Poor, vulgar, and nasty as those we have exhibited already are, there are others still, which for folly, grossness, and blackguardism, place "The New Pygmalion" upon the pinnacle of cockney fame; and, since his imbecility, as we observed before, divests his profligacy of all dangerous qualities, he shall have our best assistance to shew himself up to the world, as, it seems, he wishes to be shewn. We will leave the extracts from his book, in all their genuine deformity, to the judgment of our readers. Not a comment will be needed. The book is praised by the *Examiner*, of course, with a characteristic and congenial feeling, and will probably receive its portion of approbation in the Edinburgh Review; indeed, we cannot see how it can well be otherwise, as Billy calls Jeffrey "*the prince* of critics, and *the king* of men." What business have the junto to use these titles as terms of *praise?* Inconsistent asses! And poor Jeffrey! we pity him thoroughly, and lament to see him so praised: but this is the consequence of keeping such company, Mr. Jeffrey.

Pyg also compares his tailor's daughter to the Greek slave, Myrrha, in "Sardanapalus." This must be matter of bitter mirth to Lord Byron. Let Billy beware he come not too near the tiger—'tis an animal with whom too much familiarity may breed something more than contempt. Let him be contented with that, and he is safe.

Lord Byron and Billy!!—what a conjunction! But we will say no more. Vice, like necessity, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows.

(To be continued.)