

THE
ECLECTIC MUSEUM

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1843.

VOLUME II. OF THE UNITED SERIES.

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EDITED BY JOHN HOLMES AGNEW.  
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EDWIN LANDSEER, R. A.

EDWIN LANDSEER is beyond all comparison the best animal painter of the age, or indeed of any past age. Nor is he excellent in this department alone, his treatment of the human figure is almost equally masterly; for whether his subject be the rude and weather-beaten shepherd of the bleak Scottish highlands, or the tender and delicate offspring of the rich and courtly, his delineations are truthful and characteristic. His animals have less violence of motion, and terrible energy than those of Rubens or Snyder, but they are more true to nature. The heads of Rubens' lions are painted on the principle of a resemblance to human features, just as it was Gilbert Stuart's practice in portraiture, to seek in the leading traits of his sitters, a resemblance to some one of the lower animals: thus, while painting Washington, he kept in his mind the idea of a lion, and in that of John Adams, the owl, and so on. But Landseer aims only at producing the truest and most vivid representation of the object before him, and so complete is his triumph, that no historical painter has succeeded better in that highest and most difficult thing in art—expression,—than has the subject of our present notice, with only dogs and horses for his materials. What pictures of the "human form divine" can be found more perfect in expression than the "High Life" and "Low Life" of this artist? known to the American public by two fine lithographic prints. The "Too Hot," engraved for our present number, is well deserving of the poetical panegyric that accompanies it.

Landseer's pictures are free and spirited in composition, rich in color, and forcible in effect. His conception of a subject is as striking as his execution is vigorous and brilliant, and no one surpasses him in depicting the *surface* of objects; hence the unrivalled beauty of the still-life portions of his pictures. It is not improbable that the power of painting well, depends in a measure upon the peculiar construction of the visual organ. The pencil of one artist is guided by the inward eye of the mind, that of another by the outward physical sense, and, as with the larger proportion of mankind, the charms of execution will ever exercise the greater influence, the works of E. Landseer cannot cease to be popular, while with the same class the sublime compositions of such men as Blake or Fuseli are regarded with indifference.

Landseer's pictures possess the property of captivating the spectator at first sight, and the spell is equally on the learned and unlearned in art. This results mainly from his power over what is technically termed *chiaro-scuro*, or the *general* management of the light and shadow as a *whole*, and the subject chosen for our present number is one of his happiest efforts in this particular that we can remember. We here see carried out the principle of large portions of the objects melting into the background and shadows,—an extension of form, by the dark side of an object being carried out by a still darker shadow, and in the light masses by light in a similar manner. The effect is wisely conducted upon the winning and losing scheme, in which the prominent points maintain their superiority by the other parts being sacrificed to their advantage. It is especially in the management of this department of painting that the English school excels, and it is to the influence and example of Sir Joshua Reynolds that this distinguishing peculiarity is to be attributed. When writing against insipidity, he says:—

"I am no enemy to dark shadows. The general deficiency to be observed in the painters of the last age, is febleness of effect; they seem to have been too much afraid of that midnight obscurity of parts, which alone gives the force of nature, and without which a picture is apt to be wholly wanting in strength and solidity."

It must be confessed, however, that Landseer cannot be always admired for concentration of effect, nor is it surprising that, with his extraordinary facility in depicting the various objects in nature, he should go on multiplying the examples of his skill until his picture is too crowded. "Bolton Abbey in the olden time," familiarly known to the public by the fine mezzotinto engraving of it by Cousens, is an example of the want of repose to which we allude; every part taken separately is perfect, but the work as a whole would undoubtedly be improved by the omission of the girl with the fish, and the straw bonnet on the pavement, leaving an equal amount of empty surface in the space they occupy.

Edwin Landseer was, like Lawrence, remarkable for precocity of talent. The fine portrait of "the old lion Nero," was done by him when only twelve years of age.



PAINTED BY ALVIN LANGBEIN.

THE BOY,

Illustration for "The Boy" in "The Boy's Own Paper"

...no praise could be too warm for your "Too
Hot."
Though Byron, it must be allowed, was wildish,
And his best poem
(So all will say who know him,)
Very Childe-ish ;

Vol. II. No. I. 1

...the same due to your dog's tail.
That every dog's his day
I've oft heard say :
But, Landseer, yours shall last for ages,
(So shall these pages.)
And after times shall know you what you are,
Quite a Doo-Strax.

THE
E C L E C T I C M U S E U M
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

M A Y, 1 8 4 3.

TOO HOT.

BY MR. HOOD.—FROM THE AMULET.

Illustrated by an Engraving by Mr. Sartain, from Landseer's Picture.

"Too Hor!" Ha, ha! Landseer, you're a queer chap;

And so all they

Will say

Who see these lap-dogs at their lap.

The most fastidious will find a treat

In your dogs meet.

The pretty creatures!

What life in all their features!

They seem to move and chatter

Over the scalding batter:

And we appear

To hear

Each *cur*-sory remark.

"Throw physic to the dogs," they say

In the play;

And really one might almost fancy,

(Such is the painter's necromancy,)

That any one of these could take a little bark.

And I've a notion

There's not a rat

Or cat

Could look on this "still life" without emotion.

What humor in their faces! there's not one

But is a perfect picture of fun.

Wags all, and satirists, and dogs of mind,

Their very tails are waggishly inclined.

Landseer,—thou bright R. A.!

Who, who shall say

What's due

To you,

Unless Apollo, glorious god of day,

In whose bright car the eternal gas-light shines,

Would drop us a few lines?

Oh! had I Byron's power

(Author of the Giaour,)

I'd let 'em know what's what!

For Sir, no praise could be too warm for your "Too Hot."

Though Byron, it must be allowed, was wildish,

And his best poem

(So all will say who know him,)

Very Childe-ish;

Vol. II. No. I.

1

Or were I like great Little, who doth ring

So sweetly love's alarum,

How I would sing,

And make the world rejoice!

Oh! would I had that heavenly voice,—

Moore's Vox Stellarum!

Or were I Doctor Southey, whose invention

And happy turns

Have been so much admired by men!

Would I'd *his* pen!—

I'd rather have his pension.

Perhaps the most appropriate poet, living

Or dead, for giving

Effect to your "Too Hot" were BURNS.

I've known full many a painter in my time,

Of many an age, and many a school and clime;

But, Sir, I never knew

Such a dog fancier as you.

What Rubens was to lions, Cuyt to cows,

Morland to sows

And hogs,

You are to dogs.

There's an attractiveness about your harriers,

Pugs, poodles, mastiffs, greyhounds, turnspits, *tarriers*

Goes far to settle the great philosophic schism

About animal magnetism.

There's not a dog but owes you more, I vow,

Than e'er he owed his pa,

Or his dog-ma;

And not a cur that meets

You in the streets,

But ought to make you a profound bow—

Wow.

Excuse these dog-grel rhymes, my dear

Landseer!

They're bad enough, I own;

But yet they shall go down

To late posterity, (so e'en let critics rail,)

Like a tin kettle tied to your dog's tail.

That every dog's his day

I've oft heard say:

But, Landseer, yours shall last for ages,

(So shall these pages,)

And after times shall know you what you are,—

Quite a DOO-STAZ.

THE ADVERTISING SYSTEM.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *César Birotteau*. Par M. de Balzac. Nouvelle Edition. 8vo. Paris: 1841.
2. *Histoire de M. Jobard*. 8vo. Par Cham. Paris: 1842.

M. BIROTEAU is a worthy citizen, who, impatient at the slow results of industry, resolves to make his fortune at a bound. M. Jobard is a simple-minded believer in Advertisements. Which of us does not, in some respect, resemble a Birotteau or a Jobard?—was the question we asked ourselves as we laid down the works in which their adventures are recorded, and took up the extra-sheet of the *Times*. Here, within the compass of a single Newspaper, are above five hundred announcements of wants or superfluities—remedies for all sorts of ailments—candidates for all sorts of situations—conveyances for those who wish to travel, establishments for those who wish to stay at home—investments for him who has made his fortune, and modes of growing rich for him who has that pleasure yet to come—elixirs to make us beautiful, and balsams to preserve us from decay—new theatres for the idle, new chapels for the serious, new cemeteries in pleasant situations for the dead:—carriages, horses, dogs, men-servants, maid-servants, East India Directors, and Governesses,—how is all this to be disregarded or disbelieved, without wilfully shutting our eyes to the progress of society; or living in an habitual state of apprehension, resembling that of the late Mr. Accum of “Death in the Pot” celebrity, who believed that every thing he ate was poisoned more or less, and regarded every butcher as a Cæsar Borgia, and every cookmaid who boiled a potato for him as a Marquise de Brinvilliers in disguise?

In short, there is no disguising it, the grand principle of modern existence is notoriety; we live and move and have our being in print. Hardly a second-rate Dandy can start for the moors, or a retired Slop-seller leave London for Margate, without announcing the “fashionable movement” in the *Morning Post*; and what Curran said of Byron, that “he wept for the press, and wiped his eyes with the public,” may now be predicated of every one who is striving for any sort of distinction. He must not only weep, but eat, drink, walk, talk, hunt, shoot, give parties, and travel, in the newspapers. People now-a-days contemptuously reject the old argument, “whom not to know argues yourself unknown.” The universal inference is, that, if a man be not known, he

cannot be worth knowing; and any attempt to couple *merit* with *modesty*, is invariably met with the well-known aphorism of the Reverend Sydney Smith, that the only connexion between them is their both beginning with an *m*. In this state of things it is useless to swim against the stream, and folly to differ from our contemporaries: a prudent youth will purchase the last edition of “The Art of Rising in the World, or Every Man his own Fortune-maker,” and sedulously practise the main precept it enjoins—never to omit an opportunity of placing your name in printed characters before the world.

It may be argued, that, when every body takes to puffing, it comes to nearly the same thing as if nobody puffed at all; but the well-known aphorism holds good:—

“Be not the first to lay the old aside,

Be not the first by whom the new are tried.”

Besides, in the lottery of life as at present managed, though the blanks may be more numerous, the prizes are proportionably rich. When means of communication were restricted, and skill, taste, or talent was made known with difficulty beyond a narrow circle—a street, a village, or a town—it was comparatively easy to gain a livelihood, and almost impossible to become a *millionaire*: fame and profit were distributed among the community much in the same manner as Greek among the inhabitants of our northern part of this island, where (according to Dr. Johnson) all have a mouthful, few a bellyful; and for this reason we have always entertained some doubts of the authenticity of the anecdote regarding “the great Twalmly, the inventor of the New Floodgate Iron.” Either Dr. Johnson invented the story to tease Boswell, or Mr. Twalmly had formed an undue estimate of the extent of his own celebrity; though, to be sure, the daily press was even then beginning to exercise an undue influence; since the Lexicographer says, in 1776, that he should have visited Mrs. Rudd, “were it not that they have now a trick of putting every thing into the newspapers.” At the present time, assuming greatness to consist in notoriety, the inventor of a new fire-iron for smoothing linen (for such, neither more nor less, was Mr. Twalmly’s discovery) might fairly earn a title to name himself “the great;” not simply for the reason suggested by the Bishop of Killaloe (Dr. Barnard)—because he would rank amongst “*Inventas aut qui vitam excolleure per artes*,” but because within a few hours the whole United Kingdom might be talking of him. We pardon the tailor who tells us to reform our bills, and the pastry-cook who writes us a private (printed) let-

ter to commend his rout-cakes, when we recollect that a lucky hit might enable the one (like Gunter) to return thirty thousand a year to the income-tax, and the other (like Stulz) to purchase a feudal castle and a barony.

With so much to stimulate energy and reward eloquence, no wonder that invention has been racked for topics, and language for terms, to arrest the attention of a busy and bustling, but observing and intelligent public; and here, again, it is remarkable how ingeniously the style of address has been adapted to the taste or fashion of the hour. When Scott, Byron, Moore, Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, &c., were in their zenith, or whilst the horizon was still in a blaze with their descending glory, the most attractive vehicle was verse, and the praises of blacking were sung in strains which would have done no discredit to "Childe Harold" himself, even in his own opinion—for when accused of receiving six hundred a-year for his services as Poet-Laureat to Mrs. Warren,—of being, in short, the actual personage alluded to in her famous boast, "We keeps a poet"—he showed no anxiety to repudiate the charge. The present, however, is an unpoetic age—though, by the way, we should be exceedingly obliged to any one who would mention an age that was not described as both unpoetic and wicked at the time:—

"Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem."

To change the expression, then, the present age decidedly prefers prose to poetry; nay, unaccountable as it may appear to the person principally interested, and after all the good advice both he and we have wasted on the point, there can be no doubt whatever that "The Excursion" is more than ever *caviare* to the vulgar; and, notwithstanding the gallant stand made by Mr. Henry Taylor and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd in its defence, has no chance at all against the "Pickwick Papers" or "Oliver Twist." Mrs. Warren, consequently, has been obliged to pension off her poets; and the ingenuity of inventions, the excellence of elixirs, the wonder-working powers of pills, the beauties of estates on sale, the rain-repelling powers of York cloth, the advantages of railroads, the comforts of steam-vessels, the hopes of the living, the virtues of the dead, are now almost invariably set forth in that humble and ordinary form of language which M. Jourdain had been employing all his life without knowing it. Far be it from us to say that there is the less scope for imagination on that account; and imagination, be it remem-

bered, has been proved by Mr. Wordsworth to be the essential, elemental, fundamental, characteristic quality of poetry. If we adopt Locke's definition, the writers are equally distinguished by wit; for they discover hidden similitudes, and associate things apparently unconnected with the most startling and enviable facility. Let any one who is skeptical as to the degree of talent employed and required for the purpose, try to find out the point of analogy between Dante's *Inferno* and Holloway's Ointment, or the likeness between Archimedes and Mr. Wray, the vender of gout pills.

Mark, too, the skill with which the mode of attack is varied; one dashes at once *in medias res*, or puts on an imposing air of frankness; another trusts the result to inference, reserves the point for the postscript, like a young lady's letter, or lures you on imperceptibly, like Bishop Berkeley's "Essay on Tar Water," which concludes with reflections on the Trinity.

On the whole, there is no denying that Advertisements constitute a class of composition intimately connected with the arts and sciences, and peculiarly calculated to illustrate the domestic habits of a people. Porson used to say, that a single Athenian newspaper would be worth all the commentaries on Aristophanes put together. Surely, then, a brief analysis of modern puffery would be no unacceptable bequest to posterity. We shall show, before we have done, that no trade, profession, walk, or condition in life is entirely free from it; and it will be an instructive exercise for moral philosophers or metaphysicians to fix the degrees and ascertain the causes of the varieties.

It would seem that pain, or the fear of pain, is the most active stimulant, and vanity the next; for the boldest appeals to credulity are made by those who profess to cure diseases or improve personal appearance. Our first specimens shall be borrowed from a class usually, though we hope unjustly, denominated quacks:—

"SURPRISING PROPHECY OF DANTE.—How little was it imagined that those celebrated lines of Dante, 'And Time shall see thee *cured of every ill!*' would be literally fulfilled in England, and in the nineteenth century! Yet so it is. The disorders of man, however complicated they may be, are now subdued with surprising rapidity by that incomparable preparation, 'Holloway's Ointment,' in combination with its powerful auxiliary, 'Holloway's External Disease Pill.' It is truly surprising to witness the innumerable cures performed by the special qualities of the Ointment, and the alterative and tonic properties of the Pills. Nor can we too earnestly recom-

mend their adoption in acute and chronic rheumatism, gout, cancer, paralysis, scrofula, piles, glandular complaints, wounds of every kind, and, in brief, in all external disorders."

This is a good example of the art of association; but Mr. Holloway is fully equalled by Mr. Wray:—

"Archimedes, while bathing, solved a difficult problem, which so delighted him, that he jumped out of the bath, and ran through the streets of Syracuse, exclaiming, 'I have found it, I have found it!' There are many problems in medical science very difficult to explain. Mr. Wray, of Holborn-hill, has, however, by the pre-eminence of his Balsamic Pills, solved a very perplexing problem in the art of healing; an article of greater excellence and utility the annals of medicine do not record."

To extend the fame of his Eye-Snuff, Mr. Grimstone, rather injudiciously in our opinion, has resorted to the old custom, and appends a rhyming tribute by a customer:—

'Great was the power that did to man impart
Creative genius and inventive art;
The second praise is, doubtless, Grimstone, thine!
Wise was thine head, and great was thy design!
Our precious sight, from danger now set free,
Wives, widows, fathers, praises sing to thee.

ELIZA ROBSON.

'19, Bell Street, Edgeware Road, Marylebone.'

Mr. Mannering, the rival of Mr. Grimstone, states that a box of his snuff is always ready for the gratuitous use of the public; but it is suggested that those who do not like a crowd, had better provide themselves with a box to be used at home. Mr. Propert speaks plainly and concisely to the point:—

"PROPERT'S EMBROCATION FOR GOUT.—This invaluable article has been for many years used in Private Families; and though applied in many of the most desperate cases, has never once been known to fail:—it gives instantaneous relief, and in a few applications effects a cure, without injury to the health."

The Balm of Syriacum, "a sovereign remedy for both bodily and mental decay," is recommended in an address to her Majesty:—"It is a peculiar satisfaction, too, for us to consider, that the Royal Household, as well as the public at large, have experienced the benefit of our Medicine, of which we have been favored with testimonies highly flattering to our reputation and future fame." This kind of loyalty may be spared.

Mr. Cockle's Antibilious Pills are recommended by a long list of patrons, containing ten Dukes, five Marquises, seventeen Earls, eight Viscounts, sixteen Lords, one Archbishop (Armagh), fifteen Bishops, the Adjutant-General, the present Attorney-General, the late Attorney-General, the Advocate-General, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Andrew Agnew, Alderman Wood, and Mr.

Sergeant Talfourd, who may be regarded as representing both literature and law. This list might give rise to curious speculations as to the comparative biliousness of the higher classes. We only hope the preponderance of Bishops will not be made the groundwork of any insinuations against the Church. Fortunately, the English Archbishops have not lent their names; and we understand that the Bishop of London did not put down his until after the publication of a certain Letter from a Canon-Residentiary of St. Paul's.

Baker's Patent Antidote for the Prevention of Sea-Sickness, has proved so efficacious that the stewards of steam-vessels, we are confidently assured, refuse to distribute it for fear of its diminishing the call for brandy and water. This is very silly on their part, since the demand for eatables and drinkables would increase.

"Who (says Mr. Baker, in a passage reprinted from Blackwood) has not suffered from Sea-Sickness?—that remorseless fiend, who, sparing neither age nor sex, intelligence nor respectability, makes a point of setting at defiance all the decorums of etiquette, all the grace of attitude, all the claims of humanity. I have seen dignified statesmen, lovely women, poets of the most romantic, divines of the most spiritual cast of countenance, all huddled together at a ship's side with confusion truly humiliating, yellow as daffodils, and moaning as dismally as a north wind whistling through the keyhole of a back attic. Sea-sickness! The very word is an emetic; and I heave while I write it!"

For example, a statesman and author of no mean order is thus described by his friend:

"H * * muttering fearful curses,
As the hatchway down he rolls,
Now his breakfast, now his verses,
Vomits forth and d—ns our souls.
'Here's a stanza
On Braganza—
Help!' 'A couplet?'—'No, a cup
Of warm water'—
'What's the matter?'
'Zounds, my liver's coming up!'"*

At the same time we must not be too ready to believe stewards and packet-owners, who may tell a flattering tale to decoy passengers. Many persons not wanting in acuteness have been induced, in defiance of probability, to expect state in a state cabin, and privacy in a private one. Mr. Dickens entertains us in his "American Notes" with some complaints of a delusion of this kind; and Lord Byron was similarly misled:—

"Heyday! call you that a cabin?
Why, 'tis hardly three feet square,
Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
Who the deuce could harbor there?"

*Verses printed in Moore's *Life of Byron*.

The Riga Balsam is the wonder of the day:—

"N. B. The trial of the described Balsam is this: Take a Hen or a Ram, drive a Nail through its Scull, Brains, and Tongue, then pour some of it into the Wound, it will directly stop the Blood, and cure the Wound in eight or nine Minutes, and the Creature will eat as before."

"A Stoop costs two Rixdollars, and it is sold in smaller portions; at the Sale every person gets a Direction which describes its surprising Virtues, and how it is to be used. The Glasses, Jars, and Bottles, are sealed up with this seal (*A. K. Balsam*) to prevent counterfeits.

"*Ecclesiasticus*, Chap. xxxiii. Ver. 4. The Lord hath created Medicines out of the earth, and he that is wise will not abhor them."

The Carlton Club is naturally associated in the minds of the public with aristocratic habits and their consequences, which, it seems, have descended even to the domestics. From an advertisement in the "Times," headed "Carlton Club, Piccadilly," we learn that Mr. Newton, the head waiter, has been cured of gout by Beach's Herb Draught. Unfortunately, the Carlton Club is located in Pall-Mall, and only separated from the Reform Club by a small opening, which the wits say is left for the Whigs.

Dr. Morison's Pills are indebted to their inherent virtue, or accidental circumstances for their celebrity. Amongst one or both of these causes must be ranked the death of the inventor, who died a martyr to his own fame. When the cases, necessarily rare, in which his pills had failed, were mentioned, he invariably said that the patients wanted faith, and should have gone on taking them till they got well. In his last illness his practice corresponded with his theory; he rejected all other medicine, took more pills as he grew worse, and was in the very act of calling for a fresh box when he expired. These celebrated pills are a composition of gambouge. The late Dr. Broden confessed to a friend that his were composed principally of bread; yet wonderful cures are recorded of them, and, as he sagaciously observed, they could do no harm.

Mr. Rowland holds a deservedly high rank amongst the purveyors for the toilette table. His Kalydor for preserving the complexion, and his Macassar Oil for the Hair, command an extensive sale, and form the subject-matter of an endless variety of advertisements, remarkable for the confident tone of conscious superiority, and the seducing expectations they hold out. Where is the lady who would not wish her com-

plexion to be "delightfully soft and smooth?" where the gentleman who would not gladly prevent his hair from "falling off or turning gray to the latest period of life;" particularly when approaching that period so graphically described by Crabbe?

"Six years had pass'd, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks;
My locks, once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, now felt th' encroaching
white."

There are other advantages. "A whimsical occurrence (thus runs a paragraph) took place a short time since. A person had a writ out against him; he escaped John Doe and Richard Roe by having made use of Rowland's Essence of Tyre. The bailiffs passed him, and one said to his comrade, 'That's the man.' 'Why, you fool, (rejoined the other,) that gemman has black hair, and you know Mr. ——— has gray.' This is one among the thousand instances of the beneficial effects of Rowland's Essence of Tyre, in changing the colors of the hair."

The best puff for the Macassar Oil was an experiment tried by the late Joseph Grimaldi upon the stage, who, with the aid of one double bottle, turned a deal box into a hair-trunk; though even this was equalled, if not exceeded, by the first vender of Bear's Grease, who cautioned his customers to wash their hands in warm water after using it, to prevent them from assuming the hirsute appearance of a paw. Perhaps this was the enthusiastic tradesman mentioned by Mr. Samuel Weller in "Master Humphrey's Clock"—

"His whole delight was in his trade. He spent all his money in bears, and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they wos a growling away down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectually gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends wos being retailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first floor winder wos ornamented with their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggravation it must have been to 'em to see a man always a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, with the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath, in large letters, 'Another fine animal was slaughtered yesterday at Jenkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they wos, and there Jenkinson wos, till he was took very ill with some inward disorder, lost the use of his legs, and wos confined to his bed, vere he laid a wery long time; but sich was his pride in his profession even then, that wenever he wos worse than usual the Doctor used to go down stairs and say, 'Jenkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit, and made 'em roar, Jenkinson opens his eyes, if he wos ever so bad, calls out, 'There's the bears!' and rewives agin."

He died immediately after requesting to hear the voice of the greasiest bear, in a state of religious belief resembling that of Goldsmith's Indian—

"And thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful bear will bear him company."

There is now, however, hardly a perfumer to be found who does not boast himself the inventor of some hair-reviving grease or other; and a Mrs. Harden, in particular, holds out an inducement which can hardly fail of attracting visitors—

"PATRONIZED by the COURT and NOBILITY.—A PREPARATION for CHANGING RED or GRAY HAIR to a beautiful black, brown, or light brown, which far surpasses any now in use; can be used without the tedious and unpleasant process of brushing it out, permanent in its effects, and free from the disagreeableness of rubbing off on the hands, caps, &c. Sold with every direction for use, at 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. per bottle. The dye supplied by Mrs. HARDEN, and the effect seen on her own hair, at her private residence, 66 Newman Street, Oxford Street; or at ladies' own residences if preferred."

This sounds fair enough; but the fate of Mr. Titmouse, the hero of "Ten Thousand a-Year," holds out a warning which it were infatuation to neglect. As the passage in question is one of the cleverest in the book, and admirably adapted to throw light on the subject, it may be advisable to extract a part of it. Mr. Titmouse enters a well-known shop in Bond Street, where he finds a gentleman with redundant locks of raven black sitting behind the counter. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility of the wonderful efficacy of the *Cyanochaitanthropopoion*."* He hastened home with the inestimable fluid, rubbed it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, for half an hour, and went to bed. When he woke the next morning, his first movement was to spring breathlessly to his little glass, which revealed to him the astounding fact, that hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, had turned green. The interview with his landlady, the first witness of his misery, is inimitable in its way—

"Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colors out—but—a—a—excuse me. Mr. Titmouse—why was n't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D'ye think he didn't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I am blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you."

"What's the use of your standing preaching

* The use of unintelligible Greek compounds for advertising purposes is a curious fact in the history of language, and can only be accounted for on the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* principle.

to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?" said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner—"A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment—where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trowsers? That a'n't your own hair, Mrs. Squallop—you are as gray as a badger underneath—'pon my soul! I have often remarked it."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, 'you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It is a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you—so take that sauce, you vulgar fellow! (snapping her fingers at him.) Get rid of your green hair if you can. It's only carrot-tops instead of carrot-roots, and some folks like one, some t'other—ha, ha!"

Poor Titmouse hurries off to the curly-haired shopman for consolation, who coolly assures him that his hair is simply in a transitive state, and that he has only to persevere. "One lady gave me a picture of herself in her black hair, to make up for abuse of me when it was in a puce color—fact—honor." Titmouse invests an additional three-and-sixpence in "Damascus Cream," and turns his hair purple. This, the shopman assures him, is the middle color between green and black, and, with the aid of a third filtre, the desired effect will be produced within two days:—

"But it will do something in a night's time—ch!—surely?"

"I should think so! But here it is—called the *Tetaragmenon Abracadabra*."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a kind of awe. "'Pon honor it almost takes one's breath away—"

"It will do more, sir; it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank, (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot,) whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze—ha! ha!—came here, after two days' use of the *Cyanochaitanthropopoion*, and one day's use of this *Tetaragmenon Abracadabra*—and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me she was really Lady Caroline!"

He tries it on his eyebrows and whiskers, and they become as white as snow. It is beside our purpose to go on with the history of the outside or the inside of this gentleman's head; but we earnestly recommend it to all who may feel induced to try any similar description of experiment. Even "the chemical Balm of Columbia" should be used with caution, notwithstanding the solemn assurance of the proprietors. It runs thus—

"Copies of certificates from gentlemen in England, America, &c., who, after being bald a number of years, have received a new growth of hair, will be shown by the proprietor, and by all vendors. The signers' characters are supported by

his Britannic Majesty's Consul, Philadelphia, who thereto has prefixed his seal, and the royal arms of Great Britain; also the Mayor and the Magistrates, who are personally acquainted with the signers, certified to their high respectability; and have likewise annexed their seals, with the arms of Philadelphia.

"Patronized by the British Peers. One bottle, price 3s. 6d., will prevent the hair from falling off in forty-eight hours from its first application. A bottle, price 6s., not only stops the hairs from falling off, but likewise in three weeks causes a new growth to appear; and one bottle, price 11., gives a good head of hair to a young person."

According to this ratio, a bald man has only to buy a twenty-two or thirty-three shilling bottle, and he might grow hair for sale.

It is generally thought genteel and interesting to be slim. Lord Byron lived days together on biscuit and soda water to escape the disgrace of obesity—a regimen occasionally embarrassing enough to his acquaintance; witness the reconciliation dinner between himself and Mr. Moore at Mr. Rogers'. "Neither meat, fish, nor wine," says Mr. Moore, "would he touch; and of biscuits and soda water, which he asked for, there had been unluckily no provision. He professed, however, to be equally well pleased with potatoes and vinegar; and of these meagre materials contrived to make a hearty dinner." The ladies submit to still more galling privations; and Mrs. Pury, in the School for Scandal, is hardly a caricature:—"Yes, I'm told she absolutely lives upon acids and small whey, laces herself with pullies; often in the hottest day of summer, you will see her on a little squat pony with her hair plaited and turned up like a drummer, and away she goes, puffing round the ring at full trot."

All this trouble may now be saved by taking a wine-glass of "The Imperial Etherealizing Syrup" every morning, which "confers the figure of a sylph within a fortnight, without affecting the health or endangering the constitution."

The *Racchahout des Arabes* is a French discovery or importation, for the prevention or cure of leanness, to which the women of Paris are more prone than to obesity. It is the preparation on which the Dey of Algiers fattened his Harem, and is held in high esteem throughout the East. An English traveller, Captain Harris we think, mentioned a country in the interior of Africa, where the wives of the sovereign, fifteen in number, were weighed once a month and took rank accordingly. This statement has been turned to good account; for an advertisement states that one of them, having accidentally become possessed of a stock of

Racchahout, kept precedence of the other fourteen till it was gone, and one clear month afterwards.

Henry Heine tells a story of a chambermaid, who, having remarked that her mistress possessed an elixir, which restored youth, took advantage of her absence to try it, and drank so much that she not only became young again, but was changed into a little girl. The secret of this elixir must be lost, as we hear nothing of it; but this hint may be useful to the enterprising.

The next best thing to securing beauty for ourselves, is to secure it for our children, and the means are fortunately within our power:—"Ladies desirous of ensuring beauty to their children, may receive adequate instructions by addressing (post-paid) letters to Mrs. Henderson, widow of the late Dr. William Henderson, 13, Spring Street, Montague Square, London."

Auctioneers have a prescriptive claim to a little harmless exaggeration; and their advertisements are models of the Irish or flowery style of composition. Mr. George Robins takes a high rank amongst them; yet even he must yield the palm to Mr. Christie, of hanging-wood notoriety. To his eloquence we are indebted for one of the late Lord Erskine's cleverest speeches, made on behalf of a client who had purchased a farm on the faith of Mr. Christie's description; in which an extensive lawn, a commanding situation, a view of the Needles, and a billiard-room, were mentioned:—

"To show you, gentlemen, how egregiously my client has been deceived by the defendant's rhetoric, I will tell you what this exquisite and enchanting place actually turned out to be, when my client—who had paid the deposit on the faith of Mr. Christie's advertisement—went down, in the fond anticipations of his heart, to this earthly paradise. When he got there, nothing was found to correspond to what he had too unwarily expected. There was a house, to be sure, and that is all; for it was nodding to its fall, and the very rats instinctively had quitted it. It stood, it is true, in a commanding situation; for it commanded all the winds and rains of heaven. As for lawn, he could find nothing that deserved the name; unless it was a small yard, in which, with some contrivance, a washerwoman might hang half-a-dozen shirts. There was, however, a dirty lane that ran close to it; and, perhaps, Mr. Christie may contend that it was an error of the press, and therefore, for "lawn," we must read "lane." But where is the billiard-room? exclaimed the plaintiff, in the agony of disappointment. At last he was conducted to a room in the attic, the ceiling of which was so low that a man could not stand upright in it; and therefore must, per force, put himself into the posture of a billiard-player. Seeing this, Mr. Christie, by the magic of his

eloquence, converted the place into a billiard-room. But the fine view of the Needles, gentlemen, where was it? No such thing was to be seen; and my poor client might as well have looked for a needle in a bottle of hay."

The result proved that it is useless to snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, unless it be also beyond the reach of law.

It is a humiliating confession to make, but Authors undoubtedly come next; and we are by no means sure that they would not take precedence of even quack-doctors and auctioneers, if the amount of charlatanism were estimated by either the money or ingenuity expended on it. It is considered hardly worth a publisher's while to publish a cheap or single-volume book, since forty or fifty pounds must be laid out in advertisements to give any publication a chance. Large sums also are frequently paid for paragraphs, which most of the newspapers insert for about a third more than the price of the ordinary and avowed advertisement. When an author has succeeded in getting a few favorable opinions from the press, whether purchased in this manner, procured by favor, or spontaneously afforded, he puts forth an advertisement like the following:*

"In octavo, handsomely bound,

"**GEORGE STEPHEN'S DRAMATIC POEM, the HUNGARIAN DAUGHTER.** By the Author of the Tragedies of Gertrude and Beatrice, the Vampire, Montezuma, the Patriot, &c. 'We are confident it would have eminent success on the stage.'—Salopian Journal. 'Would, we doubt not, be popular on the stage.'—United Service Gazette. 'Effective situations. If well acted, it could not fail of success.'—New Bell's Messenger. 'Worthy of the stage in its best days.'—The Courier. 'Greatly to be regretted that there is not a fair field for the representation of such plays as this.'—Conservative Journal. 'If performed, would confirm and establish Mr. Stephens's fame, and hand it down to posterity.'—Liverpool Mail. 'The plot is deeply interesting.'—Hereford Journal. 'We are satisfied, if it were acted, it would be considered one of the most intensely interesting of our stock plays.'—Liverpool Standard. 'A few practised playwrights exclusively possess the ears of managers. This play was rejected, not on account of deficient merit, but because there was no likelihood of an opening.'—Gloucester Chronicle. 'We regret that the condensation of this drama, which received the most flattering recommendation of Mr. Macready, has not been permitted to delight an English audience.'—Cambridge Chronicle. 'The character, powerfully delineated by George Stephens, yields to no character produced on the modern stage. The story is well conceived, highly wrought, and related in the warm earnest language of true poetry.'—The Courier. 'We have no doubt that it would prove success-

ful, were the stage open to the productions for which Mr. Stephens's genius is so well adapted.'—The Kent Herald. 'For plot, incident, character, and style, a valuable addition to our available stock of dramas for stage representation, an ultimatum recommended by our highest living stage authority, Mr. Macready.'—Worcester Journal. 'An excellent acting play; deeply interesting plot; incidents striking, and full of dramatic stage effect.'—Manchester Courier. 'Mr. Macready interested himself warmly for a play in which are fine opportunities for the development of his histrionic powers.'—Bell's New Messenger. 'This dramatic poem only requires compression to be eminently successful on the stage.'—The Britannia. 'It is our opinion that several of Mr. Stephens's plays are eminently fitted for the stage, and that the genius which is apparent in all would ensure them triumphant success.'—The Argus. 'We are sure that it contains sufficient passion, character, and incident, to cut up into half-a-dozen such plays as we have lately seen produced.'—Britannia. 'A first-rate, spirit-stirring, soul-deep tragedy.'—Monthly Magazine. C. MITCHELL, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street."

Mr. Stephens evidently differs from the author of the "Rivals," who thought that an accumulation of indorsements rather tended to throw a doubt upon the Bill. It is observable that he has made ample use of the rejection of his play and the high authority of Mr. Macready, who has unaccountably suffered two seasons to pass away since he became manager without bringing "The Hungarian Daughter" upon the stage—a circumstance well worthy the attention of Mr. Stephens, and proper to be noticed in his next preface. The edition of "The Iron Chest" in which the late John Philip Kemble is attacked, went off with unprecedented rapidity, and book-collectors are now giving four times the original price for copies.

When Mr. Stephens succeeds in getting his play upon the stage, we recommend him to imitate the late Dr. Valpy's method of attracting an audience—

"Lord Whitworth has a curious conversation to relate, which passed between himself and the Chief Consul, and in which the latter, it is said, repeatedly expressed his determination to invade this country. Dr. Valpy's alteration of 'King John,' or 'England invaded,' shortly to be exhibited at Covent-Garden, contains several highly poetical and animated passages, which will afford the public an opportunity of expressing the indignation and contempt which this menace of Bonaparte must excite in the breast of every Englishman."

Surely there must be passages in the "Hungarian Daughter," or indeed in every judiciously composed play, which might afford an audience an opportunity of expressing every sort of sentiment that might be popular at the time.

* Times, March 2, 1841.

What Sir Lucius O'Trigger calls "a pretty quarrel" is always an assistance to a book; so is a prosecution, or an execution. For example, an officer of rank was tried for alleged disobedience of orders, and acquitted. He ordered three thousand copies of his trial to be printed, fifty to be distributed amongst his friends. At the end of a few months, being in want of cash, he went to settle with his booksellers. The account was very simple. Debtor—the cost of paper, printing, and advertising. Creditor—fifty copies given away; sixteen sold; 2934 on hand, and ready to be delivered to the author. "Why, how can this be," he exclaimed, "when five editions of Byng's trial were sold in a fortnight?" "Very true, sir, but the Admiral was shot."

As an author may naturally wish to enjoy his immortality, it will hardly answer to get shot or hanged in striving for it; but a little persecution might be endured. The author of some satirical verses on the Chancellor Maupeou, in 1775, wrote as follows from England, where he had been compelled to take refuge—

"MY LORD—I have never wished for more than 3000 francs a year; my first song, which displeased you so much, has gained me—*simply because* it displeased you—a capital of 30,000 francs, which, placed out at five per cent., makes half of my sum. Pray, show the same resentment against the new satire I send you; this will complete the revenue to which I aspire, and I promise you I will write no more."

It is generally thought that authors have gained in respectability since they ceased to depend on patrons, and looked solely to the public for support. The gain is extremely problematical when so many are found resorting to the most shameless arts of puffery; and the practice of begging subscriptions is nearly as rife as ever.

"He for subscribers baits his hook,
And takes your cash, but where's the book?
No matter where; wise fear, you know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to move our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?"

It is also not uncommon to find the Court Circular announcing the presentation of Mr. So-and-So, to deliver a copy of his book; and the number of publications forwarded to her Majesty and Prince Albert has been so great, that orders have been given to receive none. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope," not being aware of the regulation, and actuated by a genuine spirit of loyalty, wrote a note proposing to present a copy of the last edition of his works. The offer was

rather slightly declined by an officer of the Household, evidently unacquainted with the works, claims, or reputation of the writer, who was not the man to be put down in this manner. He took care that the matter should be mentioned to the Queen herself, who instantly caused her acceptance of the offer to be notified in the most complimentary and gracious terms.

The Puff collusive, as described in the "Critic," has been constantly employed, of late, to aid the sale of fashionable Novels and Memoirs, like those attributed to Lady Charlotte Bury.

"The Puff collusive is the newest of any; for it acts in the disguise of determined hostility. It is much used by bold booksellers and enterprising poets. An indignant correspondent observes that the new poem called Beelzebub's Cotillion, or Proserpina's Fête-Champêtre, is one of the most unjustifiable performances he ever read! The severity with which certain characters are handled is quite shocking! And, as there are many descriptions in it too warmly colored for female delicacy, the shameful avidity with which this piece is bought by all people of fashion is a reproach on the taste of the times, and a disgrace to the delicacy of the age! Here you see the two strongest inducements are held forth; first, that nobody ought to read it; and secondly, that every body uses it; on the strength of which the publisher boldly prints the tenth edition before he had sold off the first, and then establishes it by threatening himself with the pillory, or absolutely inditing himself for *scan mag.*"

We cannot quit this branch of the subject without alluding to the extraordinary device hit upon by De Foe, to assist the sale of a book which had fallen still-born from the press. With this view, he published a pamphlet entitled, "The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next day after her death, to me, Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th day of September 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of *Drelincourt's Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death.*" He contrived to give such an air of reality to the narrative, that it was universally believed; and a dead person's opinion of a book on death being deemed infallible, the whole impression was rapidly sold off.

The advertisements of north-country schools were amusing documents until the public became familiar with Do-the-boys' Hall and Mr. Squeers; since which they have become diminished in numbers and moderated in tone. The following was probably concocted before *Nicholas Nickleby*—

"TO YOUNG WOMEN.—Wanted, in a genteel private Seminary for young gentlemen, a young person of respectability, fully competent to the

charge and entire superintendence of twenty-five little boys. She must be able to instruct them in reading, spelling, writing, and the rudiments of history and geography. She will be expected to give her constant attention to the children; and, as the manners and deportment of young boys are matters of importance, it is requisite that she shall have moved in a genteel society. She will be expected to remain in the Establishment, on approval, for the first three months without salary, but her washing will be found her. If she stops after that period, her salary will be twenty-five pounds a-year, when she must find her own laundress. She will have to wash the children's faces and hands every morning, and walk out twice with them daily; to keep their wardrobes in repair, and mend their stockings in the evening, *after which her time will be her own*, and she will mix with the family. On Saturdays she will have to comb their heads with the small-tooth comb, and after the servant has washed their feet, she will cut their toe-nails; but on no account must she chastise the children—the *ladies of the Establishment reserve to themselves that privilege, having a peculiar method of their own*. In matters of this sort it is best to be explicit; and therefore it is right to mention, that during the Christmas and Midsummer vacations she will be allowed three weeks to visit her friends, but will not be permitted to be absent on any pretence during the half-years. She will have the advantage of visiting the parish church twice on a Sunday with the children, and hearing them say their prayers every morning and evening. Unexceptionable references will be required as to temper, character, and respectability. Address, post-paid, L. L. 51, Poultry."

Here is another, little less exacting—

"A Cook-Housemaid, or Housemaid-Cook is wanted, for the service of a single gentleman, where only one other, a man-servant, is kept.—The age of the woman wanted must not be less than 25, nor more than 40 years; and it is requisite that she should be equally excellent in the two capacities of cook and housemaid. Her character must be unexceptionable for sobriety, honesty, and cleanliness. The sobriety, however, which consists in drinking deep without staggering, will not do; nor will the honesty suffice which would make up for the possible absence of pilfering by waste. Neither will the cleanliness answer which is content with bustling only before the employer's eyes—a sure symptom of a slattern. The servant advertised for must be thoroughly and truly cleanly, honest, and sober. As it is probable that not a drab out of place who reads this advertisement but will be for imposing herself, though perhaps incapable of cooking a sprat, and about as nice as a Hottentot, all such are warned not to give themselves useless trouble. On the other hand, a steady, clean woman, really answering the above description, will, by applying as below, hear of a place not easily equalled in comfort; where the wages are good and constantly increasing, and where servants are treated as fellow-creatures, and with a kindness which, to the discredit of their class, is seldom merited. Personal application to be made, from one to three

o'clock, to Mr. Dawers, perfumer, No. 16, Craven Street, Strand."

"Where are you going?" said George Selwyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet." It seems that his curiosity might have been gratified with little difficulty—

"It is the general desire of princes and opulent men to live friendless—they gain obsequiousness, adulation, and dependents, but no friends; the sycophants that surround them disappear when the lure that attracted them is lost: beguiled by blandishments, deceived by hypocrisy, and lulled by professions, they do not discover imposture till adversity detects it. The evil is unbounded—they never obtain a sincere opinion, whether regarding pecuniary embarrassment or domestic dissension—in any perplexed and unhappy event they receive no counsel but that which benefits the sinister views of him who gives it. Of what advantage is fortune if it transforms friends into parasites, and we are to live in constant delusion; or, isolated and secluded, we must exist like hermits, to shun intercourse with our fellow beings, and escape perfidy? One whose affluence precludes speculation, who has proved himself undaunted in danger and unshaken in fidelity, proffers his friendship to him who deserves it, and will know how to appreciate it;—his reading has not afforded mere abstract knowledge, but has been rendered auxiliary for a vast intercourse with the living world; years have furnished experience, reflection has improved it; his advice and aid he hopes is not insignificant, he the station of him who requires them ever so elevated. As there can be no independence where there is not equality of circumstances, no one of inferior condition can be noticed."

From the zeal with which the following advertisement was repeated day after day, it is to be presumed that the writer was in earnest—

"TO INDEPENDENT GENTLEMEN.—WANTED, by a respectable, modest young man, who can produce a cubic yard of testimonials, a living without a master—that is, he wishes to become a companion to some gentleman, and be his *factotum*. He can ride, shoot, sing, fish, (but never better than his patron, without he is wanted,) keep accounts, see that servants do their duty, do twenty other things equally necessary in this life, and make it his whole duty to please and be pleased. Any one seriously wishing such a person, may address, post-paid, to Z., to be left at 41, Haymarket."

It is much to be regretted that led Captains have gone out of fashion. This gentleman would have made an excellent one.

A marriage advertisement is now generally regarded as a hoax; but a prospectus put forth a year or two ago by a Mr. and Mrs. Proudfoot, looked like business, and was certainly not intended as a joke. It

professes to be composed for this worthy couple by a clergyman of the Church of England and graduate of the University of Oxford. He begins thus—

“THE success which in other countries has attended Establishments for the purpose of promoting Matrimonial Alliances, first inspired the idea of undertaking a similar project here. It is well known that in the cities of France, Holland, and Germany, such Establishments exist, and have been, for a long course of years, productive of the greatest benefit. If, in the comparatively limited circle of the population of these cities, it has been found advantageous that means of introduction to that state of life which the language of religion styles ‘holy,’ and the voice of all ages and nations pronounces to be ‘honorable,’ should be rendered easy of access—how much more necessary must they not appear in such a population as that of London, the very vastness of which acts only as a barrier against the formation of intimacies or friendships? It is proverbial, that people may live here all their lives in utter ignorance of their next door neighbor; and the experience of every one will suggest to him how narrow and circumscribed are the limits of the circle in which he moves.”

Something of the sort has certainly existed at Paris. In a country where matches are frequently made up by the families or friends of the parties, without much regard to prior inclination on either part, it is no great step to call in the assistance of strangers. One instance has become notorious. Monsieur Lafarge procured his wife through a marriage-broker; but possibly Mr. Proudfoot will not thank us for the precedent.—The clergyman, after a few judicious observations on the artificial state of society, and the difficulty which is experienced by young ladies, particularly clergymen’s daughters, in finding husbands, proceeds to describe the constitution of the establishment—

“It is conducted by a gentleman and his wife, both persons of the highest character, respectability, and connexions. They have separate houses at some distance from each, at which the husband gives interviews to gentlemen, and his wife to ladies. The negotiations are conducted in conformity with printed rules, from which not the slightest deviation will be allowed, and every thing is managed in a manner which cannot offend the most fastidious delicacy, or deter the most easily excited diffidence. It is quite impossible that ladies or gentlemen applying to the establishment can see each other, until a meeting be finally and satisfactorily arranged, and all effects of idle curiosity are effectually checked. The rules are to be purchased for ten shillings—the price is set upon them for no other reason than as some guard against the thoughtless, the idle, or the ill-disposed—at Mr. Proudfoot’s, 63, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, and they entitle the purchaser to a speedy interview. In these rules will be found a thorough explanation of the whole system, which, the Director is hap-

py to say, is succeeding in a manner far beyond his most sanguine expectations.

“In conclusion, he has only to add, that untiring zeal and implicit secrecy may be depended upon, both upon his own part and on that of his lady. He reflects with much pleasure, that he has been already instrumental in procuring honorable connexions and sincere happiness to many, who otherwise might have spent their days in degrading attachments, or unhappy neglect; and as he knows that his own feelings are pure and spotless, he can fearlessly assure any lady or gentleman, whose eye this may meet, that there is nothing in the slightest degree improper or indecorous in their employing him as an humble agent in endeavoring to guide them prosperously in taking what must always be considered the most important step in life.”

This prospectus was put into circulation two or three years ago. An advertisement which appeared within the year, proves the continuance, if not the prosperity, of the establishment—

“MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE.—The Pamphlets, Rules, and Regulations of this Establishment, for promoting MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCES, may be obtained by applying to A. B., care of Mr. Proudfoot, 63, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.—Price of the pamphlet, 1s. The Portfolio of February is now ready, containing letters from gentlemen in every sphere of life, possessing property from £400 to £3000 per annum, and may be purchased or inspected by ladies, free of charge, at the agent’s, 63, Mortimer Street, as above.”

The favor shown to ladies is sufficiently exemplified by the fact, that the portfolio, which they are allowed to inspect *gratis*, is charged two guineas to gentlemen.

A single specimen of the *regular* matrimonial advertisement may be allowed—

“WANTED—A Young Lady, about 17 or 21 years of age as a wife. She must be well acquainted with the necessary accomplishments of such; she must understand washing and ironing, baking bread, making good coffee, roasting beef, veal, etc., boiling a fowl, broiling a fish, making tarts, plum-puddings, and desserts of all kinds, preserving fruits and pickles, expert with the needle, keeping a clean and snug house; must know reading, writing, and arithmetic; never been in the habit of attending the ball-rooms; she must have been taught true and genuine principles of religion, and a member in a Church of good standing. She must not be addicted to making too free use of her tongue, such as repeating any report that is injurious to her neighbor; or using any taunting language to any person about her house. Any lady finding herself in possession of the above accomplishments, will please address to ALPHONSO. It will not be required that she should exercise all those requisites unless a change in fortune should take place, at which time it will be necessary, in order to live with such economy as to prevent a trespass on our friends, whose frowns and caprices we otherwise must endure, which every man of

noble mind will despise. At present, she shall have a coach and four at her command, servants in abundance, a house furnished in the first modern style; shall always be treated with that tender affection which female delicacy requires, and nothing shall be wanting that will be necessary to contribute to her happiness."

Our next, we well remember, excited no inconsiderable sensation among the fair—

"COUNT SARSFIELD LUCAN, lineal descendant of the royal line of Lorraine and Capets, and other Sovereigns of Europe, desires to join in an alliance of marriage with a Lady whose quality and abilities will enable her to support the rank and titles she will obtain by this honorable alliance. Address to Count Sarsfield Lucan, *Poste Restante, à Paris.*"

The next may also be placed under the head of matrimony—

"RUN AWAY FROM PATRICK M'DALLAGH.—Whereas my Wife, Mrs. Bridget M'Dallagh, is again walked away with herself, and left me with her four small children, and her poor old blind mother, and nobody else to look after house and home, and, I hear, has taken up with Tim Guigan, the lame fiddler—the same that was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barday Doody's gamecock.—This is to give notice, that I will not pay for bite or sup on her or his account to man or mortal, and that she had better never show the marks of her ten toes near my home again. "PATRICK M'DALLAGH."

"N. B.—Tim had better keep out of my sight."

An advertisement for Rats and Weeds will be admitted to be an anomaly—

"WANTED IMMEDIATELY, to enable me to leave the House which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, 500 LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of £5 sterling; and, as I cannot leave the Farm attached thereto in the same order in which I got it without at least Five Millions of Docks, Dockens (weeds), I do hereby promise a further sum of £5 sterling for said number of Dockens. (Signed)

"Dated 31st October 1816.

"N. B.—The Rats must be full grown, and no cripples."

This was a thoroughly conscientious tenant, fully aware of the obligations imposed upon him by the ordinary covenant, to leave the premises in the same state of repair in which he found them. This covenant, by the way, suggested the chief objection to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's favorite scheme, for putting the marriage contract on the same footing as a lease, and making it for seven, or fourteen years at the pleasure of the parties. "How," asked Mr. Cheney, "is the gentleman to put the lady into good and tenantable repair at the end of the time?"

Sir Joshua Reynolds is reported to have scraped more than one Titian bare to the

canvass, and analyzed the scrapings, in the hope of discovering the secret of that great master in coloring; but it seems that the required richness and mellowness of tone might have been obtained at a cheaper rate, by scraping or pounding a mummy—

"EGYPTIAN MUMMY FOR PAINTING.—Those who practise the superior style of oil-painting, may be supplied with a perfectly genuine Egyptian Mummy in its original state, at Mr. Hawc's, chemist, Longacre."

Fashion has varied as much with regard to the canine race as in any other object of feminine fancy or caprice—

"JUST COME FROM FLANDERS.—Some of the most beautiful Dogs, of the Lion, Spanish, and Dutch breeds, so very small that ladies may put them in their muffs or pockets.

"N. B.—Some all white."

This is clearly a different race of animals from those now in favor, which Landseer is immortalizing.

The superstition connected with caul is well known—

"A CHILD'S CAUL to be disposed of, particularly recommended to persons going to the Continent on pleasure or business, officers in his Majesty's navy, merchants trading to the East and West Indies, and all other parts of the globe, being exposed to the danger of the seas, having the Caul in their possession, their life will most assuredly be always preserved from any similar danger that recently befell those unfortunate persons at Rochester. Address by letter only, prepaid, to Mr. W., Temple Chambers, Falcon Court, Fleet Street."

What could be the motive of the individual who inserted this?—

"WANTED, a SECOND-HAND COAT-OF-ARMS of her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta.—Address, post-paid, to A. B., 13, Skinner Street, Snow Hill."

A friend recently arrived from Calcutta has given us a specimen of the kind of composition produced by the blending of the Irish with the Oriental style. The native liveliness of the writer appears to have been little, if at all, affected by the locality—

"NOTICE.—Mr. W. M'Cleish begs to state to his friends and the public, that he has received by the most recent arrivals the Prettiest Waist-coat Pieces that ever were seen: really it would be worth any gentleman's while even to look at them. It surpasses his weak understanding, how man, who is born of a woman and full of trouble, could invent such pretty things; it strikes him forcibly that the patterns and texture must have been undoubtedly invented by some wise philosopher."

"Ladies, although my shop's small, I pray you won't
fear,
I turned out my pelisses, the first of the land sure
may wear;

If they are not well finished, or the best of trimmings,
I will undertake to eat backs, breasts, sleeves, and linings."

"No. 39, Cossitollah (Calcutta.) Jan. 4, 1824."

Innumerable advertisements may be traced to vanity; but we have only met with one that implies the entire absence of it—

"ARTIFICIAL TEETH—Lost, about fourteen or fifteen days since, fixed in bone, from four to six in number. Whoever will bring or send them on Wednesday next, at twelve o'clock precisely, to Mr. Mickham, tobacco and snuff manufacturer, 180, Fleet Street, will receive half-a-guinea for the trouble."

It is not uncommon to hear a wealthy citizen, or retired grazier, when complimented on his daughter's proficiency on the Piano, observe, that she ought to play well, for she had cost him a mint of money. Henceforth there will be no occasion for an extravagant outlay—

"MUSIC.—An extraordinary opportunity for being instructed in music either in town or country. The advertiser has found out a method by which he teaches to play on either the pianoforte, violin, or guitar, in the completest manner, by only the practice of one single lesson, which he does on the most reasonable terms."

It really makes one tremble to think of the consequences to society if an engagement of this sort could be fulfilled.

Our collection would be clearly incomplete without a specimen of the old Lottery advertisements—

"A laughable circumstance occurred at the Opera House a few evenings since. The Honorable Mrs. H—C—, in the confusion that takes place in the lobby on quitting the theatre, dropped her reticule, and was some minutes before she regained it; when, on looking at its contents, she exclaimed, 'I have lost my duplicates!' This created surprise, not that the company had any doubt when the lady pledged her word, but they thought she had pledged her jewels. However, on inquiry, it was found that the lost duplicates were Two Tickets of one number (which she had purchased that evening) in the Lottery to be drawn the next Tuesday; luckily she soon after found them, and anticipated getting £20,000, as she had procured them at a well-known office at Charing-Cross."

We quote the following, for the sake of its *naïveté*—

"MAY THE WINGS OF EXTRAVAGANCE BE CLIPPED BY THE SCISSORS OF ECONOMY—Was the constant toast of a person who knew very well the value of a sixpence. To all good economists would Romanis wish to be recommended, though but a bad practitioner himself, (he is a little like the clergy—'Don't do as I do, but as I tell you to do.') When you want real good Stockings at a low price, come to the Sign of the Regent, 33 in Cheapside—there you have them in perfection,

and I am certain sixpence in a pair is worth saving; and any one that is possess of the least spark of parsimony will give their assent. Frugality is certainly a good thing—it enables a people to pay taxes—to pay their armies—to thresh the French—to make peace on good terms—to extend commerce—to make people live long and comfortable:

"FOR STOCKINGS,
"Romanis against the whole World, at his Mart, 33, Cheapside."

Mr. Romanis understands the character of his countrymen. Who could refrain from buying stockings at a shop where such temptations are held out? We only wish another Romanis would appear to enable us to pay the income-tax.

The following appeared about twenty years ago: The time is important, as Mr. Monkton Hall might chance to be brought to the bar of the House of Commons and questioned by the member for Bath—

"ELEVATED AND IMPORTANT SEAT.—A man of honor and fortune may immediately obtain an Elevated Seat, upon liberal terms. Address, with real names, to Mr. Monkton Hall, No. 7, St. James's Place."

The next illustrates the audacity with which the law against gambling was defied in the good old times of Faro—

"FARO AT ROUTS.—As faro is the fashionable circular game in the *haut ton*, to prevent the company from being sunk into melancholy by whist parties, a gentleman of unexceptionable honor will, on invitation, do himself the honor to attend the rout of any lady, nobleman, or gentleman with a Faro Bank, and adequate funds from 500 to 2000 guineas. Address to G. A., Esq., at Mr. Harding's, Piccadilly, nearly opposite Bond Street. N.B.—This will not be advertised again."

The art of talking with the fingers was once in great repute, but lost its value as soon as it became general—

"THE DIGITALIAN LANGUAGE.—I have had an opportunity for some time of communicating to the world my acquirements in this science; having thought that language distinct from speech would be both useful and desirable to ladies in the higher circles; but at the present moment, when the tongue is likely to be curtailed of its creative function, it may, perhaps, be more particularly, as well as generally necessary. I therefore do myself the honor to inform ladies and gentlemen who may be desirous to acquire this new mode of conversation, that the attainment of it is by no means arduous, and by receiving their commands will be waited on, and particularly explained by, ladies and gentlemen, your obedient servant,
G. HAYES.

"No. 11, St. Clement's Churchyard. Mr. H. will wait on the ladies, if requested."

The words in italics enable us to fix the date of this gentleman's announcement.—He evidently flourished about the time of

what were called the late Lord Londonderry's Gagging Bills.

Our rupture with China naturally put tea-dealers on their mettle, and many elderly females invested a large portion of their savings in Souchong, in order to be provided against contingencies. Captain Pidding occupied a conspicuous place amongst the interested alarmists, and made the most of the panic—

“KE-SHIN, ‘THE DREADED HOUR.’

“IF there be any thing in a name, that of Ke-shin, the Chinese commissioner nominated to meet Elliot at Canton, is, in its Chinese definition given above, ominous of sad results. Our previous knowledge of Ke-shin's opinion of the best ‘Mode of Managing the English,’ gives us reason to ‘dread the hour’ when he shall sit in judgment upon English commerce. Ke-shin, in a Memorial addressed to the Emperor in Dec. 1838, recommends him to ‘put an entire stop to all foreign intercourse for ten years, when,’ he says, ‘the English will pay gold and silver for tea and rhubarb.’ ‘*The foreigners,*’ says Ke-shin, ‘*subsist, day by day, upon beef and mutton, and every day after meals they take this divine medicine, i. e. tea and rhubarb, in order to get a motion in their bowels.*’ This is the advice of Ke-shin, the most influential minister at the Court of Peking, and now appointed Examiner of the English.”

Ke-shin's policy may be read with a smile, but “mutato nomine, de te (in a double sense) fabula narratur.” It is an exact imitation of Mr. Percival's, who gravely enumerated the straitening of their *materia medica* as one of the inconveniences likely to incline the French to peace. The inimitable Peter Plymley has embalmed the memory of this plan—

“At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a Government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? ‘There's the rub.’ Depend upon it, the absence of the *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of Bourbon and Bolus burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.”

Sir Lucius O'Trigger, after very properly laying before Bob Acres the chances of a fatal result, inquires: “How, if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled and sent home? Or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.”—This is much the style in which the propriety of choosing a Cemetery is pressed upon the public by rival companies. The one

expatiates on snug lying in a quiet situation; the other on picturesque lying in a romantic one; whilst both agree that no time is to be lost, if the purchaser partakes of the same feeling as the Somersetshire squire, who strictly enjoined his heir to bury him in a field with his favorite dog and best horse, so that, when the last trump sounded, the horse might enable him to get a good start, and the dog keep off the crowd.

When Sir Lucius spoke of “snug lying,” he spoke without the fear of resurrection-men before his eyes. Since his time, a new source of apprehension has sprung up, from which none of us can be altogether free, unless we think and act like old Dr. Monsey, (old enough to know better, for he was more than ninety when he died,) who directed his body, after undergoing dissection, to be crammed into a box *with holes*, and flung into the Thames. As many, particularly women, feel a sort of creeping and shivering at the idea of a *post-mortem* examination, they may not be sorry to hear that there is a mode of averting this exposure—

“PATENT COFFIN FOR THE SECURITY OF THE DEAD.—As the time has arrived when the grave-robbers commence their depredations, the proprietors beg leave to inform the public, that the Patent Coffins are on such a principle as to prevent their being opened, *and that they have been generally approved by the great number of ladies and gentlemen who have seen them.*”

An assembly to inspect coffins must have been a grave spectacle.

The advertisement of Tanner's pens is a curiosity of the first water. It is headed by a shower of mottoes—

‘Il faut saisir l'occasion aux chevaux.

‘Probatum est—Bona fide—Utile dulce—Ne plus ultra—Summum bonum—Credenda. Upon improved, self-renovating, philosophical principles.

“Il faut casser le noyau pour avoir l'amande,
Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute.”

Then comes the philosophical explanation of the instrument—

“Depicting ideas into vision in the portraiture of conception, by legible characters, is the noblest invention of which mankind can boast, and such is the characteristic reputation of this beautifully finished instrument, in accomplishing with perfection the above desired object—indeed no pen ever shed fluid with such pre-eminent qualities, which its excelsitudinal station sufficiently attestates; therefore Richard Tanner is proud to acknowledge that a discerning public has presented the most gratifying tribute to its merits in an extensive and still increasing consumption.

“But yet you draw not iron, for my heart

Is true as steel, that bends with gratitude.”

Finis coronat opus.

“Richard Tanner's celebrated, resplendent, unparagoned, caligraph, incomparable, pre-emi-

nently approved graphometrical, prophylactic, parallel, trichotomal, coadjuvant pliancy, unparalleled, self-renovating, ever-pointed, emendated, denticuled, spheroidal, transient rectifications, mathematically serrated, of octagonal angulations, amalgamated of almadine, zigzag, magnetic, trigonal, oblong, four-springed Tannerian Pens."

This is hardly worthy Mr. Tanner. Any one can write down a string of hard words at random. But the large and respectable class of the community who refused to consume home-made sugar, will be compelled, by the following paragraph, to forswear the employment of the quill—

"The stripping of geese, as practised in Lincolnshire and Cambridge, reflects a reproach on the imperial despot of the world, as well as upon our moral and philosophical pretensions, which are accounted the most perfect and excellent to be imagined, and this cruelty is apologized for by utility; but what plea can be offered for such preposterousness, whilst creation is agonized and tortured in order to afford a scanty supply of that which Art abundantly furnishes us, and this of super-excellent qualities. Were a disciple of Descartes to witness the streams of impurpled dye, and the half-expiring contortions of these birds, he would recant alliance to that vain reasoner; however, the intelligent majority form a powerful rampart in our favor, who, by their example and influence, produce more charity than volumes of human eloquence. The geese are plucked five times a-year for feathers and quills: the first of which is at Lady-day, and the same renewed four times between that and Michaelmas; *the old ones submit quietly to the operation, but the young are very noisy and unruly.* I observed that goslings of six weeks old were not spared this bleeding process, *to habituate them early to what they were to come to.* If the season prove cold, numbers hereof die by this barbarous savage custom. *I recently addressed one of the operators, who complained, with affected sensibility, how difficult it was to possess the plumage without the life!* which the expiring contortions of several birds indicated. Cannot the Science of Writing be improved and increased without inflicting such violence? The Roman and Spartan historians descendant upon their jurisprudence code, advocating greater lenity to the dumb than to man; and in the present refined state of society, we anticipate the system of mercy (*i. e. the use of Tanner's Pens*) to be adopted generally, and this hope of reformation arises from the intelligent majority, who recognise and respect the feelings of creation that vibrate in ourselves, and who endeavor by practice to lessen the preponderation of torture imposed on its happiness. But Great Britain, rich in arts and sciences!"

The abruptness of the concluding apostrophe proves Mr. Tanner to be no mean proficient in rhetoric, though the grammatical structure of his sentences might be improved. The argument *ad misericordiam* is unanswerable, and will probably

bring not only steel pens but iron beds into general use immediately. Can any thing be urged in defence of the present system of plucking? It has been said that the geese get used to it, and that it even becomes an agreeable excitement towards the latter period of their lives; like the flesh-brush, or hair-glove, employed to quicken the circulation of old men. But the kindred fallacy regarding eels was formally demolished by Mr. Bentham in his very last pamphlet, entitled *Boa Constrictor*:—"The eel," said the sage, "is not used to be skinned successively by several persons; but one and the same person is used successively to skin several eels." Use cannot avail the goose in his first and worst plucking; and it must be a consciousness of this that makes the young ones so "very noisy and unruly." The complaint of the operator reminds us of the fishmonger who was overheard cursing an eel for not lying still. Neither is the behavior of the elderly geese a proof that they do not suffer pain, any more than the composure of Guatimozin was a proof that he was really on a bed of roses. The Strasburg goose is fixed near a great fire, with its feet nailed upon a plank, crammed with food, and deprived of drink; yet "when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, loaded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific paste, will, through the instrumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow."* A Lincoln goose may surely equal a Strasburg goose in fortitude, when he reflects that his down may form the couch of beauty, and the noblest productions of genius be transmitted to posterity by his quill.

Mr. Tanner's pens are classified by numbers, from which the purchaser is recommended to select. No. 5, is the Fine Ladies' Pen; No. 6, is the Solicitor's Pen. The other numbers are distinguished by the hardness or softness of the instrument.

Mr. Tanner is also the sole inventor of a wonderful ink, the only ink which can be used with his pens without disgracing them:

"*Tobago Permanent Anti-corrosive Limpid Ink, and Immarcessible Atramental Fluid*—That facilitates writing by flowing from the pen in a certain gradual stream to the paper, obviating the unpleasant obtrusiveness which are so justly complained of in other inks.

"Unmindful of controvertists, we declare that this succedaneum must supersede all others! Why? For obvious reasons. During a Five years' residence in the island of Tobago, I observed the sudden exsiccative effect that the cli-

* *Almanach des Gourmands.*

mate produced upon Inks imported : this induced me to experiment upon the indigenous plants, woods, and barks there, in which, after a lengthened perseverance, I discovered ingredients that produced a cerulean atramental Limpid Fluid, and which preserved its fluency without absorption under the sun's verticality; the transcendent superiority hereof stands unparalleled in the annals of record, for resisting arefaction, refluxes, concretion, sediment, tenacity, greasiness, and every chemical and atmospherical agent, and for combining denigration, limpidness, permanency, fluidity, to perfection. The possessed written documents, performed with the same seven years since, will abundantly demonstrate this *Credenda*."

A late member for Southwark was once pleased to talk of a phenomena in the House of Commons. "*This Credenda*" may be justified on the same principle. We hope Mr. Tanner will be sent for five or seven years to some other island, for ink has not yet been brought to perfection.

The advertisement of "*Goodman's Vale Sauce*" is a regular literary olio, a sort of *prolusio academica*, as much within our critical jurisdiction as Dr. Hawtrey's Trilogy, in which the same sentiments are clothed in three languages. Mr. Goodman's invention is celebrated in four; English, French, German and Italian. The English, we learn from good authority, is from the able pen of "Buller of Brazennose," a well known contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It seems that Mr. Goodman differs in one respect from Homer. His birthplace is well known, being Uffington in Berkshire. The first stanza places this fact beyond dispute—

"Dear is the vender's native town,
Though cheap this product of his skill;
Here Alfred battled for his crown,
And grav'd his white horse on our hill."

Does the writer mean that Uffington is dear to Mr. Goodman, or dear in opposition to cheap? Did Alfred bury his horse, or engrave its figure on the hill? We proceed—

"Our hill, of pic-nic spots the chief,
Where fair ones, couch'd on flowery moss,
Enjoy our matchless valed-fed beef
Married to Goodman's matchless sauce.
The bold Uffinga's bones repose
Beneath our ancient Minster's cross; "
On our rich soil the mushroom grows
That lends a zest to Goodman's sauce."

The first of these verses throws a pleasing light on the habits of the Uffington beauties, who, it appears, eat beef reclining on moss, like Roman beauties on their cubicula. The second rather indiscreetly discloses a main ingredient in the condiment.

"Great Condé's cook fell on his sword,
Despairing at his fish-cart's loss;
A proof that Condé's princely board
Lack'd such resource as Goodman's sauce.

For when cold scraps provoke his spleen
On washing-day, the husband cross
Shall wear again a brow serene,
Soothed by a taste of Goodman's sauce."

Madame de Sévigné tells us that Vatel fell upon his sword because the sea-fish did not arrive in sufficient quantities, despairing not at the non-arrival of one but many fish-carts; and we do not exactly see how Mr. Goodman's sauce could have averted the catastrophe, unless indeed it could convert pike and perch into sole and turbot, or (which is the same thing) make it impossible to distinguish one from the other. The *for* is rather bold, though warranted by the practice of modern poets.

"The goose that on our Ock's green shore
Thrives to the size of Albatross,
Is twice the goose it was before,
When washed with Neighbor Goodman's sauce.
And ye, fat trout and eels may feed
Where Kennet's silver waters toss,
Proud are your Berkshire hearts to bleed
When drest with Goodman's Prime Vale
Sauce."

The concluding invocation is beyond all praise. The readiness of the Kennet trout and eels to bleed for the honor of Berkshire, is only to be paralleled by the Strasburg goose aforesaid, who was probably in the mind of the poet.

In the second volume of his "*American Notes*," Mr. Dickens gives some pages of advertisements like the following—

"RAN AWAY, Negress Caroline.—Had on a collar with one prong turned down."

"RAN AWAY, the Negro Ham.—Has a ring with iron on his left foot. Also, Gresi, his wife, bearing a ring and chain on the left leg."

"RAN AWAY, a Negro Woman and two children; a few days before she went off I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of the face. I tried to make the letter M."

"RAN AWAY, a Negro named Arthur.—Has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife: *loves to talk much of the goodness of God.*"

This man Arthur must be as complete an optimist as "*Candide's*" tutor. It is impossible not to agree with Mr. Dickens, that such a state of things is disgraceful to a country which claims to be considered the greatest and most enlightened in the world; but we regret, that, with so many unanswerable topics within his reach, he should have rested the chief strength of his argument on a fallacy. It is a fallacy to attribute duelling, as practised in the slave-holding states, or many other brutal practices that prevail in them, to slavery. The Greeks and Romans did not fight duels, nor was it customary for the planters in our own sugar islands to shoot or stab each other in their Houses of Assembly.

In the volume of Essays by which the same gifted author, under the signature of "Boz," first fixed the attention of the public, is an Essay on gin-shops, at the commencement of which he takes occasion to mention the liability of trades to run stark-staring mad, periodically.

We will cite two or three cases in illustration of our meaning:—Six or eight years ago the epidemic began to display itself among the linen drapers and haberdashers. The primary symptoms were, an inordinate love of plate-glass, and a passion for gas-lights and gilding. The disease gradually progressed, and at last attained a fearful height; quiet, dusty old shops in different parts of town were pulled down; spacious premises, with stuccoed fronts and gold letters, were erected instead; floors were covered with Turkey carpets; roofs supported by massive pillars; doors knocked into windows; a dozen squares of glass into one; one shopman into a dozen; and there is no knowing what would have been done, if it had not been fortunately discovered, just in time, that the commissioners of bankrupts were as competent to decide such cases as the commissioners of lunacy, and that a little confinement and gentle examination did wonders. The disease abated. It died away; and a year or two of comparative tranquillity ensued. Suddenly it burst out again among the chemists; the symptoms were the same, with the addition of a strong desire to stick the royal arms over the shop door, and a great rage for mahogany, varnish, and expensive floor-cloths. Then the hoisiers were infected, and began to pull down their shop-fronts with frantic recklessness. The mania again died away, and the public began to congratulate themselves upon its entire disappearance, when it burst forth with tenfold violence among the publicans and keepers of wine-vaults. From that moment it has spread among them with unprecedented rapidity, exhibiting a concatenation of all the previous symptoms; and onward it has rushed to every part of the town, knocking down all the old public houses, and depositing splendid mansions, stone balustrades, rosewood fittings, immense lamps, and illuminated clocks, at the corner of every street."

These are the *standing* advertisements of blue, and other sorts of ruin,—“liquid fire and distilled damnation,” as the late Robert Hall was accustomed to denominate the refreshments that are sold in them under such a tempting variety of names:—“The Cream of the Valley,” “The No Mistake,” “The Regular Flare Up,” “The Butter Gin,” “The Genuine Bread Gin,” &c. The Bread Gin probably suggested the well-known baker’s advertisement, “Bread with the Gin in it.”

Unfortunately the madness of speculation is not confined to trades. There are strong grounds for suspecting that the classes most removed from the risk of infection, have been bitten by it. The majority of the sufferers by Mr. Cave’s bankruptcy were Clergy-

men, who had intrusted him with large sums upon the faith of the most preposterous statements; and Sir C. F. Williams (the bankrupt commissioner) took occasion to make reflections on the proneness of the Clergy to be led astray by the filthy love of lucre.

The Political Economists suffered most from the failure of the United States Bank. The losses incurred by other instances of American insolvency and bad faith were pretty equally distributed; nor can any one be blamed for not supposing that such a barefaced system of robbery would be attempted by States pretending to the honors or advantages of civilization.

The top of the second column of the *Times* is devoted to advertisements of the pathetic, appealing, interesting, remonstrating, despairing, or denouncing order—

“FOR GOD’S sake return or write.—Do, dearest Billy, do.”

“F——y and M——e are implored to return to their home and sorrowing parents.—E.”

“TO CHARLES.—What can be the good of plaguing us? At all events, you might give us a line.”

“‘Thus I sue for forgiveness.’ The writer is desired to return immediately to the port at which he shipped himself; he will go to an inn and report himself instantly by letter, addressed to A. B., 5, Museum Street, Bloomsbury, who will there see him; or *he can write an uncle*, (a new, but idiomatic expression.) He will communicate his wishes.”

“How can C. T. prefer wandering amongst strangers to a quiet and virtuous home? If he will come back, the greatest care shall be taken of him during his mental aberrations.”

“TO R. E. L.—You have only a week more. Repent and reform within this time, or we cast you off for ever.”

The two following are well known—

“IF WILLIAM will return to his affectionate parents, he shall not be snubbed by his sister, and be allowed to sweeten his own tea.”

“TO M. N.—If you don’t choose to come back, please to return the key of the tea-caddy.”

These are probably paid at a high rate. Indeed, no sort of sentiment is cheap. Dr. H. called at the *Times* office to inquire the charge for inserting the death of a relation. A surly clerk said, ten shillings. Dr. H. remonstrated, and said he had only paid seven shillings for the last: “Oh,” said the clerk, “that was a common death, but this is *sincerely regretted*.” “Well, my friend,” said the Doctor, laying down the ten shillings, “*your* executors will never be put to that expense.”

We wish the “sincerely regretted” cost ten times as much; for nothing can be more

preposterous than such a mode of paying compliments to the merits of a dear defunct. The bare fact is the most touching of records; and we have heard that Mrs. Norton's beautiful ballad of "The Exile's Return," was suggested by the plain announcement of the death of a young man on his return from India, in the Downs.

The following are rich specimens of this sort of necrological eloquence. The widow of an eminent composer states, that "He has left this life, and gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." The widow of a famous pyrotechnist adopts the idea with a variation: "He is gone to that blessed place where only his fireworks can be exceeded." Still more expressive is the parting tribute to the merits or demerits of a Jamaica slave-driver: "He is gone to a place where he will find little difference either in the climate or the complexion of the company."

The labor English people undergo to appear fashionable, or something else which they are not, is the constant subject of satirical reflection on the Continent. The most ludicrous fictions are founded on this supposed weakness. For example—

"There exist in the suburbs of London, establishments which are called "Splashing-Houses," (*maisons d'éclaboussures*.) A man of fashion, who possesses neither houses, lands, nor kennels, but who has credit with his tailor, announces to all his acquaintance that he is about to leave town for a few days' hunting. He quits the sumptuous hotel in which he lodges at the west-end, gives notice that he will be absent eight or ten days, and hides himself in an obscure inn situate in the other extremity of the city. The proper moment having arrived, he dresses himself in an entire and complete hunting costume of the newest fashion. That done, he gets into a hackney-coach and drives to a "splashing-house," where, for the moderate sum of seven shillings, he is splashed from head to foot. These establishments have mud from all the counties, particularly those of them renowned for hunting, and are provided, moreover, with a wooden horse. The attendant who performs the functions of a groom asks, with the utmost gravity, if the gentleman desires to return from Buckinghamshire—from Staffordshire—from Derbyshire, &c. When our "fashionable" has made his choice, he mounts the automaton quadruped, which, by the most ingenious mechanism, raises his hind and fore-legs, ambles, trots, gallops, and bespatters his rider with as much mud, and with the same regularity, as could a real horse crossing the fields in full chase. The operation terminated, the elegant gentleman, his cutting-whip in his hand, reascends Bond Street, Regent Street, Piccadilly, Pall-Mall, &c., and thus impresses all the world with the belief that he has been one of a superb hunting party.—*Almanach Prophetique* for 1843.

We made diligent inquiries for this establishment, but in vain. It is certain, however, that many gentlemen parade the streets in fixed spurs who never possessed a horse, and would find it no easy matter to stick to him if they had one. "Jack Brag" paid so much a year for the rent of a few square inches of a door in Grosvenor Street, that, by aid of a brass plate, he might gain the credit of living there; and if we turn to the "Court Guide," and read over the names of those who are supposed to live at the first-rate hotels, we shall find several who have no better claims to a well-sounding address than our friend Jack. A still more curious fancy was that of a wealthy tradesman, who bore so striking a resemblance to the late Duke of Devonshire, that his grace's most intimate friends often howed to his double, by mistake. It was this man's pleasure to dress exactly like the Duke, and then stroll through Pall-Mall and St. James's Street, for the purpose of receiving as many of these mistaken marks of attention as he could. We know an artist of reputation who dresses as the conqueror of Waterloo; Count d'Orsay has three or four doubles; and there are few Park equestrians who have not been cheated out of a respectful bow by Mrs. L.'s fraudulent imitation of the royal carriage and outriders.

Every one has heard the story of the man who, when Pitt inquired what could be done to forward his interests, simply requested the Prime Minister to bow to him in public. There was some sense and knowledge of the world in this request; nor was it altogether an unmeaning affectation in Brummell, when, in reply to a nobleman of the highest rank who accused him of inveigling his son into a disreputable gambling transaction, he exclaimed,— "Really, I did my best for the young man. I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watiers'." The value still set upon modish or noble acquaintance is proved by the pages of the *Morning Post*; where we are informed that Mr. Thompson has just returned from a visit to the Duke of —, or that Mr. Jackson entertained a distinguished party (naming the best of the persons invited) at his mansion in Portland Place; each of these insertions costing from seven to ten shillings. Sometimes an aspirant kindly incurs the same expense to inform us how he intends to dispose of himself during the next month or two.

None of the learned professions are altogether free from charlatanism; and the Medical profession, after making all due allow-

ance for popular prejudice, must be admitted to contain a great deal. In fact, a young man commencing the practice of physic, must be very singularly (we will not say happily) constituted, if he does not find it advisable to appear different in some respects from what he is. An extreme gravity of deportment is indispensable; and it is generally deemed expedient to wear spectacles. We have even heard it contended that a physician ought to begin, where others are content to leave off, by setting up a carriage and a wife. He ought not to go to church above once a quarter, and then be called out in the middle of the sermon or the communion service. He should ride or drive remarkable horses, so that bystanders may exclaim "There goes Dr. —;" and he should never attend, or never stay out a dinner-party until his reputation is firmly established; when his being seen mingling with the world will rather add to his fame, by making people wonder how he manages to do so many things at once. An oddness or surliness of manner has succeeded in two or three remarkable instances, but of late years has been rather overdone.

In the *Standard* of the 7th November, 1842, among the regular advertisements this will be found—"Dr. Granville is returned for the season to his residence in Piccadilly from the Continent, and a professional tour in the north of England."

This was probably intended for insertion amongst the "fashionable movements," and slipped into its actual position by mistake. At all events, it must not be regarded as a precedent. Physicians who wish to announce their arrival, should do so indirectly, in the manner of the late Dr. Brodem. He was in the habit of exhibiting a magnificent gold snuff-box inlaid with diamonds (or Bristol stones), which (he said) was a present from an Emperor. An advertisement appeared in a Salisbury paper, stating that the box had been left in the chaise which brought Dr. Brodem to the hotel, and offering five hundred guineas for its recovery. A friend calling on him just afterwards, began condoling with him on the loss of his box, when the doctor produced it from his pocket and requested the visitor to take a pinch. "Sure, it was no lose at all," (his accent and idiom were slightly foreign,) "—dis was one little drick to make you know I vas come." Surely Dr. Granville could have lost one of his foreign orders for the nonce, instead of scandalizing the whole College of Physicians by an advertisement.

Members of the Bar are more under the surveillance of the body, which is exceed-

ingly jealous of its dignity. Still, there is truth in the remark incidentally hazarded by the sagacious Peter Peebles, when he is describing the effect produced by the calling on of his cause. "A' the best lawyers in the house fleeing like eagles to the prey, some because they are in the cause, and some because they want to be thought engaged—for there are tricks in other trades by selling muslins." A Barrister whose briefs are like angel's visits, must make the most of them when they do come, and gloss over the deficiency by a show of active occupation when they do not. Some contrive to keep up the delusion without any briefs at all, by a sedulous attendance in the Courts, or rather in the adjoining robing-rooms and coffee-houses, though the initiated are well aware that this, intellectually considered, is a most deteriorating sort of idleness. The only allowable mode of advertising is one instanced by Lord Brougham—the publication or even announcement of a book, which has been sadly overdone, and now affords slight prospect of success. When Lord Loughborough first joined the English Bar, he solicited Mr. Strahan, the printer, to get him employed in city causes. The propriety of such conduct being doubted in Dr. Johnson's presence, he declared—"I should not solicit employment as a lawyer, not because I should think it wrong, but because I should disdain it." Professional etiquette is quite clear upon the point; any canvassing for business, particularly amongst attorneys, is denounced under the denomination of *hugery*. As some of the rules adopted for the prevention of this offence have been ridiculed on the score of undue fastidiousness, we are tempted to extract a defence of them by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, from his admirable Essay on the Bar, recently republished in America amongst his *Miscellanies*—

"Men who take a cursory view of the profession, are liable to forget how peculiarly it is situated in relation to those who distribute its business. These are not the people at large; not even the factitious assemblage called the public; not scholars, nor readers, nor thinkers, nor admiring audiences, nor sages of the law, but simply Attorneys. In this class of men are, of course, comprised infinite varieties of knowledge and of worth; many men of sound learning and honorable character; many who are tolerably honest and decorously dull; some who are acute and knavish; and more who are knavish without being acute. Respectable as is the station of attorneys, they are, as a body, greatly inferior to the Bar in education and endowments; and yet, on their opinion, without appeal, the fate of the members of the profession depends. It

can scarcely be matter of surprise that they do not always perceive, as by intuition, the accurate thinking, the delicate satire, the playful fancy or the lucid eloquence, which have charmed a domestic circle, and obtained the applause of a college, even if these were exactly the qualities adapted to their purposes. They will never, indeed, continue to retain men who are obviously unequal to their duty; but they have a large portion of business to scatter, which numbers greatly differing in real power can do equally well; and some junior business, which hardly requires any talent at all. In some cases, therefore, they are virtually not only judges but patrons, who, by employing young men early, give them not merely fees, but courage, practice, and the means of becoming known to others. From this extraordinary position arises the necessity of the strictest etiquette in form, and the nicest honor in conduct, which strangers are apt to ridicule, but which alone can prevent the Bar from being prostrated at the feet of an inferior class."

Among the varied qualities of advertisements, we must not forget the bold personifications contained in them. The other day we saw one from a musical composer, who proposed to make a musical circuit for the purpose of giving concerts—"Wanted, Five voices, who will be boarded and kept at the expense of the Advertiser." In another, the friends of a youth desirous of apprenticing him, add—"No chemist need apply, or any very laborious employment." Sometimes the language is calculated to encourage surmises that cannot be intended. Thus:—"PARTNER WANTED.—Any person who can command from £2000 to £3000, may join the advertiser in his business, the principal of which is for transportation." Equally striking, though in a different way, was what appeared newly painted over a shop-door in Exeter one Sunday morning a few years since: "Mrs. M. deals in all sorts of Ladies——" The whole place was in a commotion; a special meeting of the Dean and Chapter was convened by the Bishop, and a summons to attend the Ecclesiastical Court was ordered to be served the next morning; but when the apparitor presented himself at the door of the culprit, he found a painter in the act of adding "Wearing Apparel." The mischief had been occasioned by the painter's leaving his job half-finished on the Saturday. Fortunately both for him and Mrs. M., Dr. Philpotts was not then the Bishop.

Foreigners naturally enough make strange mistakes when they try their strength in English. We saw posted up in a shop window in the Rue de St. Honore—"Here they spike the English." M. Boulangeat once circulated the following card in two languages—

"Au Gout des Parfums, Rue du Temple près Ste. Elizabeth.

"Boulangeat, Parfumeur du Prince de Galles, à Londres, tient Magazin de tout ce qui concerne la Parfumerie, la Ganterie, juste prix à Paris."

"On the Perfume's Taste, Temple Street, near St. Elizabeth.

"Boulangeat, Perfumer from the Prince of Wales, at London, keep a Magazine, from all what the whole perfumery relate, at the first price."

The following appeared in the English Newspapers, *verbatim et literatim*—

"I, Jean de Merion, bein trow necessité oblige to teach la langue Franceaise to du peuple, I be glad you send your child's à moi. Je demeure toder ind, Second Street. All my leisiere hour I make sausage à vend. Oh! I forget to tell how much I ave for teach de school; 4 crowns a quarter for teach de plus polite langue of Europe."

There is hardly any art of civilized life in which we have not been anticipated by the Chinese. They have carried the art of advertising to a high degree of perfection; but we can only afford room for a specimen. The original document, which has been literally translated for this Journal, formed the envelope of an ink-bottle—

"Very good ink, very fine, very old shop; grandfather, father, and myself make this ink; fine and hard; picked out very fine and black, before and now. Sell very good ink. Prime cost is very dear. This ink is heavy; so is gold; no one can make like it; the others that make ink do it for money and to cheat. I only make it good for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink. My family never cheat. Always a good name. I make ink for the Emperor and all the mandarins round. All gentlemen must come to my shop and know my name.

"UNGWANCHI LOCCE."

Notwithstanding the eloquence displayed in the composition of the various printed appeals to the public, few speculators rest satisfied without calling in the aid of the pencil, to point and illustrate the flights and fancies of the pen. Thus the wonder-working powers of "Holloway's Ointment" are brought home to the meanest apprehension by a tablet, at the top of which stands an Esculapius distributing pots or boxes to a gentleman in a brown coat on crutches, a gentleman in a blue coat with a bandaged leg, a lady in a yellow shawl who is making wry faces, and a little boy in a puce-colored jacket who has lost his hair. At the bottom, in one corner, stands a finely-dressed woman, with a blue scroll, inscribed, "Cancer, Burns, and Scalds," worn like the ribbon of the Garter; in the opposite corner, is a finely-dressed woman wearing a red ribbon (like the order of the Bath,) inscribed "Lumbago, Bunions, and Soft Corns."

Oldridge's "Balm of Columbia" is recommended by twopictorial embellishments; in one, an Amazon, with hair reaching below the girdle, is leaning on a bow, to the end of which is attached a streamer, with "For the Hair" printed on it; in the other, the Falls of Niagara appear in that fullness of grandeur which so many aspirants in the line of "fine writing" have painfully taxed their powers to portray.

"Balm of Syriacum" again, is stamped in large letters on the girdle of Fame, who is blowing her trumpet over the heads of various respectable Orientals employed in restoring their "nervous and debilitated constitutions" with the medicine. A bear, worthy of Schneyder, surmounts a list of testimonials to the efficacy of Bear's Grease; and Atkinson's Infant Preservative, "of which forty thousand bottles are annually disposed of," is forced on public attention by the portrait of a female in the act of pouring the anti-Malthusian fluid down the throat of a struggling baby with a spoon.

English artists complain that they are not encouraged; and the utmost the legislature has been able to do for them of late years, is to create or confirm a copyright in designs for calicoes. Surely their genius would range more freely in the almost boundless field of advertisement. As for degradation, there is none. Canova came out in butter; in other words, he first attracted notice by a design for an ornament in butter, required for the centre of a supper-table. Who can say that the next P. R. A. may not owe the patronage of a discerning public to a fancy-piece, illustrating the healing properties of Antibilious Pills, or the beautifying effects of Kalydor?

Space permitting, we would endeavor to trace the progress of the Advertising System through the other leading countries of Europe, if only for the purpose of showing how it has invariably kept pace with the progress of intellect. The best things are often most liable to be perverted to the worst purposes; and constant exposure to the assaults of charlatany is probably a part of the price we must be content to pay for the blessings of education and the freedom of the press. But then comes the question, how, or where is all this to end? Are we to sink back into stolid indifference with each his bushel over his light, or to rush madly through the streets announcing our merits and pretensions—as Boswell ran about at the Shakspeare festival with "Corsican Boswell" inscribed upon his hat? We have had speculations enough regarding the advantages of living in the Palace of

Truth. Lord Bacon says, "A mixture of lies doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that, if there were taken from men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would say, and the like *vinum Dæmonum*, (as a Father calleth poetry,) but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?" It would now be more to the purpose to inquire, what is likely to be the effect of living in an atmosphere of falsehood?—where nobody says what he means, or means what he says—where every thing is seen through the smoked glass of interest, or the Claude Lorraine glass of flattery—where copper gilt passes current for gold, and Bristol stones for diamonds of the first water—where the best and wisest may come in time to resemble the maniac, who mistakes his straw chaplet for a crown. Those who feel confident in the strength of their heads may follow up this train of speculation. For the present, we will rest satisfied with having supplied the materials and suggested it; since our most strenuous efforts to solve the problem have simply brought us to that disagreeable state of the mental faculties in which—

"Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And nought is every thing, and every thing is nought."

LINES

BY THE REV. M. VICARY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THERE is a bark unseen in which we glide,
Above the billows of life's stormy sea,
As buoyant as the sea-bird on the tide—
Though dangers thicken round, from fear as free.

The winds may freshen, and the lightning play,
At midnight streaming o'er the briny deck;
Yet in this airy bark we speed away,
Certain of port, secure from rock and wreck.

She laughs at th' elemental war; and the wild wave
Dashes itself against the prow in vain:
A hand directs the helm that well can save,
And bid be hushed each doubting fear again.

There is a land, a fair and happy land,
Where all are welcome on her friendly coast:
No surges break upon that sunny strand,
But each dark care in pleasure pure is lost.

There sorrow's fountain pours no crystal store;
Grief has no sigh, the heart no gnawing pain—
The mind no torture, and the eye weeps no more—
There smiles the captive o'er his broken chain.

Such is the clime we seek, and such the sail:
For it, from home all willingly we're driven.
Guide us, thou friendly star!—breathe, gentle gale!
For that fair bark is Hope—that land is Heaven!

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SANDT AND KOTZEBUE.

Sandt.—GENERALLY men of letters in our days, contrary to the practice of antiquity, are little fond of admitting the young and unlearned into their studies or their society.

Kotzebue.—They should rather those than others. The young *must* cease to be young, and the unlearned *may* cease to be unlearned. According to the letters you bring with you, sir, there is only youth against you. In the seclusion of a college life, you appear to have studied with much assiduity and advantage, and to have pursued no other courses than the paths of wisdom.

Sandt.—Do you approve of the pursuit?

Kotzebue.—Who does not?

Sandt.—None, if you will consent that they direct the chase, bag the game, inebriate some of the sportsmen, and leave the rest behind in the slough. May I ask you another question?

Kotzebue.—Certainly.

Sandt.—Where lie the paths of wisdom? I did not expect, my dear sir, to throw you back upon your chair. I hope it was no rudeness to seek information from you?

Kotzebue.—The paths of wisdom, young man, are those which lead us to truth and happiness.

Sandt.—If they leads us away from fortune, from employments, from civil and political utility; if they cast us where the powerful persecute, where the rich trample us down, and where the poorer (at seeing it) despise us, rejecting our counsel and spurning our consolation, what valuable truth do they enable us to discover, or what rational happiness to expect? To say that wisdom leads to truth, is only to say that wisdom leads to wisdom; for such is truth. Nonsense is better than falsehood; and we come to that.

Kotzebue.—How?

Sandt.—No falsehood is more palpable than that wisdom leads to happiness—I mean in this world; in another, we may well indeed believe that the words are constructed of very different materials. But here we are, standing on a barren molehill that crumbles and sinks under our tread; here we are, and show me from hence, Von Kotzebue, a discoverer who has not suffered for his discovery, whether it be of a world or of a truth—whether a Columbus or a Galileo. Let us come down lower: show me a man who has detected the injustice of

a law, the absurdity of a tenet, the malversation of a minister, or the impiety of a priest, and who has not been stoned, or hanged, or burnt, or imprisoned, or exiled, or reduced to poverty. The chain of Prometheus is hanging yet upon his rock, and weaker limbs writhe daily in its rusty links. Who then, unless for others, would be a darer of wisdom? And yet, how full of it is even the inanimate world? We may gather it out of stones and straws. Much lies within the reach of all: little has been collected by the wisest of the wise. O slaves to passion! O minions to power! ye carry your own scourges about you; ye endure their tortures daily; yet ye crouch for more. Ye believe that God beholds you; ye know that he will punish you, even worse than ye punish yourselves; and still ye lick the dust where the Old Serpent went before you.

Kotzebue.—I am afraid, sir, you have formed to yourself a romantic and strange idea, both of happiness and of wisdom.

Sandt.—I too am afraid it may be so. My idea of happiness is, the power of communicating peace, good-will, gentle affections, ease, comfort, independence, freedom, to all men capable of them.

Kotzebue.—The idea is, truly, no humble one.

Sandt.—A higher may descend more securely on a stronger mind. The power of communicating those blessings to the capable, is enough for my aspirations. A stronger mind may exercise its faculties in the divine work of creating the capacity.

Kotzebue.—Childish! childish!—Men have cravings enow already; give them fresh capacities, and they will have fresh appetites. Let us be contented in the sphere wherein it is the will of Providence to place us; and let us render ourselves useful in it to the utmost of our power, without idle aspirations after impracticable good.

Sandt.—O sir! you lead me where I tremble to step; to the haunts of your intellect, to the recesses of your spirit. Alas! alas! how small and how vacant is the central chamber of the lofty pyramid?

Kotzebue.—Is this to me?

Sandt.—To you, and many mightier. Reverting to your own words; could not you yourself have remained in the sphere you were placed in?

Kotzebue.—What sphere? I have written dramas, and novels, and travels. I have been called to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Sandt.—You sought celebrity.—I blame not that. The thick air of multitudes may be good for some constitutions of mind, as the thinner of solitudes is for others,

Some horses will not run without the clapping of hands; others fly out of the course rather than hear it. But let us come to the point. Imperial courts! What do they know of letters? What letters do they countenance—do they tolerate?

Kotzebue.—Plays.

Sandt.—Playthings.

Kotzebue.—Travels.

Sandt.—On their business. O ye paviors of the dreary road along which their cannon rolls for conquest! my blood throbs at every stroke of your rammers. When will ye lay them by?

Kotzebue.—We are not such drudges.

Sandt.—Germans! Germans! Must ye never have a rood on earth ye can call your own, in the vast inheritance of your fathers?

Kotzebue.—Those who strive and labor, gain it; and many have rich possessions.

Sandt.—None; not the highest.

Kotzebue.—Perhaps you may think them insecure; but they are not lost yet, although the rapacity of France does indeed threaten to swallow them up. But her fraudulence is more to be apprehended than her force. The promise of liberty is more formidable than the threat of servitude. The wise know that she never will bring us freedom; the brave know that she never can bring us thralldom. She herself is alike impatient of both; in the dazzle of arms she mistakes the one for the other, and is never more agitated than in the midst of peace.

Sandt.—The fools that went to war against her, did the only thing that could unite her; and every sword they drew was a conductor of that lightning which fell upon their heads. But we must now look at our homes. Where there is no strict union, there is no perfect love; and where no perfect love, there is no true helper. Are you satisfied, sir, at the celebrity and the distinctions you have obtained?

Kotzebue.—My celebrity and distinctions, if I must speak of them, quite satisfy me. Neither in youth nor in advancing age—neither in difficult nor in easy circumstances, have I ventured to proclaim myself the tutor or the guardian of mankind.

Sandt.—I understand the reproof, and receive it humbly and gratefully. You did well in writing the dramas, and the novels, and the travels; but pardon my question, who called you to the courts of princes in strange countries?

Kotzebue.—They themselves.

Sandt.—They have no more right to take you away from your country, than to eradicate a forest, or to subvert a church in it. You belong to the land that bore you,

and were not at liberty—(if right and liberty are one, and unless they are, they are good for nothing)—you are at liberty, I repeat it, to enter into the service of an alien.

Kotzebue.—No magistrate, higher or lower, forbade me. Fine notions of freedom are these!

Sandt.—A man is always a minor in regard to his fatherland; and the servants of his fatherland are wrong and criminal, if they whisper in his ear that he may go away, that he may work in another country, that he may ask to be fed in it, and that he may wait there until orders and tasks are given for his hands to execute. Being a German, you voluntarily placed yourself in a position where you might eventually be coerced to act against Germans.

Kotzebue.—I would not.

Sandt.—Perhaps you think so.

Kotzebue.—Sir, I know my duty.

Sandt.—We all do; yet duties are transgressed, and daily. Where the will is weak in accepting, it is weaker in resisting. Already have you left the ranks of your fellow-citizens—already have you taken the enlisting money and marched away.

Kotzebue.—Phrases! metaphors! and let me tell you, M. Sandt, not very polite ones. You have hitherto seen little of the world, and you speak rather the language of books than of men.

Sandt.—What! are books written by some creatures of less intellect than ours? I fancied them to convey the language and reasonings of men. I was wrong, and you are right, Von Kotzebue! They are, in general, the productions of such as have neither the constancy of courage, nor the continuity of sense, to act up to what they know to be right, or to maintain it, even in words, to the end of their lives. You are aware that I am speaking now of political ethics. This is the worst I can think of the matter, and bad enough is this.

Kotzebue.—You misunderstand me. Our conduct must fall in with our circumstances. We may be patriotic, yet not puritanical in our patriotism, not harsh, nor intolerant, nor contracted. The philosophical mind should consider the whole world as its habitation, and not look so minutely into it as to see the lines that divide nations and governments; much less should it act the part of a busy shrew, and take pleasure in giving loose to the tongue, at finding things a little out of place.

Sandt.—We will leave the shrew where we find her: she certainly is better with the comedian than with the philosopher. But this indistinctness in the moral and

political line begets indifference. He who does not keep his own country more closely in view than any other, soon mixes land with sea, and sea with air, and loses sight of every thing, at least, for which he was placed in contact with his fellow men. Let us unite, if possible, with the nearest: let usages and familiarities bind us: this being once accomplished, let us confederate for security and peace with all the people round, particularly with people of the same language, laws, and religion. We pour out wine to those about us, wishing the same fellowship and conviviality to others: but to enlarge the circle would disturb and deaden its harmony. We irrigate the ground in our gardens: the public road may require the water equally: yet we give it rather to our borders; and first to those that lie against the house! God himself did not fill the world at once with happy creatures: he enlivened one small portion of it with them, and began with single affections, as well as pure and unmixed. We must have an object and an aim, or our strength, if any strength belongs to us, will be useless.

Kotzebue.—There is much good sense in these remarks: but I am not at all times at leisure and in readiness to receive instruction. I am old enough to have laid down my own plans of life; and I trust I am by no means deficient in the relations I bear to society.

Sandt.—Lovest thou thy children? Oh! my heart bleeds! But the birds can fly; and the nest requires no warmth from the parent, no cover against the rain and the wind.

Kotzebue.—This is wildness: this is agony. Your face is laden with large drops; some of them tears, some not. Be more rational and calm, my dear young man! and less enthusiastic.

Sandt.—They who will not let us be rational, make us enthusiastic by force. Do you love your children? I ask you again. If you do, you must love them more than another man's. Only they who are indifferent to all, profess a parity.

Kotzebue.—Sir! indeed your conversation very much surprises me.

Sandt.—I see it does: you stare, and would look proud. Emperors and kings, and all but maniacs, would lose that faculty with me. I could speedily bring them to a just sense of their nothingness, unless their ears were calked and pitched, although I am no Savonarola. He, too, died sadly!

Kotzebue.—Amid so much confidence of power, and such an assumption of authority, your voice is gentle—almost plaintive.

Sandt.—It should be plaintive. Oh, could it be but persuasive!

Kotzebue.—Why take this deep interest in me? I do not merit nor require it. Surely any one would think we had been acquainted with each other for many years.

Sandt.—What! should I have asked you such a question as the last, after long knowing you?

Kotzebue (aside)—This resembles insanity.

Sandt.—The insane have quick ears, sir, and sometimes quick apprehensions.

Kotzebue.—I really beg your pardon.

Sandt.—I ought not then to have heard you, and beg yours. My madness could release many from a worse; from a madness which hurts them grievously; a madness which has been and will be hereditary: mine, again and again I repeat it, would burst asunder the strong swaths that fasten them to pillar and post. Sir! sir! if I entertained not the remains of respect for you, in your domestic state, I should never have held with you this conversation. Germany is Germany: she ought to have nothing political in common with what is not Germany. Her freedom and security now demand that she celebrate the communion of the faithful. Our country is the only one in all the explored regions on earth that never has been conquered. Arabia and Russia boast it falsely; France falsely; Rome falsely. A fragment off the empire of Darius fell and crushed her: Valentinian was the footstool of Sapor, and Rome was buried in Byzantium. Boys must not learn this, and men will not. Britain, the wealthiest and most powerful of nations, and, after our own, the most literate and humane, received from us colonies and laws. Alas! those laws, which she retains as her fairest heritage, we value not: we surrender them to gangs of robbers, who fortify themselves within walled cities, and enter into leagues against us. When they quarrel, they push us upon one another's sword, and command us to thank God for the victories that enslave us. These are the glories we celebrate; these are the festivals we hold, on the burial-mounds of our ancestors. Blessed are those who lie under them! blessed are also those who remember what they were, and call upon their names in the holiness of love.

Kotzebue.—Moderate the transport that inflames and consumes you. There is no dishonor in a nation being conquered by a stronger.

Sandt.—There may be great dishonor in letting it be stronger; great, for instance, in our disunion.

Kotzebue.—We have only been conquered by the French in our turn.

Sandt.—No, sir, no: we have not been, in turn or out. Our puny princes were disarmed by promises and lies: they accepted paper crowns from the very thief who was sweeping into his hat their forks and spoons. A cunning traitor snared incautious ones, plucked them, devoured them, and slept upon their feathers.

Kotzebue.—I would rather turn back with you to the ancient glories of our country, than fix my attention on the sorrowful scenes more near to us. We may be justly proud of our literary men, who unite the suffrages of every capital, to the exclusion of almost all their own.

Sandt.—Many Germans well deserve this honor, others are manger-fed and hirelings.

Kotzebue.—The English and the Greeks are the only nations that rival us in poetry, or in any works of imagination.

Sandt.—While on this high ground we pretend to a rivalry with England and Greece, can we reflect, without a sinking of the heart, on our inferiority in political and civil dignity? Why are we lower than they? Our mothers are like their mothers; our children are like their children; our limbs are as strong, our capacities are as enlarged, our desire of improvement in the arts and sciences is neither less vivid and generous, nor less temperate and well-directed. The Greeks were under disadvantages which never bore in any degree on us; yet they rose through them vigorously and erectly. They were Asiatic in what ought to be the finer part of the affections; their women were veiled and secluded, never visited the captive, never released the slave, never sat by the sick in the hospital, never heard the child's lesson repeated in the school. Ours are more tender, compassionate, and charitable, than poets have feigned of the past, or prophets have announced of the future; and, nursed at their breasts and educated at their feet, blush we not at our degeneracy? The most indifferent stranger feels a pleasure at finding, in the worst-written history of Spain, her various kingdoms ultimately mingled, although the character of the governors, and perhaps of the governed, is congenial to few. What delight, then, must overflow on Europe, from seeing the mother of her noblest nation rear again her venerable head, and bless all her children for the first time united!

Kotzebue.—I am bound to oppose such a project.

Sandt.—Say not so: in God's name, say not so.

Kotzebue.—In such confederacy I see nothing but conspiracy and rebellion, and I am bound, I tell you again, sir, to defeat it, if possible.

Sandt.—Bound! I must then release you.

Kotzebue.—How should you, young gentleman, release me?

Sandt.—May no pain follow the cutting of the knot! But think again: think better: spare me!

Kotzebue.—I will not betray you.

Sandt.—That would serve nobody: yet, if in your opinion betraying me can benefit you or your family, deem it no harm; so much greater has been done by you in abandoning the cause of Germany. Here is your paper; here is your ink.

Kotzebue.—Do you imagine me an informer?

Sandt.—From maxims and conduct such as yours, spring up the brood, the necessity, and the occupation of them. There would be none, if good men thought it a part of goodness to be as active and vigilant as the bad. I must go, sir! Return to yourself in time! How it pains me to think of losing you! Be my friend!

Kotzebue.—I would be.

Sandt.—Be a German!

Kotzebue.—I am.

Sandt, (having gone out.)—Perjurer and profaner! Yet his heart is kindly. I must grieve for him! Away with tenderness! I disrobe him of the privilege to pity me or to praise me, as he would have done had I lived of old. Better men shall do more. God calls them: me too he calls: I will enter the door again. May the greater sacrifice bring the people together, and hold them evermore in peace and concord. The lesser victim follows willingly. (*Enters again.*)

Turn! die! (*strikes.*)

Alas! alas! no man ever fell alone. How many innocent always perish with one guilty! and writhe longer!

Unhappy children! I shall weep for you elsewhere. Some days are left me. In a very few the whole of this little world will lie between us. I have sanctified in you the memory of your father. Genius but reveals dishonor, commiseration covers it.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM—Chauntry had caused a splendid vault to be built for himself, and, with much kindness, proposed to Allan Cunningham that he also should be buried in it. "No no," answered Allan, "I'll not be built over when I'm dead; I'll lie whar' the wind shall blow over, and the daisies grow upon my grave."

THE YOUNG SIBYL.

BY THE LATE ROBERT CHARLES WELSH, ESQ.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"This is to be a mortal,
And seek the things beyond mortality."—MANFRED.

She gazes on the stars, her dark hair flung
Back from her brow of marble purity ;
Her high, pale features wear a holy calm
Intensely beautiful, like Ocean's wave
Reposing in the light of summer's eve
When scarce a sound doth murmur in the breeze.
There is a magic in her lustrous eye
That eloquently speaks—a nameless spell—
Silent yet breathing volumes, and in words
Of mystery revealing that her soul
Holds with each scene of wide magnificence
A rapt communion, peopling the gloomy waste,
Of Solitude with bright imaginings,
And catching from each mount, and vale, and
stream,
The gorgeous visions of her strange romance.

She gazes on the stars, and o'er her soul
(Like voices from the undiscovered shores)
Rush the fond thoughts that in the grave of time
Had slumbered long—memories of the past—
Forgotten hopes—and dreams of vanished years—
The fame of gallant heroes, and their deeds
Recorded in the Poet's martial lay,
And chronicles which tell of empires rent
Asunder : and as she gazed, the bright stars
Told their secrets, and ages yet unborn
In dreamy indistinctness shadowed forth
Stole on her ravished sight. Stately cities
That ate majestic in their queenly pride,
Stripp'd of their coronal of towers she saw ;
And the halls where mirth and song re-echoed,
Voiceless as the tomb ; and the streets that rang
With shouts of triumph, as the victor's car
Passed on, resembling some lone wilderness ;
And o'er each ruined arch and colonnade
Wild wreaths of ivy twined : no echo woke
The strange unearthly stillness of the scene—
It seem'd as if Death's angel spread his wings
O'er the devoted city.

She traced upon

The gleaming tablet of the clear blue sky
The destiny of kings : their grandeur gone
Like the rich sunlight from the crimson cloud
Of even ; themselves lone exiles, crownless,
And forgotten as though they ne'er had been,
Young Warriors too, who in the noble cause
Of Liberty unsheath'd their glittering blades,
She saw in myriads falling on the plain
Of battle, as leaves before the hollow wind
When sweeping through the red Autumnal woods.
She gazed on Maidens fair and beautiful,
That in celestial loveliness appeared
Like Hebes of the earth ; but on their brows
The seal of Death was set, and those voices
Which as the chiming fall of waters were
Most musical, she knew would soon be hushed
For ever !

But as she read the fatal characters
Emblazoned on the starry scroll of Heaven,
A deeper shade of melancholy passed
O'er her pale features, and a pearly tear
Fell from those large dark eyes, and mournfully
She turned from the sad history.

April, 1834.

THE ARISTOCRACIES OF LONDON LIFE.

OF GENTILITY-MONGERING.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE heavy swell was recorded in our last
for the admiration and instruction of remote
ages. When the nineteenth century shall
be long out of date, and centuries in general
out of their *teens*, posterity will revert to
our delineation of the heavy swell with
pleasure undiminished, through the long
succession of ages yet to come ; the macaroni,
the fop, the dandy, will be forgotten,
or remembered only in our graphic portraiture
of the heavy swell. But the heavy
swell is, after all, a harmless nobody. His
curse, his besetting sin, his *monomania*, is
vanity tinctured with pride ; his weak point
can hardly be called a crime, since it affects
and injures nobody but himself, if, indeed,
it can be said to injure him who glories in
his vocation—who is the echo of a sound,
the shadow of a shade.

The GENTILITY-MONGERS, on the contrary,
are positively noxious to society, as well
particular as general. There is a twofold
or threefold iniquity in their goings-on ;
they sin against society, their families, and
themselves ; the whole business of their
lives is a perversion of the text of Scripture,
which commandeth us, "in whatever
station we are, therewith to be content."

The gentility-monger is a family man,
having a house somewhere in Marylebone,
or Pancras parish. He is sometimes a man
of independent fortune—how acquired, nobody
knows ; that is his secret, his mystery.
He will let no one suppose that he has
ever been in trade ; because, when a man
intends gentility-mongering, it must never
be known that he has formerly carried on
the tailoring, or the shipping, or the cheese-
mongering, or the fish-mongering, or any
other mongering than the gentility-mongering.
His house is very stylishly furnished ;
that is to say, as unlike the house of a man
of fashion as possible—the latter having
only things the best of their kind, and for
use ; the former displaying every variety of
extravagant gimcrackery, to impress you
with a profound idea of combined wealth
and taste, but which, to an educated eye and
mind only, conveys a lively idea of ostentation.
When you call upon a gentility-monger,
a broad-shouldered, coarse, ungentlemanlike
footman, in Aurora pushes, ushers you to
a drawing room, where, on tables round,
and square, and hexagonal, are set
forth jars, porcelain, china and delft ; shells,
spars ; stuffed parrots under bell-glasses ;
corals, minerals, and an infinity of trum-

ery, among which albums, great, small and intermediate, must by no means be forgotten.

The room is papered with some *splendacious* pattern in blue and gold; a chandelier of imposing gingerbread depends from the richly ornamented ceiling; every variety of ottoman, lounge, settee, is scattered about, so that to get a chair involves the right-of-search question; the bell-pulls are painted in Poonah; there is a Brussels carpet of flaming colors, curtains with massive fringes, bad pictures in gorgeous frames; prints, after Ross, of her Majesty and Prince Albert, of course; and mezzotints of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, for whom the gentility-monger has a profound respect, and of whom he talks with familiarity, showing that it is not *his* fault, at least, if these exalted personages do not admit him to the honor of their acquaintance.

In fact, you see the drawing-room is not intended for sitting down in, and when the lady appears, you are inclined to believe she never sits down; at least the full-blown swell of that satin skirt seems never destined to the compression of a chair. The conversation is as usual, "Have you read the morning paper?" meaning the Court Circular and fashionable intelligence; "do you know whether the Queen is at Windsor or Claremont, and how long her majesty intends to remain; whether town is fuller than it was, or not so full; when the next Almack's ball takes place; whether you were at the last drawing-room, and which of the fair *debutantes* you most admire; whether Tamburini is to be denied us next year?" with many lamentations touching the possible defection, as if the migrations of an opera thrush were of the least consequence to any rational creature—of course you don't say so, but lament Tamburini as if he were your father; "whether it is true that we are to have the two Fannies, Taglioni and Cerito, this season; and what a heaven of delight we shall experience from the united action of these twenty supernatural petticoes." You needn't express yourself after this fashion, else you will shock miss, who lounges near you in an agony of affected rapture; you must sigh, shrug your shoulders, twirl your cane, and say "divine—yes—hope it may be so—exquisite—*exquisite*." This naturally leads you to the last new songs, condescendingly exhibited to you by miss, if you are *somebody*, (if *nobody*, miss does not appear;) you are informed that "*My heart is like a pickled salmon*," is dedicated to the Duchess of Mun-

dingus, and thereupon you are favored with sundry passages (out of Debrett,) upon the intermarriages, &c., of that illustrious family; you are asked whether Bishop is the composer of "*I saw her in a twinkling*," and whether the *minor* is not fine? Miss tells you she has transposed it from G to C, as suiting her voice better—whereupon mamma acquaints you, that a hundred and twenty guineas for a harp is moderate, she thinks; you think so too, taking that opportunity to admire the harp, saying that you saw one exactly like it at Lord (any Lord that strikes you,) So-and-So's, in St. James's Square. This produces an invitation to dinner; and with many lamentations on English weather, and an eulogium on the climate of Florence, you pay your parting compliments, and take your leave.

At dinner you meet a claret-faced Irish absentee, whose good society is a good dinner, and who is too happy to be asked anywhere that a good dinner is to be had; a young silky clergyman, in black curled whiskers, and a white *choker*; one of the meaner fry of M. P.'s; a person who *calls himself* a foreign count; a claimant of a dormant peerage; a baronet of some sort, not above the professional; sundry proprietary-faced people in yellow waistcoats, who say little, and whose social position you cannot well make out; half-a-dozen ladies of an uncertain age, dressed in grand style, with turbans of imposing *tournure*; and a young, diffident, equivocal-looking gent who sits at the bottom of the table, and whom you instinctively make out to be a family doctor, tutor, or nephew, with expectations. No young ladies, unless the young ladies of the family, appear at the dinner parties of these gentility-mongers; because the motive of the entertainment is pride, not pleasure; and therefore prigs and frumps are in keeping, and young women with brains, or power of conversation, would only distract attention from the grand business of life, that is to say, dinner; besides, a seat at table here is an object, where the expense is great, and nobody is asked for his or her own sake, but for an object either of ostentation, interest, or vanity. Hospitality never enters into the composition of a gentility-monger; he gives a dinner, wine, and a shake of the hand, but does not know what the word *welcome* means; he says, now and then, to his wife, "My dear, I think we must give a dinner;" a dinner is accordingly determined on, cards issued three weeks in advance, that you may be premeditatedly dull; the dinner is gorgeous to repletion, that conversation may be kept as stagnant

as possible. Of those happy surprise invitations—those unexpected extemporaneous dinners, that as they come without thinking or expectation, so go off with *eclat*, and leave behind the memory of a cheerful evening—he has no idea; a man of fashion, whose place is fixed, and who has only himself to please, will ask you to a slice of crimped cod and a hash of mutton, without ceremony: and when he puts a cool bottle on the table, after a dinner that he and his friend have really enjoyed, will never so much as apologize with, “my dear sir, I fear you have had a wretched dinner,” or “I wish I had known: I should have had something better.” This affected depreciation of his hospitality he leaves to the gentility-monger, who will insist on cramming you with fish, flesh, and fowls, till you are like to burst; and then, by way of apology, get his guests to pay the reckoning in plethoric laudation of his mountains of victual.

If you wait in the drawing-room, kicking your heels for an hour after the appointed time, although you arrived to a *minute*, as every Christian does, you may be sure that somebody who patronizes the gentility-monger, probably the Honorable Mr. Sniftky, is expected, and has not come. It is vain for you to attempt to talk to your host, hostess, or miss, who are absorbed, body and soul, in expectation of Honorable Sniftky; the propriety-faced people in the yellow waistcoats attitudinize in groups about the room, putting one pump out, drawing the other in, inserting the thumb gracefully in the arm-hole of the yellow waistcoats, and talking *icicles*; the young fellows play with a sprig of lily-of-the-valley in a button-hole—admire a flowing portrait of miss, asking one another if it is not very like—or hang over the back of a chair of one of the turbaned ladies, who gives good evening parties; the host receives a great many compliments upon one thing and another, from some of the professed diners-out, who take every opportunity of paying for their dinner beforehand; every body freezes with the chilling sensation of dinner deferred, and “curses not loud but deep,” are imprecated on the Honorable Sniftky. At last, a prolonged *rat-tat-tat* announces the arrival of the noble beast, the lion of the evening; the Honorable Sniftky, who is a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, is announced by the footman out of livery, (for the day,) and announces himself a minute after; he comes in a long tailed coat and boots, to show his contempt for his entertainers, and mouths a sort of apology for keeping his betters waiting, which is received by the gentility-

monger, his lady and miss, with nods and becks, and wreathed smiles of unqualified admiration and respect.

As the order of precedence at the house of a gentility-monger is not strictly understood, the host desires Honorable Sniftky to take down miss; and calling out the names of the other guests, like a muster-master of the guards, pairs them, and sends them down to the dining-room, where you find the nephew, or family doctor, (or whatever he is,) who has inspected the arrangement of the table, already in waiting.

You take your place, not without that excess of ceremony that distinguishes the table of a gentility-monger; the Honorable Sniftky, *ex-officio*, takes his place between mamma and miss, glancing vacancy round the table, lest any body should think himself especially honored by a fixed stare; covers are removed by the mob of occasional waiters in attendance, and white soup and brown soup, thick and heavy as judges of assize, go circuit.

Then comes hobnobbing, with an interlocutory dissertation upon a *plateau*, *candelabrum*, or some other superfluous machine, in the centre of the table. One of the professed diners-out, discovers for the twentieth time an inscription in dead silver on the pedestal, and inquires with well-affected ignorance whether that is a *present*; the gentility-monger asks the diner-out to wine, as he deserves, then enters into a long apologetical self-laudation of his exertions in behalf of the CANNIBAL ISLANDS, ABORIGINES, PROTECTION, AND BRITISH SUBJECT TRANSPORTATION SOCIETY, (some emigration crimping scheme, in short,) in which his humble efforts to diffuse civilization and promote Christianity, however unworthy, (“No, no,” from the diner-out,) gained the esteem of his fellow-laborers, and the approbation of his own con—— “Shall I send you some fish, sir?” says the man at the foot of the table, addressing himself to the Honorable Sniftky, and cutting short the oration.

A monstrous salmon and a huge turbot are now dispensed to the hungry multitude; the gentility-monger has no idea that the biggest turbot is not the best; he knows it is the *dearest*, and that is enough for him; he would have his dishes like his cash-book, to show at a glance how much he has at his banker's. When the flesh of the guests has been sufficiently fishified, there is an *interregnum*, filled up with another circuit of wine, until the arrival of the *pièces de resistance*, the imitations of made dishes, and the usual *etceteras*. The conversation, meanwhile, is carried on in a *staccato* style; a

touch here, a hit there, a miss almost everywhere; the Honorable Sniftky turning the head of mamma with affected compliments, and hobnobbing to himself without intermission. After a sufficiently tedious interval, the long succession of wasteful extravagance is cleared away with the upper tablecloth; the dowagers, at a look from our hostess, rise with dignity and decorously retire, miss modestly bringing up the rear—the man at the foot of the table with the handle of the door in one hand, and a napkin in the other, bowing them out.

Now the host sings out to the Honorable Sniftky to draw his chair closer and be jovial, as if people, after an oppressively expensive dinner, can be jovial *to order*. The wine goes round, and laudations go with it; the professed diners-out inquire the vintage; the Honorable Mr. Sniftky intrenches himself behind a rampart of fruit dishes, speaking only when he is spoken to, and glancing inquisitively at the several speakers, as much as to say, "What a fellow you are to talk;" the host essays a *bon mot*, or tells a story bordering on the *ideal*, which he thinks is fashionable, and shows that he knows life; the Honorable Sniftky drinks claret from a beer glass, and after the third bottle affects to discover his mistake, wondering what he could be thinking of; this produces much laughter from all save the professed diners-out, who dare not take such a liberty and is *the jest* of the evening.

When the drinkers, drinkables, and talk are quite exhausted, the noise of a piano recalls to our bewildered recollections the ladies, and we drink their healths; the Honorable Sniftky, pretending that it is foreign post night at the Foreign Office, walks off without even a bow to the assembled diners, the gentility-monger following him submissively to the door; then returning, tells us that he's sorry Sniftky's gone, he's such a good natured fellow, while the gentleman so characterized gets into his cab, drives to his club, and excites the commiseration of every body there, by relating how he was bored with an old *ruffian*, who insisted upon his (Sniftky's) going to dinner in Bryanston Square; at which there are many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and "what could you expect?—Bryanston Square!—served you right."

In the mean time, the guests, relieved of the presence of the Honorable Sniftky, are rather more at their ease: a baronet, (who was lord mayor, or something of that sort) waxes jocular, and gives decided indications of something like "how came you so;" the man at the foot of the table contradicts

one of the diners-out, and is contradicted in turn by the baronet; the foreign count is in deep conversation with a hard featured man, supposed to be a stockjobber; the clergyman extols the labors of the host in the matter of the Cannibal Islands, Aborigines Protection Society, in which his reverence takes an interest; the claimant of the dormant peerage retails his pedigree, pulling to pieces the attorney general, who has expressed an opinion hostile to his pretensions.

In the mean time, the piano is joined by a harp, in musical solicitation of the company to join the ladies in the drawing room; they do so, looking flushed and plethoric, sink into easy chairs, sip tea, the younger beaux turning over, with miss, books of Beauty and Keepsakes; at eleven, coaches and cabs arrive, you take formal leave, expressing with a melancholy countenance your sense of the delightfulness of the evening, get to your chambers, and forget, over a broiled bone and a bottle of Dublin stout, in what an infernal, prosy, thankless, stonefaced, yellow-waistcoated, unempathizing, unintellectual, selfish, stupid set you have been condemned to pass an afternoon, assisting at the ostentatious exhibition of vulgar wealth, where gulosity has been unrelieved by one single sally of wit, humor, good nature, humanity or charity; where you come without a welcome, and leave without a friend.

The whole art of the gentility-mongers of all sorts in London, and *à fortiori* of their wives and families, is to lay a tax upon social intercourse as nearly as possible amounting to a prohibition; their dinners are criminally wasteful, and sinfully extravagant to this end; to this end they insist on making *price* the test of what they are pleased to consider *select society* in their own sets, and they consequently cannot have a dance without guinea tickets, nor a *pic-nic* without dozens of champagnes. This shows their native ignorance and vulgarity more than enough; genteel people go upon a plan directly contrary, not merely enjoying themselves, but enjoying themselves without extravagance or waste; in this respect the gentility-mongers would do well to imitate people of fashion.

The exertions a gentility-monger will make to rub his skirts against people above him; the humiliations, mortifications, snubbing, he will submit to, are almost incredible. One would hardly believe that a retired tradesman, of immense wealth, and enjoying all the respect that immense wealth will secure, should actually offer large sums of

money to a lady of fashion, as an inducement to procure for him cards of invitation to her *set*, which he stated was the great object of his existence. Instead of being indignant at his presumption, the lady in question, pitying the poor man's folly, attempted to reason with him, assuring him with great truth that whatever might be his wealth, his power or desire of pleasing, he would be rendered unhappy and ridiculous, by the mere dint of pretension to a circle to which he had no legitimate claim, and advising him, as a friend, to attempt some more laudable and satisfactory ambition.

All this good advice was, however, thrown away; our gentility-monger persevered, contriving somehow to gain a passport to some of the *outer* circles of fashionable life; was ridiculed, laughed at, and honored with the *soubriquet* (he was a pianoforte maker) of the *Semi-Grand*!

We know another instance, where two young men, engaged in trade in the city, took a splendid mansion at the West End, furnished it sumptuously, got some desperate knight or baronet's widow to give parties at their house, inviting whomsoever she thought proper, at their joint expense. It is unnecessary to say, the poor fellows succeeded in getting into good society, not indeed in the *Court Circular*, but in the —*Gazette*.

There is another class of gentility-mongers more to be pitied than the last; those, namely, who are endeavoring to "make a connexion," as the phrase is, by which they may gain advancement in their professions, and are continually on the look-out for introductions to persons of quality, their hangers-on and dependents. There is too much of this sort of thing among medical men in London, the family nature of whose profession renders connexion, private partiality, and personal favor, more essential to them than to others. The lawyer, for example, need not be a gentility-monger; he has only to get round attorneys, for the opportunity to show what he can do; when he has done this, in which a little toadying, "*on the sly*," is necessary—all the rest is easy. The court and the public are his judges; his powers are at once appreciable; his talent can be calculated, like the money in his pocket; he can now go on straight forward, without valuing the individual preference or aversion of any body.

But a profession where men make way through the whisperings of women, and an inexhaustible variety of *sotto voce* contrivances, must needs have a tendency to cre-

ate a subserviency of spirit and of manner, which naturally directs itself into gentility-mongering: where realities, such as medical experience, reading, and skill, are remotely, or not at all, appreciable, we must take up with appearances; and of all appearances, the appearance of proximity to people of fashion is the most taking and seductive to people *not* of fashion. It is for this reason that a rising physician, if he happen to have a lord upon his sick or visiting list, never has done telling his plebeian patients the particulars of his noble case, which they swallow like almond milk, finding it an excellent *placebo*.

As it is the interest of a gentility-monger, and his constant practice, to be attended by a fashionable physician, in order that he may be enabled continually to talk of what Sir Henry thinks of this, and how Sir Henry objects to that, and the opinion of Sir Henry upon t'other, so it is the business of the struggling doctor to be a gentility-monger, with the better chance of becoming one day or other a fashionable physician. Acting on this principle, the poor man must necessarily have a house in a professional neighborhood, which usually abuts upon a neighborhood fashionable or exclusive; he must hire a carriage by the month, and be for ever stepping in and out of it, at his own door, keeping it purposely bespattered with mud to show the extent of his visiting acquaintance; he must give dinners to people "who *may* be useful," and be continually on the look-out for those lucky accidents which have made the fortunes, and, as a matter of course, the *merit*, of so many professional men.

He becomes a Fellow of the Royal Society, which gives him the chance of conversing with a lord, and the right of entering a lord's (the president's) house, which is turned into a sandwich-shop four times a year for his reception; this, being the nearest approach he makes to acquaintance with great personages, he values with the importance it deserves.

His servants, with famine legibly written on their brows, are assiduous and civil; his wife, though half-starved, is very genteel, and at her dinner parties burns candle-ends from the palace.*

If you pay her a morning visit, you will have some such conversation as follows:

* In a wax-chandler's shop in Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Street, may be seen stumps, or, as the Scotch call them, *doups* of wax-lights with the announcement "Candle-ends from Buckingham Palace." These are eagerly bought up by the gentility-mongers, who burn, or may be, in the excess of their loyalty, eat them!

"Pray, Mr. —, is there any news to-day?"

"Great distress, I understand, throughout the country."

"Indeed—the old story, shocking—very.—Pray, have you heard the delightful news? The Princes-Royal has actually cut a tooth!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I assure you; and the sweet little royal love of a martyr has borne it like a hero."

"Positively?"

"Positively, I assure you; Doctor Tryiton has just returned from a consultation with his friend Sir Henry, upon a particularly difficult case—Lord Scruffskin—case of elephantiasis I think they call it, and tells me that Sir Henry has arrived express from Windsor with the news."

"Indeed?"

"Do you think, Mr. —, there will be a general illumination?"

"Really, madam, I cannot say."

"*There ought to be*, (with emphasis.) You must know, Mr. —, Dr. Tryiton has forwarded to a high quarter a beautifully bound copy of his work on ulcerated sore throat; he says there is a great analogy between ulcers of the throat and den—den—den—something, I don't know what—teething, in short. If nothing comes of it, Dr. Tryiton, thank Heaven, can do without it; but you know, Mr. —, it may, on a future occasion, be *useful to our family*."

If there is, in the great world of London, one thing more spirit-sinking than another, it is to see men condemned, by the necessities of an overcrowded profession, to sink to the meanness of pretension for a desperate accident by which they may insure success. When one has had an opportunity of being behind the scenes, and knowing what petty shifts, what poor expedients of living, what anxiety of mind, are at the bottom of all this empty show, one will no longer marvel that many born for better things should sink under the difficulties of their position, or that the newspapers so continually set forth the miserably unprovided for condition in which they so often are compelled to leave their families. To dissipate the melancholy that always oppresses us when constrained to behold the ridiculous antics of the gentility-mongers, which we chronicle only to endeavor at a reformation—let us contrast the hospitality of those who, with wiser ambition, keep themselves, as the saying is, "*to themselves*;" and, as a bright example, let us recollect our old friend Joe Stimpson.

Joe Stimpson is a tanner and leather seller in Bermondsey, the architect of his own fortune, which he has raised to the respectable elevation of somewhere about a quarter of a million sterling. He is now in his seventy-second year, has a handsome house, without any pretension, overlooking his tanyard. He has a joke upon prospects, calling you to look from the drawing-room window at his tanpits, asking you if you ever saw any thing like that at the west end of the town; replying in the negative, Joe, chuckling, observes that it is the finest prospect *he* ever saw in his life, and although he has been admiring it for half a century, he has not done admiring it yet. Joe's capacity for the humorous may be judged of by this specimen; but in attention to business few can surpass him, while his hospitality can command a wit whenever he chooses to angle for one with a good dinner. He has a wife, a venerable old smiling lady in black silk, neat cap, and polished shoes; three daughters, unmarried; and a couple of sons, brought up, after the London fashion, to inherit their father's business, or, we might rather say, *estate*.

Why the three Miss Stimpsons remain unmarried, we cannot say, nor would it be decorous to inquire; but hearing them drop a hint now and then about visits, "a considerable time ago," to Brighthelmstone and Bath, we are led, however reluctantly in the case of ladies *now* evangelical, to conclude, their attention has formerly been directed to gentility-mongering at these places of fashionable resort; the tanyard acting as a repellant to husbands of a social position superior to their own, and their great fortunes operating in deterring worthy persons of their own station from addressing them; or being the means of inducing them to be too prompt with refusals, these amiable middle-aged young ladies are now "on hands," paying the penalty of one of the many curses that pride of wealth brings in its train. At present, however, their "affections are set on things above;" and, without meaning any thing disrespectful to my friend Joe Stimpson, Sarah, Harriet, and Susan Stimpson are certainly the three least agreeable members of the family. The sons are, like all other sons in the houses of their fathers, steady, business-like, unhappy, and dull; they look like fledged birds in the nest of the old ones, out of place; neither servants nor masters, their social position is somewhat equivocal, and having lived all their lives in the house of their father, seeing as he sees, *thiaking* as he thinks, they can hardly be

expected to appear more than a brace of immature Joe Stimpsons. They are not, it is true, tainted with much of the world's wickedness, neither have they its self-sustaining trials, its hopes, its fears, its honest struggles, or that experience which is gathered only by men who quit, when they can quit it, the petticoat string, and the paternal despotism of even a happy home. As for the old couple, time, although silencing the temples and furrowing the front, is hardly seen to lay his heavy hand upon the shoulder of either, much less to put his finger on eyes, ears, or lips—the two first being yet as “wide awake,” and the last as open to a joke, or any other good thing, as ever they were; in sooth, it is no unpleasant sight to see this jolly old couple with nearly three half centuries to answer for, their affection unimpaired, faculties unclouded, and temper undisturbed by the near approach, beyond hope of respite, of that stealthy foe whose assured advent strikes terror to us all. Joe Stimpson, if he thinks of death at all, thinks of him as a pitiful rascal, to be kicked down stairs by the family physician; the Bible of the old lady is seldom far from her hand, and its consolations are cheering, calming, and assuring. The peevish fretfulness of age has nothing in common with man or wife, unless when Joe, exasperated with his evangelical daughters' continual absence at the class-meetings, and love-feasts, and prayer-meetings, somewhat indignantly complains, that “so long as they can get to heaven, they don't care who goes to —,” a place that Virgil and Tasso have taken much pains in describing, but which the old gentleman sufficiently indicates by one emphatic monosyllable.

Joe is a liberal-minded man, hates cant and humbug, and has no prejudices—hating the French he will not acknowledge is a prejudice, but considers the bounden duty of an Englishman; and though fierce enough upon other subjects of taxation, thinks no price too high for drubbing them. He was once prevailed upon to attempt a journey to Paris; but having got to Calais, insisted upon returning by the next packet, swearing it was a shabby concern, and he had seen enough of it.

He takes in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, because his father did it before him—but he never reads it; he takes pride in a corpulent dog, which is ever at his heels; he is afflicted with face-ache, and swears at any body who calls it *tic-douloureux*.

When you go to dine with him, you are met at the door by a rosy-cheeked lass,

with ribands in her cap, who smiles a hearty welcome, and assures you, though an utter stranger, of the character of the house and its owner. You are conducted to the drawing-room, a plain, substantial, *honest-looking* apartment; there you find the old couple, and are received with a warmth that gives assurance of the nearest approach to what is understood by *home*. The sons, released from business, arrive, shake you heartily by the hand, and are really glad to see you; of the daughters we say nothing, as there is nothing in *them*.

The other guests of the day come dropping in—all straightforward, business-like, free, frank-hearted fellows—aristocrats of wealth, the best, because the *unpretending*, of their class; they come, too, *before* their time, for they know their man, and that Joe Stimpson keeps nobody waiting for nobody. When the clock—for here is no *gong*—strikes five, you descend to dinner; plain, plentiful, good, and well dressed; no tedious course, with long intervals between; no oppressive *set-out* of superfluous plate, and what, perhaps, is not the least agreeable accessory, no piebald footman hanging over your chair, whisking away your plate before you have done with it, and watching every bit you put into your mouth.

Your cherry-cheeked friend and another, both in the family from childhood, (another good sign of the house,) and looking as if they really were glad—and so they are—to have an opportunity of obliging you, do the servitorial offices of the table; you are sure of a glass of old sherry, and you may call for strong beer, or old port, with your cheese—or, if a Scotchman, for a dram—without any other remark than an invitation to “try it again, and make yourself comfortable.”

After dinner, you are invited, as a young man, to smoke with the “boys,” as Joe persists in calling them. You ascend to a bedroom, and are requested to keep your head out o' window while smoking, lest the “Governor” should snuff the fumes when he comes up stairs to bed: while you are “cranning” your neck, the cherry-cheeked lass enters with brandy and water, and you are as merry and easy as possible. The rest of the evening passes away in the same unrestrained interchange of friendly courtesy; nor are you permitted to take your leave without a promise to dine on the next Sunday or holiday—Mrs. Stimpson rating you for not coming last Easter Sunday, and declaring she cannot think “why young men should mope by themselves, when she is always happy to see them.”

Honor to Joe Stimpson and his missus! They have the true *ring* of the ancient coin of hospitality; none of your hollow-sounding *raps*; they know they have what I want, *a home*, and they will not allow me, at their board, to know that I want one: they compassionate a lonely, isolated man, and are ready to share with him the hearty cheer and unaffected friendliness of their English fireside: they know that they can get nothing by me, nor do they ever dream of an acknowledgment for their kindness; but I owe them for many a social day redeemed from cheerless solitude; many an hour of strenuous labor do I owe to the relaxation of the old wainscoted dining-room at Bermondsey.

Honor to Joe Stimpson, and to all who are satisfied with their station, happy in their home, having no repinings after empty sounds of rank and shows of life; and who extend the hand of friendly fellowship to the homeless, *because they have no home!*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

"There is a quantity of talent latent among men ever rising to the level of the great occasions that call it forth."

This illustration, borrowed by Sir James Mackintosh from chemical science, and so happily applied, may serve to indicate the undoubted truth, that talent is a *growth* as much as a *gift*; that circumstances call out and develop its latent powers; that as soil, flung upon the surface from the utmost penetrable depths of earth, will be found to contain long-dormant germs of vegetable life, so the mind of man, acted upon by circumstances, will ever be found equal to a certain sum of production—the amount of which will be chiefly determined by the force and direction of the external influence which first set it in motion.

The more we reflect upon this important subject, we shall find the more, that external circumstances have an influence upon intellect, increasing in an accumulating ratio; that the political institutions of various countries have their fluctuating and contradictory influences; that example controls in a great degree intellectual production, causing after-growths, as it were, of the first luxuriant crop of master minds, and giving a character and individuality to habits of thought and modes of expression; in brief, that great occasions will have great instruments, and there never was yet a noted time that had not noted men. Dull, jog-trot, money-making, commercial times will make, if they do not find, dull, jog-trot, money-making, commercial men: in times

when ostentation and expense are the measures of respect, when men live rather for the world's opinion than their own, poverty becomes not only the evil but the shame, not only the curse but the disgrace, and will be shunned by every man as a pestilence; every one will fling away immortality, to avoid it; will sink, as far as he can his art in his trade; and *he* will be the greatest genius who can turn the most money.

It may be urged that true genius has the power not only to *take* opportunities, but to make them: true, it may make such opportunities as the time in which it lives affords; but these opportunities will be great or small, noble or ignoble, as the time is eventful or otherwise. All depends upon the time, and you might as well have expected a Low Dutch epic poet in the time of the great herring fishery, as a Napoleon, a Demosthenes, a Cicero in this, by some called the nineteenth, but which we take leave to designate the "*dot-and-carry-one*" century. If a Napoleon were to arise at any corner of any London street, not five seconds would elapse until he would be "*hooked*" off to the station-house by Superintendent Dogsnose of the D division, with an exulting mob of men and boys hooting at his heels: if Demosthenes or Cicero, disguised as Chart-ist orators, mounting a tub at Deptford, were to Philipicize, or entertain this motley auditory with speeches against Catiline or Verres, straightway the Superintendent of the X division, with a *posse* of constables at his heels, dismounts the patriot orator from his tub, and hands him over to a plain-spoken business-like justice of the peace, who regards an itinerant Cicero in the same unsympathizing point of view with any other vagabond.

What has become of the eloquence of the bar? Why is it that flowery orators find no grist coming to their mills? How came it that, at Westminster Hall, Charles Philips missed his market? What is the reason, that if you step into the Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas, or Exchequer, you will hear no such thing as a speech—behold no such animal as an orator—only a shrewd, plain, hard-working, steady man, called an attorney-general, or a sergeant, or a leading counsel, quietly talking over a matter of law with the judge, or a matter of fact with the jury, like men of business as they are, and shunning, as they would a rattlesnake, all clap-trap arguments, figures, flowers, and the obsolete embroidery of rhetoric?

The days of romantic eloquence are fled—the great constitutional questions that

called forth "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," from men like Erskine, are *determined*. Would you have men oratorical over a bottomy bond, Demosthenic about an action of trespass on the case, or a rule to compute?

To be sure, when Follet practised before committees of the House of Commons, and, by chance, any question involving points of interest and difficulty in Parliamentary law and practice came before the Court, there was something worth hearing: the *opportunity* drew out the *man*, and the *orator* stepped before the *advocate*. Even now, sometimes, it is quite refreshing to get a topic in these Courts worthy of Austin, and Austin working at it. But no man need go to look for orators in our ordinary courts of law; judgment, patience, reading, and that rare compound of qualities known and appreciated by the name of *tact*, tell with judges, and influence juries; the days of *palaver* are gone, and the talking heroes extinguished for ever.

All this is well known in London; but the three or four millions (it may be *five*) of great men, philosophers, poets, orators, patriots, and the like, in the rural districts, require to be informed of this our declension from the heroics, in order to appreciate, or at least to understand, the modesty, sobriety, business-like character, and division of labor, in the vast amount of talent abounding in every department of life in London.

London overflows with talent. You may compare it, for the purpose of illustration, to one of George Robins' patent filters, into which pours turbid torrents of Thames water, its sediment, mud, dirt, weeds, and rottenness; straining through the various *strata*, its grosser particles are arrested in their course, and nothing that is not pure, transparent and limpid, is transmitted. In the great filter of London life, conceit, pretension, small provincial abilities, *pseudo-talent*, *soi-distant* intellect, are tried, rejected, and flung out again. True genius is tested by judgment, fastidiousness, emulation, difficulty, privation; and, passing through many ordeals, persevering, makes its way through all; and at length, in the fullness of time, flows forth, in acknowledged purity and refinement, upon the town.

There is a perpetual onward, upward tendency in the talent, both high and low, mechanical and intellectual, that abounds in London:

"Emulation hath a thousand sons,"

who are ever and always following fast upon your heels. There is no time to dawdle or linger on the road, no "stop and go on

again:" if you but step aside to fasten your shoe-tie, your place is occupied—you are edged off, pushed out of the main current, and condemned to circle slowly in the lazy eddy of some complimenting clique. Thousands are to be found, anxious and able to take your place; while hardly one misses you, or turns his head to look after you should you lose your own: you *live* but while you *labor*, and are no longer remembered than while you are reluctant to repose.

Talent of all kinds brings forth perfect fruits, only when concentrated upon one object: no matter how versatile men may be, mankind has a wise and salutary prejudice against diffused talent; for although *knowledge* diffused immortalizes itself, diffused *talent* is but a shallow pool, glittering in the noonday sun, and soon evaporated; *concentrated*, it is a well, from whose depths perpetually may we draw the limpid waters. Therefore is the talent of London concentrated, and the division of labor minute. When we talk of a lawyer, a doctor, a man of letters, in a provincial place, we recognize at once a man who embraces all that his opportunities present him with, in whatever department of his profession. The lawyer is, at one and the same time, advocate, chamber counsel, conveyancer, pleader; the doctor an accoucheur, apothecary, physician, surgeon, dentist, or at least, in a greater or less degree, unites in his own person, these—in London, distinct and separate—professions, according as his sphere of action is narrow or extended; the country journalist is sometimes proprietor, editor, sub-editor, traveller, and canvasser, or two or more of these heterogeneous and incompatible avocations. The result is, an obvious, appreciable, and long-established superiority in that product which is the result of minutely divided labor.

The manufacture of a London watch or piano will employ, each, at least twenty trades, exclusive of the preparers, importers, and venders of the raw material used in these articles; every one of these tradesmen shall be, nay, *must* be, the best of their class, or at least the best that can be obtained; and for this purpose, the inducements of high wages are held out to workmen generally, and their competition for employment enables the manufacturer to secure the most skilful. It is just the same with a broken-down constitution, or a lawsuit: the former shall be placed under the care of a lung-doctor, a liver-doctor, a heart-doctor, a dropsy-doctor, or whatever other doctor is supposed best able to understand the case; each of these doctors shall have read

lectures and published books, and made himself known for his study and exclusive attention to one of the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to:" the latter shall go through the hands of dozens of men skilful in that branch of the law connected with the particular injury. So it is with every thing else of production, mechanical or intellectual, or both, that London affords: the extent of the market permits the minute division of labor, and the minute division of labor reacts upon the market, raising the price of its produce, and branding it with the signs of a legitimate superiority.

Hence the superior intelligence of working men, of all classes, high and low, in the World of London; hence that striving after excellence, that never-ceasing tendency to advance in whatever they are engaged in, that so distinguishes the people of this wonderful place: hence the improvements of to-day superseded by the improvements of to-morrow; hence speculation, enterprise, unknown to the inhabitants of less extended spheres of action.

Competition, emulation, and high wages give us an aristocracy of talent, genius, skill, *tact*, or whatever you like to call it; but you are by no means to understand that any of these aristocracies, or better classes, stand prominently before their fellows *socially*, or, that one is run after in preference to another; nobody runs after any body in the World of London.

In this respect, no capital, no country on the face of the earth, resembles us; everywhere else you will find a leading class, giving a tone to society, and moulding it in some one or other direction; a predominating *set*, the pride of those who are *in*, the envy of those who are *below* it. There is nothing of this kind in London; here every man has his own *set*, and every man his proper pride. In every *set*, social or professional, there are great names, successful men, prominent; but the *set* is nothing the greater for them: no man sheds any lustre upon his fellows, nor is a briefless barrister a whit more thought of because he and Lyndhurst are of the same profession.

Take a look at other places: in money-getting places, you find society following, like so many dogs, the aristocracy of 'Change: every man knows the worth of every other man, that is to say, *what* he is worth.

A good man, elsewhere a relative term, is *there* a man good for *so* much; hats are elevated and bodies depressed upon a scale of ten thousand pounds to an inch; "I hope you are well," from one of the aristocracy

of these places is always translated to mean, "I hope you are solvent," and "how d'ye do?" from another, is equivalent to "doing a bill."

Go abroad, to Rome for example—You are smothered beneath the petticoats of an ecclesiastical aristocracy. Go to the northern courts of Europe—You are ill-received, or perhaps not received at all, save in military uniform; the aristocracy of the epaulet meets you at every turn, and if you are not at least an ensign of militia, you are nothing. Make your way into Germany—What do you find there? an aristocracy of functionaries, mobs of nobodies living upon everybody; from Herr Von, Aulic councillor, and Frau Von, Aulic councillor, down to Herr Von, crossing-sweeper, and Frau Von, crossing-sweeperess—for the women there must be *better*-half even in their titles—you find society led, or, to speak more correctly, society *consisting* of functionaries, and they, every office son of them, and their wives—nay, their very curs—alike insolent and dependent. "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, see they bark at *me*!" There, to get into society, you must first get into a place; you must contrive to be the *servant* of the public before you are permitted to be the *master*: you must be paid by, before you are in a condition to despise, the *canaille*.

Passing Holland and Belgium as more akin to the genius of the English people, as respects the supremacy of honest industry, its independent exercise, and the comparative insignificance of aristocracies, conventionally so called, we come to FRANCE: there we find a provincial and a Parisian aristocracy—the former a servile mob of placemen, one in fifty, at least, of the whole population; and the latter—oh! my poor head, what a *clan*! *jaffrey* of *journalistes*, *feuilletonistes*, *artistes*, dramatists, novelists, *vaudevillistes*, poets, literary ladies, lovers of literary ladies, *hommes de lettres*, *littérateurs*, *gérants*, *censeurs*, *rapporteurs*, and *le diable boiteux* verily knows what else!

These people, with whom, or at least with a great majority of whom, common sense, sobriety of thought, consistency of purpose, steady determination in action, and sound reasoning, are so sadly eclipsed by their vivacity, *empressement*, prejudice, and party zeal, form a prominent, indeed, the prominent aristocracy of the *salons*: and only conceive what must be the state of things in France, when we know that Paris acts upon the provinces, and that Paris is acted upon by this foolscap aristocracy, without station, or, what is perhaps worse,

enjoying station without property; abounding in maddening and exciting influences, but lamentably deficient in those hard-headed, *ungenius-like* qualities of patience, prudence, charity, forbearance, and peace-lovings, of which their war-worn nation, more than any other in Europe, stands in need.

When, in the name of goodness, is the heart of the philanthropist to be gladdened with the desire of peace fulfilled over the earth? When are paltry family intrigues to cease, causing the blood of innocent thousands to be shed? When will the aristocracy of genius in France give over jingling, like castanets, their trashy rhymes "*gloire*," and "*victoire*," and apply themselves to objects worthy of creatures endowed with the faculty of reason? Or, if they must have fighting, if it is their nature, if the prime instinct with them is the thirst of human blood, how cowardly, how paltry, is it to hound on their fellow-countrymen to war with England, to war with Spain, to war with every body, while snug in their offices, doing their little best to bleed nations with their pen!

Why does not the foolscap aristocracy rush forth, inkhorn in hand, and restore the glories (as they call them) of the Empire, nor pause till they mend their pens victorious upon the brink of the Rhine.

To resume: the aristocracies of our provincial capitals are those of literature in the one, and lickspittling in the other: mercantile towns have their aristocracies of money, or muckworm aristocracies: Rome has an ecclesiastical—Prussia, Russia, military aristocracies: Germany, an aristocracy of functionaries: France has two, or even three, great aristocracies—the military, place-hunting, and foolscap.

Now, then, attend to what we are going to say: London is cursed with no predominating, no overwhelming, no *characteristic* aristocracy. There is no *set* or *clique* of any sort or description of men that you can point to, and say, that's the London set.—We turn round and desire to be informed what set do you mean: every *salon* has its set, and every pot-house its set also; and the frequenters of each set are neither envious of the position of the other, nor dissatisfied with their own: the pretenders to fashion, or hangers-on upon the outskirts of high life, are alone the servile set, or spaniel set, who want the proper self-respecting pride which every distinct aristocracy maintains in the World of London.

We are a great firmament, a moonless azure, glowing with stars of all magnitudes,

and myriads of *nebulae* of no magnitudes at all: we move harmoniously in our several orbits, minding our own business, satisfied with our position, thinking, it may be, with harmless vanity, that we bestow more light upon earth than any ten, and that the eyes of all terrestrial stargazers are upon us.—Adventurers, pretenders, and quacks, are our meteors, our *aurora*, our comets, our falling-stars, shooting athwart our hemisphere, and exhaling into irretrievable darkness: our tuft-hunters are satellites of Jupiter, invisible to the naked eye: our clear frosty atmosphere that sets us all a-twinkling is prosperity, and we, too, have our clouds that hide us from the eyes of men. The noonday of our own bustling time beholds us dimly; but posterity regards us as it were from the bottom of a well. Time, that exact observer, applies his micrometer to every one of us, determining our rank among celestial bodies without appeal, and from time to time enrolling in his *ephemeris* such new luminaries as may be vouchsafed to the long succession of ages.

If there is one thing that endears London to men of superior order—to true aristocrats, no matter of what species, it is that universal equality of outward condition, that republicanism of every day life, which pervades the vast multitudes who hum, and who drone, who gather honey, and who, without gathering, consume the products of this gigantic hive. Here you can never be extinguished or put out by any overwhelming interest.

Neither are we in London pushed to the wall by the two or three hundred great men of every little place. We are not invited to a main of small talk with the cock of his own dung-hill; we are never told, as a great favor, that Mr. Alexander Scaldhead, the phrenologist, is to be there, and that we can have our "bumps" felt for nothing; or that the Chevalier Doembrowski (a London pickpocket in disguise) is expected to recite a Polish ode, accompanying himself on the Jew's harp; we are not bored with the misconduct of the librarian, who *never* has the first volume of the last new novel, or invited to determine whether Louisa Fitzmythe or Angelina Stubbsville deserves to be considered the heroine; we are not required to be in raptures because Mrs. Alfred Shaw or Clara Novello are expected, or to break our hearts with disappointment because they didn't come: the arrival, performances, and departure, of Ducrow's horses, or Wombwell's wild beasts, affect us with no extraordinary emotion; even Assizes time concerns most of us nothing.

Then, again, how vulgar, how commonplace in London is the aristocracy of wealth; of Mrs. Grub, who, in a provincial town, keeps her carriage, and is at once the envy and the scandal of all the ladies who have to proceed upon their ten toes, we wot not the existence. Mr. Bill Wright, the banker, the respected, respectable, influential, twenty per cent. Wright, in London is merely a licensed dealer in money; he visits at Chamberwell Hill, or Hampstead Heath, or wherever other tradesmen of his class delight to dwell; his wife and daughters patronize the Polish balls, and Mr. Bill Wright, jun., sports a stall at the (English) opera; we are not overdone by Mr. Bill Wright, overcome by Mrs. Bill Wright, or the Misses Bill Wright, nor overcrowded by Mr. Bill Wright the younger: in a word, we don't care a crossed cheque for the whole Bill Wrightish connexion.

What are carriages, or carriage-keeping people in London? It is not here, as in the provinces, by their carriages shall you know them; on the contrary, the carriage of a duchess is only distinguishable from that of a *parvenu*, by the superior expensiveness and vulgarity of the latter.

The vulgarity of ostentatious wealth with us, defeats the end it aims at. That expense which is lavished to impress us with awe and admiration, serves only as a provocative to laughter, and inducement to contempt; where great wealth and good taste go together, we at once recognize the harmonious adaptation of means and ends; where they do not, all extrinsic and adventitious expenditure availeth its disbursers nothing.

What animal on earth was ever so inhumanly preposterous as a lord mayor's footman, and yet it takes sixty guineas, at the least, to make that poor lick-pate a common laughing-stock?

No, sir; in London we see into, and see through, all sorts of pretension: the pretension of wealth or rank, whatever kind of quackery and imposture. When I say *we*, I speak of the vast multitudes forming the educated, discriminating, and thinking classes of London life. We pass on to *what a man is*, over *who* he is, and what he *has*; and, with one of the most accurate observers of human character and nature to whom a man of the world ever sat for his portrait—the inimitable La Bruyere—when offended with the hollow extravagance of vulgar riches, we exclaim—“*Tu te trompes, Philemon, si avec ce carrosse brillant, ce grand nombre de coquins qui te suivent, et ces six bêtes qui te traînent, tu penses qu'on t'en es-*

time d'avantage : ou ecarte tout cet attirail qui t'est étranger, pour pénétrer jusqu'à toi qui n'es qu'un fat.”

In London, every man is responsible for himself, and his position is the consequence of his conduct. If a great author, for example, or artist, or politician, should choose to outrage the established rules of society in any essential particular, he is neglected and even shunned in his private, though he may be admired and lauded in his public capacity. Society marks the line between the *public* and the *social* man; and this line no eminence, not even that of premier minister of England, will enable a public man to confound.

Wherever you are invited in London to be introduced to a great man, by any of his parasites or hangers-on, you may be assured that your great man is no such thing; you may make up your mind to be presented to some quack, some hollow-skulled fellow, who makes up by little arts, small tactics, and every variety of puff, for the want of that inherent excellence which will enable him to stand alone. These gentlemen form the Cockney school proper of art, literature, the drama, every thing; and they go about seeking praise, as a goatsucker hunts insects, with their mouths wide open; they pursue their prey in troops, like jackals, and like them, utter at all times a melancholy, complaining howl; they imagine that the world is in a conspiracy not to admire them, and they would bring an action against the world if they could. But as that is impossible, they are content to rail against the world in good set terms; they are always puffing in the papers, but in a side-winded way, yet you can trace them always at work, through the daily, weekly, monthly periodicals, in desperate exertion to attract public attention. They have at their head one sublime genius, whom they swear by, and they admire him the more, the more incomprehensible and oracular he appears to the rest of mankind.

These are the men who cultivate extensive tracts of forehead, and are deeply versed in the effective display of depending ringlets and ornamental whiskers; they dress in black, with white *chokers*, and you will be sure to find a lot of them at evening parties of the middling sort of doctors, or the better class of boarding-houses.

This class numbers not merely literary men, but actors, artists, adventuring politicians, small scientifics, and a thousand others, who have not energy or endurance to work their way in solitary labor, or who feel that they do not possess power to go alone.

Public men in London appear naked at the bar of public opinion; laced coats, ribands, embroidery, titles, avail nothing, because these things are common, and have the common fate of common things, to be cheaply estimated. The eye is satiated with them, they come like shadows, so depart; but they do not feed the eye of the mind; the understanding is not the better for such gingerbread; we are compelled to look out for some more substantial nutriment, and we try the inward man, and test his capacity. Instead of measuring his bumps, like a land-surveyor, we dissect his brain, like an anatomist; we estimate him, whether he be high or low, in whatever department of life, not by what he says he can do, or means to do, but by what he *has* done. By this test is every man of talent tried in London; this is his grand, his formal difficulty, to get the opportunity of showing what he can do, of being put into circulation, of having the chance of being tested, like a shilling, by the *ring* of the customer and the *bite* of the critic; for the opportunity, the chance to edge in, the chink to *wedge* in, the *purchase* whereon to work the length of his lever, he must be ever on the watch; for the sunshine blink of encouragement, the April shower of praise, he must await the long winter of "hope deferred" passing away. Patience, the *courage* of the man of talent, he must exert for many a dreary and unrewarded day; he must see the quack and the pretender lead an undiscerning public by the nose, and say nothing; nor must he exult when the too-long enduring public at length kicks the pretender and the quack into deserved oblivion. From many a door that will hereafter gladly open for him, he must be content to be presently turned away. Many a scanty meal, many a lonely and unfriended evening, in this vast wilderness, must he pass in trying on his armor, and preparing himself for the fight that he still believes *will* come, and in which his spirit, strong within him, tells him he must conquer. While the night yet shrouds him he must labor, and with patient, and happily for him, if, with religious hope, he watch the first faint glimmerings of the dawning day; for his day, if he is worthy to behold it, will come, and he will yet be recompensed "by that time and chance which happeneth to all." And if his heart fails him, and his coward spirit turns to flee, often as he sits, tearful, in the solitude of his chamber, will the remembrance of the early struggles of the immortals shame that coward spirit. The shade of the sturdy Johnson, hungering, dinnerless, will mutely

reproach him for sinking thus beneath the ills that the "scholar's life assail." The kindly-hearted, amiable Goldsmith, pursued to the gates of a prison by a mercenary wretch who fattened upon the produce of that lovely mind, smiling upon him, will bid him be of good cheer. A thousand names, that fondly live in the remembrance of our hearts, will he conjure up, and all will tell the same story of early want, and long neglect, and lonely friendlessness. Then will he reproach himself, saying, "What am I, that I should quail before the misery that broke not minds like these? What am I, that I should be exempt from the earthly fate of the immortals?"

Nor marvel, then, that men who have passed the fiery ordeal, whose power has been tried and not found wanting, whose nights of probation, difficulty, and despair, are past, and with whom it is now noon, should come forth, with deportment modest and subdued, exempt from the insolent assumption of vulgar minds, and their yet more vulgar hostilities and friendships: that such men as Campbell and Rogers, and a thousand others in every department of life and letters, should partake of that quietude of manner, that modesty of deportment, that compassion for the unfortunate of their class, that unselfish admiration for men who, successful, have deserved success, that abomination of cliques, coteries, and *conversazionés*, and all the littleness of inferior fry: that such men should have parasites, and followers, and hangers-on; or that, since men like themselves are few and far between, they should live for and with such men alone.

But thou, O Vanity! thou curse, thou shame, thou sin, with what tides of *pseudo* talent hast thou not filled this ambitious town? Ass, dolt, miscalculator, quack, pretender, how many hast thou befooled, thou father of multifarious fools? Serpent, tempter, evil one, how many hast thou seduced from the plough tail, the carpenter's bench, the schoolmaster's desk, the rural scene, to plunge them into misery and contempt in this, the abiding-place of their betters, thou unchanged cheat? Hence the querulous piping against the world and the times, and the neglect of genius, and appeals to posterity, and damnation of managers, publishers, and the public; hence cliques, and *claqueurs*, and coteries, and the would-if-I-could-be aristocracy of letters; hence bickerings, quarellings, backbitings, slanderings, and reciprocity of contempt; hence the impossibility of literary union, and the absolute necessity imposed upon the great

names of our time of shunning, like a pestilence, the hordes of vanity-struck individuals who would tear the coats off their backs, in desperate adherence to the skirts. Thou, too, O Vanity! art responsible for greater evils:—Time misspent, industry misdirected, labor unrequited, because uselessly or imprudently applied: poverty and isolation, families left unprovided for, pensions, solicitations, patrons, meannesses, subscriptions!

True talent, on the contrary, in London, meets its reward, if it lives to be rewarded; but it has, of its own right, no *social* pre-eminence, nor is it set above or below any of the other aristocracies, in what we may take the liberty of calling its private life. In this, as in all other our aristocracies, men are regarded not as of their set, but as of themselves: they are *individually* admired, not worshipped as a congregation: their social influence is not aggregated, though their public influence may be. When a man, of whatever class, leaves his closet, he is expected to meet society upon equal terms: the scholar, the man of rank, the politician, the *millionaire*, must merge in the gentleman: if he chooses to individualize his aristocracy in his own person, he must do so at home, for it will not be understood or submitted to any where else.

The rewards of intellectual labor applied to purposes of remote, or not immediately appreciable usefulness, as in social literature, and the loftier branches of the fine arts, are, with us, so few, as hardly to be worth mentioning, and pity 'tis that it should be so. The law, the church, the army, and the faculty of physic, have not only their fair and legitimate remuneration for independent labor, but they have their several prizes, to which all who excel, may confidently look forward when the time of weariness and exhaustion shall come; when the pressure of years shall slacken exertion, and diminished vigor crave some haven of repose, or, at least, some mitigated toil, with greater security of income: some place of honor with repose—the ambition of declining years. The influence of the great prize of the law, the church, and other professions in this country, has often been insisted upon with great reason: it has been said, and truly said, that not only do these prizes reward merit already passed through its probationary stages, but serve as inducements to all who are pursuing the same career. It is not so much the example of the prize-holder, as the *prize*, that stimulates men onward and upward: with-

out the hope of reaching one of those comfortable stations, hope would be extinguished, talent lie fallow, energy be limited to the mere attainment of subsistence; great things would not be done, or attempted, and we would behold only a dreary level of indiscriminate mediocrity. If this be true of professions, in which, after a season of severe study, a term of probation, the knowledge acquired in early life sustains the professor, with added experience of every day, throughout the rest of his career, with how much more force will it apply to professions or pursuits, in which the mind is perpetually on the rack to produce novelties, and in which it is considered derogatory to a man to reproduce his own ideas, copy his own pictures, or multiply, after the same model, a variety of characters and figures!

A few years of hard reading, constant attention in the chambers of the conveyancer, the equity draftsman, the pleader, and a few years more of that disinterested observance of the practice of the courts, which is liberally afforded to every young barrister, and indeed which many enjoy throughout life, and he is competent, with moderate talent, to protect the interests of his client, and with moderate mental labor to make a respectable figure in his profession. In like manner, four or five years sedulous attendance on lectures, dissections, and practice of the hospitals, enables your physician to see how little remedial power exists in his boasted art; knowing this, he feels pulses, and orders a recognized routine of draughts and pills with the formality which makes the great secret of his profession. When the patient dies, nature, of course, bears the blame; and when nature, happily uninterfered with, recovers his patient, the doctor stands on tiptoe. Henceforward his success is determined by other than medical sciences: a pill-box and pair, a good house in some recognized locality, Sunday dinners, a bit of a book, grand power of head-shaking, shoulder-shrugging, bamboozling weak-minded men and women, and, if possible, a religious connexion.

For the clergyman, it is only necessary that he should be orthodox, humble, and pious: that he should on no occasion, right or wrong, set himself in opposition to his ecclesiastical superiors; that he should preach unpretending sermons; that he should never make jokes, nor understand the jokes of another: this is all that he wants to get on respectably. If he is ambitious, and wishes one of the great prizes,

he must have been a free-thinking reviewer, have written pamphlets, or made a fuss about the Greek particle, or, what will avail him more than all, have been tutor to a minister of state.

Thus you perceive, for men whose education is *intellectual*, but whose practice is more or less *mechanical*, you have many great, intermediate, and little prizes in the lottery of life; but where, on the contrary, are the prizes for the historian, transmitting to posterity the events, and men, and times long since past; where the prize of the analyst of mind, of the dramatic, the epic, or the lyric poet, the essayist, and all whose works are likely to become the classics of future times; where the prize of the public journalist, who points the direction of public opinion, and, himself without place, station, or even name, teaches Governments their duty, and prevents Ministers of State becoming, by hardihood or ignorance, intolerable evils; where the prize of the great artist, who has not employed himself making faces for hire, but who has worked in loneliness and isolation, living, like Barry, upon raw apples and cold water, that he might bequeath to his country some memorial worthy the age in which he lived, and the art for which he lived? For these men, and such as these, are no prizes in the lottery of life; a grateful country sets apart for them no places where they can retire in the full enjoyment of their fame; condemned to labor for their bread, not in a dull mechanical routine of professional, official, or business-like duties, but in the most severe, most wearing of all labor, *the labor of the brain*, they end where they begun. With struggling they begin life, with struggling they make their way in life, with struggling they end life; poverty drives away friends, and reputation multiplies enemies. The man whose thoughts will become the thoughts of our children, whose minds will be reflected in the mirror of *his* mind, who will store in their memories his household words, and carry his lessons in their hearts, dies not unwillingly, for he has nothing in life to look forward to; closes with indifference his eyes on a prospect where no gleam of hope sheds its sunlight on the broken spirit; he dies, is borne by a few humble friends to a lowly sepulchre, and the newspapers of some days after give us the following paragraph:—

“We regret to be obliged to state that Dr——, or———, Esq. (as the case may be) died, on Saturday last, at his lodgings two pair back in Back Place, Pimlico, (or) at his cottage (a miserable cabin where he

retired to die) at Kingston-upon-Thames. It is our melancholy duty to inform our readers that this highly gifted and amiable man, who for so many years delighted and improved the town, and who was a most strenuous supporter of the (Radical or Conservative) cause, (*it is necessary to set forth this miserable statement to awaken the gratitude of faction towards the family of the dead,*) has left a rising family totally unprovided for. We are satisfied that it is only necessary to allude to this distressing circumstance, in order to enlist the sympathies, &c. &c., (in short, *to get up a subscription*).”

We confess we are at a loss to understand why the above advertisement should be kept stereotyped, to be inserted with only the interpolation of name and date, when any man dies who has devoted himself to pursuits of a purely intellectual character. Nor are we unable to discover in the melancholy, and, as it would seem, unavoidable fates of such men, substantial grounds of that diversion of the aristocracy of talent to the pursuit of professional distinction, accompanied by profit, of which our literature, art, and science are now suffering, and will continue to suffer, the consequences.

In a highly artificial state of society, where a command, not merely of the essentials, but of some of the superfluities of life are requisite as passports to society, no man will willingly devote himself to pursuits which will render him an outlaw, and his family dependent on the tardy gratitude of an indifferent world. The stimulus of fame will be inadequate to maintain the energies even of *great* minds, in a contest of which the victories are wreaths of barren bays. Nor will any man willingly consume the morning of his days in amassing intellectual treasures for posterity, when his contemporaries behold him dimming with unavailing tears his twilight of existence, and dying with the worse than deadly pang, the consciousness that those who are nearest and dearest to his heart must eat the bread of charity. Nor is it quite clear to our apprehension, that the prevalent system of providing for merely intellectual men, by a State annuity or pension, is the best that can be devised: it is hard that the pensioned aristocracy of talent should be exposed to the taunt of receiving the means of their subsistence from this or that minister, upon suppositions of this or that ministerial assistance which, whether true or false, cannot fail to derogate from that independent dignity

of mind which is never extinguished in the breast of the true aristocrat of talent, save by unavailing struggles, long-continued, with the unkindness of fortune.

We wish the aristocracy of power to think over this, and so very heartily bid them farewell.

THE LOST LAMB.

BY DELTA.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SHEPHERD laid upon his bed,
With many a sigh, his aching head,
For him—his favorite boy—on whom
Had fallen death, a sudden doom.
"But yesterday," with sobs he cried,
"Thou wert, with sweet looks at my side,
Life's loveliest blossom, and to-day,
Woes me! thou liest a thing of clay!
It cannot be that thou art gone;
It cannot be, that now, alone,
A gray-hair'd man on earth am I,
Whilst thou within its bosom lie?
Methinks I see thee smiling there,
With beaming eyes, and sunny hair,
As thou wert wont, when fondling me,
To clasp my neck from off my knee!
Was it thy voice? Again, oh speak,
My boy, or else my heart will break!"

Each adding to that father's woes,
A thousand bygone scenes arose;
At home—a field—each with its joy,
Each with its smile—and all his boy!
Now swell'd his proud rebellious breast,
With darkness and with doubt opprest;
Now sark despondent, while amain
Unnerving tears fell down like rain:
Air—air—he breathed, yet wanted breath—
It was not life—it was not death—
But the drear agony between,
Where all is heard, and felt, and seen—
The wheels of action set ajar;
The body with the soul at war.
'Twas vain, 'twas vain; he could not find
A haven for his shipwreck'd mind;
Sleep shunn'd his pillow. Forth he went—
The moon from midnight's azure tent
Shone down, and, with serenest light,
Flooded the windless plains of night;
The lake in its clear mirror show'd
Each little star that twinkling glow'd;
Aspens, that quiver with a breath,
Were stirless in that hush of death;
The birds were nestled in their bowers;
The dew-drops glitter'd on the flowers;
Almost it seem'd as pitying Heaven
A while its sinless calm had given
To lower regions, lest despair
Should make abode for ever there;
So tranquil—so serene—so bright—
Brooded o'er earth the wings of night.

O'ershadow'd by its ancient yew,
His sheep-cot met the shepherd's view;
And, placid, in that calm profound,
His silent flocks lay slumbering round;
With flowing mantle, by his side,
Sudden, a stranger he espied,
Bland was his visage, and his voice
Soft'en'd the heart, yet bade rejoice.—

"Why is thy mourning thus?" he said,
"Why thus doth sorrow bow thy head?
Why faltereth thus thy faith, that so
Abroad despairing thou dost go?
As if the God who gave thee breath,
Held not the keys of life and death!
When from the flocks that feed about,
A single lamb thou choos'est out,
Is it not that which seemeth best
That thou dost take, yet leave the rest?
Yes! such thy wont; and even so,
With his choice little ones below
Doth the Good Shepherd deal; he breaks
Their earthly bands, and homeward takes,
Early, ere sin hath render'd dim
The image of the seraphim!"

Heart-struck, the shepherd home return'd;
Again within his bosom burn'd
The light of faith; and, from that day,
He trode serene life's onward way.

A NUT FOR "GRAND DUKES."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

God help me but I have always looked upon a "grand duke" pretty much in the same light that I have regarded the "Great Lama," that is to say, a very singular and curious object of worship in its native country. How any thing totally destitute of sovereign attributes could ever be an idol, either for religious or political adoration, is somewhat singular, and after much pains and reflections on the subject I came to the opinion that German princes were valued by their subjects pretty much on the principle the Indians select their idols, and knowing men admire thorough-bred Scotch terriers—viz, not their beauty.

Of all the cant this most canting age abounds in, nothing is more repulsive and disgusting than the absurd laudation which travellers pour forth concerning these people, by the very ludicrous blunders of comparing a foreign aristocracy with our own. Now what is a German grand duke? Picture to yourself a very corpulent, moustached, and befrogged individual, who has a territory about the size of the Phoenix Park, and a city as big and as flourishing as the Blackrock; the expenses of his civil list are defrayed by a chalybeate spring, and the budget of his army by the license of a gambling-house, and then read the following passage from "Howitt's Life in Germany," which, with that admirable appreciation of excellence so eminently their characteristic, the newspapers have been copying this week past—

"You may sometimes see a grand duke come into a country inn, call for his glass

of ale, drink it, pay for it, and go away as unceremoniously as yourself. The consequence of this easy familiarity is, that princes are everywhere popular, and the daily occurrence of their presence amongst the people, prevents that absurd crush and stare at them, which prevails in more luxurious and exclusive countries."

That princes do go into country inns, call for ale, and drink it, I firmly believe; a circumstance, however, which I put the less value upon, inasmuch as the inn is pretty much like the prince's own house, the ale very like what he has at home, and the innkeeper as near as possible in breeding, manner, and appearance, his equal. That he *pays* for the drink, which our author takes pains to mention, excites all my admiration; but I confess I have no words to express my pleasure on reading that "he goes away again," and, as Mr. Howitt has it, "as unceremoniously as yourself," neither stopping to crack the landlord's crown, smash the pewter, break the till, nor even put a star in the looking-glass over the fire-place, a condescension on his part which leads to the fact, that "princes are everywhere popular."

Now considering that Mr. Howitt is a Quaker, it is somewhat remarkable the high estimate he entertains of this "grand ducal" forbearance. What he expected his highness to have done when he had finished his drink, I am as much at a loss to conjecture, as what trait we are called upon to admire in the entire circumstance; when the German prince went into the inn, and knocking three times with a copper-kreutzer on the counter, called for his choppin of beer, he was exactly acting up to the ordinary habits of his station, as when the Duke of Northumberland, on his arriving with four carriages at the "Clarendon," occupied a complete suite of apartments, and partook of a most sumptuous dinner. Neither more nor less. His Grace of Alnwick might as well be lauded for his ducal urbanity as the German prince for his, each was fulfilling his destiny in his own way, and there is not any thing a whit more worthy of admiration in the one case, than in the other.

But three hundred pounds per annum, even in a cheap country, afford few luxuries; and if the Germans are indifferent to cholice, there might be, after all, something praiseworthy in the beer-drinking, and here I leave it.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Le Courier Français: La Presse: Le National, 1842.

La Siècle: Le Constitutionnel: Le Journal des Débats. 1842.

THE literature of the American Newspaper is not more distinguishable from that of the French, than darkness is from light. But as we have shown, in the case of America, a most unjust and scandalous influence created, without character and without talent; we believe it will be instructive to show, in the case of France, that without something more than the highest order of talent, even aided by the best repute, a just and creditable influence cannot be retained.

It will startle many to be told that the Newspapers of France have in a great measure lost their celebrated hold of the opinions of the French People. But every attentive observer knows the fact, whatever the cause may be; and could accurately tell you the when, if not the why, of this visible decline of power. As in these cases it often happens, Journalism was at the height of its greatest triumph in Paris, when the disease which struck down its strength appeared. While a journalist was yet prime minister of France, its influence began to give way; though not till another journalist had received sentence and imprisonment as a felon, was its degradation openly proclaimed. We are not, as we shall prove, using language too strong for the occasion.

Some time in the early part of last year, the electors of Corbeil were invited to hear the addresses of two candidates for the honor of their representation. We can easily satisfy ourselves by a simple arithmetical calculation, that if thirty-four millions of Frenchmen give but a hundred and fifty thousand electors, the meeting held at the village of Corbeil could have contained but a fraction of electoral freedom. As public meetings are not tolerated in France, an approach to one, although confined to the few, who, notwithstanding the infinite division of property into which the country is parcelled, are yet able to pay two hundred francs or eight pounds sterling direct taxation, is worthy of an encouraging attention. Perhaps the locality itself may help us to an analogy. Corbeil, about twenty miles distance from Paris, possesses the rare honor of being approached from the capital by a railway, at that time certainly the longest in the kingdom. Now the meeting of which we speak bore about the same proportion

in privileges and immunities to our own tumultuous yet orderly assemblages, which, noisy as the waves, are yet as obedient to high laws and influences, as does the twenty miles' Paris and Corbeil railway, to the immense network of iron which overspreads England. Yet as to that short and solitary railway (for its fancy rivals for holiday custom to Versailles are hardly worth speaking of) gives promise of rising enterprise, so the rare meeting at its terminus seemed full of hope, of growing liberty. The occasion was a more than usually important one. The Thiers Ministry had just fallen. Their successors, opposed by nearly the whole press, were anxious to receive the sanction of popular opinion. A vacancy in a metropolitan district was an excellent opportunity of ministers to test the favor of the country, while the ex-administration were naturally eager to win for themselves that crown of approbation which still remained wanting to the security and glory of their successors. With all respect for the government candidate, we shall pass his name over, and introduce at once to our readers M. Leon Faucher, editor of the 'Courier Français.'

M. Faucher was upon this occasion placed in one of those peculiar situations, where the stake to be played for is so high, that he who is ambitious of winning puts his whole fortune on the cast. Not only did he risk the character of M. Thiers and his party, whom he represented, but, what was more important still, the credit and character of Journalism were to stand or fall by his election. Whether, then, from personal vanity, or the legitimate object of presenting to the electors the strongest point in his own favor, the editor of the 'Courier' certainly tore away with a bold if not a rude hand, the veil which had hung over the connexion between the Press and the Thiers ministry.

It is known to every body who takes the slightest interest in the politics of the day, that M. Thiers resigned because the king, upon the eve of the opening of the chambers, refused to admit a passage in the speech, proposed to be spoken from the throne, which he regarded as tantamount to a declaration of war against the Four Great Powers, who, in conjunction with the Porte, had signed the treaty of July for the settlement of the Eastern Question. Previously to this, and while M. Thiers enjoyed the full exercise of ministerial power, he had drawn up the celebrated note of the 8th of May, addressed to Lord Palmerston, and declaring that an interference with the hereditary rights of

Mehemet Ali over the Pachaic of Egypt, would be regarded by France as a *Casus Belli*. Many of M. Thiers's partisans considered this note, after the stimulus which had been given to popular feeling by the watchword that 'France had been insulted,' a very diluted specimen of diplomatic spirit; and the suspicion was so generally spread that M. Thiers had been acting only melodramatic anger from various motives, to some of which we shall not even allude, that his dismissal caused comparatively very little sensation. This note of the 8th of May, whose effect upon public feeling we have just glanced at, was the document of all others which M. Faucher felt bound to adopt and justify. His manner of doing so deserves attention, inasmuch as upon that point turns much of the remark we shall have to offer upon Journalism in Paris.

M. Faucher, then announced to his astonished hearers that He, *not* a cabinet minister, *not* a member of the government, *not* holding a seat in the chamber, but simply Editor of the 'Courier Français,' and as Editor, did assist at the drawing up of that very note of the 8th of May, declaring under certain conjunctures, WAR. And what a War! One in which, as M. Thiers himself subsequently declared, 'the blood of ten generations would be shed!' The charge against the note was, that it was prepared in so cautious a form, and contained so much qualification, as to neutralize its own menace. M. Faucher labored to show, therefore, that it was in truth and substance that which it professed to be: a declaration of War in certain given circumstances, which circumstances, he contended, were likely to have arisen, and only did not arise, because of that very menace made with his own sanction: and that in fact, Mehemet Ali owed to M. Thiers, and himself, M. Faucher, that he was not driven out of Egypt as he had been out of Syria. We do not stop to contest M. Faucher's reasoning, or to dispute his facts: our object is to show, from evidence furnished by the editor of a leading journal, the position occupied by Journalism in France even up to the period of M. Thiers's resignation. When M. Faucher told the electors of Corbeil that he sanctioned the note of M. Thiers, he did so upon the assumption of his own unquestionable popularity. He dropped the office of advocate or apologist for Thiers. He threw the guarantee of his own character between public suspicion and the ex-minister, not doubting for a moment, that in the presence of the people *he* stood the higher. He almost dared them to doubt the word of one

to whom, as to the people's tribune, M. Thiers had addressed an invitation to assist at the council-board upon the most solemn, perhaps the most awful occasion, on which the ministers of a great country ever sat: for Peace and War hung in the balance of their deliberation, and Leon Faucher held the scale.

The election of Corbeil was decided against the editor of the 'Courier Français,' and Journalism, and the man whom Journalism had made Prime Minister of France, received each a blow that neither has since recovered. For it at once revealed the weakness, from which both had been some time suffering.

But supposing Journalism, as we just now said, to have itself created the fame and the fortune of Thiers, he may possibly be thought not wholly devoid of some excuse, if, at a later period, the attempt to misapply an agency never before unsuccessful, led him into grave mistakes, injurious if not fatal to his reputation. What is of more importance, however—we would ask if any such excuse is to be offered for the Press, which allowed itself to be flattered into a desertion of the trust reposed in it by the public, for a glittering alliance with power?

The bait was strong. A seat in the cabinet is usually deemed the highest object of political ambition; but think of a seat in a tribunal raised by the cabinet above its own head, "a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself!" Think of substantial rule, without responsibility: independent of majorities in parliament, independent of the king, nay, independent of the people! dependent upon no one; answerable to no body; a self-created, self-sustained corporation, enjoying anomalous place and unparalleled power, simply because it was believed to be faithful and sincere. A memorable lesson is taught in the result of a cheat of this kind. Here is a body which, finding itself thus the absolute leader, director, and governor of a people who are supposed to have no voice but through itself, presumes to barter with a minister for the unseen, undefined, but every where felt, throbb of the popular heart, and suddenly discovers itself in one moment stripped of the power it had considered out of reach and unassailable: and that by the same impalpable silent withdrawal of confidence, which, wanting external forms of expression, is the more complete, because it shows no face to which to appeal, no ear to hear repentance or submission.

Let us now, before we proceed further, state without reserve one great object that

we have in proclaiming that the Paris press to whose transcendent power to a recent period we have afforded such striking evidence, is now in a comparatively fallen state. We do so, then, because it has, since its dethronement, in company with M. Thiers, preached an untiring crusade against England. Because, whatever the theme, Syrian question, Right of search, Chinese or Afghan war, Belgian treaty, Barcelona revolt, its tone has been invariably the same. Because, to the present hour, the Paris Journals, without exception, some insidiously, the most part openly, endeavor to sow the seeds of bitter hostility in the hearts of Frenchmen against England. Because, did that press possess sufficient power, did it retain any thing like its old influence, Europe would at this moment be in the pangs and throes of a convulsion, to which we apply no epithet because we cannot find one capable of marking how terrible such a convulsion would be. Still, no doubt, these Journals possess in a minor degree the capacity to do harm, which they are exercising to its fullest extent; but every unprincipled word and deed of theirs, lies like a block in the way of a return to the great position they once held.

Now this doctrine of hatred to England does not arise from a consciousness of wilful wrong or injury inflicted upon France, for never at any period of the history of the two countries do French and British interests less clash than at the present moment. France is allowed to pursue without remonstrance her course of conquest in Africa. Her ports are alive with ship-builders, and she is preparing to rival England upon the seas; not, it is to be hoped, in hostility, but in fair and honorable concourse. Even upon Eastern ground, where it was supposed they could never join, we find British and French diplomacy united hand in hand to effect a common object; while at the joint bidding of Baron de Bourquenay and Sir Stratford Canning, a combined French and British fleet lately steered to the coast of Syria. It is not then from clashing interests, or interests likely to clash, that the so-called representatives of public opinion in France keep up this incessant din and jargon against their English neighbors. There was a time, indeed, when hatred of Frenchmen formed part of the people's vulgar creed at this side the channel, and if the people at the other side allowed their minds to dwell upon the history of former wars, it is possible that we might find colorable reasons for traditional dislike. Fortunately for the peace of mankind, the animosities of nations to-

wards each other are short-lived. In the middle of the last century Prussians and Frenchmen were alternately friends and foes; and France and Austria, after two centuries of conflict, shook hands and fought side by side. The year 1830 proved how readily fifteen years of peace had smoothed over the burning discords of the Napoleon wars, for never did John Bull with more earnest cordiality thrust out his honest hand to the foe whom he had fought and forgiven, than when the revolution of July showed France radiant with glorious triumph, unstained by popular misdeeds; while France, to her honor be it spoken, in the happiness of a heart elevated by the consciousness of great and good actions, accepted that hand, and the foundation of a long peace was laid. We fervently pray that it may be lasting!

It is not, then, from clashing interests, nor from traditional dislike, that the organs of popular feeling would make the popular voice cry hatred to England. But let us offer some direct proof of the existence of that hostility of which we speak, before we proceed to characterize its motives, and note the results that it has worked.

We had prepared a series of extracts from the Journals whose titles are prefixed to this article, when a late number of the "Journal des Débats" was put into our hands. This paper is the organ of the Soult-Guizot ministry, and enjoys, it is said, the favor of the court. It is most ably conducted, and is certainly the first paper in France. We are not to conclude from this high list of titles to respect, that it is affected with any inordinate leanings towards England. As we mention this Journal, we may be allowed to anticipate in some degree the order of our remarks for the purpose of stating, that the outcry raised against England in France, because of the treaty of July, was sanctioned by the respectable authority of the "Débats;" and although, having at first encouraged M. Thiers in his impolitic career, it subsequently saw reason to change its course, yet, notwithstanding its support of a ministry supposed to be willing to cultivate friendly relations with Great Britain, we still find it omits no occasion which presents itself, of marking any of our troubles at home or disasters abroad, as proof of still deeper evils and less avoidable misfortunes. In a number a few days previous to that from which we are now about to quote, we find, for example, a prophecy of the immediate separation of Canada from the mother country. It is true that such indications of hostility never break

out into unseemly expressions: there is no breach of *convenance*: no ill manners: the language is courtly and polished, and the articles march with the solemn air of a page of Gibbon. Nevertheless, the inferential blow is intended to be as telling as an extravagant denunciation of the "National," pronounced with the wild air of a Sybil: and in reality it is more so.

Yet the hostility of other Journals so out-herods Herod, that the "Débats" is obliged to assume the *arbiter elegantiarum*, and supplicate them, when they speak of Great Britain, not to descend to the language of the Halle (the Paris Billingsgate.) The occasion which had drawn forth the particular burst of vulgarly expressed rage, reproved by the "Débats," was Lord Aberdeen's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty in relation to the right of search by British cruisers on the African coast. As we shall purposely abstain from expressing opinions upon intricate subjects, because their discussion would lead us too far from the point to which we purposely confine ourselves, we offer no opinion upon the letter of that noble lord. It may be observed, however, that no document would appear less calculated to provoke from the enemies of England, whatever it might suggest to her friends, the language which we shall leave the courtly French organ to characterize.

"We think that we ought to protest, on our own account and at our own risk and peril, on behalf even of the French Press, against the mode in which certain journals, whether they belong or do not belong to the opposition, have received Lord Aberdeen's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty. Were we at war with England; were the English nation a nation of traitors, of liars, of outlaws; were its government a government of pirates; this would not be a reason, supposing an act of justice to have escaped from such a nation and such a government, to discredit the act, and make it the text for outpourings of insult and declamation. Lord Aberdeen frankly acknowledges that certain abuses have been committed in execution of the means employed to suppress the slave-trade: he points them out to the Lords of Admiralty: he directs the latter to prevent their recurrence by instructions to the officers of the English navy, more strict, and more conformable to the rights of nations. This letter—we say again, though we should draw down upon ourselves an avalanche of calumnies and insults—is marked by a tone of moderation and sincerity which does honor to the British minister. He has the true dignity to acknowledge his faults, and to take the measures needful for repairing them; and this is the occasion selected by certain journals to cry *Death and Hatred to the English and their Government!* What sort of reputation do we wish to have in the world? What is the object aimed at by this absurd and guilty violence? Is it to put our coun-

try out of the pale of the rights of nations? . . . After all, no government, no people, is infallible. A country is liable to be involved by its agents in grave faults. But this, among civilized nations, does not instantly drag down fury and war. They do not insult, they do not cry vengeance. The injured party demands justice by diplomatic means. Supposing a nation had grave complaints to make against us, should we suffer it to exact reparation with insults and menace on its lips? Should we be more disposed to render it justice, because it treated us as pirates and plunderers? because it told us every day that it hates us? that it wishes us ill, that it invokes against us all the scourges of earth and heaven? For such is the fine patriotism that certain of our journals exhibit with shameful inveteracy. It is not politics they deal in, it is hate and anger they disgorge: thinking doubtless that they would render a great service to France, if they could inoculate it with their own blind passions. . . . We repeat and maintain, that if France were at war with England, it would yet become two great nations to respect and do justice to each other. We have, besides, another motive for protesting against the deplorable exaggerations of a part of the press. It is clear that these exaggerations, if their object is not to drive two peoples into a frightful war, essentially injure the cause that they pretend to support. Moderation, coolness, dignity, give weight to reclamations: fury discredits them and brings them into suspicion. To insult is not to negotiate. Every people have their honor to defend, and what justice and good manners may easily obtain from a nation, it refuses to threats and insult. It is then its pride which is brought in question. In a word, what do they desire? what do the journals wish, that every morning brandish their swords against England? Treaties are in existence. We do not speak of the treaty of 1841; it is not, it will not be, ratified: it is as a dead letter to France. This is a point which no one will further dare to bring in question. But there are treaties which we have signed, which we have ratified, the observance of which we have obtained from several other powers, which we have ourselves executed without dispute for eleven years, and against which objection has only arisen within these ten months. *Voilà le fait !*”*

* It may, perhaps, be as well to subjoin the original: “ Nous croyons devoir protester, pour notre compte et à nos risques et périls, dans l'intérêt même de la presse française, contre la manière dont certains journaux, qu'ils soient de l'Opposition ou qu'ils n'en soient pas, ont accueilli la lettre adressée par Lord Aberdeen aux lords de l'amirauté. Fusions-nous en guerre avec l'Angleterre, la nation anglaise fût-elle une nation de traîtres, de perfides, de gens à exterminer, et son gouvernement un gouvernement de pirates, ce ne serait pas une raison, si un acte de justice échappait à une pareille nation et à un pareil gouvernement, pour dénaturer cet acte et pour le faire servir de texte à un débordement d'injures et de déclamations. Lord Aberdeen reconnaît franchement que des abus ont eu lieu dans l'exécution des moyens employés pour réprimer la traite des nègres; il les signale aux lords de l'amirauté; il engage ceux-ci à en prévenir le retour par des instructions plus nettes et plus conformes au droit des gens, adressées aux officiers de la marine anglaise.

Ay! *Voilà le fait.* From the year 1831, when France and England, by a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade, consecrated the holy friendship (not to call it ordinary alliance) sprung from the revolution of 1830, to within a period of ten months, not one word of serious complaint was heard from the mouths of those journals, who, to repeat the language just quoted, now cry “Death and Hatred to the English and their Government;” who “disgorge hatred and rage;” who “insult but do not

Cette lettre, nous le dirons encore quand nous devrions attirer sur nous une avalanche de calomnies et d'outrages, est empreinte d'un ton de modération et de sincérité qui fait honneur au ministre britannique; il y a de la vraie dignité à avouer ses torts et à prendre les mesures nécessaires pour les réparer; et voilà l'occasion que certains journaux choisissent pour crier *Mort et Haine aux Anglais et à leur Gouvernement!* Quelle réputation voulons-nous donc avoir dans le monde? Quel est le but auquel on tend par ces absurdes et coupables violences?—Est-ce de faire mettre notre pays hors du droit des gens?

“Après tout, aucun gouvernement, aucune nation n'est infallible. Un pays est exposé à être engagé par ses agens dans des fautes graves. Entre nations civilisées cela n'entraîne pas aussitôt la fureur et la guerre. On ne s'outrage pas on ne crie pas vengeance. La partie lésée demande justice par les voies diplomatiques. Et si une nation avait des griefs à faire valoir contre nous, souffririons-nous qu'elle en exigeât la réparation, l'injure et la menace à la bouche? Serions-nous mieux disposés à leur rendre justice, quand elle nous traiterait de forbans et de pillards, quand elle nous dirait tous les jours qu'elle nous hait, qu'elle nous veut du mal, qu'elle appelle sur nous tous les fléaux du ciel et de la terre? Car voilà le beau patriotisme que déploient, avec un acharnement honteux, certains de nos journaux. Ce n'est pas de la politique qu'ils font, c'est de la haine et de la colère qu'ils dégorgeant, croyants sans doute qu'ils rendraient un grand service à la France, s'ils pouvaient lui faire partager les passions aveugles qu'ils ressentent.

“Nous disons, nous, et nous tenons à le redire, que la France, sui-elle en guerre avec l'Angleterre, il serait encore digne de deux grandes nations de se respecter et de se rendre justice. Nous avons d'ailleurs un autre motif pour protester contre les déplorables exagérations d'une partie de la presse. Il est évident que ces exagérations, si elles n'ont pas pour but de pousser les deux peuples à une guerre affreuse, nuisent essentiellement à la cause qu'on prétend servir. La modération, le sang-froid, la dignité donnent du poids aux réclamations; la fureur les rend suspectes et les décrédite. Insulter n'est pas négocier. Chaque peuple a son honneur à défendre, et ce que la justice et les bons procédés obtiendraient aisément d'une nation, elle le refuse à la menace et l'outrage. C'est alors son orgueil qui est en cause. Que veut-on, en un mot? que veulent les journaux qui brandissent tous les matins leur épée contre l'Angleterre? Il y a des traités. Nous ne parlons pas du traité de 1841; il n'est pas ratifié, il ne le sera pas: il est comme non-venu pour la France. C'est un point que personne n'oserait plus mettre en doute. Mais il y a des traités que nous avons signés, que nous avons ratifiés, que nous avons fait accepter par plusieurs autres puissances, que nous avons nous-mêmes exécutés sans bruit pendant onze ans, et contre lesquels on ne réclame que dupuis dix mois.—Voilà le fait.”

negotiate ;" who "push the two nations on to war ;" but who in all this do themselves an injury, which had better also be described in the language of the Journal from which we have so largely drawn.

"We are convinced that it" (the system adopted by the Journals) "tends to make us pass for a people who only listen to their passions ; who act but in obedience to blind instincts : to-day raised to enthusiasm for one cause, to-morrow for another : always disposed to violent means, and incapable of waiting the conclusions of time, of justice, and of reason."

This appeal, from its impassioned style so remarkable in the "Débats," is, as the reader may have observed, addressed not merely to Journals of the opposition, but to those which are not of the opposition. It is addressed in fact, to the whole Press, and with reason ; for the paper the most untiring in its abuse of England, is the professedly Conservative and Louis-Philippeist print, "La Presse," conducted by the survivor in the unhappy dispute which sacrificed the life of Armand Carrel. Even the "National," which the other day commenced one of its murky pieces of declamation, by stating that it designedly preached Hatred of England, is not more hostile to us than is this paltry receptacle of château gossip. The one, to be sure, is vehement, as becomes a war-breathing republican ; the other, captious and carping, as the mouth-piece of a *bas bleu coterie*, which fancies it is cutting, when merely spiteful, and dreams of being wise and learned while erudite only in the small talk of effete diplomatists : of such diplomatists as would, like M. de Salvandy, make the fates of nations to depend upon the way in which a successful soldier, and the representative of the Throne of the Barricades, should grimace antiquated etiquette !

We have thus shown, and that from no partial source, that *Death and Hatred to England* is almost universally the doctrine of the Paris Press. The date of several months assigned by the "Débats," relates to the subject upon which that hatred manifests itself. In point of fact, it is to be dated from the signature of the treaty of July. We do not stop to examine that act. The justification of its manner depends upon the charge against M. Thiers of seeking delay with the view of juggling the question, which he was pledged to settle only in conjunction with the other Powers. His dealing with the Press is what we have to do with, and with that alone. We will now go back a little, the better to understand this.

When in February, 1840, M. Thiers accepted the task of forming an administration, he plainly thought that he could rule the country through the Press. The position of parties in the Chamber of Deputies was at that time such, that, to use his own expression, a majority existed for no one ; and, except under the pressure of some paramount alarm, such is perhaps the ordinary state of that body. So conscious are parties themselves of the fact, that whenever an émeute takes place, or the Police effect the arrests of suspected individuals, the whisper runs that the authorities themselves have artfully set plots in motion in order to alarm the deputies, and so paralyze opposition. Nay, it is said to be a part of state policy to stir the national guards, composed chiefly of tradesmen and shopkeepers, with a slight vibration : the rumblings of an earthquake : enough to make them shoulder their guns, fling off their torpor, and persuade themselves that they alone stand between, not the throne and republicanism, but shopocracy and the plunder of boutiques. Whether these surmises be merely the capricious inventions of lively but dissatisfied spirits ; or, whether, from the strange coincidence of attentats just occurring, as they usually have done, on the eve of the opening of the Chambers, and in time to afford a graceful gloom to the royal speech, suspicions are suggested ; certain it is, that M. Thiers was not long in office before he raised a storm over the heads of the deputies, which soon made them sit too close together for division. The Journals supplied the wind with which this potent Æolus clouded the political horizon. The bland opening of the ministerial career did not even reveal that little cloud, small as your hand, which portends the hurricane. He humbly proclaimed himself a peace-maker ; told the deputies that he had not the majority ; assured them that he came to seek a majority ; and with "bated breath and whispering humbleness" looked for a trial. For a long time he coquetted with the Right, and with the Left. How happy could he be with either ! But while he threw out obscure hints of favor to the Parti-Molé, and then to the Parti-Odillon-Barrot, he employed himself actively in erecting the materials of a pressure from without, sufficiently strong, by rendering him *l'homme nécessaire* (again to use his own phrase) to place both between his legs, he holding the reins. And then, Behold how he should make them scamper round the Chamber, to the delight of the gallery folk, and the country at large !

In looking back to this period, it is strange to find how M. Thiers, within the space of a few months, from having almost as little help from the Newspapers as M. Guizot has at present (and that is sufficiently scanty in all conscience), contrived to command their almost undivided support. We do not say that he corrupted the French Press by bribing it with money; but he flattered, seduced, and bamboozled it. To some of his means, M. Leon Faucher has already afforded us a clue. We are going to exhibit others. While we acknowledge frankly that we acquit literary men in the Public Press of France of the contamination of the bribe, we have good evidence that the scruples of the ministers would not have saved these men from the insult of an offer. The circumstances connected with the disappearance from the field of the "Journal de Paris" afford this evidence: circumstances curious in themselves, and worthy of being better known.

Long after the Journals in opposition had slackened their fire, a battery was kept up from this print: professedly of the Molé party. But to the surprise of the public, the "Journal" disappeared one morning: taking that kind of laconic and unceremonious leave which a retiring newspaper, with nothing better to offer, presents when it announces to its subscribers that "henceforth it merges in, &c." and prays the transfer of future subscriptions to its most deserving successor.

The "Journal de Paris" disappearing in its chariot of fire, left its mantle to the "Commerce." Some time after the then minister of Public Instruction, M. Cousin, was significantly asked, what business such a gentleman, naming the editor of the late "Journal de Paris," had to do in calling upon him the minister. To which the minister gave the unsatisfactory reply, that as the gentleman in question, having abandoned politics, was desirous of going to the colonies for the purpose of study, he had called upon him for a passport, as well as for some pecuniary assistance, which was accorded. *Et voilà tout.* The pecuniary assistance coincided so awkwardly with the abandonment of politics, that the affair became a subject of comment for a time, and was then in a fair way to be forgotten. Unfortunately for the reputation of all parties concerned, however, when the Budget came to be discussed in the ensuing session, an item appeared attached to the name of this gentleman, who had proved his devotion to Literature by the abandonment of Journalism; and the item purported to be

on account of a political mission. Now this mission turned out the most curious part of the affair. Our readers are aware that the colonies send representatives to the Chambers, and the mission with which the *ci-devant* editor was charged, was to prepare the way for the return of a certain friend of the government. At this time the advocates for the abolition of slavery, calculating upon the support of a liberal government, had become extremely active; and in order to satisfy their demands, a commission, with the Duc de Broglie at its head, was appointed to inquire into the best method of effecting emancipation. The government by that act allowed it to be understood that they were opposed to slavery, and only desirous of arriving at the knowledge of prudent means for its abolition. But what covers, with suspicion, the whole story with which we are entertaining our readers is, that the ground which the editor of the "Journal de Paris" was instructed to put forward in his advocacy of the pretensions of the government candidate to the representation of Guadeloupe, was *The hostility of that candidate to Negro Emancipation*, as proved by an essay against emancipation written by him, and published in a government magazine called the "Revue de Paris." Thus, while upon this particular question of negro emancipation, M. Thiers was playing the liberal at home, he had his agent at work in the same instant with the planters abroad, appealing to the evidence of a periodical in the interest of his government in proof of his hostility to that question! that agent being an enemy bought off, and, so soon as bought, spiked, that he might not have the means of any further damaging his master.

In the same spirit the game went on. While a seat in the cabinet awaited one editor, and a mission to the colonies another, an evening journal, the "Messenger," was bought up, under the pretext that an evening organ was required by the government for the reception of official communications, the "Moniteur" not being sufficiently ample for such purpose. The real truth was, that it had become important to a minister who meant to govern by the Press, to secure under his direct control some evening paper of considerable influence, and to add to that influence by the reputation of access to early information. The evening papers in Paris are not published before eight o'clock: generally later. One alone possessed the important privilege of being sold in the theatres, the "Moniteur Parisien." At the same time with the "Messenger" this too was se-

cured; and between it and the "Messenger" was divided the monopoly. How important a monopoly, Englishmen can hardly know! Between the performance of the first and second pieces at all the Paris theatres, the Newspaper is looked for: in the interval when the *salle* requires some means of distraction it comes in: it fills up the vacuum, which in English theatres is supplied by a comic song, or a *pas de deux*. Then one exciting line falls like a spark upon French enthusiasm: and for excitements who so ready as M. Thiers! How the falsely-concocted telegraphic announcement that "Beirut had to be bombarded nine days," followed by the fact that "Ibrahim Pacha was prepared with sixty thousand men to drive the English into the sea"—how that intelligence, in the so lately become official "Messenger," tumbled into the parterre of the Opera! blazed into *stalle* and *loges* of the Théâtre Français! and awoke the thunders of the galleries of the Porte St. Martin, the Ambigu, and Franconi's! Then was death and hatred to the English at its height, Thiers in his glory, and the Press supreme. Audiences sung and shouted the Marseillaise with the air of a man out of humor, who with his hands in his breeches-pocket whistles a tune. When Audiences became hoarse, the Orchestra continued *en avant marchons*, while the Actors suspended the dialogue for "Victory or Death." And next morning the grave "Constitutionnel" would call all this the wholesome expression of public feeling!

If M. Thiers really intended War at this time, he took a strange method of carrying out his intention. Instead of secrecy on the part of the cabinet, all was publicity. Not a sentiment was uttered; not a speech made; not a resolution adopted, modified, or abandoned; but all was regularly delivered to the public by the "Constitutionnel," "Courier Français," and "Siècle," of the next morning. Before it was thoroughly known that in addition to the first-named paper, of which M. Thiers was part owner and complete dictator, the journal of M. Leon Faucher and the organ of Odillon Barrot had been won over, the announcement of the same fact in the three together used to be regarded as confirmation from different sources. Of the position in which these journalists had thus placed themselves, we do not wish to speak with undue harshness. We can easily fancy three editors each equally anxious to convey to the public his intimacy with the views of the government. We do not even question the power of an able editor to give sound political advice to the wisest of ministers. But a man, no matter how clever or

respectable, ought not to be placed in an incompatible situation. An editor wholly irresponsible, and whose interest it is to tell that which it is the duty of a responsible minister to conceal, is the last man to be intrusted with state secrets. And it follows that if a number of editors, rivals in their own department, be put upon a par in information, the keeping of secrets in such circumstances must be next to impossible. Besides, to tell a man, who is the servant of the public upon the absolute condition of providing the public with early information, —to tell him a piece of news, implies upon the part of the member of the government communicating it, that he wishes it to be made known. But the false position on both sides could not be concealed. While the editors of the papers were to appearance so highly honored, some were secretly made dupes. There were times when it was deemed prudent to deceive the public as to what was passing, and the means were at hand for doing so. It was only necessary to palm an untruth upon the Journalists, and the People were deceived. This ought to satisfy journalists themselves, that if they mean to serve the public faithfully, they ought not to link themselves too closely with any government, but maintain a watchful, jealous, independent, honorable guardianship over all.

With no such wise ambition, however, had M. Thiers to contend. His difficulties were few, and easily overstepped, and the result we thus far see. The daily press of France was at this point of time almost solely in his command. The "Constitutionnel," in which he possesses shares, and over which he holds complete control, was looked upon as his immediate organ; the "Courier Français," as we have already seen, was invited to a seat in the cabinet; and as M. Odillon Barrot was good enough to postpone electoral reform until liberty should have been secured by the proposed Fortifications of Paris, the "Siècle," which is his organ, made itself Thiers's speaking-trumpet to the ears of its 40,000 subscribers. The "Journal des Débats," having those aforesaid Fortifications in view as its lighthouse through the storm, rode gallantly over the breakers, freely giving M. Thiers the helm, until, arriving nearer its desired port, a royal pilot should be signalled to leap on board, and dispossess him. The "National," delighted at the prospect of war, brought up the republicans; and the "Commerce" headed the Bonapartists, until, the delusion over, it drew off its battalions, muttering against its deceiver. The Legitimist Journals, indeed, sneered at such

bourgeois chivalry, and the "Presse" postponed the conflict until Molé should be called to the command *vice* Thiers cashiered: but with these exceptions, what a phalanx of Louis-Philippeists, Barrotites, Republicans, Bonapartists, now rallied around the main division of the *Centre Gauche*!

Yet even here M. Thiers was not content to stop. Absolute master of all the light fieldpieces of the daily press, he proceeded to capture the heavy artillery of the only two periodicals of importance, the "Revue de Paris," and the "Revue des deux Mondes." To the first, a weekly magazine, we have already alluded as the one in which the candidate for the representation of Guadaloupe upon pro-slavery and liberal government principles, wrote himself into the good graces of the planters abroad, and the anti-slavery men at home. But the "Revue des deux Mondes" is the great gun of French periodical literature. It is their "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," and "Foreign Quarterly" combined. With nearly as many articles, and as much matter, as any one of these Reviews, it appears once a fortnight. This important periodical owed its existence chiefly to Count Molé, and for a considerable period received the contributions of the first literary men of the day.—Indeed to name its former contributors would be to set down every distinguished name in modern French literature. And now, for the first time, upon the breaking out of the war-cry this periodical took a prominent part in the politics of the day: warmly espousing the part of M. Thiers.—The proprietor of the "Revue" being also patentee of the Théâtre Français (to give him a title most intelligible to the English reader), and in this latter capacity receiving a large subvention, the amount of which, although voted by the Chamber, depends upon the will of the minister, it was at first supposed that either direct menace, or a lively sense of benefits to come, had much to do with a sudden metamorphosis of a literary miscellany of a grave character into a sharp political controversialist. But when it was ascertained, that the political "Chronique" was placed under the direction of the count Rossi, a Swiss born but a naturalized Frenchman, owing the honor of the peerage to Louis Philippe, with whom he was a well-known favorite, the public saw in this circumstance, taken in connection too with the war-tone of the "Débats," that the conduct of M. Thiers had the hearty support of the Château. Hence, notwithstanding the peaceful disposition of the king, the minister seemed to have carried

his purpose, and war was believed to be imminent.

Yes, nothing less than War. The understood bargain between M. Thiers and the Press appears to have been, that in consideration of the honor of giving law, at least in appearance, to the ministry, the journals should place at their control the passions of the country. From the cabinet board the three allied leaders, "Constitutionnel," "Courier Français," and "Siècle," having received the word of order, set forward, match in hand, to fire the train. France was told she was insulted, that she had received a slap on the right cheek, and, as nations cannot, like individuals (how this last analogy is hackneyed!), turn the other in a Christian spirit, she was bound to go to War, and to War she should go. There was in this proceeding at least some deference shown to the spirit of the age: some acknowledgment that the time had gone by when a minister to keep himself in place had only to move an army: but there its virtue ended. M. Thiers thought that to bring the people after him, he had only to catch a few popular journals, hang bells around their necks, make them advance (*en avant marchons*), and that as a matter of course the whole flock would follow. Tiresome and sickening would it be to wade through the mass of raving-mad nonsense, flung out like garbage every morning for the masses to batten on, and then eject, half-digested, upon the Boulevards and in the Theatres.—Even the soldiers became intoxicated by the reeking spirit with which the atmosphere was charged. Detachments, going to relieve guard, kept time to the Marseillaise. One morning, the late lamented Duc d'Orleans reviewed five regiments in the Champ de Mars. After various evolutions the troops were ordered to put their arms *en faisceau*, when, having done so, they shouted with one accord the Marseillaise. The Prince Royal was taken by surprise, and very likely thought the spirit was not to be resisted.

Nor was this all. While the Press was raving, and Mobs shouting, and English residents receiving insults, Ordonnances for the levy of troops boomed ever and anon through Paris. This looked like earnest. But what still baffled and puzzled the Journals all the time, was the apparent neglect of the English government to make any preparation against the coming storm, and the more marked silence of the English Press.

Let us pause to pay a just homage to the Newspaper Literature of our country. Had the London Journals at that time allowed

themselves to be betrayed into anger, we know not what could have prevented a burst of irreconcilable hostility between the two countries. The silence which they imposed upon themselves was not contemptuous; for a Great Nation, no matter how it may be misled for a time, cannot be treated with affected scorn. They appeared rather to have gravely measured the responsibility which was imposed on them, and to have resolved that they would hold themselves guiltless of the crime of involving their countrymen in strife. Yet if in France the members of the Press be held in so high an estimation, that their honorable calling is the avenue to the highest posts of statesmanship, there is in England, on the contrary, upon the part of the great and little aristocracy, an affected contempt, almost ludicrous, for those from whose armory members of both houses take their stores of argument and information. Perhaps it is that the members of both houses feel piqued that they are obliged to deck themselves in second-hand robes, turned and re-arranged for holiday display. Perhaps their anger is no more than the proverbial ingratitude attendant upon obligation. But be it as it may, we cannot but rejoice that we are under no necessity of guarding against the dangerous temptation of an irresponsible seat in the cabinet, to be offered to the editors of the 'Times' or Chronicle,' 'Globe' or 'Standard.' Not that we doubt the abilities of the gentlemen in question for the post, but that, admiring the principle of division of labor, we would keep each in his own sphere, perfecting in that sphere his own capability, and inducing him to make its pleasurable, honorable, and profitable exercise, its own reward. For to the results of a different kind of policy, we have now to ask the reader's attention. Let him mark what this boasted Public Opinion turned out to be, by the affected appeal to which this Newspaper Whirlwind had been raised. A new and potent actor steps upon the scene.

While the ministers were playing the game of terror, for the purpose of rendering the Chamber obedient to them; while the Journals were rioting in their supposed influence over government and people, and the storms of passion it had raised; there was one individual watching all parties, controlling all, and ready, at the proper moment, to render all subservient to one or two little projects of his own. Our readers will at once understand that we refer to Louis Phillippe. Suddenly, with marvellous indifference, he refused, upon the very eve of the opening of the Chambers, to speak

the speech set down for him; as suddenly his ministers resigned; and with no loss of time the majority that had supported, straightway abandoned them.

Louis Philippe, with the sagacity for which he is so remarkable, had some time been aware that the Newspaper Whirlwind had raised up, not an irresistible phalanx of will, but mere clouds of sand. For a time, like the cautious traveller in the desert, he threw himself upon his face, and allowed it to pass over. But if he felt no terror, it was his policy to act fear. The fortifications of Paris, projected by M. Thiers in his warlike mood as a base for the operations of the coming spring, had, like all the warlike measures of his ministers, received, for excellent reasons, the royal sanction. When the same measure had some years before been proposed by Marshal Soult, under the more rational form of a chain of Detached Forts, the Press, then in possession of its senses, rose against "the Bastilles," and the Press defeated the project of the court. We may easily understand a cool governor thus reasoning thereon: "Oh if I could only induce the support of the Press, the people who have no public meetings and no other voice, should perforce submit." But how do that? Why by the old means, Fear. Fear, in what shape? Why, the fear of Invasion. How aptly did the long wished for opportunity present itself! How it must have been hugged with joy, proportioned to its unexpectedness! We do not say that the Journals feared invasion any more than M. Thiers or the king himself: but they lent themselves, as instruments to the king and ministers, for the creation of terror, and betrayed the people into that apparent temporary acquiescence, which, if left to their sober reflection and good sense, they never could have accorded. France can only bring Invasion upon herself.

Thiers, compelled to resign, was yet allowed to carry off with him the paternity of this measure. He could well be spared its glory, and all of it was conceded by the king. The Fortifications of Paris were proposed by Thiers. Marshal Soult denied their utility, and called for the old Detached Forts; but the Chamber, though not frightened to the whole extent of M. Thiers's calculations, still allowed their senses to be deluded by the spectre of Invasion. Thiers, the Journals, and the court shouted in chorus "Invasion;" the chamber echoed it; it was in vain that Lamartine spoke the best speech he ever made, and that Count Molé treated the proposal with scorn; the Chamber would have the Bastilles: ditch, wall,

soldiers, cannon and all. Marshal Soult bowed, and thanked them for giving more than he wanted, said the "enceinte continuée" was an "embarras des richesses;" and the Court, and Thiers, and the Journals were happy!

The Newspaper Press of France, then, are to be thanked for the Fortifications of Paris: the only deposit left from the angry storm they raised. The Fortifications are the work of the whole Press, from the "Journal des Débats" to the "National." The "Presse," as the organ of Count Molé, feebly opposed the measure, and so, out of contempt for Thiers, did the "Commerce;" but these two formed the only exceptions. The "Journal des Débats," notoriously the court organ, was, as we have seen, in company with Louis Philippe's Count Rossi, as loud in encouraging Thiers in the first instance as the "Courier Français" or "Siècle." By that influential paper, indeed, General Bugeaud, the governor-general of Algiers, acknowledged that he had been misled into the belief that France had really been insulted, and must wipe off the stain: and he afterwards expressed his astonishment at the little ground there was for such an assertion. Named one of a commission to prepare the address in reply to the king's speech, an inquiry into the circumstances attendant upon the signature of the treaty for the settlement of the eastern question, from which France stood self-excluded, became part of his duty; and the general soon discovered, and publicly expressed his surprise at, the slight base upon which so alarming an outcry had rested. "The 'Débats,' no doubt, had been deceived." But the "Débats" was not deceived: its rôle had been to deceive others: its business was to help in shifting the scenes, and in keeping up the stunning music of the pantomime, until the grand finale was ready: and then, at a stroke of the wand, away went the Boulevards, and the Marseillaise, and the trickery of Clown, and the dupery of Pantaloon, and lo! amidst the thunder of artillery and the fall of liberty, Paris surrounded by Walls, Forts, and soldiers! The people asked for bread, and they received a stone!

Mark now the just recoil. THE PRISON WALLS GROW UP RAPIDLY AND UNNOTICED: THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS DECLINED, AND IS DECLINING. The Press promised the nation war, and peace is assured: glory and conquest, and they find Europe armed and prepared. They told them the old story of people everywhere being ready with outstretched arms to accept Liberty from

France; but they did not tell them that Liberty, like Charity, should begin at home, and that France, having once before been received as the friend of Liberty, while, imposing heavier chains than those she had stricken off, she falsely broke her word—the delusion was not again to be repeated. Above all, they did not see one fatal effect of all their ravings. The *amour propre* of the French Nation has been irremediably hurt. So much spirit expended for nought; so much enthusiasm thrown away; so much preparation fruitless; so many threats, so much bragging, passed like the idle wind; all these things make France look foolish in its own eyes, and it turns upon its deceiver the Press, while the Press turns again upon England. The Press told the nation it was insulted, and the Press told the nation a falsehood, which being found out, it is distrusted. We believe at the same time that the nation would willingly forget all that is passed, and apply itself to something more useful than the mere recollection of its having been deceived; but the Press, like a deceiver found out, thinks it can only gloss over its misconduct by bullying on, and so it still cries every day *Haine et Mort aux Anglais*.

The key to this latter conduct is to be found of course in weak human nature. They who leave the path of rectitude, from a very sense of shame persist in the same evil course. Bonaparte, with his bad moral sense, attempted, like Machiavelli, to erect into a principle an evil weakness, when he laid it down that persistence in a course originally bad was the only way to make it ultimately right. The Journals only act upon this maxim when they follow up their senseless cry. They hope to render it so familiar to the nation, as that at last the nation will receive it as a sound pregnant with meaning. Vain hope! It is not easy to re-kindle national ire by a dull echo. The substance of alleged wrong has been examined, handled, and thrown away as unworthy of the anger it had caused. What is to be hoped from the shadow?

But if the Press be no longer potent for evil, it can stand in the way of good. It can feed a constant irritation. It can create a "malaise;" not amounting to malady, but enough to render uncomfortable the people disturbed by so constant a visitor. Could the small, teasing, worrying insults, thrown every day at the English people, be made to provoke a return, then indeed a squabble without dignity might end in a quarrel without hope. Half the rage of the Press appears to arise from the difficulty of ex-

torting a reply from its imperturbable rival. But while the rage is harmless here, in France the constant jarring produces, as we have said, a certain ill effect. It has deranged, for example, some of the best plans of the government. The railways stand still: not one contractor can be found to bid for the execution of any part of the northern railway to Belgium. The contractors say they are ruined by the contracts undertaken for the Fortifications. In the same way the government offered large subventions to private companies to undertake the carriage of the mails to the French West Indian colonies and to the United States; but there is either not sufficient capital or sufficient enterprise in the country, and the government must take the risk upon its own shoulders. While we do not deny that other considerations enter largely into the causes of this stagnation of public enterprise (considerations too extensive to be examined here), we may still fix upon the Press a reproach from which it cannot escape: namely, that supposing it to have had good intentions towards public prosperity, it has certainly diverted all these into an unprofitable channel, while it has regarded the dispositions of the government with sullen apathy, offered no suggestion, and pointed out no means for the amelioration of the people's wants. It has had but one nostrum: War with England. What benefit this wrought to the nation, is beheld in the Fortifications of Paris: what other result it has brought about, remains to be witnessed in the Degradation of the Press.

This next division of our subject brings Guizot more prominently on the stage, from which Thiers had for a time retired.

In the paragraphs which we quoted from the "Journal des Débats," we find it stated that the agitation raised upon the right of search is but ten months old, the right itself having existed, and been acted upon, for as many years. This right of search was a windfall for the Journals. A merely general allusion to its history will serve our purpose. It is well known that the treaty of 1841 was signed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, upon the invitation of France herself. No sooner, however, was it announced from the throne, that these powers had afforded their adhesion, than suddenly the scales fell from the eyes of the Journalists, and they discovered the right of search to be but a hypocritical pretext upon the part of England for destroying the commerce of her rival.

But then, how England, who exposed her

own trading vessels, at least twenty times as numerous, to the inconvenience of the risk of search,—how she could freely accept such hazard if fraught with inherent ruin to commerce, was an enigma difficult to reconcile with the standing accusation of a deep, although inexplicable, plan for annihilating all rivalry upon the seas. Fortunately an avocat, one of that body for whose legislative acumen Napoleon professed such profound homage, was at hand, prepared to set the understandings of party in harmony with its passions.

M. Marie presented himself before one of the electoral colleges of Paris at the last election, and in a speech, of course upon the right of search, and nothing but the right of search, put the following case:

"Suppose," he said, "a merchant-vessel to be about to sail from a French port, at the same time that an English ship, laden with similar produce, is about to sail from a British port. The English captain is informed by his correspondent that a rival is about to start, and that if he arrives before him at the foreign port to which both are bound, the cargo of whoever comes last shall either not be sold at all, or sold at one-half its value. The English captain, acting upon the advice, sets sail, and drops a hint to the British cruiser that he meets in his way. The latter looks out for the French merchant-ship, pretends to mistake her for a slaver, detains her on suspicion for two days, and then sets her at liberty. But alas! upon arriving at her destination, she finds the British merchant-ship has been there two days before her, and has had time to supply the market, and the French merchant is ruined."

Now this farrago of ignorant absurdity was actually thrust down the throat of a body of Paris electors! In the language of the "National," to whose columns the speech was confided, its illustration of the designs of Great Britain was covered with thunders of applause. We may forgive the Paris electors, not one of whom, perhaps, ever saw a ship in his life, for swallowing such a statement; but of what stuff can the opposition of the Chamber of Deputies be composed when the "bâtonnier" of the avocats, with which dignity we believe M. Marie to be invested, could be found capable of uttering trash like this? And what must be the extent of that newspaper information which could adopt it? Whether

* The trash has been more recently repeated by the paltry "Presse" à propos of the affair of Barcelona. After stating, falsely of course, that the English journals had congratulated their readers on the defeat and disarming of Catalonia, because nothing could now prevent the treaty of commerce with England being at once completed, the court print proceeded thus: "Ah! there are the English for you! Behold their policy in all its ugliness! Let them talk now of humanity and philanthropy!"

the blind guides of the people, be they avocats or journalists, were themselves ignorant of the real nature of the question, or whether they seized hold of the claptrap ingredient which composed the phrase "right of search" for the purpose of creating delusion, certain it is that delusion was circulated, and ignorance deepened, while through the spreading darkness phantom shapes were conjured up, enough to make the hair stand on end at the designs of "perfidious Albion." And now the Press once more appeared to be in the ascendant. The ministry of Guizot gave way. The session approached its close. A general election was at hand. The Ministry appealed to the country upon the good achieved through the restoration of peace, the establishment of order in the finances, their efforts in favor of material good, such as the law just passed for a general line of railways. The Press inscribed upon its banner "No right of search! No submission to England!"

In the then coming struggle there was not wanting that admixture of personal resentment which gives sharpness and earnestness to human contests. M. Guizot's treatment of the journals had been as opposite to that of M. Thiers, as the characters of the two men are opposite from each other. The former is as reserved in his official manner as the latter is communicative. The one, thoughtful, yet not cold, revolves within his own mind the measures of his government, there allows them to mature, and to disclose themselves only, and in their due order, at the proper time and season. His hardy self-reliance stands in no need of counsellors, nor does a vain desire to produce effect prompt him to send forth to the public a sudden and startling resolution, to be obliterated by another more dazzling because more unexpected. To such a man as M. Guizot, a set of quidnuncs must be as annoying as to his restless predecessor they were necessary. We thus find M. Guizot, upon his advent to power, with but two direct supporters, the "Débats" and the "Globe:" the "Débats," notwithstanding its

Humanity for them is only an instrument of commerce. These tender and generous philanthropists, who so much pity negroes, see with delight torrents of blood and heaps of ruins in Catalonia. Do you know why? It is because, on the negro question, philanthropy gives them the right of search, by which means they spy after our commerce, and harass the rivals of their industry: while in the fire of Barcelona their inhumanity and savage barbarity render them masters of the trade of Spain, securing the conclusion of the treaty of commerce so long desired, and which they think they shall pick out of the smoking ruins of Barcelona! Yes, behold the philanthropy of England!"

mighty talent, with impaired influence because of its tardy opposition to the war pranks of Thiers, which, as we have already seen, it had for its own purposes at first encouraged; the "Globe" without sufficient circulation, notwithstanding its unquestionable ability, to make its support tell upon the public mind, while it was moreover the organ of the French planters, and not likely, therefore, to be ardent in its advocacy of M. Guizot's policy upon the question where strenuous advocacy was most needed. If M. Thiers's object was to rule the country through the journalists, that of M. Guizot would seem to have been, to hold his place in spite of them. He paid them no court. Nay, he offered them, in the prosecution of M. Dupoty, the grossest insult, and the greatest outrage, which it was possible to inflict upon so distinguished a body of men.

But could he have done this in any other state of things than this we have described? Could he have done it if the Journalists of France had remained true to themselves? Dared he have done it, and afterwards faced the French People?

One of the bitterest reproaches urged against M. Guizot by rational men, that which carried with it the most apparent truth, has been this: that he, who has written so much upon British constitutional statesmen and British constitutional history, and written too with so evident an admiration of the maxims and principles of our laws, should yet, with the opportunity afforded him of carrying these maxims and principles into execution in his own country, where their application is so much wanted, guard with the greatest jealousy against their introduction, and violate the first principles of justice in the persons of political offenders. In another and different spirit, M. Guizot's supposed English predilections have also afforded his less rational enemies, the readiest, most convenient, and most constant topic against him. He is, forsooth, the minister *de l'étranger*; he is the pedantic Doctrinaire who would force upon the uncongenial soil of France the constitution of her untiring enemy; he would teach a love of England as the pattern of all excellence, and Anglicise his countrymen. From any thing like this latter reproach, he must be said, in the matter to which we now advert, to have fairly purged himself. It could only be accepted, from one who swears by Great Britain, as the avowal of a painfully profound conviction of the unfitness of France for the blessings of British freedom. In a word, the case of Dupoty was a most horribly revolting case of justice vio-

lated in its first and most sacred principles. Let us pause upon it a moment.

A letter is found in the open public box of the "Journal du Peuple," of which he is editor, addressed to him by a man, against whom this letter is made the evidence of a connexion in the conspiracy with Quenisset to assassinate the Duc d'Aumale at the head of his regiment. We are now reasoning upon facts which we assume to be known. The letter itself was a piece of foolish bombast, written by a republican; and whether it had reference to the attempt of Quenisset, or to an intended demonstration against the young duke in his capacity of colonel, to which in the eyes of the populace he had been prematurely promoted, (and which demonstration had perhaps been defeated by this very attempt.) does not distinctly appear. On that letter, however, addressed to the editor of a public journal, and thrown into his public letter-box, M. Dupoty was charged with being one of a band of regicides! was tried and was condemned by the Chamber of Peers! and is now in the gloomy fortress of Saint Michel, where he must remain until the term of five years be accomplished!

The attorney-general based his accusation upon what he called MORAL grounds. Admitting that there was no direct legal evidences of Dupoty's guilt, he contended that the Chamber of Peers was not bound to act upon ordinary rules of evidence, but that if MORALLY convinced of a prisoner's guilt, it was bound to convict him!

Of a doctrine so shocking and repulsive, what can be said? There never was so infamous a principle advanced as that of moral conviction in a court of justice. No principle can be more opposed or repugnant to the spirit of all civilized law, which ordains that the oath of a jury shall be to try according to the evidence. If a judge, or jury, or court of peers, be allowed to act upon moral convictions, no man is safe. The most iniquitous sentence might be sheltered under moral conviction. A jurymen might close his ears to the plainest evidence; he might, if so disposed, sleep through a whole trial, having first made up his mind according to this inward light set up by the French attorney-general above all evidence, and having condemned without hearing, might easily satisfy his conscience that he had been morally convinced of the prisoner's guilt. A judge might in his charge set aside all evidence upon the same ground. What in fact is moral conviction, but a substitute for positive evidence. Generally speaking, moral conviction is the

cloak of vulgar prejudice. We could summon five hundred bitter theologians, who would give you their moral conviction as to the eternal condemnation of thousands, whom they would name by name. Moral conviction filled the dungeons of the Inquisition with victims, and fired the brand of every auto-da-fé kindled in Spain, in France, or in England. Moral conviction is the language of jealousy and suspicion as well as of prejudice; while justice is only justice according to the understandings of men, because she weighs that which is tangible, and that alone. Introduce moral conviction once, and the prisoner is stripped of all defence. He can only meet evidence by evidence. Moral conviction is onesided. The moral convictions of prisoners are worth nothing. The attorney-general, or (let us give him his French name, while discussing French legal practice) the "procureur général" may infuse his own moral conviction into the minds of judges too indolent or incompetent to scrutinize testimony; but the unfortunate prisoner durst not allude to his own moral conviction, nor dare his witnesses do so. In common parlance, when a man says he is morally convinced of any thing, he is understood to mean very strong suspicion, but only suspicion. Poor Dupoty is therefore wasting his life on the dreary sea-girt rock of Saint Michel, because the "procureur général" suspected him of guilt which he could not prove, and was artful enough, or able, to impose his suspicions as proof on the Chamber of Peers, unaccustomed to deal with the subtleties of advocates!

And this was done in Paris within a few months, in the very teeth of that power which, scarcely twelve years since, had for offences less monstrous hurled a king from his throne. Here, we say, was the open and undisguised announcement of the Degradation of the Press of France. Louis Philippe might, as he soon after did, suppress another journal altogether: the "Temps," the first mover of the July Revolution: this he might suppress, without a jury, by the mere decree of a police court: any thing might be done when this Dupoty's case had passed without a murmur. The poor Journals, indeed, with the exception of the court organs, exclaimed against the legal enormity, but they were not supported by the public. Public confidence had deserted them. What a contrast between the position held under M. Thiers, and that of the Guizot rule! Wide as a seat in the Cabinet from the rock of Saint Michel! And the administration which dared to do this, advanced with as little fear to meet

the country in a general election; encountered the storm of unpopularity raised by the Press about submission to England and right of search; and in the battle fought in the electoral colleges, did not lose one unit of its parliamentary majority!

It is with pain that we adduce evidence of violated law and justice in proof of the utter want of sympathy upon the part of the country for the Press. We should have been glad rather to have rested our proof upon the abandonment, by the majority in the new Chambers, of him who had, by means of overflattered and subservient Journalism, stirred up the passions of the country, stopped the flow of its prosperity, deranged its finances, thrown burdens upon the people, sowed the seeds of bitter animosity, and revived that fatal lust of conquest, of which two invasions ought to have cured the French. To that proof we should have yet more gladly added the solemn confirmation of the public voice in a general election. But to be obliged to show the Press trampled, spat upon, and flung into a regicide's goal: while the country—accepting M. Hebert's doctrine of moral conviction by its new lease of power to the men who had thus outraged it, and outraged law besides—gave evidence of its own moral belief in the justice of such treatment: this is a task from which we would have willingly refrained, but that the intemperate insults offered every day to the British people oblige us to show that the quarter from which such insults come, is absolutely and utterly repudiated by the French nation.

Whilst we write, is there any evidence making itself apparent that these journalists, who must now be conscious of error, are in the least disposed, for their own sake, or for the sake of truth or justice, to redeem it? They have had some opportunities of late: how have they welcomed them?

With the bells of St. Paul's and the Tower ringing in our ears for victory after victory in Afghanistan, won upon the fields where our countrymen had been treacherously slaughtered: ringing for the restoration of our captive heroic countrywoman and her companions, the fruit of honorable triumph: ringing thanks for peace with China, and its three hundred millions brought within the pale of European civilization:—we confess that we did turn to our ceaseless libellers, in the hope that common sympathy with high deeds, with treachery so justly avenged, with strife so bravely closed, would have procured us at least one day's cessation of causeless hostility, of upro-

oked bitterness. And so it nearly, very nearly, did: for on the first day of the arrival of the news, only half our successes were told to the French people, and that half went forth with the attendant comfort of many shrewd doubts of its truth. Thus, and thus only, had we one day's respite; and even this had one exception.

Upon the evening of Saturday, the 19th November, the "Messenger" newspaper contained the announcement of peace with China and its conditions, as conveyed by the telegraph from Marseilles. The hour of its arrival in Paris we cannot tell: all we do know is, that the steamer from Alexandria with the glad tidings had reached the former port some time upon the previous Thursday. But the "Messenger" was as remarkable for what it did *not* contain as for that which it did; for the three sentences, "Cabool taken: Ghuznee destroyed: the Prisoners restored:" were not there. It might be that the government, knowing the excitable nature of the journalists, feared the effect of a double shock, but certainly all that was known in Paris upon the Saturday evening, was the conclusion of peace with China: peace, too, notwithstanding the "Débats" had satisfactorily demonstrated a short week before the total impossibility of the English expedition ever succeeding, and with such power of reasoning that its brother journalists, now recollecting this, refused, on this memorable Saturday evening to believe the telegraph! The "Courier Français" and others dismissed the intelligence with a few lines of doubt: the untiring "National" alone disturbed the dull repose of incredulity with the following thunderclap of denunciation: "All Europe will class this British enterprise among the most odious passages of its history; and this history, the world knows, is defiled with odious precedents." That being all, we think that we may fairly say that we were allowed nearly one whole Sabbath-day's truce!

But time and the "Malle Poste" wait no man's convenience, and spare nobody's feelings, and the following Monday brought complete confirmation of this Chinese news in the despatches of the general commanding. Hardly, however, did incredulity entirely give way, even before this. The "Journal des Débats" at once set to work to criticise the despatches, with the object of showing—what? Why, that the British were the first to ask peace from the Chine, and not the Chinese from the British! while its readers were told in the same article, in the impressive form of italics, that the rati-

fication of the Emperor was only "probable." We can forgive incredulity because it conveys an undesigned compliment. That which is hard to believe has been difficult to accomplish. And a more direct testimony on this subject has been grudgingly given: grudgingly, because accompanied by harsh observations. It has been admitted that the money terms imposed upon the Chinese, being limited to the expenses of the war, were moderate. The "Débats" upon the one side, and the "Courier Français" on the other, admitted the moderation; though the latter journal qualified the admission by an endeavor to show that we feared to be otherwise. "Because, during the two years that the English ships were infesting their waters, no diminution of hatred of the English name was manifested. When a city was taken nothing was found there but the walls of the houses, the inhabitants escaping from all contact with the strangers. The conquerors remained isolated without *point d'appui*, without provisions, without relations of any kind with the conquered nation: an unoccupied country lay before them: and unless they brought with them an English colony to till the soil, they could not keep it." According to this view it was the fear of starvation which inculcated the necessity of moderation: but the moderation admitted, the motive is of less importance. The same journal went on to reward our "moderation" by a little generosity of its own. It kindly pointed out to us means by which we might assure the fruits of our victory. "They have only to share them with Europe, and the Emperor will not be mad enough to resist the combination." The "Courier" was too modest to say "share them with us:" yet without fear might have said even that. The question ignorantly put by so many French papers as to our intentions of monopolizing China may be answered without "authority." The ports of China will be thrown open to European civilization. Let us add, that no art which envy, hatred, or malice can suggest, will avail to snatch from England the glory of having opened this way for European civilization to one-third of the human race. The Paris Journalists know that: they wince under it: they cannot help, even in the midst of their slander, consciously avowing it. Not only have we found admissions of moderation qualified in the way we have shown, but even bursts of admiration strangely associated with the rankest abuse. Take the "Presse" once more, for instance. "England," said this journal, "so far from having a right to ex-

pect indemnity for the expenses of this war ought to be happy that she has not had to pay a penalty, for the abominably scandalous example she has given to the world of power turned to the support of the most detestable pretensions." These vague expressions were afterwards explained in a short article, wherein, summing up the quantities of treasure found and plundered by the English in the different towns seized, the "Presse" declared its incapability of calculating the whole amount of money obtained "between ransoms and robbery." We do not stop to ask where the "Presse" found proof of any place having been given up to plunder; we content ourselves with remarking, that at the close of the article from which we have thus extracted the most moderate passage, we find these exclamations: "This is grand and magnificent success! a success which does honor to the civilization of our era! above all, to the nation which has torn it from the pusillanimity of the authorities of the Celestial Empire."

So much for the welcome to peace with China from the Press of France. Into the details of their fiercer and more reckless denunciations of the victories in Afghanistan we do not mean to enter, though we have something to say of the spirit which animated these. Had we to deal, indeed, with opponents who calmly weighed and impartially judged, so far as allowable prepossessions will admit of impartiality, we would have stopped, on this particular question of the Afghanistan war, to reason with them. There are few political questions which do not present debatable ground, even where they touch not the passions or the prejudices of party. But dealing with a class of men who denunciate by wholesale, we are absolved from the duty of endeavoring to lead them by mild remonstrance or quiet reasoning into right views and just appreciations. They do not want to reason: they do not wish for the truth: they shut their eyes, they stop their ears, and they only open their mouths. We have in these circumstances another duty to perform. We are called on to expose the odiousness of the intoxication of malice, as a lesson to the sober good sense of mankind.

In this place we refrain from offering upon the policy of Lord Ellenborough one word of praise or blame. What we have to do with here, are the motives of conduct attributed to us by the French press. They say, then, that having walked over Afghanistan, scattering hordes and armies before us like chaff, and taking fortresses and cities with as much ease as if we had only

to stretch out hands for them, they say that we abandon our conquest *from fear of Russia*. They say, that had we remained in the country the Affghans would have turned to Russia, and that we feared the results of such alliance. Ah! Journalists of France! we know that you regard us as a nation so "materiel," so self-seeking, so destitute of principle, of honor, of feeling, and of imagination, that you cannot allow of our performing one generous action. We know that even the boon of twenty millions of pounds cheerfully bestowed, as the price of Negro Emancipation (a boon in every sense of the word, for we looked "materiel" losses boldly in the face, because of moral and religious gains to an ill-used portion of the human family),—we know that you attributed that Christian action to a deep piece of Machiavellian villainy. You said over and over again, that our object was to lay the foundation of a black revolution in the United States, to be propagated and sustained by free black regiments from the West-Indian islands! Perhaps you applauded this piece of sagacity and foresight, and only sneered at the hypocritical pretension to philanthropy with which we endeavored to spread a sentimental savor of perfumed charity over the meditated scheme of slaughter reserved for our transatlantic brethren. You sneered, in short, as you would have sneered at a governor-general's tears over a *razzia* in Algiers. Now we can forgive you all this, because, in so saying, you only judge us by yourselves, and expose your own tendencies and character; but, as you still pretend (falsely, we assert, and we think we have here proved) that you represent a gallant people, with whom cowardice is the most contemptible form of human baseness, you should have paused even in *your* career of recklessness before you accused England of cowardice. An eminent publicist, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, judged better when, in a late number of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," written before the peace with China was announced, he declared that the undertaking to reduce such an empire with a few thousand men, was the hardest, and, if successful, would be the most brilliant, achievement in the history of the world. Speculate if you please upon an invasion from Russia, but do not again say we fear it. You accuse us of fear even with regard to the Gallo-Belgian treaty! We read the other day an article in your "*Courier Français*," upon a fabulous remonstrance from the Four Great Powers against the proposition of a commercial union between Belgium and France: in which that journal

threw down a sort of challenge to any one of these powers to fight it out single-handed with France, and stigmatized their attributed joint remonstrance as a *lâcheté*. The whole story was a sheer piece of invention, but it served as a pretext for uncivil language. Such language, however, is very injurious to the French people in the eyes of other nations. The people of Germany, like the people of England, are engaged in developing those resources, which, blighted during war, spring up and flourish in peace; and if their governments league together for peace, the government of France is equally invited to a share in that holy league. Should France, on the other hand, distaste such quiet, and instead, as this "*Courier*" most wrongly and impudently represents, challenge one of the company to a match in the Five Courts, it would not, let us again assure you, Journalists of France,—it would not be Fear on the part of the others that might possibly make them say, "My good bully, you must leave the room."

But even China and Affghanistan have passed away with other topics of senseless hatred seized by the French Newspapers, and the great question now is Barcelona. For in Barcelona they thought they had found some balm for the wounds of our Eastern Successes.

A revolt takes place in that city, to which revolts are natural as bull-fights, and the Journalists at once, in its very beginning, shout with common accord, "'Tis all hatred of England." Anon the demure "*Débats*," the disapprover of all excesses of party as highly unjust and indecorous, with the most candid air selects passages from some Catalonian journal, to show that it had certainly been an apprehended treaty with Great Britain which had deluged the streets of Barcelona with blood. The "*Globe*," in the same tone announced that the end of the insurrection would be a demand for the abrogation of all commercial treaties with England: the same journal, now one of the favored organs of the Guizot ministry, having described England, a few days before, as a hard lender imposing on Spain usurious conditions. The "*Presse*," as usual, revealed in malignity: inventing the most foolish untruths in the hope of inflaming popular passions, and even formally announcing the departure of a British fleet from Gibraltar to Blockade Barcelona. The silly story indeed, produced not the slightest effect; for the "*Débats*," fearing that things were possibly taking a turn somewhat too republican, suddenly stopped its own tales of

Spanish rising against British influence, and declared the complete untruth of the assertions of its contemporaries.

Since this, however, matters have again taken another turn. The French Consul at Barcelona is gravely and openly accused of having contributed to originate and foment the insurrection; the French government precipitately and passionately adopts every act of this Consul, by rewarding him on the instant with the cross of the Legion of Honor; the French Press is again hounded to its work; and its cry swells up once more, stronger at the close than at the beginning of the Barcelona revolt, "Hatred to England."

But the French People, we firmly believe, are this time on their guard and well prepared. By this time they know their Press pretty well, and they begin to know their King. We may venture, we think, to predict that the game of the Fortifications of Paris will be played with less success in its new form of a Bold Stroke for a Bourbon intervention in Spain. The newspapers are again astride their hobby, ready as ever to be cheated, but with none of the old power to cheat. The "Commerce" may charge us with the unparalleled atrocity of Barcelona in a "state of siege," as the fresh crime which pollutes the history of the sanguinary and sordid policy of England; but it is not quite forgotten, either in Paris or in Lyons, that there have been such things as "states of siege" by no means so far from home. The "Débats" may virtuously, but very harmlessly, denounce the extra-legal severities of Espartero, so long as the extra-legal condemnation of Dupoty continues to be freshly remembered. The "Presse," in its wild bombastic rage, may track "the blood which flows at Barcelona," flowing "to the profit of English cottons," and manifest "amidst the carnage of execution," and "surrounded by the light of the bombshells of the siege," may decry the finger of England: but that Spectre England has already played her part in nightmares wilder than these, and with what practical results the French people know too well. Could they by possibility have forgotten, there was a journal in the Barcelona excitement which took care to refresh their memory. Be in good heart, citizens of Paris, exclaimed that journal; go and see how the fortress of Ivry gets on. It covers more than three hundred acres; it has five enormous bastions; each bastion is prepared to receive sixteen pieces of artillery; there is a glorious drawbridge, and, commanding the entrance, a splendid rampart. "So rapidly,"

this writer added, "are the works relating to the Detached Forts round Paris in the course of execution, that at this moment, should a necessity arise, four of the citadels which surround Paris might be armed and occupied."

Pleasant prospect! and solely the work of this patriotic Press. Already we seem to hear the voice of Louis Philippe in Paris, as that of Napoleon was heard in the Desert: * Citizens! From these Detached Forts forty thousand soldiers look down upon you!

We are not unfriendly to the Press of France. Freely we admit its extraordinary talent: with bitterness, when we look to its present condition, reflect upon the enormous capability for good it has of late so utterly abused. Fallen, and with but a shadow of its former influence, we now believe that Press to be. We have shown, also, that it has merited its fall. But it may even yet be worth its while to consider, that if it be not determined upon sinking itself deeper in its present forlorn and pitiable condition, it will cease that monotonous din of which the ear of this country is weary, and apply itself to some useful work. Difficult it may be to retrace its steps, but it is not impossible. The field is ample and almost untrodden. As friends we would suggest to them as a study, the Institutions of that people against whom it is their pleasure to rail. Are you not ashamed, Newspaper Writers of France, that after two revolutions in the name of Liberty, there is no security for personal freedom in your country? You know that the police may enter the house of any man, and if he be from home, may frighten his wife and children, break open his drawers, and seize his papers. The letter found in M. Dupoty's box has shown you what use may be made of papers in the hands of an attorney-general, who deciphers their meaning through MORAL CONVICTIONS. Nay more, it has again and again most bitterly occurred to you, that a man may upon mere surmise be thrown into gaol, and there, upon no better grounds than Moral Conviction, be detained until the pleasure or convenience of the authorities allow him a trial; or he may, at the end of a month, or a year, or two years, be dismissed from confinement, with the stain of the prison upon him, broken in fortune and in health, and

* Before the battle of the Pyramids. "Soldiers, from these Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you!" The parody is the pleasant suggestion of the "Charivari," a paper that it has not come within our design to mention, but always full of wit, and rarely deficient in wisdom.

yet no satisfaction, no redress! Would you not, O Journalists, be better employed in agitating for the adoption of a measure for the security of personal freedom, (M. Guizot will tell you about our English habeas-corpus,) than in rendering yourselves worse than useless by your folly, and so depriving the public of the only public defender left to it. We propose but one glorious feature of liberty to you, lest we might confound you with too much light. Here is a noble, useful, necessary object, for the advocacy of which the country would thank you, in the efforts for which the country would sustain you, and in the pursuit of which you would once more take your legitimate place as the guides and guardians of a virtuous public necessity.

If the Journalists of France adopted this counsel, the glory would be all their own. The popular leaders in the Chamber show not the least inclination to make a stand for public liberty. Thiers helped to pass the September laws against the Press, which made him what he is; and without Odillon Barrot, the Bastilles could not have been carried. We hear enough of soldiers and sailors, but not one word about civil institutions. M. Dufaure and M. Passy are separated from M. Guizot only by so many sail of the line; they have not a word to offer for the electoral franchise. Here, we repeat, is a wide, and to the shame of the statesmen and legislators of France, an untrodden path. To the Press we again say, take it, occupy it, plant it with fresh and vigorous Institutions for the shelter and security of the People, and do cease to play those tricks which make you objects of pity to your neighbors.

We are the more earnest in offering this advice, because we think the present time most favorable for an experiment in favor of Liberal Institutions. The country enjoys profound internal tranquillity; but the country is standing still; and an ardent, intelligent and accomplished people, will not consent to stagnate, while every other nation is, if not in progress, at least in a state of activity. It is because the attention of France has not been fixed upon practical reforms, that in particular fever fits she turns to foreign war as the sole path to glory. It was the hope of war, deprived of the fear of invasion by the Fortification of the Capital, which allowed that feudal measure, so full of danger to liberty, to be passed in a moment of artificial excitement. Let Louis Philippe boldly widen the popular basis of his throne, and he will secure the dynasty of whose continuance he is so apprehensive,

and obtain guarantees for that peace which it is still asserted that he loves, and which it will then be his honor to have maintained. But let him mark well, that upon no other condition than this, is either the one or the other permanently fixed. And notwithstanding the grave censure which we have been obliged to pass upon the Paris Journals, we think sufficiently well of them to believe that they would yet support the monarch in the wise, just, liberal, and yet most prudent course, which we humbly suggest to him. A more grateful task could not occur to us than that of welcoming back the NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE, in circumstances such as these, to a position they never would have forfeited, if the possession of most remarkable talents, and the recollection of services for which in times past they made the whole civilized world their debtor, could of themselves have retained them there.

WEALTH.—One of the best and most satisfactory uses of wealth, my dear boy, (says *Punch*, in his "Letters to his Son,") is to dazzle with our riches the eyes of our neighbors. Your dear mother once hit this point to a nicety. We had long expected the payment of a small legacy bequeathed to her by a distant relation, whose exact degree of kindred I cared not much to inquire into. It was enough for us that your dear mother's name was down in the will; and that the executors promised some day to faithfully perform the injunctions of the dear deceased. "And when we get this money," said your mother to me in a moment of connubial confidence. "I tell you what we'll do with it—I tell you, my love, what we'll do with it." As I knew she would proceed no further until I begged to know her intentions, I at once put the question: "What, my dearest, what will you do with it?" "Why, my love," answered your parent, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "we'll take the plate out of pawn, and give a party." Yes; the great gratification to be gathered from the legacy was, that we might flash our four tea-spoons and pair of tongs in the eyes of people for whom we had not the slightest esteem; and to one of whom your mother had, I know, on three occasions captiously refused the loan of her bellows. "I think I have heard you say my love the face of Nature—the open sky—the fields, the trees, the shining river, all are glorious to you! My dear boy, whatever may be your present delight in contemplating these objects, as yet you know nothing of their value. Look upon them with the eye of a proprietor, and what a bloom will come upon the picture! Every bit of turf will be an emerald to you; every grasshopper will chirrup—a very angel to your self-complacency; every tree, moved by the wind, will bow to you as you pass by it; the very fish in the river will

Show the sun their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold.

reflecting there *your* wealth, and not *their* beauty. Nay, that portion of the sky which rains and shines its blessings upon your land, you will behold as yours; yea, human pride, strong in its faith of property, will read upon the face of heaven itself—"MEUM!" Every sunbeam will be to you as if it were an ingot. How delicious and how entrancing must have been the feelings of Adam when he awoke in Eden, to find himself—a landed proprietor!—*Charivari*.

THE ENCHANTED LILY.

BY THOMAS FEATHERSTONE.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

There is a sweet and dim recess
 In the depths of a lone green wilderness—
 'Tis form'd of cedar, beech, and pine,
 Whose boughs so closely intertwine
 That scarce a glimpse of sky is seen
 The thick and deep green leaves between :
 The moss of its untrodden floor
 Is interwoven all with flowers,
 And the breezy roof is fretted o'er
 With quivering light in the noontide hours ;
 But when the moon is bright and high,
 She pours through the web-like tracery
 A tremulous and tender glow
 Upon the velvet sward below.
 There trills a thin and silvery brook,
 Through the grass and flowers of the fairy nook,
 Which is fed by a clear and sparkling well,
 That springs in the midst of the leafy cell ;
 And hither at night the elves would come,
 When the skies were bright and the winds were
 dumb,
 To sport in the mazy dome, and lave
 Their moony limbs in the crystal wave.

In the days of yore, a wandering knight
 Reposed on the marge of that fountain bright,
 And he dreamt a dream that a lady fair,
 By a wicked enchanter, was spell-bound there
 And that he alone could dissolve the spell,
 And free the nymph from the magic well.
 The sprite of his vision then portray'd
 The shadowy form of the captive maid,—
 The waters heaved on their glassy breast
 A fair young lily's veined crest,
 Which, obeying the wave of the mystic wand,
 Disclosed a being so bright—so fond—
 As fill'd the breast of the sleeping knight
 With a tumult of wonder and wild delight.
 Oh, never, I ween, had he gazed before
 On charms so bright as that fair maid wore ;
 The dewy plumes of the winged air
 Waved back her hyacinthine hair
 From her young white brow and her azure eyes,
 That were full of the light of the starry skies,
 And turn'd the hues of the violet dim—
 And their orbs were weepingly fix'd on him.

He sprang from the earth with an eager bound,
 And he threw out his arms—but, alas ! he found
 He had been but the sport of an idle dream :
 The moon and the starlight softly fell
 Through the emerald gloom of the leafy dome
 On the clear blue breast of the fairy well.

Aloud he call'd upon 'squire and thrall,
 They were chain'd in slumber, each and all—
 So deep, that but for the heaving breath,
 He had deem'd them lock'd in the sleep of death !
 And their steeds reposed on the shady ground,
 In the same deep magic of slumber bound.
 With a frown of anger he grasp'd his lance,
 To rouse them up from their mystic trance,
 When a murmur of melody, sweet and low,
 Arose on his ear, with a lute-like flow,
 And sank to his soul like the bloomy balm
 Of a spring-tide eve, when the skies are calm.

The notes grew louder, and seem'd to swell
 From the still blue depths of the waveless well,

And a circle of tiny, elf-like things,
 Arose from its bosom, intensely bright,
 Which they fann'd, with the leaves of their beamy
 wings,
 Into eddies of rainbow light.
 Softly they wing'd their airy way,
 Like butterflies buoy'd in the beams of May—
 Now dipt in the wave, now dyed in the sheen
 Of the tremulous rays that reposed on the green ;
 And thus, as they wove their mystic ring,
 The marvelling warrior heard them sing :—

CHORUS OF ELVES.

Our task is done—
 Our task is done !
 We have drugg'd the dark enchanter's sleep,
 Since sunset hour,
 With the poppy flower,
 And lock'd him in slumber, fast and deep !
 We have pluck'd the wand
 From his red right hand—
 No more shall his victim in bondage weep ;
 The magic is won !
 Our task is done !
 The charm we sever—the spell we break !
 Away ! away !
 Pale Vesper's ray
 Is sick with the light of the rushing day !
 To brake and fell,
 To vale and dell,
 To forest and mountain—away ! away !

Softly and sweetly the echoes died
 In the voiceless space of the welkin wide,
 Till nought was heard but the sleepy trill
 Of the eager waves of that infant rill,
 As they leap'd along, with a lulling song,
 The moss and the flowers and leaves among ;
 And the fays dissolved in the ether blue,
 As fades in the beams of morn the dew.
 But quick as their mysterious flight,
 A queen-like lily, fair and bright,
 Display'd her lithe and sylphite bell
 On the placid breast of the azure well.

There stood she, like a fair young bride,
 In her dream of joy and her hour of pride,
 Ascending out of her liquid cave,
 And viewing her limbs in the limpid wave ;
 The pausing moon on her forehead shone,
 And the eye of the knight was fix'd thereon.
 When lo ! from the clasp of her veined arms,
 So modestly folding her virgin charms,
 A creature bright, of dazzling light,
 Look'd out with a smile on his raptur'd sight.

The spell was burst—the nymph was free
 From the dark magician's glamourie—
 But ah ! too eager he to grasp
 His treasure in a lover's clasp—
 No sooner did his mortal hold
 In rapturous clasp her form enfold,
 Than one long, low, mysterious wail
 Was borne to silence by the gale,
 And in a shower of sighing rain
 She sank amid the waves again !

The morning broke, but nowhere found
 His serfs their lord ;—they sought around
 Each gloomy thicket, dell, and cleft,
 In vain—in vain—no trace was left !
 And 'squire and thrall, with troubled look,
 At length their anxious search forsook,
 And each, in mystic wonder bound,
 Stole, awed, from that enchanted ground.

ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

From the Colonial Gazette.

THE Anti-Corn-law League had a "grand Metropolitan demonstration" on Wednesday—a public meeting of their friends and supporters at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. Mr. Hamer Stansfield of Leeds took the chair; and there were present, Mr. John Bright of Rochdale, Mr. Brooks of Manchester, Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Ewart, Dr. Bowring, Mr. R. R. R. Moore of Manchester, Mr. Paulton, and a great number of the Chairmen and Secretaries of the branch Associations of the Metropolis. The meeting is said to have been the largest held at the Crown and Anchor for twenty-four years: not only the great room, but all the ante-rooms and passages, were crowded; and deputations were sent from time to time to the platform for speakers, who came out and addressed the auxiliary meetings. Frequent allusion was made to the scene in the House of Commons last Friday night. The Chairman remarked—

"If there be any characteristic of an Englishman which distinguishes Richard Cobden more than another, it is his love of fair play. Now, foul play has been practised on that gentleman. (Vehement cheering.) The higher the party from whom it emanated, the fouler the deed. To accuse a man openly of instigating to the commission of assassination, if there were grounds for such a charge, it would be manly—it would be bold—it would be English to make it: but to insinuate what it is not dared to express, is worthy of a mind practised in duplicity. (Loud cheers.) But let Mr. Cobden be assured that, from whatever source this atrocious stigma proceeds—whoever aims the foul blow—whether it be a wily enemy or a false friend—(Loud cries of 'Roebuck!' and groans)—his countrymen will rally round him and see that he has fair play." (Continued cheering.)

Mr. Cobden himself said, he would rather that the transaction had not been alluded to: he should leave it in the hands of his intelligent countrymen, and be satisfied with their verdict—

"You have been told that I have been charged in my place in Parliament with instigating to assassination! I, who received a diploma from the Society of Friends as a peacemaker, on account of my writing, long before I was known as a politician: I, who in all shapes, to the best of my humble ability, endeavored to depress the false boast of mere animal powers at the expense of the immortal part of our being: I, who abhor capital punishments: I, who am conscientiously of opinion that it is worse than useless to take life, even for the punishment of murder: I have been accused of instigating to assassination!"—(Loud groans.)

He then proceeded indignantly to de-

nounce the imputations of the Tory press. He was interrupted by some person, who called out "Question!" an interruption which Mr. Cobden with much temper and adroitness, turned to account—

"That gentleman, whether he be friend or enemy, is right. It is a mistake, and a great fault on our part, to allow ourselves for a moment to be diverted from the real question. It is the game, the deliberate game of our enemies, to scatter charges against us, and thus divert the minds of the people from the object which we have at heart."

He described the peaceful weapons of the League—the printing-press, and lectures; its object—to make the Corn-law known, understood, abhorred, and therefore speedily put to an end. After a clever Anti-Corn-law address, Mr. Cobden again adverted to the charges against the League; referring particularly to the speech of the Rev. Mr. Bayley, of Sheffield, on the 6th of July—

"Their enemies might single out an individual speech or an individual act to reproach them with: and what then? Let a man, whether he be a real enemy or a false friend, single out the individual speech of a minister of the gospel, and say that his language was violent and indiscreet, and Mr. Cobden would say to him, as had been said to another before him, 'Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone.' There was no doubt but that the short life of the League had witnessed acts of indiscretion, as there were acts of indiscretion in the daily and weekly lives of them all: but was it the part of a friend to mount the most public stage he could find in the country, and declaim against a member of the Anti-Corn-law League, in language which he knew would be seized hold of by the Monopolist press and applied to the whole League? Was it right that a friend to their cause should take such a way of reproving individual acts of members of their body? or should he not have written upon the subject to those members of the League with whom he was in close correspondence at the time? But he did not attend there to exculpate the members of the League from charges which might have been brought against them. He heard these charges with regret, but he knew that the League had outgrown such charges. They could laugh at them, and despise them; nay more, they would do what probably such kind friends as those who advanced them did not intend or wish that they should do—they would profit by their censures." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Bright delivered a very long speech, in the course of which he said, that as long as the Corn-laws existed, they would be liable to such outbreaks as those of the autumn: so long as human nature remained as it was, he felt satisfied that vast multitudes of men, who could live if the law permitted them, would not lie down and die quietly with wives and children starving around them. He believed that if the late

disturbances had taken place in the agricultural districts, the probable results would have been such as he dared not contemplate. The brutal ignorance of the agricultural laborer might be in some degree explained, when they recollected that there were no persons above their own situation in life who had for them a word of sympathy or comfort. Such was not the case with the operatives in the manufacturing districts. Their employers interested themselves in their condition; but had the rural squire and the clergyman any sympathy with their unfortunate laborers?

Colonel Thompson ridiculed Sir R. Peel's fears of assassination—

"The Prime Minister had been represented as having been much excited at something—a threat of assassination! (Laughter.) If this was true, it must have arisen from the still small voice of conscience; and he would not wish him visited with any greater censure. He knew a little girl who stood being shot at a great deal better than he did. (Tremendous cheering for some minutes, intermingled with cries of 'The Queen! God bless her!') He believed that the whole affair was a political stratagem. The Quarterly Review had charged him with saying it was time to do something more than talk: that was uttered during the progress of the late election, and referred to the conduct of the electors on the hustings. That was a specimen of the truthfulness of the charges against the Anti-Corn-law League in reference to a late event."

The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Hume, Mr. Milner Gibson, and Dr. Bowring; and, thanks having been voted to the Chairman, it peaceably separated.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND HIS ERA.

From *Ball's Weekly Messenger*.

Sir Robert Peel and his Era. Cotes, London.

As nothing is more sought after in this day than biography and anecdotes of public characters, we candidly confess ourselves pleased with the work now before us, as largely contributing to the curiosity and entertainment of the reader, and disclosing many particulars relating to the family of the eminent statesman whose name stands so prominently on the title-page. This, indeed, may be emphatically called the "Era" of Sir R. Peel, and his name seems stamped upon it, for all posterity, as the leading character of the age.

The grandfather of Sir R. Peel is said to have been traditionally known in Lancashire as "Parsley Peel," from the circumstance of his first having used the parsley leaf as

his commencing pattern in calico printing. His third son, the late Sir Robert, was the founder of the family. He was born at Blackburn in 1750, and after having traded in that town for some years, he removed to Bury, and established that larger cotton manufactory, which ultimately led to his great wealth. Having acquired a fortune, he procured himself to be returned as a member of the House of Commons, was made a baronet, and died in 1830, leaving behind him a plentiful landed estate, and between one and two millions of personal property. The present Sir R. Peel, the prime minister, thus speaks of his father:—"My father moved in a confined sphere, and employed his talents in improving the cotton trade. He had neither wish nor opportunity of making himself acquainted with his native country, or society far removed from his native county, Lancashire. I lived under his roof till I attained the age of manhood, and had many opportunities of discovering that he possessed in an eminent degree a mechanical genius and a good heart. He had many sons, and placed them all in situations that they might be useful to each other. The cotton trade was preferred, as best calculated to secure this object; and by habits of industry, and imparting to his offspring an intimate knowledge of the various branches of the cotton manufacture, he lived to see his children connected together in business, and by their successful exertions to become, without one exception, opulent and happy. My father may be truly said to have been the founder of our family; and he so accurately appreciated the importance of commercial wealth, in a national point of view, that he was often heard to say that the profits of individuals were small, compared with the national gains arising from trade."

Sir R. Peel, the father of the Premier, had a very early presentiment that his son would rise to high public station, and in his plain way of speaking he even mentioned this in the House of Commons. "I taught him," he said, "from early life to walk in the steps of Mr. Pitt, and I felt persuaded that he would deserve the praise which some honorable gentleman had been pleased to bestow upon the speech which he has just made." The present Sir Robert, the Premier, was born at Chamberhall, near Bury, in Lancashire, in 1788. He was sent at a proper age to Harrow school, where he was a schoolfellow of Lord Byron, who thus speaks of him while he was his companion at Harrow. "He was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our class." We

were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all—masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor, I was reckoned at least his equal: as a school-boy, *out of school*, I was always in scrapes, and *he never*: and *in school*, he *always* knew his lesson, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c. &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing."

But it is not our purpose to pass through the well-known details of the life of this eminent statesman. The writer of these notes seems well acquainted with the House of Commons and the leading characters of the day.

A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Peel very punctually comes down to the House of Commons at five o'clock. He will be here immediately. Oh, there he is, with papers in his hand, I suppose the copy of some newly-concluded commercial treaty. You will see him stand at the bar to catch the Speaker's eye, when, of course, he has not long to wait; though, if other matters are in the way, he must take his turn. Hark!

"'Sir Robert Peel!'"

"'Papers, sir, by command of her Majesty.'"

"'Bring them up.'"

"There, now, he is 'bringing them up.'"

"Does it not strike you, as he moves up the floor of the house, that there is a sort of *mauvaise honte* about him?—a thing that surprises me, considering his rather handsome person, address, and long usage of the House of Commons.

"Yes, but though reputed such a peculiarly cool, cautious man, he is, in temperament, very sensitive, and keenly alive to all the proprieties of morals and of manners. You see he is a florid man—sanguineous; and such men are frequently very attentive to externals, while 'black' or 'bilious' men, though just as full of SELF, are more apt to neglect manner, in their deeper meditation of matter.

"How old is Peel?"

"He approaches his 55th year, and, as you may perceive, is in the bloom of health, as well as the prime of life.

"Do you know any thing of his domestic life—of Lady Peel, who she is, and what she is?"

"Not a bit; but it is most amiable, social, and unspotted—Peel is a virtuous and religious man; and if I had heard any thing I would not repeat it. Ladies' maids, chambermaids, and footmen, are the very worst appreciators of character: so far from being able to see below the surface, they do not even see the surface; and a man so quiet in his domestic habits as Sir Robert Peel can only be known through a domestic medium. As for Lady Peel, I only know what every body knows—that she is the daughter of General Sir John Floyd; that he was married to her in 1820; that

she is a most elegant, lovely, quiet, unobtrusive lady; and said to be dotingly fond of her husband and her family.

"As for Sir Robert's oratory, what do you think of that?"

"It depends on your estimate and definition of oratory. As a *speaker*, Sir Robert Peel has no rival in the House of Commons.

"Why, what do you mean? I understand by an orator, a man who can talk well.

"No doubt, no doubt. But Sir Robert Peel is not a Burke, nor a Fox, nor a Canning; his understanding, though not very capacious, is excellent; and though rather slow to appreciate and acknowledge principles, he is not capable of doggedly persevering in a course against which his intellect protests. His eloquence is therefore a reflection of his character. His mind is not deep-toned, his oratory is not electric, he clothes no principles in burning words, emits no 'living thunders,' imprints no ineffaceable recollections. Yet he is really an admirable and accomplished public speaker—as such, unrivalled in the present house. The habits of his mind enable him to arrange his topics with great art, and to present them with exceeding clearness; in the language of Milton, 'his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places.' His voice, though neither sonorous, nor capable of varied expression, is managed with much skill, and so rendered subservient to the speaker's purposes as to make him, if not a powerful, at least a delightful and exceedingly interesting talker. He greatly enjoys having to reply to opponents who may have laid themselves open to fair retort, or even to a dexterous quibble, or an ingenious rhetorical perversion. Let some blundering speaker make some awkward admission or obvious exaggeration—let some philosopher wander out of the ordinary track, and draw arguments for annual parliaments from the annual revolution of the earth—then Sir Robert Peel treasures them all up, gives them a ludicrous turn, and with his face all wreathed with smiles, looks round to enjoy the bursting laughter and the ringing cheer which echo behind him. His enjoyment of this kind of thing has betrayed him into that habit of rhetorical evasion which has too much characterized his parliamentary speeches, and procured for him the reputation of being the greatest master of plausibilities in the House of Commons. He is shaking off this habit, and taking fairer, and, therefore, higher ground.

LORD STANLEY.

"It is time for me now to put in a word. Will you point out Lord Stanley to me?"

"He is not in the house. See, there he is, coming in, swinging his hat betwixt finger and thumb.

"Why, I thought that Stanley was a little man—quite a boy in personal appearance.

"You surely don't expect men to remain for ever the same. Edward Geoffrey Stanley is now 44 years of age; a time of life when, if ever a man is going to become *stout*, he manifests it. His lordship has more *physique* than his friend, Lord John.

"His friend Lord John! What genuine friendship can subsist between political rivals, where one of them, especially, is so bitter and caustic in his application of *shin-plasters*? I am afraid it must be a hollow profession of words.

"There you are mistaken. A very cordial sympathy still exists between Stanley and Russell; for Lord John is quite aware that nobody more regrets Stanley's impetuosity and petulance of temper than Stanley does himself—when the fit is over. On the occasion of the death of Lord John's first wife, and in the very heat of party warfare, Stanley wrote a letter to Lord John, full of kindly and affectionate sympathy; and on several occasions there has been a very cordial interchange of mutual regard.

"What a pity, then, that Stanley, with so much real ability and genuine oratorical fire, should lower his standing as a statesman, by those occasional bursts of clever, energetic, indiscreet, passionate impetuosity, which render him as much the dread of friends as of foes!

"Ah! he will cool, if he continue long in office. His natural temperament was excited and sharpened in opposition; and he was encouraged and flattered in his displays, because he is the very *Picton* of an assailing party in debate. In careless power, rapid, yet easy flow of idea and of utterance, and in severe, almost savage retort, Stanley has no equal in the house: Brougham, in his best days, would have overtopped him, but there is no Brougham in the present House of Commons.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"What position does Lord John Russell hold as a speaker?

"As an orator—*nil*. He wants the physical conformation and the mental energy that are essential to oratory. But he is an admirable sententious thinker; and though in the mere power of speaking he is poor, his speeches are frequently full of point as well as of matter.

"Then you think favorably of his abilities?

"Not only of his abilities, but of his character; and to me it is a matter of real pleasure to see two such ancient and noble families as that of Derby and of Bedford furnishing representatives of so much personal worth and ability as Lord Stanley and Lord John Russell. And now that many great questions have been settled, I cannot reconcile myself to the idea, that because the whigs are *out*, and the tories are *in*, therefore such a man as Lord John Russell is to be for ever excluded from office, in a ministry where he could sit beside his friend Stanley, and his old colleague Graham.

"Yes, yes, plausible enough: but *coalition* is an ugly word; and even though there may be now only *personal* recollections to cause any material difference, still we must not forget that in the public mind there is usually a 'great gulf fixed' between whig and tory—not an impassable gulf, as Graham and Stanley testify, but wide enough in the estimation of party morality. But, talking of Graham, show me Sir James Mackintosh's 'manly puppy.'

SIR JAMES GRAHAM.

"There he is, sitting beside Peel. Sir James Robert George Graham is of the same age as

Lord John Russell, both having been born in '92; but you see the bright sword of Netherby is big enough and tall enough to put Lord John in his scabbard.

"Graham has oscillated too violently between extremes for my taste.

"No doubt of it; and Lord John, in his quiet way, very effectually 'pitched it into him' not long ago, when he reminded him of his denunciation of 'the birds of prey,' the recipients of the public money, while he, Lord John, who had started into public life 'a moderate reformer,' was 'a moderate reformer, still.' It is curious to see Graham on these occasions, or when he is pelted with quotations from his 'corn and currency;' at times he blushes a *little*: an 'innocent confusion' occasionally mantles on his cheek; but generally speaking, he laughs as hearty as the rest, and seems to think it capital sport.

"Does not that manifest a deficiency in the nice sense of honor?

"Well, well: let 'sleeping dogs lie;' for 'to err is human, to forgive divine.' Graham abandoned his colleagues and his party, and did not treat them with scrupulous care after he left them. But they say that the old hare returns at last to the old form; his father was a Tory. But let justice be done to Sir James Graham. He is a man of real ability; and now that he is in office, he retains and maintains some of his old opinions with manliness and consistency.

"By the way, there is the rising hope of the Conservatives, and Peel's right arm—William Ewart Gladstone, Vice President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint.

MR. GLADSTONE.

"That young man!—what a disappointment! In person he is of a good stature, and, like Stanley, has a pretty, good-natured, rather pouting mouth, while the upper part of the face, like Stanley's, has a 'knitted,' if not a frowning aspect. But what disappoints me most is the smallness of the head. Under Stanley's careless locks, you can see hidden a good solid mass of forehead: but this noted young man—this philosophic worker-out of church principles—I want for him capacious skull and breadth of face. Can such a small head carry all he knows?

"We must take men as they are, and not as we imagine them. The head is small, but it is well shaped. You notice that the upper part of the face rather expresses severity; and I am told that old Gladstone, and the family generally, have been noted in Liverpool for what is called a 'crusty' temperament. If this be so, and this young man inherits it, he is an example of the power of principle, for he seems to have his temper singularly under control. His voice, too, is sweet and plaintive: he has amazing clearness of speech and volubility of utterance, but with a tendency to run into a mellifluous monotony, which he will probably correct.

"Are his abilities as great as they say, or is he an example of being 'cried up'?

"Oh, no man can doubt that his abilities are great. I do not refer to his books on church and state, with which he first established his reputation, but to his conduct in the house. He proved 'a friend in need' to Peel in conducting the tedi-

ous business and details of the new tariff: in fact every thing devolved on the prime minister and his Vice President of the Board of Trade; and though Peel's great business facility and long practice in addressing the house enabled him to expound, state, and defend the principles and details of the tariff with more fulness, force, and weight, it was universally acknowledged that young Gladstone shone in the department of 'facts and figures,' and displayed a capacity for official business of the very first order.

"Old Gladstone has risen into great wealth from a humble condition, has he not?"

"Yes; the Gladstone family, like the Peel family, furnish evidence of the power of our trade and commerce to throw up individuals from the bottom of society, to disport themselves, like leviathan, on the surface. Old Gladstone made his money in Liverpool, as Morrison, the member for Inverness, made his huge fortune in London.

LORD PALMERSTON.

"Is not Palmerston a fop?"

"Tut, one has no patience with these vulgar ideas of people, which vulgar fools propagate. Certainly 'Fanny was younger once than she is now;' and time works changes. But look at Palmerston, sitting on those front benches; you see all the signs of a man of high breeding, but foppery there is none.

"Is it not singular that Palmerston and Peel should now be pitted as rivals?"

"It is rather; but, remember, though Palmerston and Peel commenced public life together, Palmerston was in advance of Peel on such questions as Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. Palmerston is four years older than Peel, being now 59. But he seems in excellent keeping; his vigor, mental and bodily, appears unimpaired—what a fine looking man he is!"

"But is he really a man of talent?"

"The question is superfluous. His family, the Temple family—has an hereditary reputation for ability; and Palmerston does not belie it. To be sure, his opponents say, as Melbourne said of Lyndhurst, that his talents are from God, but the application of them is otherwise. And that reminds me of D'Israeli.

MR. B. D'ISRAELI.

"Do you see that tall, rather thin young man (hardly young now), with Jewish cast of features, dark countenance, and heavy, full, swimming eyes, bent either in meditation or on vacancy—gazing downwards to discover the perforations in the floor? That's young Ben D'Israeli, the son of old D'Israeli, and as great a 'curiosity of literature' as his father ever produced. Some time ago he took to the *foreign* line, wanted to overhaul all our consular establishments, and thought he would make a palpable hit, by finding Palmerston, like the devil, in every mischief brewing abroad. Ben is really clever—a genius: but somehow Sir Robert Peel and the party have not taken to him; though clever, he has a strong tendency to become a *bore*.

DR. BOWRING.

"Who is that man with spectacles, poking about like an old woman?"

"You mean Bowring, I suppose—Doctor Posi-

tive Utility. That man is a remarkable example of very considerable ability being wholly insufficient to prevent an individual from becoming a monstrous *bore*. He is, I am told, kindly and unassuming in private life; and his great philological powers, his travels, his statistics, his Benthamism, and advocacy of commercial freedom, are known to all. Yet as a speaker in the house, he is lackadaisical, lachrymose, and tedious; his pathos is invariably bathos, and when he does sink into the pathetic, his sing-song intonation makes it excessively ludicrous.

"You speak of *bores*—are there many in the house?"

"A few: there is a youngish man down there—he with reddish whiskers and plain appearance, who has got up to ask a question of his 'right hon. friend at the head of the government.' That youth exhibited decided symptoms of the *bore*, but somebody or something gave him a check. It is Stuart Wortley, eldest son of Lord Wharncliffe, the President of the Council—the successful opponent of Lord Morpeth in Yorkshire at the last general election.

MR. HUME.

"I see Hume in his seat—isn't he a *bore*?"

"Why, Joe is now permitted, in consideration of his long services, to have 'the run of the kitchen.' He offends nobody; and, on the whole, is rather a general favorite than otherwise. Unquestionably, whatever may be thought of his school of politics, he has 'done the state some service' by his long-continued exertions in favor of retrenchment; to which may be added what he has done for commercial reform, as for instance, by his celebrated Import Duties Committee, confessedly the immediate foundation of the new tariff. But Hume will never get over that peculiar style of oratory which Canning characterized as 'the tottle of the holl'; not long ago he censured the 'peccadillies' of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and announced that wherever there was any thing delicate there was sure to be something wrong.

"Hume has an assistant, has he not, in Williams of Coventry?"

"Yes, a dull, unimaginative man, but very assiduous, very decent, and moderate, and therefore useful.

SIR GEORGE GREY AND LORD HOWICK.

"Is not that Sir George Grey? I heard him make a very telling speech in Exeter-hall.

"And he can make a very effective speech in the House of Commons. He held but a subordinate position in the late government: had he persevered at the law, he might have taken a high place. Beside him you see Charles Wood, the whig Secretary of the Admiralty, and son-in-law of Earl-Grey. He is a regular leather-lungs, and his face is as sharp as the edge of a hatchet; a man of ability, however: though you cannot endure to listen to one of his lengthy speeches from beginning to end, yet at intervals you can discover that he is uttering very good sense. Here comes his brother-in-law, Lord Howick; he has an excellent understanding, and speaks with a level clearness and facility which would make him an admirable lecturer, but he has a dogmatic and obstinate way of laying down the

law which occasionally renders him disagreeable.

SIR T. FREMANTLE—SIR G. CLERK—LORD MAHON.

“Who is this little man dancing in and out of the house, scarcely ever sitting a moment?”

“Sir Thomas Fremantle, one of the joint secretaries of the Treasury; his duties require him to be frequently on the move, especially if a division be expected, and the ‘whip’ has to be applied. He has met his colleague, Sir George Clerk, that stoutish bald-headed, good-humored looking man; and see, Lord Mahon has joined them on those back benches; perhaps to ask them to get a ‘pair’ for him.

“Lord Mahon! That’s Earl Stanhope’s son.

“Yes, and as like his father in figure, attitude, and accent (each having a remarkable *burr*) as if, in the Irish phrase, he had been ‘*spit*’ out of his mouth. Lord Mahon is a very decent man; one of our *literati*; and superior to his father, who is the *Ferrand* of the House of Lords.”

We must now dismiss these lively portraits, and conclude for the present our notice of this entertaining little volume.

COUNTRY PLEASURES:

AND THEREIN CHIEFLY

OF ANGLING AND FLY-FISHING.

BY M. F. T.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A MORE exhilarating cordial than “the fine fresh gallop over dewy downs” could scarcely be prescribed by the College of Physicians; and, far be it from a kindly lover of horses and horsemanship to insinuate that the musical pack, and emulous brother pinks, and echoing high woods, and the Swift-orama of a green, open country, are not accessories to equestrian delight, at once dulcet and exciting. Still, some stress must be laid on the somewhat apprehensive fancy, that one’s cravat and its contents may possibly become disarranged, or one’s occiput tapped of what current intellect it carries, in the harem-scarem of the chase.

A Missouriium now, or a Megalomegisterium, or, to descend a little, your African Elephant, Bengal Tiger, Sloane’s Rhinoceros, or flock of Lions—these, indeed, would be worthy of so valiant a venture; but, when the tame stag is quietly uncarted, and, after a canter of twenty miles, as quietly boxed up again, the scatheless captive for next week’s run; or, when “sportsmen brave, in leather breeches, leap over five-barred gates and ditches, and hair-breadth ‘scapes and perils dare, to hunt that—furious beast the hare;” or, when from the portals of Europe’s premier college, sally forth in

blushing vestments the noblest and the gentlest of Britain’s gallant youth, wantonly intent on following even to the death the trail of a *red herring*; when, I say, these things are done in the name of hunting, surely it were better even to go a-fishing with Mark Antony; and, when Cleopatra’s divers have diligently hung on our hook the last of their dead tunnies, to put up for the rest of the day with unlimited sport from a tub of pickled sprats.

Once more: a country ramble, in rude health and fine weather, is thoroughly delightful,—an innocent pleasure, not seriously diminished by fowling-piece and pointers. But there be many to confess, that on a cold, drizzly morning in November, they do *not* like to find themselves up to the knees in drenching turnip-tops; and still less, on a roasting September noon, to be toiling over dusty fallows, with a heavy iron tube upon their shoulders. There be many who are weak enough to acknowledge that the scream of a wounded hare makes them feel as if they had shot a child; and to fear the probable possibility of a friend’s trigger, pulled by some demon twig, conveying to them the unwelcome compliments of a Mr. Joseph Manton. In fact, we have heard more than one true country lover, in speaking of capital covers for game, maintain the respectable opinion, that the best in life is a *tin* one; and as to the birds being in good condition, they can scarcely be in a better than when frothily cooked, and served up with bread-sauce.

But—that BUT must be in capitals, printer, for it is as pregnant of nice fancies as a butt of Muscatel,—commend me, dear fauns, nymphs and dryads, to “the contemplative man’s recreation.” O, I have many things to say of that same sweet sport.—so many, that the pressure of the crowd hinders the fair order of their exit. Look you, there is in fishing no little savor of a just philosophy; the last ingredient of Pandora’s box of simples is mingled in it generously; Hope, with her honeycomb uncertainties, lingers latest in the angler’s heart, and gives him an early call next morning. Greater minds (to speak historically) are captured by fishing than by other modes of sport,—because their aim and game are things unseen. Davy or Paley would as soon have dreamt of angling in a well-stocked tub, as in one of those vasty stews of Holland, where every carp is known, and mynheer battens the pond’s bottom every third summer, No; let the huntsman take his railroad gallop thrice a week through the same breaks, and over those well-accustomed

ditches; let him know that an odoriferous fox-brush must be his highest trophy; for he sees "Master Reynolds, the fox," as Chaucer hath it, with his bodily eyes, half a mile a head, making for the fir-wood; let him-of-harriers feel that the greatest gain of all that lavish expenditure in oaths and whipcord, human hardness, animal suffering, real danger, and the cheerless, illimitable, creeping home again at night, can be but a timid and miserable hare; let the crack shot boast of his battue — that massacre of barn-door pheasants: or let him mark down, two fields off, his covey of indubitable partridges; whereas, what is the fisher's hope? — and hope, after all, is the soul of sporting. He cannot see his game; he seeks it blindfold in primeval waters; and who can be sure what strangest creature is not on the instant nibbling at his bait?

For my own part, among the scarcely post-diluvial mud of yonder ancient pond, where rushes have grown rank for centuries, (and how much more in Noachic rivers or the unsearchable, unchanging sea!) I never can know absolutely, and for certain, whether my next prize may not be some miniature specimen of the ichthyosaurus; Tritons and British Fishes, — who can tell?

And here, let no gentle Waltoner suppose that his fanciful angler is not perfectly conversant of the liking which certain fishes take to certain baits, and of the consequent probability that the good craftsman of the streams will bring in that which he went out for; neither let him think so feebly of a brother's skill, as if it were ignorant of the likelihood that the slow, guttural gulp betokened perch, and the spirited attack indicated trout; the sly suction of old carp is eminently one thing, and the brilliant run of pike another. This only be insisted on; there still is room for the pleasant excitements of uncertainty; and, however experience may continually contradict the hope, still, it ever unconsciously arises, that something yet unknown, some "*monstrum horrendum informe ingens*," is captive to your hook thirty paces off; and that when you wind home to shore the wearied combatant, he may be revealed as some rarest wonder of the fresh deep, some dreadful Gorgon of the river, or some fair Nereid of the darkly flowing current. No angler ever yet set forth to a day's fishing ungladdened by the sanguine expectation that, great as his luck may hitherto have been, the exploits of to-day shall eclipse it utterly. Thus, then, wend we forth; till here we are, nothing too soon, at Oakley pond.

Pond, quotha! — a finer lakelet slumbers

not in loyal Wales; and see how pleasantly it rests, as in the lap of peace, between this ruin-crowned hill, and yonder purple heath swelling into upland, sentinelled about withal by gallant oaks, and shaded well among dark copses of hazel and marsh-loving alder. What a wild museum of Nature, undisturbed, rejoices in existence on its banks! The frequent kingfisher will dart by, like a brilliant arrow, and startle you with its shrill squeak; or a wedge of wild-duck will drop headlong from their wheeling flight souse among the rushes; or a mighty carp will be heard, wallowing like a seal at play, in the muddy shallows yonder; or the green water-snake will rustle through dry grass, slide down the bank, and work his zigzag way across, with head erect, hissing like a little boa. Sometimes the heron will heavily flap along, skimming the reeds with his long legs; sometimes the coot, starting about, will dive suddenly, to rise again yards away; the cooing wood-pigeon will be heard responsive to the thicket-hiding nightingale; and fragrant meadow-sweet will be seen bowing its dewy feathers in homage to the choicer scent that breathes from out the wild blush-rose. A pleasant school for ologies is Oakley; and, when sport begins to fail, and the better fish at noontide take their Palermitan siesta, you may spend many a sweetly-profitable hour, of what book-worms count for idleness, in watching the race of bright beetles in the sun, or the gorgeous dance of dragon-flies above the water-lilies, — in conning lessons whispered by humble field-flowers — in listening to spring-time musicians of the wood, — and, best, in blessing Him who made them all so happy.

But see, my trolling-rod is ready, and the freshening breeze this grey morning promises a noble pike. Well cast! — and the gaudy float dances on the distant ripple. Suddenly, down it goes with a tug, and away r-r-r-runs the reel. He's making for his lair yonder among the rushes, and must carry with him sixty yards. How the line cuts and flashes through the water! And how your heart throbs, brother angler, — and how proudly, in so small a matter, feel you man's superiority, — and how sure you are that the monster, if, indeed, not a merman, or an iguanodon, is a twenty-pound fish, at least, and is doomed to be stuffed to-morrow! But patience, brother; look at your watch, and wait the longest ten minutes of your yet existence; for he has got your gudgeon across his mouth, and must gorge it at his own epicurean leisure, head-foremost. Now then, — he moves once more — be quick —

wind—and—just a turn of the wrist,—you've struck him well. Let him go—let him go—off like a shot! Here, he's darting back again—wind quick, and hold him; and, now he's getting sulky, lead him about a bit, and teach the monster that you've tackled him, a wild horse safe in harness. Just have a peep for curiosity—there, do thy multiplying cautiously, and induce our friend to taste a little fresh air. Why, those are the jaws of a very shark! Let him go, quick! He dashes about gallantly, but will soon be tired of so much racing. Home again, sir. Mind, when he leaps, lower your colors to his excellency, or he'll break all away; and—a clean jump out o' water!—there's his first and last appearance in the pirouette: now gently, gently to shore,—the hooked stick in those gaping gills,—and warmly welcome, thou magnificent pike! A fifteen pounder, or that aching arm tells falsely. How he claps his formidable jaws together, like two curry-combs, and furiously wriggles on the ground, as an eel, to run at us! Oh, thou tyrant of the little fish, thou Saturn even of thine own offspring, this, this is retributive justice. Flounder there among the meadow-grass, and confess to the naiads and oreades thy many murders; for assuredly never more shalt thou taste gudgeon.

It's a terrible thing to be tedious; so, while we pour a libation of cool claret, (the venerable bottle having been up to its neck in wet grass ever since we came,) my gentle comrade shall repeat you a pretty stave of his, said or sung as we were walking hitherward.

With glittering dew yet moist, the mountain cheeks
Smile through their night-born tears, for joyous day
With fervent charity wipes those tears away;
All Nature quickens; from a thousand beaks
Flow out the carol'd orisous of praise
To Him who taught them those dew songs to raise:
Forth bounding from a fern-lined pit, the hare
In the brown fallow seeks his furrowed lair;
High up, almost unseen, yon fluttering speck
With gleesome music breasts the flood of light,
Then, cowering, drops upon some mossy spot:
Around the elm-tree tops, in cawing flight,
Wheels the dark army: winking flowrets deck
Lawn, meadow, upland, hill, and poor man's garden-plot.

Hollo! where's my float?—and my reel's run out, and the rod pulled half into the water! This comes of poetizing; you see, and all such nonsense, when one should be merely a fisher. But, dear Nature, we Waltoners do love thee so,—and truly thy soul is poetry,—that sooner had been lost a dozen fish than that dewy canzonet. Natheless, with cautious wisdom let us retrieve this idleness, or Ustonson's bill will be longer than its wont this summer; for, unless man's intellect, at the end of half a furlong of

Indian twist, can circumvent the sturdy perch yonder, that has gorged our spinning-minnow—fish, hooks, and line, all must be lost! Wind—hold—play him—there's a back-fin for you, cutting the bright ripples like a sailing ploughshare!—there's a fine broadside of brown and gold, with black bands;—oh, the fellow mustn't break away for a bag of ducats! Here he comes—gently now—wash out that gristly mouth with copious draughts of its treacherous native element, and drown a very fish. His struggles are fainter and fewer, now for the net, boy—quick!—mind the line—and—safe on *terra firma*.

But the morning gets too bright for this sort of thing, and there's little need of other specimens. Let these hints suffice to testify an angler's happy triumphs; to-morrow, as the May-fly will still be on the water, we may ask your worship's company to the seven streams, and throw the barbed feather for a trout: meantime, to count our violet-scented spoils, (—there are ten brace more than those you've heard of,—) to lay them out on fresh-cut flags, and homewards over the hill with merry hearts to our wholesome, hungry, daylight dinner. Here, boy, carry these rods, and sling that pike and perch on an osier-twig; for they can't be got into the basket.

OF FLY-FISHING.

“THE sun's been up this two hours, sir; so I made bould to call ye!” It was the voice, and the heavy hobnailed tread of my factotum and favorite, Master James Bean.

“Thank'ee, James; bring my fishing-boots, etcetera.”

Now, what recondite idea attached itself to the cabalistic word “etcetera,” in the mind of the learned Bean, it is quite impossible to say; but the coincidence was remarkable, that, in company with the caoutchouc boots aforesaid, appeared a bait-bag full of clean moss, and convoluted lob-worms. For once our sagacious friend had erred; we were not to-day going to be guilty of impaling denizens of the dunghill: a sport cleaner, nobler, and more innocent than even that of the quiet angler, had been by us concerted for a pleasant holiday pastime: in fact, friends, you were promised a day's fly-fishing, and here it is.

Dame Juliana Berners, in y' Boke off St. Albans, enprented by Wynkyn de Worde, says, with her quaint phrase, not more prettily than truly, “Atte y' leest youre fyssher hath his holsom walke, and is merry at his ease; a swete ayre of the swete savoure of meede floures makyth him hongry; he

hereth y^e melodious armony of fowles ; he seeth the yonge swanne, heerons, duckes, cotes, and many other fowlys, wyth their brodes ; whych me seemyth better than alle y^e noyse of houndys, y^e blastes of hornys, and y^e scrie of foulis, that hunters and fawkeners, and foulers can make." Accordingly, knowing well my country, and that it is well worth your knowing, too, we will not, ungraciously, forget our "holsom walke," but take you roundabouts as pretty a ramble as any in broad Britain.

Match me where you can this rustic lane, its flooring of cleanest gravel, its wall of wildest verdure : now it gets deeper and darker, with rocky sides painted wantonly by various lichens. How gracefully should we think these wavy ferns, how gorgeous those flaunting foxgloves, how elegant the harebell, how delicate the ragged cornflower, had Nature been more chary of her most abounding beauties. O men, when shall your hard hearts learn that good and loveliness are broadcast bounteously : when will your folly cease to think the commonest things least worthy ?

And here, down in this oak-wood hollow, a flashing trout-stream glides across the road : yes, that's a fine fish, and spotted like the pard ; but, don't put your rod together yet, for we've three miles more to go, and yonder sly old trout has seen too much of us ; there, taking advantage of an escort of the smaller fry, he's off while we speak ; and one flap of his lissom tail has carried him ten yards away : moreover, all the hereabouts belongs to sour Squire Mountain, and one wouldn't be beholden to the churl for the value of a fish-scale.

But we've got upon the broad and sunny moor, whose beautiful varieties of heath and moss might make the very peat-cutter a botanist ; where the cunning plover, in days lang syne, has often led me, with her cowering wing and plaintive cries, far away from her humble nest, and where my wandering footsteps have before now been startlingly arrested by the close and noisy rising of fork-tailed black-cock ;—where, more than once, in crispy winter walks, tracking from holly to holly the tame pigeon-field-fares, I have found myself suddenly, as by magic, in the midst of a rabble of dogs, and men, and horses, to wit, none other than the far-famed O. P. Q. hunt, and remembered having seen a fox running, two miles off, at least half an hour before ; and then, giving that eager crowd all possible intelligence, the noisy rout has left me, better pleased than ever with a solitary, peaceful ramble ; where also—but I grow dull,—

what strange figure can this be, stalking solemnly towards us ?—d'ye see him ?—there—the mighty man in armor, with greaves on his legs, and a high-plumed helm, and sword, and shield, and eagle-standard ? Probably my horror-stricken friends thought me gone stark mad of a *coup de soleil* ; for I looked and acted much after the fashion of Mr. Charles Kean, when he plays Hamlet and Macbeath, soliloquizing to the empty airs of Banquo and "my royal father." It was, however, but a pleasant variation of telling them the hackneyed story, that we were now standing on an ancient Roman camp, whence my idling antiquarianism had dug up many coins, and which the playfulness of glad imagination, overleaping eighteen centuries of time, had peopled with trampling legions, not seldom having held long converse there with more than one ghost of a gay Centurion.

But all this is sadly episodical, and has taken us out of the direct line of march, both as to subject and geography ; so, granting safe arrival at our still distant water-course, let us struggle through the under-wood, put up the taper rods, and, with a gentle breeze at our backs, drop a distant fly gentle on the middle of that swingeing current :—

Look, like a village queen of May, the stream
Dances her best before the holiday sun,

And still with musical laugh goes tripping on
Over these golden sands, which brighter gleam
To watch her pale-green kirtle flashing fleet

Above them, and her tinkling silver feet,
That ripple melodies : quick—yon circling rise
In the calm reflux of this gay cascade

Marked an old trout, who shuns the sunny skies,
And, nightly prowler, loves the hazel shade :

Well thrown !—you hold him bravely,—off he
speeds,
Now up, now down,—now madly darts about !
Mind, mind your line among those flowering reeds,—
How the rod bends !—and hail, thou noble trout.

A fine fellow, truly, black and yellow,
with little head, symmetrical hog's back,
and gills of vermilion. How he flings himself about among the soft grass, iridescent as a peacock's tail ! But it is impossible to be prosy on the subject :—

O, thou hast robbed the Nereids, gentle brother,
Of some swift fairy messenger ; behold

His dappled livery pranked with red and gold
Shows him their favorite page : just such another
Sad Galatæa to her Acis sent

To teach the new-born fountain how to flow,
And track, with loving haste, the way she went
Down the rough rocks, and through the flowery
plain,

E'en to her home where coral branches grow,
And where the sea-nymph clasps her love again.

We, the white, terrible as Polypheme,
Brandish the lissom rod, and fealily try
Once more to throw the tempting, treacherous fly,
And win a brace of trophies from the stream.

Yes, and it's my turn now for luck, brother; but the breeze has lulled, and, for want of a Lapland witch to sell me one, it will be necessary to commence with invocation. Will this serve our purpose?—

Come, then, coy Zephyr, waft my feather'd bait
Over this rippling shallow's tiny wave

To yonder pool, whose calmer eddies lave
Some Triton's ambush,—where he lies in wait
To catch my skipping fly; there drop it lightly.
A rise,—by Glaucus! but he miss'd the hook—
Another—safe; the monarch of the brook,

With broadside, like a salmon's, gleaming brightly:
Off let him race, and waste his prowess there;
The dread of Damocles, a single hair
Will tax my skill to take this fine old trout.

So—lead him gently; quick—the net, the net!
Now gladly lift the glittering beauty out,
Hued like a dolphin, sweet as violet.

That must do to-day, at least for sonnetteering; at yet, candid reader, credit me, much of your pleasure in such contemplative sports is due to a secret soul gladdening their dull material. Verily it is the poetry of fishing that flings such a charm over the naked craft: therefore look for favor on my well-meant improvising. The tingling sensation of pleasant excitement when a lively fish, hooked to your neat tackle, begins faintly to show his broadside to the sun,—the triumphant lifting of the land-net, your bending-rod's welcome aid,—the beauteous, many-colored captive,—the calm, sun-steeped, smiling country,—the gurgling music of running waters, and your own elastic health, uncareful heart, and bosom full of hopes so innocent as these,—oh, friend and fellow mine, how much of dormant poetry is here! Go with some course-grained common fisherman,—poacher, or otherwise,—one who, like those emaciated tribes on the Colombia, fishes for his daily sustenance, and see what a dull, stale affair it is, of worms and brambles, bad humor, and wet feet. Sport itself scarcely mends the matter, viewed in the mammonizing aspect of tenpence a-pound. And, in fact, it is just because angling demands a poetical soul to enjoy its highest pleasures that such a phalanx of prosy people see no fun in it. Nevertheless, many a holiday clerk, long prisoned up in London ledgers,—but even there feeding upon Walton and Wordsworth,—will acknowledge that the pleasure of his day's fly-fishing is mainly due to the Poetry of Nature.

LECTURES OF M. DANOU.—We are glad to see announced by *Firmin Didot, Freres*, a complete edition of the discourses of M. Danou, from 1819 to 1840, of which only fragments have as yet found way to the public. His researches into ancient histories have ever been held in the highest estimation by scholars of all countries.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

From the London Charivari.

CONSUMPTION.

EVERY product is put to some purpose after it is created—for instance, when sloe leaves are grown, they are used for adulterating tea, and the destruction of values in this way is called consumption. When a joke is spoiled in the telling, the destruction of the value amounts to consumption. And when an insolvent person puts his hand to a bill he may be said to consume a stamp, for he destroys its value. Political economists have, however, omitted to mention that consumption sometimes bestows value instead of destroying it, for when a person goes into a consumption he becomes invested with value—as a patient—to the medical practitioner.

CAPITAL.

We have already touched on capital, but it is a subject which we are unwilling to let go, and it may be profitable to return to it. That is, strictly speaking, capital, which is used by men in their different occupations. Thus a man who writes a farce, though it be very bad, still, when finished, he generally thinks he has a right to call it capital. An author who publishes a novel may consider it capital; though capital of this kind very often carries with it no interest.

CHANGES OF CAPITAL.

Capital is incessantly undergoing change, and political economy of this kind is daily illustrated at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, where, if you tender a penny, change will be given you. Some persons carry their love of political economy so far as to tender bad silver, and the change is capital for them, but not for the parties giving it. Capital may sometimes be subjected to such changes that it is wholly lost sight of, as when it is invested in theatrical speculations or joint stock companies.

MONEY.

Money is a part of capital, but only a small part, though Sir E. L. Bulwer's *Money* was said to be capital by some, while others considered it to be little better than waste paper. If you get change for a sovereign, you may probably have a bad shilling among the lot; and, as it is admitted that what is true of a part must be true of the whole, the whole of the change will be bad—a position which the political economists have got themselves into, and which we leave them to get out of.

OF FIXED AND CIRCULATING CAPITAL.

On this head we have little to say. There is an example of fixed capital in the capital fixed at the top of the Duke of York's column, which, by the by, is the only capital that the Duke ever was able to keep for any time about him. Of circulating capital we can give no better idea than *Punch*, which every body allows to be capital, and which circulated amazingly.

OF INDUSTRY.

Industry is human exertion of any kind employed for the creation of value; but when Sir Peter Laurie exerts himself to the utmost nothing valuable results from it.

Some sort of industry is used to make property, while other sorts of industry have the effect of destroying property. Of the latter kind is the industry of lawyers, which is employed in the destruction of property to a very large extent.

Tools and machines are instruments for the production of value; and political tools are of various kinds, being invested with a greater or less degree of sharpness.

Wind is a stationary agent, and in turning a mill it is of great value. Wind is also an agent for the umbrella and hat makers, giving an impetus to trade by the destruction of value—blowing umbrellas to tatters, and carrying off the heads sometimes into the river. The value which political economists attribute to wind may perhaps account for the zeal they sometimes display in attempting to raise it.

OF NATURAL AGENTS.

A natural agent is, as its name imports, an agent of nature; and all our country agents are in the nature of natural agents, for they are naturally desirous of such a respectable agency. The wind is a natural agent, and in some cases may be said to help circulation, which it may be truly said to do when violent puffing is resorted to. Water is an agent of very great power, very often turning—a mill; and when mixed with brandy it frequently gives a rotary motion to every object—at least as far as the persons are concerned who have resorted to the very powerful agency alluded to. Water is a very natural agent, for all the metropolitan milk-men; and in conformity with the truth that it always finds its level, it generally causes a very perceptible rising in all the milk-cans. Such is the power of water, that, when held in solution with ordinary chalk, a pound weight of it has been capable of raising a penny. Humbug

is also entitled to be called a natural agent; and a parliamentary agent falls under this description. Inanimate agents are better than living agents; for instance, a steam-engine is better than a lawyer—for while the former generates steam, the latter generates hot water, and is pretty sure to plunge us into it.

It is said by political economists that inanimate agents are capable of much more rapid action than those that are alive; but the political economists seem to have forgotten that no action can be so rapid as that commenced by an attorney on a bill of exchange when his object is to create value—in the shape of costs, which he runs up with a rapidity of action that is truly astonishing. The East-India Tea Company professes to be very particular in the appointment of its agents; but every tea-kettle is in some degree an agent, if the Company's teas are used in the family where the kettle is located.

Frost is an agent for the plumbers, by putting the pipes out of repair; and when one of the Syncretics publishes a tragedy, he becomes at once an agent for the butter-shops.

HOMERIC ILIUM.—One of the late numbers of the "Rhine Museum" contains an interesting article by Dr. Gustavus von Eckenbrecher upon the site of the Homeric Ilium. It seems carefully written, and well deserving the attention of all who take an interest in the question. The number of travellers who visit the plains of Troy is yearly increasing; and the sanguine hope soon to see a map of Ilium accompanying the Iliad, equally clear and certain with that of Ithaca for the explanation of the Odyssey. Dr. Eckenbrecher seems to differ from his predecessors in this investigation, in removing Troy from the heights of Bunorbashi, (on which since the times of Le Chevalier it has been supposed to be situated,) two miles lower on the plain, on the spot which, up to the present time, has been known by the name of New Ilium. A residence of several years in the Levant has afforded the author ample means of observation, which, coupled with his research and accuracy, give value to his testimony.—*Athenæum*.

KING GUSTAVUS'S PAPERS.—The *Postamt Gazette* of Frankfort, mentions that "Professor Geyer, who was charged with the examination of the papers contained in the mysterious cases deposited at the University of Upsal by King Gustavus, has made his report of their contents. The chief papers are—1. The memoirs of Gustavus, written by himself, and commenced in 1765, when he was only nineteen years of age. They contain important observations on the revolution of 1772 and on the two preceding reigns. 2. The history of the house of Vasa. 3. The plan of the form of government of 1772, and a plan for the regulation of the Diet of 1778."

RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

From the Edinburgh Review—Feb'y.

The Recreations of Christopher North. Three vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842.

THESE are in every way remarkable volumes, whether regarded as illustrative of the character of the writer, or of the tendencies of the criticism of the time, to which his influence and example have given so general and decided a direction. It is not indeed easy to say, whether the interest which their perusal excites is chiefly to be referred to the very singular combination of moral and mental powers implied in their composition—where qualities which are generally deemed incompatible are found to be united in harmony—or to the strong feeling of the influence which this combination, expressing itself in forms of such originality and power as to arrest the attention of literary men, and at the same time, to appeal to the ordinary tastes and sympathies of the public, by the use of instruments at once familiar and powerful, must have exercised upon the taste of the time, and the whole tone and spirit of our criticism, as well as its form.

The Essays which are collected in these volumes, and which originally appeared in a scattered form in *Blackwood's Magazine*, are now united by a slender tie. They are announced as "The Recreations of Christopher North." We need say little, we presume, of the imaginary personage who claims their authorship, except that, notwithstanding the palpably incongruous assemblage of qualities with which he is invested, such are the vivacity and picturesque truth with which his sayings and doings have been here depicted, that few creatures of the imagination have succeeded in impressing their image on the public with more distinctness of portraiture, or a stronger sense of reality. Few indeed find any difficulty in calling up before the mind's eye, with nearly the same vividness as that of an ordinary acquaintance, the image of this venerable *eidolon*—who unites the fire of youth with the wisdom of age, retains an equal interest in poetry, philosophy, pugilism, and political economy—in short, in all the ongoings of the world around him, in which either matter or spirit have a part; and who passes from a fit of the gout to a feat of gymnastics, and carries his crutch obviously less or purposes of use than of intimidation. Most writers who felt that they possessed the power of imaginary portrait painting, have been fond of interposing such imaginary personages between themselves and the

public. So Cervantes borrows the playful shafts of his kindly satire from the quiver of the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli; Swift launches his more envenomed arrows from behind the broad back of Captain Lemuel Gulliver; and Sir Walter Scott often lingers over the Clutterbucks, Dryasdusts, Tintos, and Pattisons, who were intended to be the mere heralds and pursuivants of his main pageant, till they became leading personages in the procession;—making the prologue not unfrequently threaten to banish the piece itself into a corner.

These fantastic creations, in a case like the present, serve a double purpose. They give a unity to detached thoughts and scattered views, and awaken a kind of personal interest on the part of the reader; who, although he may have little difficulty in detecting the incongruity of some of the traits introduced, and easily perceives that the portrait is not intended to be received as a *daguerreotype* likeness, for the fidelity of which the Sun himself is answerable, yet is satisfied that the features of the imaginary being whom he contemplates are drawn from an original existing in nature; and represent, though in a playful spirit of *intentional* caricature, much of the real mind and peculiar character of the writer: while the author himself thus obtains the means of giving expression to many things which he might have otherwise hesitated to utter without such a mouthpiece. Nor need the mask for this purpose be a very close one. As Aristophanes could venture, in the wildest days of Athenian democracy, to personate and ridicule upon the stage the demagogue of the day, with merely the thin disguise of a painted face, so a few whimsical and grotesque exaggerations superinduced upon the true features of the character, are, by a kind of tacit understanding between the author and the public, held sufficient to perplex the question of identity—to take from the imaginary representative all inconvenient resemblance to his prototype; and to entitle his caprices to that immunity which is conventionally accorded to the sallies of a masquerade. With these convenient phantasms, too, the writer can play as he pleases; bringing them prominently forward, or banishing them into the background, as occasion requires. In the present case, where some startling transition from grave to gay is in contemplation—some outburst of a wild humor that haply might frighten the groves of *Academe* from their propriety; some feat to be described, more congenial to the wild gaiety of youth than to the gravity of Budge Doctors of the Stoic fur, "attired in black

sage wisdom's hue"—forth steps, insolent with animal spirits, and attired in the garb of a reality, the joyous apparition. When, on the contrary, the writer is to give utterance to the lessons of wisdom, to the strains of pensive reflection on the mixed nature of man, to the eloquence inspired by strong sympathy with all created things—to any of those ennobling thoughts, in short, with which a good man would fain in life associate his name, and in death his memory—then the poet and moralist comes forward to speak in his own character—the obedient spirit hies to his confine, and Christopher subsides into a shadow.

Considerable changes, we perceive, have taken place on these Essays since they first appeared in a periodical form. Large retrenchments are here and there perceptible; considerable additions have been made in other parts; greater rounding and compactness are generally discernible;—yet in all, essentially—and wisely we think—they retain their original character. For, unquestionably, not a little of their peculiar charm was derived from the contrast between the occasional nature of their origin, and the depth and permanent importance of the views which many of them embodied;—from observing how frequently it happened that slight hints, caught up as if by accident, and handled in a spirit of sportive dalliance, were made by some secret and cunning alchemy to change thier nature and to expand into speculations of deep and wide significance, connected with human nature, or the principles of poetry and art; and how, from a foundation that seemed at first slender and unsubstantial, if not mean and misplaced, a stately fabric of philosophic truth, studded with imagery and stored with wisdom, rose before us like a bright and noiseless exhalation. Thus the sight of a solitary starling, among the decaying remains of an old castle, is found to lead to a majestic passage on Ruins, their deep hold on the imaginative mind, and the sources of that influence. The note of the cushat, during a walk in the depths of a dark and primeval Caledonian forest, is the prelude to reflections not less striking on the terrors of conscience, and the longing after immortality. Under the playful guise of a eulogy on illicit distillation, are insinuated views equally kindly, just, and practical, on the character and condition of our Highland population;—while in the "Soliloquy on the Seasons," what a world of solemn and touching association lies beneath that covering of wit and humor which invests the strain and disguises its deeper meaning—like the

flicker of a sunbeam on the surface, hiding the depth of some perennial well.

From this perpetual interchange of humor and earnestness, playful trifling and sound philosophy, these volumes stimulate the feeling of curiosity in a high degree. We soon feel that we have resigned ourselves into the hands of a companion and guide, the eccentricities of whose course it is impossible to calculate. The line of curves by which Sterne illustrates the no-progress of Tristram Shandy is its only parallel. Start with him from what latitude you may, no one can foresee in what zone the excursion is to terminate, or through what strange scenes or devious wanderings we shall be led. The title of the essay, or the nature of the subject, throws but the feeblest light upon the probabilities of its treatment. It is soon perceived to be not in the least unlikely that a criticism on Wordsworth may merge in a riotous description of a Highland Still; or that a dinner with Dr. Kitchener may produce discourse that would have more fitly graced a banquet with Socrates. Indeed, in the perusal of the "Recreations," we can scarcely say we are reasonably assured of any one thing beforehand; except that in all probability every mood of mind in which the subject can be viewed will be run through, and in quick succession; the note of mirth suddenly passing into the mournful, and again, by delicate resolution, modulating back into the key of cheerfulness. Experience soon teaches us that the presiding influence under which these volumes were composed is Mutability; and "that nothing here long standeth in one sway." Often, when we have fixed our eyes upon what appears to be the veritable form of Tragedy, the outlines of the figure begin to tremble and waver, till, when they settle themselves into shape, we find that, by some mysterious ocular deception, we are contemplating the features of her comic sister; or while we have been listening to the strains of Contemplation, suddenly enters, with blithe step and changeful vesture,

"Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
Or Laughter holding both his sides."

There are some classes of minds to which these rapid changes of scale, and this blending of different elements within the same composition, may appear illegitimate and barbarous;—particularly the department of literary criticism. Many seem to think, like the French critics and dramatists of another day, that humor and pathos cannot dwell together in unity, and consequently insist on a separate maintenance for those whom

nature has joined together. A jest jars against their sense of propriety. They will not allow the even tenor of an argument to be quickened even by a flood of humorous illustration. With them the course of criticism must be a kind of royal progress—measured and decorous as a Spartan march.

We are not at present inquiring how far in these volumes the transitions from grave to gay, and indeed from the extreme of one to that of another, may not at times be too violent; or whether the writer may not occasionally have resigned himself too unhesitatingly to the guidance of that "Friar's lantern" of wild humors which he follows, till he leaves both himself and his readers somewhat wide of the mark;—or may not at other times have allowed himself to be less inspired, than overmastered, by that passion of sympathy with which he regards all forms of nature, animate or inanimate; so as on the one hand to accumulate, with a wasteful excess, the materials of the ludicrous; and on the other to give vent to his strong sensibilities in words and images too glowing for the colder temperament of his readers—unprepared for such rapidity of transition between the extremes of contradictory emotion. On these points, opinions will probably remain much divided in regard to these "Recreations:" they are certain, in fact, to differ, according to the varying dispositions and susceptibilities of the reader: one person, from habit and education, preferring the so-called classic style of criticism, which views every essay as a treatise to be composed in one key, and according to rules of rigorous deduction; another leaning more towards the romantic, by admitting the blending of many elements, and employing without scruple the agency of the imagination, or of the sportive faculty of humor, even in addressing the reason. But surely, in any view, the *principle must be erroneous* which would exclude from the criticism of poetry and art—or from those views and observations on life, and character, and morals, which are generally, though rather vaguely, classified under the term *Essays*—a wide field of humor, an extensive range of excursive fancy, and a union of the comic and serious elements, such as meet us daily in every scene of life itself.

In *poetical creation*, even the sternest and most formal of critics admit the legitimacy of such a union. Dr. Johnson, however little he may have extended the rule in practice to his own critical investigations, fully recognized its application to the dramatic representation of characters and events. No one saw or felt more strongly the ab-

surdity of that contracted view of tragedy, and its aim and instruments, which excluded from its province the resources of the comic, the low, or even the common, and which reduced to one regular and conventional march, the desultory and unequal movements of that world of life, "where good and evil, joy and sorrow, are mingled in endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination;"—where the most startling extremes are constantly meeting each other face to face—"in which at the same time the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend."* No one has more completely proved the justice of transferring to poetry combinations found so effective in life itself, or more triumphantly vindicated the success of the union as displayed in the creations of Shakespeare. "Whatever," says he, "be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain that purpose: as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference."

But if this be so, is not much of the same latitude and variety of view which is here conceded to poetical and imaginative creations, to be admitted also as legitimate in the critical estimate of such productions? Will not the province of high and original criticism be enlarged by recognising in the critic a right to deal with them in the same plastic spirit in which they were conceived?—To arrest and pour out with a congenial warmth and homely strength of expression, the shifting feelings—elevated, pathetic, or ludicrous—which present themselves to a many-sided mind, in the contemplation of a great work of art, as in the observation of nature?

No doubt, this variable and imaginative style may be unsuited to formal treatises, and systems of criticism, of poetry or art. When the main object is to arrange and systematize long-established results; to present these in a compact shape; to compile a *Hand-Book of Criticism* for everyday use, we grudge every excursion of fancy, and press on 'as one who bates not till his journey's end.' The goal being plain from the first, the object is to make the highway to it as short and smooth as possible. But it is otherwise with the *non inventa sed quærenda*:—Where criticism comes to deal with new products of imagination; to sound

* Johnson's *Preface to Shakespeare*.

and fathom the currents and tendencies of a new literature, springing up out of the changing aspects of things; to point out the mode of its growth, the probability of its direction; its relation to that which preceded it;—in what respects it is the independent expression of the individual mind, in what the result of a mere social necessity; what in it is likely to be permanent and unchangeable—what the mere reflection of temporary tastes and fashions and prejudices, soon to be superseded by other modes, as transitory, in their turn;—fully to perform this task, criticism must be indulged with a *Poetry* no less than a *Philosophy*. Not breadth of view alone, or clear logical deduction, but deep and luminous insight into *men*, is necessary; the critic must not only look around, but into, and even beyond the things with which he deals. He must strive to penetrate the true nature of that complex and perplexing whole which he contemplates; not by the mere application of the judgment and the reasoning faculties, which will at best furnish him only with its outward measurement and proportions, but by flashing upon it also the light of imagination, nay, testing it at times in the fire of ridicule and playful wit,—till, under the influence of so many combined forces, its true essence is yielded up, and its vital spirit apprehended.

Hence, almost all our great or original criticism has been the production either of poets, or of those who, though they never ‘penned their inspiration,’ had in them much that was akin to poetry. It is by such discoveries that the first meridians are drawn across the map, and the first passage made into unexplored climes. Afterwards the new country is soon occupied, and its cultivation or further survey may be safely committed to inferior hands. Judgment, scholarship, patient study of prior models, will do much where the great landmarks have been once set up by minds of inventive power; but when the path was first to be sought through the wilderness, imagination and sympathy, the main constituents of genius, were necessary to raise the critic to something of the level of the poet, and enable him ‘to see as from a tower the end of all.’

We believe, then, that it is to those thinkers who have approached the criticism of poetry or art, in this spirit—and have viewed the great productions of literature, not as mere combinations of dead elements, joined together by dexterous opposition, but as so many living forms, in which the spirit of humanity, under a divine guidance,

has found expression—and have applied to the study and appreciation of these, the same variety of view and range of emotion which they would have permitted to themselves in poetical representation—that most of what is original or valuable in our criticism is to be traced.

It will perhaps be said, that though this may be true as a general principle, the objection, in this case, lies rather to its application; that, on the one hand, the test of the ludicrous, as applied to the criticism of literature, is too systematically employed, and urged beyond its due bounds; and, on the other, that the opposite feeling of admiration and reverence which great works awaken in the minds of poetical spirits, though vivifying the composition with the eloquence of conviction, is apt to overpower the judgment, and to result in vague eulogy rather than discriminating criticism. Either would be a formidable objection if it existed; and we are prepared to expect, that to some minds both may seem apparent in these volumes. To our own, it appears very plain that the two charges in a great measure neutralize each other—that they are, in fact, inconsistent in their nature; and that in neither case does there exist any substantial ground of objection.

If, indeed, the writer of these volumes had applied his power of presenting what he pleases in the most irresistibly comic light, to things which, either in nature or art, should be exempt from ridicule, we should be the last to vindicate such a perversion of talent. But from this charge he is completely free. Those feelings which the human heart consecrate as holy, are sacred to him. Religion, love, honor, self-devotion—all the charities of the soul—are cherished and embalmed by him in words of music. In no instance, so far as we are aware, is that which is truly good or great presented by him under a ludicrous point of view. Even in dealing with the great creations of art, the same feeling of veneration is perceptible. When he seeks to fathom their spirit, or explain their structure, the reverence of his words denotes his consciousness that a certain sacredness resides within. But all compositions in poetry and art are not *great* compositions; few, indeed, are entitled to the name, though they may have enjoyed a wide popularity, and perhaps may have been entitled to it. Nor are even those which may be justly included in the class of great works, without flaws and blemishes, some of which strike deep into, and deform their whole structure. But more particularly among the

productions of our own age, or of a comparatively recent date, how strangely mingled in general are great beauties with great faults;—strange misconceptions of human nature as a whole, with partial exhibitions, which are both true and beautiful; or limited and exclusive views as to the nature of poetry or art, leading to erroneous, though often ingenious and plausible theories of style—affectation, mannerism, monotony of execution. Are such compositions, powerful, brilliant—or better than brilliant, it may be—to be entitled to the same immunities as those which we accord to the great poets of antiquity, or the elder worthies of our own country—"the dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns?" The thing, if it were desirable, would be impossible; for by no effort can we invest the present with the same feeling of reverence with which we regard the past. Let their force, then, their freedom of movement, their beauty, be admitted, in a spirit of generous acknowledgment: but let their affectations, either in thought or style, their perverse theories, their false vehemence, their philosophical commonplaces, their occasional gross ignorance of human nature, be exposed with the same openness and candor. And how is this to be best done, if not by directing against them the same weapon by which in real life such follies most effectually are exposed? Against a grave argument addressed to a man's follies or prejudices, some show of argument can always be opposed; sometimes, in the opinion of others, the party challenged may even leave the field a victor; but present the obnoxious weakness in its naked absurdity, surround it with all its comic accessories, cover it with a pile of ludicrous absurdity,—and it shall go hard but that conviction will be produced, if not in his own mind, at least in those of all who witness the gentle Passage of Arms.

He who does this, as it is done occasionally in these volumes, and still more so in other compositions of the same kind, (not included here—only, we hope, because they are reserved for a Second Series,) does an essential service to literature. A bold and sweeping application of ridicule does more to clear it of false taste, conceit, or exaggeration, than all the sapping and mining of subtle argument, or logical deduction could ever effect. Let us make sure that the subject is one which *deserves* ridicule; that we are not presumptuously pointing our shafts against mail of proof, from which they will recoil upon ourselves; but, *that*

being once ascertained, why should not our criticism avail itself of all the resources of ludicrous combination;—that weapon which in society itself, and in the dealings of man with man, is found, like the dagger of mercy in the days of chivalry, to be the shortest, sharpest, and most conclusive end of strife?

Does the power of this weapon, or the consciousness of the effect with which it can be wielded, lead necessarily, or even probably, to its abuse? We do not well see why it should be so; for, in general, the very minds in which the sense of the comic most readily arises, are those which are the first to appreciate the solemn, the sublime, or the profound. For both spring from one power, and rapidity of apprehension, which, in its own nature, embraces all the elements of nature with indifference; and though, like streams which have flowed from a common fountain, they in some cases diverge widely enough, so as never again to be brought within the same range of vision; yet, in other and happier instances they flow on in channels which run side by side, and which, by a thousand currents on the surface or underneath, are perpetually intermingling their waters. But, as the best practical refutation of such belief, we would ask with confidence, in the present case, whether the author's almost unequalled command of the humorous and the ludicrous has tended in any degree to impair his sensibility to what is really elevated or poetical? or whether the consciousness of his power of ridicule has led him to use it tyrannously or like a giant? Has its tendency been to convert the writer into a critical Dragon, treating the field of literature as a province bound to supply him with an annual contingent of youthful victims?

On the contrary, towards true poetry, or even the very germs and indications of poetry—and towards all who cultivate it in sincerity and truth, however unknown to fame, or of however little mark or likelihood—there never, perhaps, was criticism so indulgent and encouraging. Justly is he entitled to the praise he claims for himself, of "guarding from mildew the laurels on the brow of the Muses' sons." If, amidst the noisy Babel of ephemeral strains which assails his ear, he catches the melody of the simplest verse that embodies in truthful words a true emotion, he does not willingly let it die. It is to him a labor of love to preserve it, to prolong its echo into the world; to find for it, by graceful and kindly introduction, 'fit audience and that not few.' And where beauties are seen struggling with faults, but a true poetical instinct is

nevertheless perceptible under the false taste with which it is superficially encrusted, or errors of theoretical belief with which circumstances and education have encumbered it; while he pours out upon the latter a merciless flood of merriment, that compels even the subject of the criticism, like one of the spell-bound dancers under the influence of Oberon's horn, to join in the infectious laugh against himself, with what a tolerant and gentle spirit does he at the same time recognise and point out to others those redeeming traits of genius with which these blemishes are associated, and lend his aid to the young poet as he climbs "with difficulty and labor hard" the steep of fame. A momentary burst of a more truculent character—a *quos ego*—may escape him, when, on the strength of a little good-natured commendation bestowed on a copy of verses some young bard will insist in rushing before the public with an impotent octavo; or when another, quietly appropriating the praise received as a matter of right, flings back the good advices he had received along with it in the face of the critic;—but even these displays of presumption or petulance do not long ruffle the temper of his mind, or materially affect the tenor of the criticism. We are told it was not always so—and some imperfect recollections of our own, point back to times when offences against the code of feeling and good taste did not escape so easily; but years and experience have in this case produced their usual effect, in softening down those early asperities. For, as we grow older, the knowledge of the pain which even one harsh word can inflict on a sensitive mind, seeking, after the best of its ability, to win respect from the respected, perpetually gives us pause; and makes us hesitate to employ the language of censure even where conscience tells us the censure would be just. In criticism, as in other things, the views we form and express after the close of our Eighth lustre, are widely different from those we took under the consulship of Plancus.

The absence of another element which is too apt to trouble our views of literature, is remarkable in these volumes. It is true that political feeling, whatever may be the extent to which, in such a country as Great Britain, it must always affect society, now mingles far less than it did with the criticism of literature. The courtesies of honorable warfare, at least, are generally observed; and not unfrequently, nor ungenerously, is the tribute of praise paid to the successful efforts of a political antagonist. But in the criticism of these volumes, and

of those kindred essays to which we have alluded, there is not only nothing harsh or unkind towards those of opposite sentiments; but, we might more truly say, an absolute negation of the very feeling of political difference. Genius is revered and embraced as of no party; for the domain of poetry is here regarded as a peaceful and hallowed ground—a *Gottes-acker* where, if nowhere else on this side of time, politics may cease from troubling, and the agitation of alienating questions may be at rest—and contending parties may lower and fold their banners as if beneath the roof of a common sanctuary, or above some honored and lamented grave.

Thus much for the spirit in which these observations on art and literature are composed. As little foundation is there, we think, for the other supposition, that the criticism they contain is exaggerated in its praise or censure, unaccompanied with definite reasons, or leading to no sufficiently tangible result. Indeed, as regards the contents of these volumes, and generally all the *later* criticism of the same writer, the supposition would be eminently inapplicable. In the paper entitled, "An hour's talk on Poetry," the manner in which the works of the great poets of the present age are dealt with, in considering the question whether any of them have produced a work entitled to be called a *great poem*, sufficiently shows with what discrimination of good and bad—of performance and failure—the claims of contemporary genius are estimated. But above all, the manner in which the critic deals with Wordsworth, is in itself a sufficient refutation of the idea of that indiscriminating style of criticism which can see no blemish in a favorite, as it can recognise no merit in an opponent. No one has labored so assiduously as the author of these Recreations in the task of conversion of the public mind, first to tolerate, and at last to admire Wordsworth. His earliest efforts were directed to open the eyes of his countrymen to the deep meaning of his poetry, avoiding as it did all the ordinary and popular means of excitement, and to attune their ears to its solemn and soothing harmonies. He states no more than the simple truth when he says, with a just pride in having achieved what he believes to be a high and useful end, that he has been the means of diffusing Wordsworth's poetry not only over this island, but the farthest dependencies of the British empire, and throughout the states of America. "Many thousands," he adds, "have owed to us their emancipation from the prejudices against it under which they

had wilfully remained ignorant of it for many years; and we have instructed as many more, whose hearts were free, how to look on it with those eyes of love which alone can discover the beautiful. Communications have been made to us from across the Atlantic and from the heart of India—from the occident and orient—thanking us for having vindicated and extended the fame of the best of our living bards, till the name of Wordsworth has become a household word on the Mississippi and the Ganges. It would have been so had we never been born, *but not so soon.*” But as it was the labor of his earlier years to teach the public to understand and admire this great poet, so it becomes the duty of his maturer age to take care that the admiration which he has thus been the main cause of instilling into the public mind, shall prove not a blind idolatry, but a discriminating devotion. Accordingly, with the respect due to great ability employed in the cause of virtue for upwards of half a century, yet with the candor and dignified sincerity with which one man of genius ought to deal with another, he points out, in the course of these volumes, not a few defects of omission and commission in the works of this great artist:—Sometimes, indeed, as in the instance we are about to quote, where he ventures to bring into question Wordsworth’s claim to the character of a religious poet in the Christian sense, and censures, in the “Excursion,” the absence of any thing beyond a kind of natural-religious creed—such as might have been entertained under a system of refined mythologies—or at best (to quote an expression of Bentham) a species of poetical Church-of-Englandism;—in a manner so plain and uncompromising as may not unlikely appear startling, as it certainly will be new to the students of Wordsworth; the religious character of his inspiration having been always taken for granted as one of those bases upon which all argument as to his merits must proceed. We are not prepared to say that we as yet fully acquiesce in the remarks we are about to quote; but believing that they must have proceeded from deep consideration of the subject—and coming, as they do, from a mind certainly not disposed to regard the poetry of Wordsworth, or its influences, in an unfavorable spirit, we extract the passage as one well worthy of mature study on the part of his warmest admirers:—

“Among the great living poets, Wordsworth is the one whose poetry is to us the most inexplicable—with all our reverence for his trans-

cent genius, we do not fear to say the most open to the most serious charges—on the score of its religion. From the first line of the ‘Lyrical Ballads’ to the last of the ‘Excursion,’ it is avowedly one system of thought and feeling, embracing his experiences of human life, and his meditations on the moral government of this world. The human heart—the human mind—the human soul—to use his own fine words—is ‘the haunt and main region of his song.’ There are few, perhaps none of our affections—using that term in its largest sense—which have not been either slightly touched upon, or fully treated, by Wordsworth. In his poetry, therefore, we behold an image of what, to his eye, appears to be human life. Is there, or is there not, some great and lamentable defect in that image, marring both the truth and beauty of the representation? We think there is—and that it lies in his Religion.

“In none of Wordsworth’s poetry, previous to his ‘Excursion,’ is there any allusion made except of the most trivial and transient kind, to Revealed Religion. He certainly cannot be called a Christian poet. The hopes that lie beyond the grave—and the many holy and awful feelings in which on earth these hopes are enshrined and fed—are rarely if ever part of the character of any of the persons—male or female—old or young—brought before us in his beautiful Pastorals. Yet all the most interesting and affecting ongoings of this life are exquisitely delineated—and innumerable of course are the occasions on which, had the thoughts and feelings of revealed religion been in Wordsworth’s heart during the hours of inspiration—and he often has written like a man inspired—they must have found expression in his strains; and the personages, humble or high, that figure in his representations, would have been, in their joys or their sorrows, their temptations and their trials, Christians. But most assuredly this is not the case; the religion of this great Poet—in all his poetry published previous to the ‘Excursion’—is but the ‘Religion of the Woods.’

“In the ‘Excursion,’ his religion is brought forward—prominently and conspicuously—in many elaborate dialogues between Priest, Pedler, Poet, and Solitary. And a very high religion it often is; but is it Christianity? No—it is not. There are glimpses given of some of the Christian doctrines; just as if the various philosophical disquisitions, in which the Poem abounds, would be imperfect without some allusion to the Christian creed. The interlocutors—eloquent as they all are—say but little on that theme; nor do they show—if we except the priest—much interest in it—any solicitude; they may all, for any thing that appears to the contrary, be deists.

“Now, perhaps, it may be said that Wordsworth was deterred from entering on such a theme by the awe of his spirit. But there is no appearance of this having been the case in any one single passage in the whole poem. Nor could it have been the case with such a man—a man privileged, by the power God has bestowed upon him, to speak unto all the nations of the earth, on all themes, however high and holy, which the children of men can feel and understand. Christianity, during almost all their dis-

quisitions, lay in the way of all the speakers, as they kept journeying among the hills.

"On man, on nature, and on human life,
Musing in solitude!"

But they, one and all, either did not perceive it, or perceiving it, looked upon it with a cold and indifferent regard, and passed by into the poetry breathing from the dewy woods, or lowering from the cloudy skies. Their talk is of 'Palmyra central in the desert,' rather than of Jerusalem. On the mythology of the Heathen much beautiful poetry is bestowed, but none on the theology of the Christian. * * * *

"This omission is felt the more deeply—the more sadly—from such introduction as there is of Christianity; for one of the books of the 'Excursion' begins with a very long, and a very noble eulogy on the Church Establishment in England. How happened it that he who pronounced such eloquent panegyric—that they who so devoutly inclined their ear to imbibe it—should have been all contented with

"That basis laid, these principles of faith
Announced,"

and yet throughout the whole course of their discussions, before and after, have forgotten apparently that there was either Christianity, or a Christian Church in the world?

"We do not hesitate to say, that the thoughtful and sincere student of this great poet's works, must regard such omission—such inconsistency or contradiction—with more than the pain of regret; for there is no relief afforded to our defrauded hearts from any quarter to which we can look. A pledge has been given, that all the powers and privileges of a Christian poet shall be put forth and exercised for our behoof—for our delight and instruction; all other poetry is to sink away before the heavenly splendor; Urania, or a greater muse, is invoked; and after all this solemn, and more than solemn preparation made for our initiation into the mysteries, we are put off with a well-merited encomium on the Church of England, from Bishop to Curate inclusive; and and though we have much fine poetry, and some high philosophy, it would puzzle the most ingenious to detect much, or any, Christian religion. * * * *

"This utter absence of Revealed Religion, when it ought to have been all-in-all—for in such trials in real life it is all-in-all, or we regard the existence of sin or sorrow with repugnance—shocks far deeper feelings within us than those of taste; and throws over the whole poem to which the tale of Margaret belongs, an unhappy suspicion of hollowness and insincerity in that poetical religion which at the best is a sorry substitute indeed for the light that is from heaven. Above all, it flings, as indeed we have intimated, an air of absurdity over the orthodox Church-of-Englandism—for once to quote a not inexpressive barbarism of Bentham—which every now and then breaks out either in passing compliment—amounting to but a bow—or in eloquent laudation, during which the poet appears to be prostrate on his knees. He speaks nobly of cathedrals, and ministers, and so forth, reverently adorning all the land; but in none—no, not one of the houses of the humble, the hovels of the

poor in which he takes us—is the religion preached in those cathedrals and minsters, and chanted in prayer to the pealing organ, represented as the power that in peace supports the roof-tree, lightens the hearth, and is the guardian, the tutelary spirit of the lowly dwelling. Can this be right? Impossible. And when we find the Christian religion thus excluded from Poetry, otherwise as good as ever was produced by human genius, what are we to think of the Poet, and of the world of thought and feeling, fancy and imagination, in which he breathes, nor fears to declare to all men that he believes himself to be one of the order of the High Priests of nature?"

So far, indeed, from being of too vague and generalizing a kind, we should rather say that the character of the criticism contained in these volumes and similar essays, is mainly distinguished from the greater part of the popular criticism of the day, by its combination of analyses of parts, often very detailed, with general views as to the plan and spirit of the work reviewed. Indeed its minute dissection of particular passages, both as to thought and diction, carries us back to the school of Johnson and Addison, rather than to our own time. In criticism, as in political opinion, and in many other speculative questions, there seems to be a pedicoidal oscillation; and in proportion to the height to which the pendulum had been carried on the one side, is the force of its recoiling impulse towards the other. The grasp and comprehension of Dr. Johnson's mind, no doubt, prevented him from yielding too much to the current which had then set in favor of mere *verbal* criticism; and though we may often think that his principles of criticism were too purely rationalizing, and his sympathies with the higher efforts of the imagination cold and unimpassioned, yet he certainly combines, in a manner which, we think, would at the present day be well worthy of imitation, the criticism of generals with particulars. But with Johnson the manly and philosophic criticism of the last century may be said to close. After him it took the direction of mere judgments of detail—examinations of fragmentary passages—censures of broken metaphors—eulogies of mere polish and correctness of expression—till all sympathy with a happy daring either in design or execution, disappeared. The evil having thus reached an extreme, it was natural that the tendency towards an opposite system should be carried too far. It has been usual to ascribe that greater latitude of view and warmth of tone which characterizes the criticism of the nineteenth century, to the influence of Germany; but although the spirit of our criticism was unquestionably mate-

rially influenced, at a later period, by the study of German literature, we are convinced that, in its origin, it owed little or nothing to that source. In truth, in both countries the change took place about the same time, and was owing to the same cause, viz. the natural reaction which followed against an effete and worn-out system. In the commencement, the change was certainly most beneficial to literature. The point of view from which we were taught to regard the production of poetry and art was raised; while, at the same time, it was not sublimated to such an extent as to render every thing misty and indistinct, or to substitute for a criticism dealing with the common feelings that interest humanity, the vapors of a shadowy system of metaphysics. But by degrees it was found to be much easier to deal with these generalities and abstractions, than to descend to particulars;—to frame a theory, or write a philosophical essay having the slenderest application to the case in hand, than to direct the criticism to the real appreciation of the work to be reviewed. The poet or the author seemed to disappear entirely from the scene; leaving nothing behind but a cloudy background, on which might be traced a magnified image of the reviewer. At best, our criticism became in a great measure limited to some sketch of the general design of the work, and its relation to the particular theory patronized for the time by the critic; often praising or blaming empirically, and without statement of reasons at all; and generally without any due thought bestowed upon *this* inquiry—whether upon *any* theory or upon *any* plan whatever, the execution of the work was careful, classical, and compact; or, on the contrary, slovenly, disjointed, inharmonious, or even ungrammatical.

We do not here mean to say that our Periodical Criticism has not been distinguished by many admirable exceptions from this general censure,—we shall not at present indicate particularly where they are to be found,—but we are satisfied that, as applied to much of the criticism of our last *decennium*, the remark is just. Now, to this system of general blame and praise, unaccompanied by a due application of critical particulars, the practice of the writer of these Recreations stands completely opposed. Witness the following observations, which form the commencement of a very beautiful paper, entitled, “A Few Words on Thomson:”—

“Thomson’s genius does not so often delight us by exquisite minute touches in the description of nature as that of Cowper. It loves to paint

on a great scale, and to dash objects off sweepingly by bold strokes—such, indeed, as have almost always distinguished the mighty masters of the lyre and the rainbow. Cowper sets nature before your eyes—Thomson before your imagination. Which do you prefer? Both. Be assured that both poets had pored night and day upon her—in all her aspects—and that she had revealed herself fully to both. But they, in their religion, elected different modes of worship—and both were worthy of their mighty mother. In one mood of mind we love Cowper best, in another Thomson. Sometimes the Seasons are almost a Task—and sometimes the Task is out of Season. There is delightful distinctness in all the pictures of the Bard of Olney—glorious gloom or glimmer in most of those of the Bard of Ednam. Cowper paints trees—Thomson woods. Thomson paints, in a few wondrous lines, rivers from source to sea, like the mighty Burrampooter—Cowper, in many no very wondrous lines, brightens up one bend of a stream, or awakens our fancy to the murmur of some single waterfall. But a truce to antithesis—a deceptive style of criticism—and see how Thomson sings of Snow. Why, in the following lines, as well as Christopher North in his Winter Rhapsody—

The cherish’d fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
’Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current.’

Nothing can be more vivid. ’Tis of the nature of an ocular spectrum.

“Here is a touch like one of Cowper’s. Note the beauty of the epithet ‘brown,’ where all that is motionless is white—

‘The foodless wilds
Pour fourth their *brown* inhabitants.’

That one word proves the poet. Does it not?

“The entire description from which these two sentences are selected by memory—a critic you may always trust to—is admirable; except in one or two places where Thomson seems to have striven to be strongly pathetic, and where he seems to us to have overshot his mark, and to have ceased to be perfectly natural. Thus—

‘Drooping, the ox
Stands cover’d o’er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil.’

“The image of the ox is as good as possible. We see him, and could paint him in oils. But, to our mind, the notion of his ‘demanding the fruit of all his toils’—to which we freely acknowledge the worthy animal was well entitled—sounds, as it is here expressed, rather fantastical. Call it doubtful—for Jemmy was never utterly in the wrong in any sentiment. Again—

‘The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of *dumb despair*.’

The second line is perfect; but the Ettrick Shepherd agreed with us—one night at Ambrose’s—that the third was not quite right. Sheep, he agreed with us, do not deliver themselves up to despair under any circumstances; and here Thomson transferred what would have been his

own feeling in a corresponding condition, to animals who dreadlessly followed their instincts.—Thomson redeems himself in what immediately succeeds—

'Then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.'

For, as they disperse, they do look very sad—and no doubt are so; but had they been in despair, they would not so readily, and constantly, and uniformly, and successfully have taken to the digging, but whole flocks had perished.

* * * * *

"Did you ever see water beginning to change itself into ice? Yes. Then try to describe the sight. Success in that trial will prove you a poet. People do not prove themselves poets only by writing long poems. A line—two words—may show that they are the Muse's sons. How exquisitely does Burns picture to our eyes moonlight water undergoing an ice-change?

'The chilly frost beneath the silver beam,
Crept gently crusting o'er the glittering stream'

Thomson does it with an almost finer spirit of perception—or conception—or memory—or whatever else you choose to call it; for our part, we call it genius—

'An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream.'

And afterwards, having frozen the entire stream into a 'crystal pavement,' how strongly doth he conclude thus—

'The whole imprison'd river grows below.'

Here, again, 'tis pleasant to see the peculiar genius of Cowper contrasted with that of Thomson. The gentle Cowper delighting, for the most part, in tranquil images—for his life was past amidst tranquil nature; the enthusiastic Thomson, more pleased with images of power. Cowper says—

'On the flood,
Indurated and fixed, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved, while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away.'

"All those children of the Pensive Public who have been much at school, know Thomson's description of the wolves among the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees,

'Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim,' &c.

The first fifteen lines are equal to any thing in the whole range of English descriptive poetry; but the last ten are positively bad. Here they are—

'The godlike face of man avails him nought!
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Now bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprised of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyard drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded tody from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they
howl.'

Wild beasts do not like the look of the human eye—they think us ugly customers, and some-

times stand shilly-shallying in our presence, in an awkward but alarming attitude, of hunger mixed with fear. A single wolf seldom or never attacks a man. He cannot stand the face. But a person would need to have a godlike face indeed to terrify therewith an army of wolves some thousand strong. It would be the height of presumption in any man, though beautiful as Moore thought Byron, to attempt it. If so, then

'The godlike face of man avails him nought,'

is, under the circumstances, ludicrous. Still more so is the trash about 'beauty, force divine.' It is too much to expect of an army of wolves some thousand strong, 'and hungry as the grave,' that they should all fall down on their knees before a sweet morsel of flesh and blood, merely because the young lady was so beautiful that she might have sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for a frontispiece to Mr. Watts's Souvenir. 'Tis all stuff, too, about the generous lion standing in softened gaze at beauty's bright glance. True, he has been known to look with a certain sort of soft surliness upon a pretty Caffre girl, and to walk past without eating her—but simply because, an hour or two before, he had dined on a Hottentot Venus. The secret lay not in his heart, but in his stomach. Still the notion is a popular one, and how exquisitely has Spenser changed it into the divinest poetry in the character of the attendant lion of

'Heavenly Una, with her milkwhite lamb!'

But Thomson, so far from making poetry of it in this passage, has vulgarized and blurred by it the natural and inevitable emotion of terror and pity. Famished wolves *hocking* up the dead is a dreadful image—but '*inhuman to relate*,' is not an expression heavily laden with meaning; and the sudden, abrupt, violent, and, as we feel, unnatural introduction of ideas purely superstitious, at the close, is revolting, and miserably mars the terrible truth."

The homeliness of some of the illustrations and expressions in the preceding passage, will enable the reader to form some idea of the very singular style of these Recreations—illustrating the grandest objects by the most familiar, and, by its homeliness, perplexing critics. This *imbroglio* appears of course still more conspicuous and even startling, in those papers where the writer abandons himself with less restraint to the comic vein. Side by side with the most fanciful illustrations, or following close on some passage of poetic and musical diction, comes some picture most prosaically ludicrous—some slang phrase of the day—some quotation, how changed from its original application!—or some Scotch expression, tempting to the writer by its graphic force and the comic associations with which it is connected. The result is a strange composite, blending all orders of architecture, and employing all materials, from porphyry and lapis lazuli down to the commonest brick and mortar.

It reminds us of St. Mark's at Venice, in which Saracenic domes are strangely imposed upon Gothic naves, and blocks of Egyptian granite are fantastically mingled with Italian marble and mosaic: yet all blended into a marvellous arabesque, and possessing a strange unity and originality of character.

With all this, however, we must own that we would not regret if the contrasts were somewhat less violent, and if here and there an obtrusive epithet or image were eliminated. We do not know that to any of them the term *coarseness* can be justly applied. But if the line of division between the sublime and the ridiculous be slender, still more so is that which separates the familiar from the vulgar: and were there no other reason for erring on the side of caution, it should be sufficient that the style, seductive as it always must be from its variety and apparent ease, would soon become intolerable in imitation. The transitions from the most elevated views to the most ludicrous—and from the most select and ornate expression to the most homely vernacular, may be harmonized; and are, no doubt, to a great extent harmonized in this case by the dexterous workmanship of genius. But the enforced sentimentalism, or still more enforced humor, of those who have attempted this school of writing,—the absolute want of all fashion of the opposite elements in their elaborate impromptus—their choice of coarse expression or imagery for its own sake, and not as in the original, where it serves the purpose only of occasional discords in music,—oblige us to say, that unless it were redeemed by the highest talent, this style of writing is one of the most dangerous and offensive that can be attempted: and that, highly as we appreciate the generous spirit which the author of these volumes has carried into criticism, and the benefits which may be derived from the application of humor as well as imagination and judgment to the estimate of literature, we almost doubt whether the benefit has not been practically balanced by the injury arising from the prevalence of a system of criticism, founded, as is generally the case, rather on an imitation of his manner than his spirit; and which has preserved and exaggerated his faults, without approaching his excellencies.

We shall now select, almost at random, a few passages as characteristic of these volumes; beginning with one which occurs in the paper entitled Christopher in his Aviary—a paper eminently distinguished

by the author's knowledge of the minute details of nature, as well as by that power of suggestion and imitation which can make the meanest thing that feels, the means of unlocking the deepest sources of the pathetic or sublime. It has the grandeur, without the quaintness and pedantry, of Sir Thomas Brown's sepulchral strains:—

“Why do the songs of the Blackbird and Thrush make us think of the songless STARLING? It matters not. We do think of him, and see him too—a lovely bird, and his abode is majestic. What an object of wonder and awe is an old Castle to a boyish imagination! Its height how dreadful! up to whose mouldering edges his fear carries him, and hangs him over the battlements! What beauty in those unapproachable wall-flowers, that cast a brightness on the old brown stones of the edifice, and make the horror pleasing! That sound so far below, is the sound of a stream the eye cannot reach—of a waterfall echoing for ever among the black rocks and pools. The school-boy knows but little of the history of the old Castle—but that little is of war, and witchcraft, and imprisonment, and bloodshed. The ghostly glimmer of antiquity appals him—he visits the ruin only with a companion, and at mid-day. There and then it was that we first saw a Starling. We heard something wild and wonderful in their harsh scream, as they sat upon the edge of the battlements, or flew out of the chinks and crannies. There were Martens, too, so different in their looks from the pretty House-Swallows—Jack-daws clamoring afresh at every time we waved our caps, or vainly slung a pebble towards their nests—and one grove of elms, to whose top, much lower than the castle, came, ever and anon, some noiseless Heron from the Muirs.

“Ruins! Among all the external objects of imagination, surely they are most affecting! Some sumptuous edifice of a former age, still standing in its undecayed strength, has undoubtedly a great command over us, from the ages that have flowed over it; but the mouldering edifice which Nature has begun to win to herself, and to dissolve into her own bosom, is far more touching to the heart, and more awakening to the spirit. It is beautiful in its decay—not merely because green leaves, and wild flowers, and creeping mosses soften its rugged frowns, but because they have sown themselves on the decay of greatness; they are monitors to our fancy, like the flowers on a grave, of the untroubled rest of the dead. Battlements riven by the hand of time, and cloistered arches rest and rent, speak to us of the warfare and of the piety of our ancestors, of the pride of their might, and the consolations of their sorrow: they revive dim shadows of departed life, evoked from the land of forgetfulness; but they touch us more deeply when the brightness which the sun flings on the broken arches, and the warbling of birds that are nestled in the chambers of princes, and the moaning of winds through the crevices of towers, round which the surges of war were shattered and driven back, lay those phantoms again to rest in their silent bed, and show us, in the mon-

uments of human life and power, the visible foot-steps of Time and Oblivion, coming on in their everlasting and irresistible career, to sweep down our perishable race, and to reduce all the forms of our momentary being into the undistinguishable elements of their original nothing.

“What is there below the skies like the place of mighty and departed cities? the vanishing or vanished capitals of renowned empires? There is no other such desolation. The solitudes of nature may be wild and drear, but they are not like the solitude from which human glory is swept away. The overthrow or decay of mighty human power is, of all thoughts that can enter the mind, the most overwhelming. The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that, round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and its fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability, as it were, to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space—are lost in the endurance and far-spread dominion of some mighty state, and we feel as if we partook of its deep-set and triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of its power are heard rent asunder, like column after column disparting from some noble edifice, in sad conviction, we feel as if all the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake sleeps. The same doom seems to be imminent over all the other kingdoms that still stand; and in the midst of such changes, and decays, and overthrows—or as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions, on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the ruins of their desolation. Yet such is the pride of the human spirit, that it often unconsciously, under the influence of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mightiest works. And when all its glories are visibly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to derive a kind of mournful triumph even in its very fall. Thus, when nations have faded away in their sins and vices, rotten at the heart, and palsied in all their limbs, we strive not to think of that sad internal decay, but imagine some mighty power smiting empires and cutting short the records of mortal magnificence. Thus, Fate and Destiny are said in our imagination to lay our glories low. Thus, even the calm and silent air of Oblivion has been thought of as an unsparing Power. Time, too, though in moral sadness wisely called a shadow, has been clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has shorn the towery diadem of cities. Thus the mere sigh in which we expire, has been changed into active power—and all the nations have with one voice called out “Death!” And while mankind have sunk, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we have still spoken of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weaknesses. Thus imagina-

tion is forever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her visions are sublime—conscious even amongst saddest ruin of her own immortality.”

The thought of Sterne’s starling, for whose case the writer professes no great sympathy—and of birds in cages in general, leads suddenly to thoughts of imprisonment, and to a ghastly description of Dartmoor prison during the war. We shall extract the greater part of it:—

“What has become—we wander—of Dartmoor Prison? During that long war its huge and hideous bulk was filled with Frenchmen—ay—

‘Men of all climes—attach’d to none—were there.’

—a desperate race—robbers and reavers, and ruffians and rapers, and pirates and murderers—mingled with the heroes who, fired by freedom, had fought for the land of lilies, with its vine vales and “hills of sweet myrtle”—doomed to die in captivity, immured in that doleful mansion on the sullen moor. There thousands pined and wore away and wasted—and when not another groan remained within the bones of their breasts, they gave up the ghost. Young heroes prematurely old in baffled passions—life’s best and strongest passions, that scorned to go to sleep but in the sleep of death. These died in their golden prime. With them went down into unpitied and unhonored graves—for pity and honor dwell not in houses so haunted—veterans in their iron age—some self-smitten with ghastly wounds, that let life finally bubble out of sinewy neck or shaggy bosom—or the poison-bowl convulsed their giant limbs unto unquivering rest. Yet there you saw a wild strange tumult of troubled happiness—which, as you looked into its heart, was transfigured into misery. There volatile spirits fluttered in their cage, like birds that seem not to hate nor to be unhappy in confinement, but, hanging by beak or claws, to be often playing with the glittering wires—to be amusing themselves, so it seems, with drawing up, by small machinery, their food and drink, which soon sickens, however, on their stomachs, till, with ruffled plumage, they are often found in the morning lying on their backs, with clenched feet, and neck bent as if twisted, on the scribbled sand, stone-dead. There you saw pale youths—boys almost like girls, so delicate looked they in that hot infected air which, ventilate it as you will, is never felt to breathe on the face like the fresh air of liberty—once bold and bright midshipmen in frigate or first-rater, and saved by being picked up by the boats of the ship that had sunk her by one double-shotted broadside, or sent her in one explosion splintering into the sky, and splashing into the sea, in less than a minute the thunder silent, and the fiery shower over and gone—there you saw such lads as these, who used almost to weep if they got not duly the dear-desired letter from sister or sweetheart, and when they did duly get it, opened it with trembling fingers, and even then let drop some natural tears—there we saw them leaping and dancing, with

gross gesticulations and horrid oaths obscene, with grim outcasts from nature, whose mustached mouths were rank with sin and pollution—monsters for whom hell was yawning—their mortal mire already possessed with a demon. There, wretched, woe-begone, and wearied out with recklessness and desperation, many wooed Chance and Fortune, who they hoped might yet listen to their prayers—and kept rattling the dice—cursing them that gave them indulgence—even in their cells of punishment for disobedience or mutiny. There you saw some, who in the crowded courts “sat apart retired,”—bringing the practised skill that once supported, or the native genius that once adorned life, to bear on beautiful contrivances and fancies elaborately executed with meanest instruments, till they rivalled or outdid the work of art assisted by all the ministries of science. And thus won they a poor pittance wherewithal to purchase some little comfort or luxury, or ornament to their persons; for vanity had not forsaken some in their rusty squalor, and they sought to please her, their mistress or their bride. There you saw accomplished men conjuring before their eyes, on the paper or the canvas, to feed the longings of their souls, the lights and the shadows of the dear days that far away were beautifying some sacred spot of “*la belle France*”—perhaps some festal scene, for love in sorrow is still true to remembered joy, where once with youths and maidens

‘They led the dance beside the murmuring Loire.’”

Take now a sketch of Highland scenery from the paper entitled “The Moors.” With what sympathy and truth is the feeling of the spot caught and depicted—alternately bright in sunshine, or clouded with vapors—and here rendered back, in words which are sometimes bright with the sparkle of fancy, and sometimes darkened by the strongest gloom of imagination! The feeling of intense solitude among primeval hills and forests, of boundless expanse of view from rock and mountain top—the sweet homelike feeling produced by cottages, and spots of cultivation lurking in the recesses of glens, or spotting the dreary brown of waste moors—are brought before us in prose far more poetical than many specimens of numerous verse.

“Straight stretches the glen for leagues, and then bending through the blue gloom, seems to wind away with one sweep into infinitude. The Great Glen of Scotland—Glen-More itself—is not grander. But the Great Glen of Scotland is yet a living forest. Glen-Etive has few woods or none—and the want of them is sublime. For centuries ago pines and oaks in the course of nature all perished; and they exist now but in tradition wavering on the tongues of old bards, or deep down in the mosses show their black trunks to the light, when the torrents join the river in spate, and the moor divulges its secrets as in an earthquake. Sweetly sung, thou small, brown, moorland bird, though thy song be but a

twitter! And true to thy time—even to a balmy minute—art thou, with thy velvet tunic of black striped with yellow, as thou windest thy small but not sullen horn—by us called in our pride HUMBLE BEE—but not, methinks, so very humble, while booming high in air in oft-repeated circles, wondering at our Tent, and at the flag that now unfolds its gaudy length like a burnished serpent, as if the smell of some far-off darling heather-bed had touched thy finest instinct, away thou fliest straight southward to that rich flower-store, unerringly as the carrier-pigeon wafting to distant lands some love-message on its wings. Yet humble after all thou art; for all day long, making thy industry thy delight, thou returnest at shut of day, cheerful even in thy weariness, to thy ground-cell within the knoll, where as Fancy dreams the Fairies dwell—a Silent People in the Land of Peace.

“And why hast thou, wild singing spirit of the Highland Glenorchy, that cheereest the long-withdrawing vale from Inveruren to Dalmally, and from Dalmally Church-tower to the Old Castle of Kilchurn, round whose mouldering turrets thou sweepest with more pensive murmur, till thy name and existence are lost in that noble loch—why hast thou never had thy Bard? ‘A hundred bards have I had in bygone ages,’ is thy reply; ‘but the Sassenach understands not the traditionary strains, and the music of the Gaelic poetry is wasted on his ear.’ Songs of war and of love are yet awakened by the shepherds among these lonely braes; and often when the moon rises over Ben Cruachan, and counts her attendant stars in soft reflection beneath the still waters of that long inland sea, she hears the echoes of harps chiming through the silence of departed years. Tradition tells, that on no other banks did the fairies so love to tread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and brackeny, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick-falling dews perceptibly swelled the stream, and lent a livelier music to every waterfall.

“There it was, on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy’s Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dewdrops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed as it seemed of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew

fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon; and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed dusklily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before, through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.

“Tis a vast Glen. Not one single human dwelling any where speck-like on the river-winding plain—or nest-like among the brushwood knolls—or rock-like among the fractured cliffs far up on the mountain region do our eyes behold, eager as they are to discover some symptom of life. Two houses we know to be in the solitude—ay, two—one of them near the head of the Loch, and the other near the head of the Glen—but both distant from this our Tent, which is pitched between, in the very heart of the Moor. We were mistaken in saying that Dalness is invisible—for yonder it looms in a sullen light, and, before we have finished the sentence, may have again sunk into the moor. Ay, it is gone—for lights and shadows coming and going, we know not whence nor whither, here travel all day long—the sole tenants—very ghost-like—and seemingly in their shiftings embued with a sort of dim uncertain life. How far off from our Tent may be the Loch? Miles—and silently as snow are seen to break the waves along the shore, while beyond them hang in aerial haze, the great blue water. How far off from our Tent may be the mountains at the head of the Glen? Miles—for though that speck in the sky into which they upheave their mighty altitudes, be doubtless an eagle, we cannot hear its cry. What giants are these right opposite our Pyramid? Co—grim chieftain—and his Tail. What an assemblage of thunder-riven cliffs! This is what may be well called—Nature on a grand scale. And then, how simple! We begin to feel ourselves—in spite of all we can do to support our dignity by our pride—a mighty small and insignificant personage. We are about six feet high—and every body around us about four thousand. Yes, that is the Four Thousand Feet Club! We had no idea that in any situation we could be such dwindled dwarfs, such perfect pigmies. Our Tent is about as big as a fir-cone—and Christopher North an insect!

“What a wild world of clouds all over that vast central wilderness of Northern Argyleshire lying between Cruachan and Melnatorran—Corrynuarach and Ben Slarive a prodigious land! defying description, and in memory resembling not realities, but like fragments of tremendous dreams. Is it a sterile region? Very. In places nothing but stones. Not a blade of grass—not a bent of heather—not even moss. And so they

go shouldering up into the sky—enormous masses—huger than churches or ships. And sometimes not unlike such and other structures—all huddled together—yet never jostling, so far as we have seen; and though often overhanging, as if the wind might blow them over with a puff, steadfast in the storm that seems rather to be an earthquake, and moving not a hair's-breadth, while all the shingly sides of the mountains—you know shingle—with an inconstant clatter—hurry-skurry—seem to be breaking up into *debris*.

“Is that the character of the whole region? No, you darling; it has vales on vales of emerald, and mountains on mountains of amethyst, and streams on streams of silver; and, so help us Heaven!—for with these eyes we have seen them, a thousand and a thousand times—at sunrise, and sunset, rivers on rivers of gold. What kind of climate? All kinds, and all kinds at once—not merely during the same season, but the same hour. Suppose it three o'clock of a summer afternoon—you have but to choose your weather. Do you desire a close, sultry, breathless gloom? You have it in the stifling dens of Ben-Anea, where lions might breed. A breezy coolness, with a sprinkling of rain? Then open your vest to the green light in the dewy vales of Benlura. Lochs look lovely in mist, and so thinks the rainbow—then away with you ere the rainbow fade—away, we beseech you, to the wild shores of Lochan-a-Lorich. But you would rather see a storm, and hear some Highland thunder? There is one at this moment on Unimore, and Cruachla grows to Meallanuir, till the cataracts of Glashgour are dumb as the dry rocks of Craig-Teonan.”

The following, from “Our Winter Quarters,” is in a gayer strain; and we should pity the person who could read the passage without wiping his eyes “of drops which honest laughter had engendered;” and without at the same time admiring the grace with which fancy and wit are made to blend with the seeming egotism and extravagance of the picture:—

“Let no man have two houses with one set of furniture. Home's deepest delight is undisturbance. Some people think no articles fixtures—not even grates. But sofas and ottomans, and chairs and footstools, and screens—and, above all, beds—all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognositive and sensitive of the blessings of this life. Each has its own place assigned to it by the taste, tact, and feeling of the master of the mansion, where order and elegance minister to comfort, and comfort is but a homely word for happiness. In various moods we vary their arrangement—nor is even the easiest of all Easy-chairs secure for life against being gently pushed on his wheels from chimney-nook to window-corner, when the sunshine may have extinguished the fire, and the blue sky tempts the *Pater-familias*, or him who is but an uncle, to lie back with half-shut eyes, and gaze upon the cheerful purity, even like a shepherd on the hill. But these little occasional disarrangements serve but to preserve the spirit of permanent arrangement, without which the very virtue of domes-

ticity dies. What sacrilege, therefore, against the Lares and Penates, to turn a whole house topey-turvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May flowers deck the zone of the year! Why, a Turkey or a Persian, or even a Wilton or a Kidderminster carpet is as much the garb of the wooden floor inside, as the grass is of the earthen floor outside of your house. Would you lift and lay down this greensward? But without further illustration—be assured the cases are kindred—and so, too, with sofas and shrubs, tents and trees. Independently, however, of these analogies, not fanciful, but lying deep in the nature of things, the inside of one's tabernacle, in town and country, ought ever to be sacred from all radical revolutionary movements, and to lie for ever in a waking dream of graceful repose. All our affections towards lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignificant is missing or removed. We say not a word about children, for fortunately, since we are yet unmarried, we have none; but even they, if brought up Christians, are no dissenters from this creed, and however rackety in the nursery, in an orderly kept parlor or drawing-room how like so many pretty little white mice do they glide cannily along the floor! Let no such horror, then, as a *fitting* ever befall us or our friends! O mercy! only look at a long huge train of wagons, heaped up to the windows of the first floors, moving along the dust-driving or mire-choked streets with furniture from a gutted town-house towards one standing in the rural shades with an empty stomach! All is dimmed or destroyed—chairs crushed on the table-land, and four-posted beds lying helplessly with their astonished feet up to heaven—a sight that might make the angels weep!

"People have wondered why we, an old barren bachelor, should live in such a large house. It is a palace; but never was there a greater mistake than to seek the solution in our pride.—Silence can be had but in a large house. And silence is the chief condition of home happiness. We could now hear a leaf fall—a leaf of the finest wire-wove. Peter and Betty, Polly and the rest, inhabit the second sunk story—and it is delightful to know that they may be kicking up the most infernal disturbance at this blessed moment, and tearing out each other's hair in handfuls, without the faintest whisper of the uproar reaching us in our altitude above the drawing-room flat. On New Year's Day morning there is regularly a competition of bag-pipers in the kitchen, and we could fondly imagine 'tis an Eolian Harp. In his pantry Peter practised for years on the shrill clarion, and for years on the echoing horn; yet had he thrown up both instruments in despair of perfection ere we so much as knew that he had commenced his musical studies. In the sunk story, immediately below *that*, having been for a season consumptive, we kept a Jenny ass and her daughter—and though we believe it was not unheard around Moray and Ainslie Places, and even in Charlotte Square, we cannot charge our memory with an

audit of their bray. In the sunk story immediately below that again, that distinguished officer on half-pay, Captain Campbell of the Highlanders—when on a visit to us for a year or two—though we seldom saw him—got up a *Sma' still*—and though a more harmless creature could not be, there he used to sit for hours together, with the worm that never dies. On one occasion, it having been supposed by Peter that the Captain had gone to the East Neuk of Fife, weeks elapsed, we remember, ere he was found sitting dead, just as if he had been alive, in his usual attitude in his arm-chair, commanding a view of the precipice of the back court.

"Just as quiet are the Attics. They, too, are furnished; for the feeling of there being one unfurnished room, however small, in the largest house, disturbs the entire state of mind of such an occupant, and when cherished and dwelt on, which it must not unfrequently be, inspires a cold air of desolation throughout the domicile, till 'thoughts of flitting rise.' There is no lumber-room. The room containing Blue-Beard's murdered wives might in idea be entered without distraction by a bold mind. But oh! the lumber-room, into which, on an early walk through the house of a friend on whom we had been snoring, all unprepared did we once set our foot! From the moment—and it was but for a moment, and about six o'clock—far away in the country—that appalling vision met our eyes—till we found ourselves, about another six o'clock, in Moray Place. We have no memory of the flight of time. Part of the journey—or voyage—we suspect, was performed in a steamer. The noise of knocking, and puffing, and splashing seems to be in our inner ears; but after all it may have been a sail-boat, possibly a yacht!—In the Attics an Aviary open to the sky. And to us below, the many voices, softened into one sometimes in the pauses of severer thought, are sometimes very affecting, so serenely sweet it seems, as the laverocks in our youth at the gates of heaven.

"At our door stand the Guardian Genii, Sleep and Silence. We had an ear to them in the building of our house, and planned it after a long summer day's perusal of the Castle of Indolence. O Jimmy Thomson! Jimmy Thomson!—O that thou and we had been rowers in the same boat on the silent river! Rowers, indeed! Short the spells and far between that we should have taken—the one would not have turned round the other, but when the oar chanced to drop out of his listless hand—and the canoe would have been allowed to drift with the stream, unobservant we of our backward course, and wondering and then ceasing to wonder at the slow receding beauty of the hanging banks of grove—the cloud-mountains, immovable as those of earth, and in spirit one world.

"All our ceilings are deadened—we walk ankle-deep in carpeting—nobody is suffered to open a door but ourselves—and they are so constructed, that it is out of their power to *slam*. Our winter furniture is all massy—deepening the repose. In all the large rooms two fireplaces—and fires are kept perpetually burning day and night, in them all, which, reflected from spacious mirrors, give the mansion quite the appearance of a Pandemonium. *Not gas always*. Palm-oil burns

scentless as moonlight; and when motion, not rest, in a place is signified, we accompany ourselves with a wax candle, or taper from time immemorial green. Yet think not that there is a blaze of light. We have seen the midnight heaven and earth nearly as bright, but with one moon and a small scatter of stars. And places of glimmer—and places of gloom—and places 'deaf to sound and blind to light' there are in this our mansion, known but to ourselves—cells—penitentiaries—where an old man may sit sighing and groaning, or stupified in his misery—or at times almost happy. So senseless, and worse than senseless, seems then all mortal tribulation and anguish, while the self-communing soul is assured, by its own profound responses, that 'whatever is, is best.'

"And thus is our domicile a domain—a kingdom. We should not care to be confined to it all the rest of our days. Seldom, indeed, do we leave our own door—yet call on us, and ten to one you hear us in winter chirping like a cricket, or in summer like a grasshopper. We have the whole range of the house to ourselves, and many an Excursion make we on the Crutch. Ascending and descending the wide-winding staircases, each broad step not above two inches high, we find ourselves on spacious landing-places, illumined by the dim religious light of stained windows, on which pilgrims, and palmers, and prophets, single, or in pairs or troops, are travelling on missions through glens or forests or by sea-shores—or shepherd piping in the shade, or poet playing with the tangles of Neera's hair. We have discovered a new principle on which, within narrow bounds, we have constructed Panoramic Dioramas, that show splendid segments of the great circle of the world. We paint all of them ourselves—now a Poussin, now a Thomson, now a Claude, now a Turner, now a Rubens, now a Danby, now a Salvator, now a Maclise."

Whether the fair sex will be disposed to forgive the following strictures on their talents for sketching, we know not—though probably each individual may admit the general rule, and consider her own case as falling within the exception; but the passage is at least irresistibly comic. It occurs in the description of a "Stroll to Grassmere."

"My sweet Harriet, that sketch does you credit, and it is very far from being very unlike the original. Rather too many chimneys by about half-a-dozen; and where did you find that steeple immediately over the window marked 'Dairy?' The pigs are somewhat too sumptuously lodged in that elegant sty, and the hen-roost might accommodate a phoenix. But the features of the chief porch are very happily hit off—you have caught the very attic spirit of the roof—and some of the windows may be justly said to be staring likenesses. Ivy-cottage is slipped into our portfolio, and we shall compare it, on our return to Scotland, with Buchanan Lodge.

"Gallantry forbids, but Truth demands to say, that young ladies are but indifferent sketchers. The dear creatures have no notion of perspective. At flower-painting and embroidery, they

are pretty fair hands, but they make sad work among waterfalls and ruins. Notwithstanding, it is pleasant to hang over them, seated on stone or stool, drawing from nature; and now and then to help them in with a horse or a hermit. It is a difficult, almost an impossible thing—that foreshortening. The most speculating genius is often at a loss to conjecture the species of a human being foreshortened by a young lady. The hanging Tower at Pisa is, we believe, some thirty feet or so off the perpendicular, and there is one at Caerphilly about seventeen; and these are nothing to the castles in the air we have seen built by the touch of a female magician; nor is it an unusual thing with artists of the fair sex to order their plumed chivalry to gallop down precipices considerably steeper than a house, on animals apparently produced between the tiger and the bonassus. When they have succeeded in getting something like the appearance of water between what may be conjectured banks, they are not very particular about its running occasionally up hill; and it is interesting to see a stream stealing quietly below trees in gradual ascension, till, disappearing for a few minutes over one summit, it comes thundering down another, in the shape of a waterfall, on the head of an elderly gentleman, unsuspectingly reading Mr. Wordsworth's Excursion, perhaps, in the foreground."

How playful and pleasing, too, is the coquetry of the passage to which this is the prelude:—

"On such excursions there are sure to occur a few enviable adventures. First, the girths get wrong, and without allowing your beloved virgin to alight, you spend more time than is absolutely necessary in arranging them; nor can you help admiring the attitude into which the graceful creature is forced to draw up her delicate limbs, that her fairy feet may not be in the way to impede your services. By and by, a calf—which you hope will be allowed to grow into a cow—stretching up her curved red back from behind a wall, startles John Darby, albeit unused to the starting mood, and you leap four yards to the timely assistance of the fair shrieker, tenderly pressing her bridle-hand as you find the rein that has not been lost, and wonder what has become of the whip that never existed. A little further on, a bridgeless stream crosses the road—a dangerous-looking ford indeed—a foot deep at the very least, and scorning wet feet, as they ought to be scorned, you almost carry, serene in danger, your affianced bride (or she is in a fair way of becoming so) in your arms off the saddle, nor relinquish the delightful clasp till all risk is at an end, some hundred yards on, along the velvet herbage. Next stream you come to has indeed a bridge—but then what a bridge! A long, coggly, cracked slate-stone, whose unsteady clatter would make the soberest steed jump over the moon. You beseech the timid girl to sit fast, and she almost leans down to your breast as you press to meet the blessed burden, and to prevent the steady old stager from leaping over the battlements. But now the chasm on each side of the narrow path is so tremendous, that she must dismount, after due disentanglement, from that

awkward, old-fashioned crutch and pummel, and from a stirrup, into which a little foot, when it has once crept like a mouse, finds itself caught as in a trap of singular construction, and difficult to open for release. You feel that all you love in the world is indeed fully, freshly, and warmly in your arms, nor can you bear to set the treasure down on the rough stony road, but look round, and round, and round, for a soft spot, which you finally prophesy at some distance up the hill, whitherwards, in spite of pouting Yea and Nay, you persist in carrying her whose head is erelong to lie in your tranquil bosom."

We feel, however, that quotations are multiplying upon us, while our limits are fast contracting. And therefore, with the single observation, that the two papers which are to us the least agreeable in these volumes are the "Holy Child" and the tale entitled "Expiation," (the latter, indeed, producing in us a sensation of discomfort and pain rather than pleasure,) let us close our extracts with a passage from the touching and beautiful "L'Envoy," with which these volumes conclude:—

"Since first this Golden Pen of ours—given us by One who meant it but for a memorial—began, many years ago, to let drop on paper a few careless words, what quires so distained—some pages, let us hope, with durable ink—have accumulated on our hands! Some haughty ones have chosen to say rather, how many leaves have been wafted away to wither? But not a few of the gifted—near and far—have called on us with other voices—reminding us that long ago we were elected, on sight of our credentials—not indeed without a few black balls—into the Brotherhood. The shelf marked with our initials exhibits some half-dozen volumes only, and has room for scores. It may not be easily found in that vast Library; but humble member as we are, we feel it now to be a point of honor to make an occasional contribution to the Club. So here is the FIRST SERIES of what we have chosen to call our RECREATIONS. There have been much recasting and remoulding—many alterations, believed by us, to have been wrought with no unskilful spirit of change—cruel, we confess, to our feelings, rejections of numerous lucubrations to their father dear—and if we may use such words, not a few new creations, in the same genial spirit in which we worked of old—not always unrewarded by sympathy, which is better than praise.

"For kindness shown when kindness was most needed—for sympathy and affection—yea, love itself—for grief and pity not misplaced, though bestowed in a mistaken belief of our condition, forlorn indeed, but not wholly forlorn—for solace and encouragement sent to us from afar, from cities and solitudes, and from beyond seas and oceans, from brethren who never saw our face, and never may see it, we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude; and life itself must leave our heart, that beats not now as it used to beat, but with dismal trepidation, before it forget, or cease to remember as clearly as now it hears them, every one of the many words that came sweetly and

solemnly to us from the Great and Good. Joy and sorrow make up the lot of our mortal estate, and by sympathy with them, we acknowledge our brotherhood with all our kind. We do far more. The strength that is untasked, lends itself to divide the load under which another is bowed; and the calamity that lies on the heads of men is lightened, while those who at the time are not called to bear, are yet willing to involve themselves in the sorrow of a brother. So soothed by such sympathy may a poor mortal be, that the wretch almost upbraids himself for transient gleams of gladness, as if he were false to the sorrow which he sighs to think he ought to have cherished more sacredly within his miserable heart.

"One word embraces all these pages of ours—Memorials. Friends are lost to us by removal—for then even the dearest are often utterly forgotten. But let something that once was theirs suddenly meet our eyes, and in a moment, returning from the region of the rising or the setting sun, the friend of our youth seems at our side, unchanged his voice and his smile; or dearer to our eyes than ever, because of some affecting change wrought on face and figure by climate and by years. Let it be but his name written with his own hand on the title-page of a book; or a few syllables on the margin of a favorite passage which long ago we may have read together, "when life itself was new," and poetry overflowed the whole world; or a lock of her hair in whose eyes we first knew the meaning of the word "depth." And if death had stretched out the absence into the dim arms of eternity—and removed the distance away into that bourne from which no traveller returns—the absence and the distance of her on whose forehead once hung the relic we adore—what heart may abide the beauty of the ghost that doth sometimes at midnight appear at our sleepless bed, and with pale uplifted arms waft over us at once a blessing and a farewell!

"Why so sad a word—*Farewell*? We should not weep in wishing welfare, nor sully felicity with tears. But we do weep because evil lies lurking in wait over all the earth for the innocent and the good, the happy and the beautiful; and, when guarded no more by our eyes, it seems as if the demon would leap out upon his prey. Or is it because we are so selfish that we cannot bear the thought of losing the sight of the happiness of a beloved object, and are troubled with a strange jealousy of beings unknown to us, and for ever to be unknown, about to be taken into the very heart, perhaps, of the friend from whom we are parting, and to whom in that fear we give almost a sullen farewell? Or does the shadow of death pass over us while we stand for the last time together on the sea-shore, and see the ship with all her sails about to voyage away to the uttermost parts of the earth? Or do we shudder at the thought of mutability in all created things—and know that ere a few suns shall have brightened the path of the swift vessel on the sea, we shall be dimly remembered—at last forgotten—and all those days, months, and years that once seemed eternal, swallowed up in everlasting oblivion?

"With us all ambitious desires some years

ago expired. Far rather would we read than write now-a-days—far rather than read, sit with shut eyes and no book in the room—far rather than to sit, walk about alone any where

“Beneath the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory.”

Shall we live? or “like beasts and common people die?” There is something harsh and grating in the collocation of these words of the “Melancholy Cowley;” yet he meant no harm, for he was a kind, good creature as ever was born, and a true genius. He there has expressed concisely, but too abruptly, the mere fact of their falling alike and together into oblivion. Far better Gray’s exquisite words,

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies!”

The reliance is firm and sure; the “fond breast” is faithful to its trust, and dying transmits it to another; till after two or three transmissions, holy all, but fainter and dimmer, the pious tradition dies, and all memorial of the love and the delight, the pity and the sorrow, is swallowed up in vacant night.

“Posthumous Fame! Proud words—yet may they be uttered in a humble spirit. The common lot of man is, after death—oblivion. Yet genius, however small its sphere, if conversant with the conditions of the human heart, may vivify with indestructible life some happy delineations, that shall continue to be held dear by successive sorrowers in this vale of tears. If the name of the delineator continue to have something sacred in its sound—obscure to the many as it may be, or non-existent—the hope of such posthumous fame is sufficient to one who overrates not his own endowments. And as the hope has its root in love and sympathy, he who by his writings has inspired towards himself when in life, some of these feelings in the hearts of not a few who never saw his face, seems to be justified in believing that even after final obliteration of *Hic jacet* from his tombstone, his memory will be regarded with something of the same affection in his REMAINS.”

RAPHAEL.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

On the death of this great Painter, his body lay in state in the Pantheon, at Rome, and his last and noblest work, the “Transfiguration,” was placed at his head.

THE hand is cold which shadow'd forth
The spirit's soft creation;
One parting gift remains to earth—
That bright “Transfiguration!”

And who can view the sainted smile
Of yon Redeemer's eye,
Nor feel within his heart the while
Its calm divinity?

In thee the art, oh! Raphael, reign'd,
Eloquently to express
Seraphic forms, on earth detain'd,
Of perfect loveliness!

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

From Punch, or the London Charivari.

At an early hour on the 1st of February, the Lord Chancellor took the Great Seal out of the inkstand—(of pantomimic dimensions)—in which it is usually kept, and the Mace, which had been given out overnight to the butler to be rubbed up with whitenings and leather, was put at his Lordship's door—with his boots—) into one of which it was carefully thrust) and the shaving water. The Archbishop of Canterbury's lawn sleeves had been clearstarched, ironed out, and neatly got up by one of the prelate's femaled omestics; and the state mitre having been taken out of the silver paper which usually envelopes it, was dusted with a tender hand under the immediate inspection of one of the family. Black Rod personally got up at six, in order to fill in with ink the places where the black had become rather rubbed by wear from the wand of office, and that active functionary was employed for a quarter of an hour in polishing with the inside of an old kid-glove the bit of metal at the top of the rod alluded to.

These state preparations having been made on all hands, the dignitaries forming the Commission for opening Parliament drove in their own carriages to the House, while Black Rod left his lodgings in the suburbs, with his wand of office under his mackintosh, and having popped into a cab, when he got into the more public thoroughfares, he drove up in becoming style to the door of the Commons. Having bargained about and paid the fare at the stand where the cab was taken, he was enabled to walk smack into the House, without stopping to squabble and settle with the driver—a proceeding which would have materially interfered with that dignity which it is the aim of Black Rod on all occasions to be careful of. The preparations within the House of Parliament had been on the most extensive scale. Soap, both yellow and mottled, had been given out with a profusion that might be fairly called reckless, and several yards of house flannel had been for the last week placed in the hands of an efficient corps of cleaners and charwomen. The final dusting and the last round of the Turk's-head broom into the corners of the ceiling had scarcely been accomplished when the carriages of the members began to set down, and the Lords Commissioners having soon afterwards arrived, all was excitement to hear the Speech of her Majesty. The Chancellor in the ante-room gave a final shake to take out the creases in his robes, the Archbishop of Canter-

bury pulled out his lawn sleeves, from which the damp had unfortunately taken out the starch; and having inflated his mitre, by blowing into it, to make it stick well up, the whole party entered the House of Lords; and the Chancellor having taken his seat on the wool mattrass, the other commissioners fell into the rear, at the foot of the throne. We had forgotten to state that the Duke of Buccleugh, as privy seal, wore only an ordinary *brecquet*, which looked less like privy seal than privy watch-key.

During the interval which occurred while Rod was gone to whip up the Commons, the Chancellor wiped his glasses, cleared his throat, and pulled his wig a little to the back of his head; for, somehow or other, it had worked its way rather too far down on his forehead.

The Commons having rushed in pel-mel, with a clattering of feet, amongst which we could distinctly trace the heavy tread of Mr. Hume's highlows, the Lord Chancellor read nearly as follows. We prefer throwing the Speech into verse, being determined to give it the benefit of a little rhyme, to make up in some degree for the usual absence of reason that generally distinguishes similar documents.

"Here we are," Lords and Gents, as the clowns always say,

In the Pantomimes which I have seen at the play.
Her Majesty says, that though England ne'er minces

She likes to remain on good terms with all Princes,
And therefore appreciates quite at its proper rate,
Their assurance of wishing with her to co-operate.
She's glad to announce, too, that after much bother,
Of one saying one thing, and one quite another,
Although England's envoy behaved like a very cur,
We've settled in some way our tiff with America:
In addition to this, no plan could be finer
Than the terms we have made with celestial China.
We've gained a possession, they call it Hong Hong,
Which is three acres broad, and a mile or so long.
The standard of Britain, however, is planted there,
For Civilization was very much wanted there,
And to you it is utterly needless to say
For civilization the natives must pay;
And therefore, we charge twenty millions of dollars
For the very first lesson we give to our scholars.
The people of England will learn with delight
We've made all our matters with Syria right;
And the fact will of course be a great consolation
To the suffering millions all over the nation.

The governments, Turkish and Persian, have long
Been declaring each other excessively wrong,
But England and Russia have both interfered
In a way by which every dispute has been cleared;
A piece of intelligence which, you must own,
Will cause satisfaction wherever 'tis known.
Afghanistan, you know, has but recently been
Of valor exclusively British the scene:

But for further description of things of this nature,
See the dramas they do at the Surrey Theatre,
Where the famed T. P. Cooke, as a true British
seaman,
Dances hornpipes while fighting a combat with three
men.

Now Gents of the Commons—'tis time to implore
you

To do the thing handsomely when we before you
Of expenses the usual estimates lay,

'Tis your glorious privilege always to pay.
My lords and good gentlemen 'tis a sad bore

To admit that the revenue's worse than before,
And it certainly needs no particular gumption
To find out the cause in diminished consumption;

But still it's consoling to think that e'en yet,
Of the tax upon incomes we've plenty to get;

So when on the public we've had a good pull,
Our purse will we hope be sufficiently full.

Her Majesty wishes her thanks to pour forth,
For the splendid reception she got in the North;

The provost she thinks it may safely be said,
Of a city of cakes is the properest head.

Her Majesty also regrets that last year
Disturbances did in some districts appear;

The law was however at once put in force,
Hungry folks ought to keep very quiet of course.

We are by Her Majesty ordered to say,
We purpose amendment in something—some day;

Begin your debates then, and may you succeed,
In doing for England, what England may need;

Whatever you do for the people, oh let it
Prove good!—and, PUNCH wishes the people may
get it!

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.—By the arrival of Lieut. M'Murdo, of the Terror, from the Falkland Islands, very gratifying news has been received of the expedition under Captain James Ross. He reports that all the objects undertaken by Captain James Ross, and his gallant associates, have been triumphantly accomplished. The Terror, and Erebus, Captain Crozier, proceeded on their second voyage southward; and keeping nearly between the same meridians as before, 177° to 180°, again examined the lands discovered the preceding season, and which terminated in a lofty mountain. We believe that in this course they ascertained the magnetic pole where it was anticipated, and pursued their perilous way till they penetrated to the highest southern latitude ever seen by mortal eye, namely, the 80th degree!!! Captain Weddell, we think, arrived at somewhat about four degrees short of the extraordinary achievement, and went out on his bowsprit, that he might say he had been farther south than any other human being.

We have seen some specimens of natural history from the highest region which the expedition reached. Two beautiful gulls, about the size of the smaller sea-mew familiar on our coasts, of the purest white, like plumes of drifted snow, and having black legs and feet, have been shown to us, and are the only creatures observed there, with the exception of the fish, of which some were caught. Both birds and fish were full of shrimps, the common food of air and water. We were also shown a larger beautiful bird of the same species from the Falkland Isles, with lavender-colored wings, a rose-colored breast, and a black head. Lieut. M'Murdo has also brought valuable specimens of grasses, seeds, &c. &c. from the Falkland Isles and other strange lands; and samples of geology from the farthest south; one we looked at, apparently a conglomerate, and the other of a coarse, clayey character. We wait anxiously for more information; but trust that these particulars, hastily gathered on the eve of publication, will be interesting to every reader.—*Literary Gaz.*

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The general so likes your music that he desires you, of all love, to make no more noise with it.

OTHELLO.

How sour sweet music is!

RICHARD II.

— The isle is full of noises.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about my ears, and sometimes voices.

TEMPEST.

Of all the crotchets of the days we live in, the wildest certainly is the idea of the popular concert, or grand national oratorio, implied in the project of music or singing for "the million." Duets, quartettes, quintettes, are all tolerable enough; but who can endure the notion of a *millionette*?

We never understood, till now, the full force of the expression, "the *burden* of a song." It will be a heavy day for us when the millions begin to exercise their vocal powers; such chanting will not be enchanting, and we should unquestionably put a bar to it, were we of sufficient note to do so. We receive the proposal with the reverse of *glee*, and had we a *stave*, we should cordially bestow a *sound* application of it upon the author, could we but *catch* him. When measures ought to be taken to prevent the concert of the rabble, it is most provoking to see efforts deliberately made to bring them into unison. It is evident that universal suffrage will be carried, when every man has a *voice* in the commonwealth, and the next step assuredly will be vote by—*ballad*! In vain has Shakspeare warned us against

— the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,

we are on the point of having what is a great deal worse—a *quavering* multitude; and the originators of this frantic scheme have already established their *Normal* schools.

Henceforward the working-classes will be *opera-tives* with a vengeance; there will be a terrible propriety in asking them for their "sweet voices." The value of election promises, however, will be much the same as heretofore, for they have never been estimated at more than—a song.

Should this musical movement succeed, we never expect to have a moment's quiet except during a national cold, or an universal influenza. We shall wish with Caligula that the millions had but one throat, and that throat a sore one. Peace, alas, has brought "piping times" along with her, and we only trust the country will be equal to this new *strain* upon its powers of endurance, for assuredly we shall not have our music for nothing, like *Stephano* in the "Tempest."

"This shall prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing." The inhabitants of these isles get nothing for nothing, not even their music; they will infallibly have to pay through the *nose* for the torments inflicted on them through the *ear*. It will cost a handsome round sum to manufacture some twenty millions of Pastas and Tamburinis. The speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the financial part of the scheme will be a curiosity.

The humanity of Herr Hullah's project is extremely questionable; the best song for the poor would surely be a "song of sixpence," and could we only give them the "four-and-twenty blackbirds" into the bargain, it would assist them to a Christmas pie, which is a more substantial, if not a *sweeter* dish than a Christmas carol. The blackbird, to be sure, is not exactly the bird one would select for a poor man's pie. A plainer bird, who instead of singing the moment the pie is opened would confine himself strictly to his gastronomic functions, would answer the purpose much better, and the blackbird should retain his distinction as "a dainty dish to set before a king," who has seldom so keen an appetite as his hard-worked subjects. But our *fanatici per la musica* act upon the principle that neither kings nor subjects have any sense but the mere animal sense of hearing. No more sympathy have they with the legitimate cravings of the stomach than the jacobin lecturer had with the needy knife-grinder. They forget that our bakers will give more bread for one copper farthing, nay for one of the new half-farthings, than for one million of silver sounds, were they even of Rubini's coinage, or to issue from the mint of Grisi.

We can imagine a musical dietary for John Bull. For breakfast an air of Mozart instead of a slice of bacon, with a cavatina for a cup of coffee, and a bravura in place of the old fashioned custom of bread and butter. Luncheon might consist of that excellent substitute for a round of beef—a rondo of Beethoven, with the musical glasses to represent tankards of London stout. For dinner, we would serve him up an oratorio whole, as our sensual ancestors used to serve a sheep or an ox; the labors of the pastrycook might be replaced by the art of Pasta, and a bacchanalian song or two *fill* the office formerly discharged by Bacchus himself. Then, as we should be sorry to send our dear countrymen supperless to bed, how could the day's feasting be better concluded than by a hot opera, or that melodious dish, the "bones and tongs," which Bottom was so fond of, and the ingenuous youth of Fleet-

market delight in to this day. For the summer season, in place of a hot opera we would recommend a cold serenade, after which our *bon-vivants* might reckon upon as easy a digestion, and slumbers as "airy light," as we learn from Milton that our first parents enjoyed in Paradise.

Without disparaging the "Corn-Law Rhymes," we are humbly of opinion that a peck of wheat is fairly worth a bushel of them. Music at dinner is agreeable enough, but music *instead* of dinner is a wretched entertainment, were it even the music of the spheres, which, by the by, is the least objectionable of any for a reason too obvious to be stated.* Hunger was never harmonious, and never will be to the end of time, although Milton is so pleasant as to recommend a song as an anodyne for the pangs of fasting:—

And ever against *eating* cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

The tones of a famishing people are more likely to be Wolf Tones than those of nightingales. National airs, under such distressing circumstances, are wont to prove squalls; the millions are apt to get up "the Storm," while their rulers sing "Cease, rude Boreas," to little purpose. The chromatic scale is perhaps designed to be a set-off against the sliding scale; but we do not see why we should be at liberty to import the crotchets of the Germans, and prohibited to buy their corn.

The agriculturists are vigilant enough to protect ears of wheat, but in these times the human ear stands in need of protection a great deal more. Imagine a million of Scotchmen singing

The corn rigs are bonny, oh,—

or the same nice little chorus of English farmers screaming

The wind that shakes the barley.

As there may be too many cooks to a soup, so there may be too many choristers to a choir. Because there is safety in a multitude of counsellors it does not logically follow that there must be melody in a mob of singers. Let who will cry "encore" to a squalling kingdom, we shall never countenance so crying a grievance; nor imitate Orsino in exclaiming, "that strain again!" al-

*The reason alluded to is beautifully stated by Shakspeare in a familiar passage:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Poth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

though for the "dying fall," we shall pray very devoutly.

Our national reputation was never in danger until now, when our gallant countrymen, who never shook in battle, are to be actually taught to shake in time of profound peace. The transition from brave to semi-breve may be "most musical," but it is at the same time "most melancholy." The cliffs that made Albion so glorious were not treble cliffs, nor can a country filled with bravoes and band-itti expect to continue mistress of the world. The keys of empire will be exchanged for the keys of a piano, and Britannia will be degraded into the Prima Donna of the terrestrial bawl. Those who are instrumental in bringing about this vocal revolution will have much to answer for. Like all revolutionists, too, they are little aware of the lengths to which their rash innovations will assuredly carry them. The million will not long be content without an orchestra to accompany their strains; glees and catches will lead to fiddles and bassoons; the Sirens will infallibly introduce the *Harpies*! We shall then be doomed to witness some tremendous popular *organ*-ization, and our national existence will terminate like an overture, in a crash of music.

Perhaps there is even a still deeper abyss yawning for our unhappy country. The connection between music and dancing is ancient and indissoluble. In Lydia, we are informed by classic writers, there were certain islands in a certain lake, which at the sound of music, invariably began to dance! Is there no fear of the British isles adopting these "Lydian measures," and taking a "fing" across the floor of the Atlantic, or perhaps into the Chinese seas, to "set" their new partner, the pretty little island of Hong Kong? Heaven only knows how soon, in these capering times, we may find ourselves the *vis-a-vis* of Miss Madagascar, or leading off with Madame Barbadoes. Ireland will probably dance her own national jig, as she is in the habit of taking her own steps, and rarely approves of our measures. At any rate, we shall both deserve to be numbered with the Silly Isles, and the state will probably *reel* before the ball is over. Let our rulers ponder this well before it is too late. "*C'est le premier pas qui coute!*"

All the arguments we have heard for teaching the British empire to sing, appear frivolous in the extreme. It is sometimes contended that, because the bee, which is such a model of industry, hums while engaged in the manufacture of wax and honey, human artificers and tradesmen ought to do likewise! Now admitting this to be a pre-

cedent in point, it would only apply to three trades, confectioners, comb-makers, and wax-chandlers; but we go further and say, *non constat*, that the bee would not make more honey if it were to make less harmony, a view confirmed by the apparent etymology of the latter word, which is *quasi* harmony. To this we know it may be replied, that melody is derivable from the Latin *mel*, showing that the humming of the bee was anciently considered favorable to the sweet manufacture. There is, however, a wide difference between humming a tune and singing a song; and besides, the bee never hums *tunes* at all, so that "singing for the million" cannot be supported by the instance of the hive-ites. Indeed, the drone would be an example more in point, for the drone is much noisier than the working-bee, and the perfect type of a worthless warbler.

Let the millions be taught the virtues of the bee, with all our heart; but we protest against teaching them the single vice that the little insect is guilty of. A humming cup of ale is a good old English institution; but there cannot be conceived a grosser humbug than a humming nation. We promise Mr. Hullah's bees that we shall keep cells for them at St. Luke's, where they shall sing their *madrigals* without deafening all England.

Another argument is derived from the harmonious propensities of the ancient Greeks. Now though it may be wise to do at Rome what Romans *do*, it by no means follows that we ought to do in England what the Greeks *did*. The practice of the pagan world is a pretty example to hold up to Christendom. The reasoning is worthy of Martinus Scriblerus, or the classic doctor in "Peregrine Pickle." The name of Christendom ought to be changed to Tweedledum, if we decide upon resolving ourselves into a nation of fiddlers and ballad-singers, because every *gamin* of the streets of Athens was taught to troll a catch before he had learned his catechism, or knew Jupiter from a Hamadryad. Besides, the example of the Athenians is neutralized by that of the stupid Thebans and asinine Arcadians, who were just as inveterate songsters as their neighbors. Pindar was notoriously a Bœotian, and the name of Arcadian was a synonyme for a melodious booby. It ought to be remembered, also, that

Music, heavenly maid, was young,
When first in early Greece she sung.

Music is now, if not an old maid, a lady of a *certain* age, and ought to have more discretion than to caterwaul in the public streets like a cat on a moonlight night.

There is a time, says the wise man, for every thing; and, as Horace truly observes,

Dulce est desipere in loco;

but the present is not the time, and England is not the place for the Hullah-baloo speculation. "Merry England" belongs to the history of the past; we might almost say to the days of romance, when Oberon sat on the British throne, with Titania his Queen Consort, and Puck his Prime Minister. It is only for *flourishing* states to practise *appogiaturas*; and the worst time for a country is when it is "falling into the cinque-pace [sink-apace] faster and faster," as Beatrice says in the play.

But to return to the arguments of our classical scholars, they expatiate upon the stories of Arion, Orpheus, Amphion, Timotheus, and the other fiddlers and pipers of antiquity. Now if our modern music-masters, the professors of "singing for the million," insist upon running a parallel with the first of these worthies, we are perfectly ready to gratify them, for the first proceeding must be to treat them to a ducking in the British channel, in order to ascertain whether the dolphins of the present day are as musical as the dolphins of ancient Greece. In like manner, when our ears are saluted with the cry of

An Orpheus! an Orpheus!

we invariably wish the performer the same audience that the original Orpheus had, and nothing would please us more than to set the modern to play for the tigers in a jungle, or for a select party of bears, wolves, panthers, and hyenas, in one of the enclosures of the Zoological Gardens.* As to Amphion, if he built a city with his "*do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*," he certainly did a very clever thing; but then we are to recollect that the city he built was Thebes! This, however, may be the very circumstance that makes the precedent so attractive. Our modern Thebans are probably in want of a capital, and they are certainly numerous enough to fill a large one.

As to Timotheus, we marvel they are not ashamed to plead the example of a firebrand, who was the very reverse of Amphion, for he caused the destruction of a metropolis, instead of building one. It is said of Timotheus, that he made Alexander the Great skip up and down the banquet-room, and forget his dinner. No doubt in this way a

* Adam Smith, hearing some educational quack of the day holding forth upon the marvels of his system, by which he affirmed that even tigers might be brought to the highest degree of civilization, interrupted him by observing that, he "should like to see the professor in a cage with a couple of his pupils."

modern Timotheus might do some good ; not in making "*the great*" forget that momentous meal (for that were an exploit beyond the power of the God of Melody himself,) but in producing an oblivion of dinner in the minds of those with whom at present it is only a pleasure of imagination, or at best, one of the pleasures of memory.

The system in question is undoubtedly classical in one respect—namely, as a revival of the ancient fable of the apple of *discord*, as if we were not sufficiently disposed by nature to play our several parts in life in conflicting keys, without actual instruction to "*set us by the ears.*" Perhaps the music-for-the-million-men flatter themselves that the way to put down party tunes is to strike up national concertos ; but there cannot be a more grievous delusion, for as it has been truly said, that "the death of party is the birth of faction," so the attempt to get up a millionette will assuredly end in breeding a swarm of little vocal factions, the combined effect of whose several pulmonary exertions will be the production of such harmony as was heard some thousand years ago in the first music-hall that was ever established, and on the model of which Exeter Hall was undoubtedly instituted—to wit the celebrated Tower of Babel ! Why, even in the political world have we not often seen parties of fifties, and even hundreds, dwindle down to quartettes, trios, and sometimes even to duets and solos ? There was the Darby-Dilly party, just numerous enough to fill a stage coach. Nay, we have seen two worthy senators separate themselves from the common herd of lawgivers, and form a party of a few days' duration, at the close of which period the party broke up and split into fragments, each worthy senator becoming a faction in himself, and screaming his political solo to his wondering constituents.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—There have lately been discovered near the town of Hyères, in the Var, the remains of an ancient Roman city. Excavations having been made to the extent of between 80 and 100 yards in a line from the sea-shore, there have been opened out a hypocaust of large dimensions, reservoirs, &c., and several walls faced with curious paintings, one of which is semi-circular. These paintings were at first very fresh, but faded on exposure to the light and air. They are composed of arabesques, figures of men and animals, flowers, and other ornaments, fantastically arranged, similar to the most beautiful of those found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Pottery, vases, medals, coins, &c. have been dug up.—*Athenæum*.

MR. EVERETT'S LETTER.

THE letter below is a reply of our minister to a memorial of more than nine hundred holders of American bonds.—Ed.

Mr. Scholefield and Gentlemen—In compliance with the request contained in the memorial which you have now presented to me, I will avail myself of the first opportunity of transmitting it to the President of the United States. To avoid misconception it is proper that I should observe, that, inasmuch as the general government is not a party to the contracts of the separate States, the subject of the memorial does not fall directly within the President's province, and that I am myself acting unofficially in forwarding it to him. I do it, however, with cheerfulness, out of respect to the members of this distinguished deputation. Nor am I less under the influence of the deepest sympathy with that numerous class whom you represent, who have suffered severely, some of them I fear ruinously, from the failure (temporary, I trust) of a portion of the American States to pay the interest of their public debt. These feelings, I am sure, will be shared by the President.

I concur with you in protesting against the doctrine that a State, which has pledged its faith and resources, can release itself from the obligation, however burdensome, in any way but that of honorable payment. Fatal delusions, in times of great distress, occasionally come over the minds of communities as well as individuals ; but I rejoice in the belief that the number is exceedingly small of those who have, in any form, advanced the idea of what has been called "*repudiation.*" I am convinced that those States, which unhappily have failed to make provision for the interest due on their bonds, have done so under the heavy pressure of adverse circumstances, and not with the purpose of giving a legislative sanction to a doctrine so pernicious, unworthy, and immoral.

The memorialists are pleased to give me credit for sympathy with their sufferings. There is, perhaps, no person, not himself directly a sufferer, who has had so much reason as myself to feel deeply all the evil effects—the sacrifice not merely of material prosperity, but what is of infinitely greater consequence, of public honor—resulting from this disastrous failure. The reproach which it has brought on the American name has been the only circumstance which has prevented a residence in the land of my fathers from being a source of unmingled satisfaction to me. You may well believe, therefore, that if any opinion of mine can have an influence (as you suppose) over any portion of my countrymen, favorable to the great end you have in view, it will be, on all proper occasions, as it has been, most emphatically expressed.

The position, gentlemen, of some at least of the indebted States is as singular as it is deplorable. They have involved themselves most unadvisably in engagements, which would be onerous to much larger and richer communities ; and they yet possess, under an almost hopeless present embarrassment, the undoubted means of eventual recovery. I will take the State of Illinois for instance, and what I say of that State

will hold of others, making allowance for difference of local circumstances. The State of Illinois undertook a few years since the construction of a ship canal of about one hundred miles in length, to unite the waters of Lake Michigan with those of the Illinois river; and more recently projected and commenced the execution of thirteen hundred miles of railway. On these works she has borrowed and expended above twenty millions of pounds. The works are incomplete and unproductive. The population of the State is that of a second-sized English county, short of half a million. It is what in good times would be considered an eminently prosperous population; but I am inclined to think that if the English income tax of last year were, by the legislature of Illinois, laid on that State, more than half the population, possessing in the aggregate that proportion of the taxable property, would, in the present period of general distress, fall below the point of exemption, and that of the other half a small number only would rise much above that point. And yet the undeveloped resources of Illinois are almost boundless. The State is larger than England and Wales. By the Mississippi it is connected with the Gulf of Mexico, by Lake Michigan with the St. Lawrence; and it has a most extensive internal navigation by means of several noble rivers. The climate of the State is mild; it contains, I suppose, as large a body of land, not merely cultivable, but highly fertile, as can be found lying together in the United States; it abounds in various kinds of mineral wealth; it is situated about in the centre of a horizontal field of bituminous coal, which Mr. Lyell pronounced the other day to be as large as Great Britain; and it is inhabited by an industrious, frugal, intelligent people, most rapidly increasing in numbers.—That such a people lay for any length of time submit to lie under the reproach, and bear the loss incident to a total prostration of public credit, I can never believe.

I say, gentlemen, the loss as well as the reproach, for wide-spread and severe as has been the suffering in this country, caused by the default of some of the States, our own losses, public and private, I believe to have been greater. The States themselves, as governments, have experienced the greatest embarrassments from the sudden destruction of credit (extending alike to those States which have and those which have not honorably and promptly met their obligations); that credit on which alone, in some instances, they depended for the resources necessary to complete and render productive their public works. The General Government of the United States, after having paid off a public debt of more than two hundred millions of dollars, has found itself unable to negotiate a trifling loan in this great metropolis of the financial world, whose superabundant capital, but for the default of some of the States, would have continued to be for those States themselves, and for individuals, a vast gold mine of unexhausted capacity. In addition to these public embarrassments, private fortunes almost without number have been destroyed, in the general wreck of which the failure of the States, as cause or effect, is one of the principal elements. I doubt if, in the history

of the world, in so short a period, such a transition has been made from a state of high prosperity to one of general distress, as in the United States within the last six years. And yet, gentlemen, the elasticity and power of recovery in the country are great beyond the conception of those who do not know it from personal observation. Even within this disastrous period, to which I have alluded, a private commercial debt to this country, estimated at twenty-five millions of pounds sterling, has been paid by the American merchants, with as little loss to the creditors as would attend the collection of an equal amount of domestic debt, in this or any other country.

But I will not detain you, gentlemen, by enlarging on these topics. The subject, I need not tell you, is one on which, in all respects, it is proper that I should speak with reserve. I think I shall have done my duty, if I have convinced you that I am keenly sensible of the sufferings of your constituents, and truly solicitous for their effectual relief; and that amidst all the uncertainties and delay, which may attend the measures requisite for that purpose, I still feel confident that the time will come when every State in the Union will fulfil its engagement.

EDWARD EVERETT.

40 Grosvenor-place, March 31.

LAST OF THE BARONS.

From the *Britannia*.

The Last of the Barons. By the author of "Rienzi." Three vols. Saunders and Ottley.

"THE Last of the Barons" is that great earl—styled by Shakespeare the "mighty Warwick"—who set up and pulled down kings at his pleasure, and whose wonderful feats, varied fortune, and memorable death, filling as they do some of the most striking pages of English history, are among the earliest of our recollections. Every one will at once be reminded of those passages in Hume, which describe his magnificence and power, and of the closing sentence of that paragraph which details his vast resources, his retainers, his hospitality, and his courage: "He was the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the Crown." This is the motto of Sir E. Bulwer's book.

It must be acknowledged that this time, at least, he has been fortunate in a subject which abounds in incidents and characters suitable to a splendid historical romance, and which yet has remained comparatively unhacknied. No period of English history is more crowded with events, exhibits more sudden and startling reverses of fortune, more dazzling successes and deeper wretch-

edness, or is filled with more conspicuous actors standing apart from the rest of mankind, by their native vigor of character, and their supreme pre-eminence in whatever qualities they affected, than that which is occupied with the wars of the Roses. In that stormy time, the natural dispositions and passions of men had full scope for their exercise; the ordinary restraints even of imperfectly civilized society were abandoned, and in the continual tumult of civil strife, the novelist, who delights most in the strange and wild extremes of human life, in battles, conspiracies, unnatural cruelty, and broken faith, may find circumstances to fill his narrative without the necessity of drawing on his imagination. The history of that age resembles one of those tapestried walls, crowded with figures in every variety of action, where, without any intermediate division, the peaceful chamber runs directly into a triumphal procession, and a solemn marriage or stately feast is succeeded by a field of battle strewn with dying and dead.

It is unfortunate that in his treatment of the subject the author could not divest himself of those affected mannerisms which never occur but to excite disgust or contempt. We read the narratives of Scott with a feeling of their reality; if the portraits and scenes are highly colored, they are never so exaggerated as to seem unnatural, and the author himself is kept so entirely in the background, that the mind is wholly engaged with his creations. But Bulwer perpetually disturbs the current of his story, and thrusts himself before us by some antic of composition. His capitals and small capitals, intended to give greater prominence to stale or feeble sentiments, and his perpetual jargon of the Ideal and the Actual, have exactly the same effect upon the mind as the clap-traps of a bad actor on the stage. In each case the vanity of the individual destroys the illusion it should be his object to create, and excites anger for his impertinent intrusion, instead of admiration of his mountebank follies. This unfortunate habit has so grown upon Sir Edward, that he cannot make the commonest and most obvious reflection, without a flourish that intimates he has made a profound discovery. Thus he tells us that during the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster patriotism was almost wholly unknown, and positively seems to suppose that such an idea never occurred to any individual before. He takes on himself the task of lecturing us in history, and abuses Shakspeare without mercy for having "in his fiery tragedy, least worthy of the poet, and therefore most

popular with the vulgar," caricatured Richard as hump-backed, when, in reality, the only deformity of his person consisted in one shoulder being higher than the other. Is it possible that Sir Edward really thinks that the world, since Shakspeare's death, has been quite mistaken in its estimate of his dramas, and that he at last is born to set it right? This offensive arrogance is continually repeated. He has picked up a few phrases of the time, has got two or three verses of an old ballad, and has dipped into Stow and Hall, and in the plenitude of his confidence imagines that he is entitled to express an authoritative opinion on all points that have perplexed previous writers and to rate the public soundly for their vulgar prejudices and blind ignorance. He ascertains that Richard was only nineteen when he is first introduced on the scene by Shakspeare, and immediately conceives that he has convicted the poet of serious error, and has made a discovery only second in magnitude to that of Newton, when he revealed the law of gravitation. We have no pleasure in making these remarks; they are forced from us by the author's absurd pretensions to merit to which he has no claim, and to knowledge which is common to every ordinary reader of English history. If he would be content with plainly issuing his romances, as Scott did before him, without vaunting their value as historical compositions, or pretending to dictate to the public the judgment they shall form, he would save himself much unnecessary pain. Whatever may be his own opinion of his labors, he may rest assured that no person desiring accurate information on the events of the period, will ever think of searching for it in "The Last of the Barons," or that the little foot-notes ostentatiously appended to some of the pages, will give any other impression than that the writer is not more than superficially acquainted with his subject.

CHINESE PUBLISHING.—The Chinese print books, which they consider good, by voluntary subscription. Some persons subscribe, and have a work cut in wood; a few copies are then printed, stating where the books are deposited, and others are invited to have additional copies struck off, to be circulated for the public benefit. The invitation is frequently accepted. An individual who wishes for fifty or a hundred copies, sends to the warehouse, the number desired is then printed off, and his name duly registered among the subscribers to the object.—*Lit. Gaz.*

WOOD PAVING.—Another patent! and of course superior to all that have hitherto been taken out.—Perring's patent wood paving affords a surface which presents a secure foothold for horses, may be laid down in the steepest streets in London, and at a reduced rate. At least so says the prospectus forwarded to us.—*Ibid.*

MONTHLY MEMENTOES.

FOR APRIL :—WAR DEPRECATED.

From Tait's Magazine.

GRIM, hideous relique of the savage Past,
The *via* Moloch for six thousand years,
Who sees thy horrors, shuddering turns aghast,
Thou dreary pass of blood, of rapine, cairns, and tears.

Doth history blazon this a glorious way,
Where conquerors slaughtered hind to nourish kings,
Treading God's wine-press with their feet of clay
In monstrous scorn of humanizing things,
Man's bliss or being frantic to bewray?
Oh! every hour and wind the treacherous falsehood sings;

Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
This winter of the wide world's story,
This lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

And must these Thugs still pile the battle pyre?
Must human shambles still be human gear?
Must Carnage raise his bloody altars higher,
And scathe the living hearts of half a hemisphere?
Christian and patriot, what is your decree?
Enlighten'd statesman, your wise code unfold—
Speak, priests and prelates,—He of Galilee
Demands your practice of His precepts old—
How? Warriors all!—Huge hypocrites are ye,
Or, else, your creed is false and heaven's a cheat
that's sold!

For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
Red lava roaring through each Age,
You, madmen, recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.*

Christian or pagan, gothic or refined,
Earth's old distemper Wrong, remains the same,
Greed leads forth Conquest, Vengeance grins behind,
And all man's boasted gain proves but an altered name.

Explore Time's archives,—through the lustrums gone
Fame smiles on Fury;—through each varied creed
Priests herd with soldiers ever and anon!

Do tyrants topple, or do subjects bleed—
Are systems raised or systems trampled on?
Fame holds her lamp to Force—yea, Slaughter hath
the meed!

For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Should this be so? Does man exist for this,
To reap the harvest of the life of man?
Being he has, and hopes hereafter bliss,
Yet reckless mars them both when "valiantly" he can.

Will all the battles for his leagues of land—
Will all the murders for his monarch's thrones—
Will all the prayers to bless "the horo band,"
With all the glory of foes' rotting bones,
Avail his wish in that Space-grasping hand
Which holds the harp of Life and loves to wake its tones?

Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava running through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Albeit, conflict rageth as of yore!—
This month of April hath its epochs brave,
It saw the Barons' league. The Charter bore
Themselves and churchmen free, but called the
People—Slave!

Then, priests took arms, true militant on earth,
With falchions slaying whom they first would curse,

And, being warlike, proved the second birth
Was cutting Paynim—or a Hebrew's purse;
No lukewarm scruples check'd their murderous mirth;*

God's Word they made a corpse and all the world
its hearse.

For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava that devoured the Age,
Those madmen recognized as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth's countless fools, untaught, grow hoary!

This month, too, saw the battle of Dunbar;
When English Edward seized on Scotia's throne
Gouting with blood—as other trophies are—
The patriarch's pillow borne from Royal Scone.†
That Age ferocious wore a butcher's knife
And bred a race of sanguinary Thors,
Of whom this month closed Cœur de Lion's
strife,—

And those foul murders call'd the Civil Wars
This month, at Barnet, took false Warwick's life:
Chiefs in that heinous crime that righteous heaven
abhors:

Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence! Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!—
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

This month gave birth to one who slew his Liege,
Cromwell ycleped—a man of blood and prayer!
The warrior empire raised in Europe's siege
This month came thundering down—a ruin and
despair:—†

Why farther yet the hateful theme pursue?
These men are memories, and their power's no
more;

Thousands rush by in shadowy review
Who led the strife, or all its fury bore,

* The title of "The Army of God and Holy Church" was given to the armed barons and ecclesiastics who demanded *Magna Charta*. This was in accordance with the spirit of the Crusades—that purely ecclesiastical war. During the two hundred years of its continuance, the very essences of Christianity—love, peace, and mercy—were openly denounced, and in their stead, hatred, massacre, and spoliation were advocated in the pulpit and sanctified at the altar. Debtors' liabilities were cancelled—murderers were forgiven—and heaven was assured to all to do slaughter on the Saracen. The loss of life ensuing from these atrocities is incalculable; at the siege of Acre alone, three hundred thousand men were destroyed; besides five hundred barons, forty earls, six archbishops and twelve bishops; with priests, friars, and camp-followers innumerable.

† The old coronation seat of Scotland is a large square stone, the identical one—as its legend represents—on which Jacob rested his head when he dreamed of the heavenly ladder. It is now fixed beneath the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

‡ Buonaparte abdicated the throne of France April 11, 1814.

Proving, with those, this holy maxim true—
 Perdition waits each cause imbrued in human gore :
 Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
 The winter of the wide world's story,
 The lava roaring through each Age,
 Grave madmen recognize as glory !—
 Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage !
 Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

ANSWER OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *The New York Morning Courier and Enquirer: The New York Herald: October to February 1842-3.*
2. *Les Américains en Europe, et les Européens aux Etats-Unis.* (Americans in Europe, and Europeans in the United States, by PHILARÈTE CHASLES: Revue des Deux Mondes, February, 1843.) Paris. 1843.
3. *Les Etats-Unis: Souvenirs d'un Voyageur:* (The United States: Recollections of a Traveller.) Par M. ISIDORE LÖWENSTERN. Paris & Leipsic. 1842.
4. *The North American Review for January, 1843.* Boston. U. S.

WE have reason to be satisfied with the effect of our article of last October, on the Newspapers of the United States. It has been, in the first place, understood by those whom it concerned, and complimented with that calm indifference and philosophic contempt, which were lavished by Sheridan's hero on the villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal Review, that had been written upon *him*. In other quarters, it has been met with guarded doubts, with well meant remonstrances with timid comparisons and questionings, and with agreement founded on honest examination of the facts and reasons that we offered. In all it has involved of necessity, more or less, a *discussion of the nuisance it exposed*.

This is the main advantage. And for this we return to a subject, only more important than hateful, since it forces us, whatever the tone we adopt, to admit at any rate the continued existence of a power, enormous in proportion to the absence of every quality which inspires respect. Power, founded on the junction of literary incompetency with moral indecency, and deriving its means of support from nothing save scandal, slander, wretched ribaldry, and ruffianly abuse, is the humiliating antagonist against which we enter the field. You cannot afford, with justice to all that is at stake, to despise such an antagonist; for you cannot treat with the same contempt the masses who listen to him, and of whose blind lusts and ignorance his influ-

ence is composed. You may tear to pieces and trample under foot a single number of the 'New York Herald,' or the 'New York Courier and Enquirer,' but at that very instant, there are tens of thousands reading that very number of either journal, and deriving from it all the satisfaction which large classes of men will never cease to take, in the gratification of their ignorance or of their evil passions.

'Does any well-educated man in America read these papers *with respect*,' is the strange question of the 'Edinburgh Review.' With respect! Why, what has respect to do with it? Does any well educated man enter a gambling house, or a brothel, or any other scene of vice, with *respect* for the inmates he looks to find there? Far from it. It is more than probable, if he has any feeling at all, that he hates himself for going; *but he goes*: and the oftener he goes, we will answer for it, the less he finds it necessary to trouble his head with notions of 'respect' of any kind. And this is what we charge upon the newspapers, as not the least frightful mischief that is in them. They level, to an undistinguishable mass, the educated, the ignorant, and the base. They drive into one bad direction all the forces of society, which, if personal liberty is to be preserved, or the rights of individual thought and opinion respected, ought to be engaged in counteracting each other. Democracy is little understood, if this is supposed to be democracy: It is a state of equal and universal slavery: the tyranny to which all are subject, being that of a press the most infamous on earth.

To pretend that such a condition of things must flow as a matter of course from the institutions of America, can blind only the most thoughtless. The 'Times' argues ably for all its opinions, but omits an important element in the consideration of this. The government and society of America cannot be assumed to have as yet taken permanent shape. On the great experiment which is going forward there—the right of any one broadly and finally to pronounce, is far from having yet begun. In the present stage of it, we must still maintain, the character of the people is more distinctly at stake than the character of the institutions. Nothing seems so dangerous as to palliate the social delinquencies of America on the ground of political experiment, unless it is the danger of making forms of government of any kind responsible for what lies in a direction too deep to be amenable to them. Government in that sense is much to be considered, but self-

government, in every form of society, is also worth considering; since without it, the other, though cast in the perfect mould of absolute wisdom, will avail surprisingly little. The existing constitution of America has not yet outlived the test of fifty years, and for every vice and failing of the people we are asked to make this fraction of time accountable!

Will those who require us to do so, point out the example in history of a political constitution framed in this rapid ex-cathedra fashion, and turning out of greater account than the paper it was written on? Will they furnish us an example of constitution or form of government of any kind whatsoever, which had within it an element of permanence—to which the habits, the duties, the rights, the capabilities of the people governed, had in any manner found it possible to accommodate themselves—and which has not been in every case the work of time, and, in a still greater and more important degree, the work of the people themselves? Admitting here, then, that the finale issue still waits to be developed by time, it is on the latter ground we for the present take our stand. We say that with no effort to check the influences which are now running riot in America, the chances of that great society being ultimately gathered together under any one set of political institutions, we care not of what description, are extremely remote and problematical. Why, if they had wars upon their hands, if they had threatening and troublesome neighbors, nay, if they had their millions of ill-governed, starving poor, clamoring for instruction and for bread, we do believe that their chances of existence as One People would be greater than they now are. Frightful as we must think these penalties and vices from which older countries suffer, at the least some centre of resistance would of necessity evolve itself from them, to what now overrides the land,—crushing all that is of elevating tendency, everywhere establishing like narrow prejudices and foul passions, making one mean view and example of mankind universal and predominant, and silencing an independent thought wherever it would make itself known. No government, no society, can long exist with such a power as this abroad, subject to no control. We are quite prepared to have it said that we exaggerate: we say what we believe to be true.

In remark on our so-called exaggeration, the 'Westminster Review' waives any advantage derivable from its exposure, and

asserts, that even taking it as a fair description of the newspaper press of America, the case attempted to be set up signally fails. And why? "We say," says the 'Westminster Review,' "that the moral tone of the American press is *not so low* as that of the newspaper stamped press of our own country, with honorable exceptions." The reviewer is at pains to repeat the assertion, and to have us understand that it is made 'deliberately.' He adds that he has 'carefully' examined a file of the 'New York Herald,' the paper especially referred to as the worst in the United States, and found it, "bad as it is, freer from gross obscenities and ribald jests than either the —, the —, or the —, papers circulated extensively here among the higher classes; and its personal abuse of political opponents not greater than that of almost any one of our Tory journals."

We do not give the names of the papers thus specially put forward, because the third, though of political opinions with which we cannot sympathize, is conducted with perfect decency and honor, and is on no pretence, save of a most reckless disregard of truth, to be classed with that literature of the 'gambling house and the brothel' which we did not fail to denounce when we entered first upon this subject, and of which the other two journals named are the admitted representatives. It is important to notice that what we must call the design of indiscriminately bringing within the same degradation and reproach every class of English periodical publication, is very 'deliberately' pursued by the Westminster Reviewer.

Gently passing the "New York Herald" as "with all its faults" having "early commercial intelligence," and by its circulation "the best advertising medium in the United States" (pretences we had already noticed as those by which decent American citizens attempted to justify to themselves the admission of the foul thing within their houses), the reviewer proceeds to quote the case of Lady Flora Hastings; a more recent falsehood against another of the maids of honor; some scurrilities in the report of a meeting on the subject of Miss Martineau's refusal of a pension; and an alleged libel against Mr. Cobden. "Is the American press," he then asks, "*alone* to bear the disgrace of giving utterance to vile slanders, when it is merely copying the example of the prints of the mother country? A twelvemonth has not elapsed," he continues, "since *two newspapers* existed, the avowed object of which was *to trade in libel* . . .

The papers alluded to are now happily extinct, but they existed for many months, and large sums were realized by the wretches associated in this infamous speculation." Our "severe censure" against the President of the United States for the disgrace of connecting the government at Washington with the infamy of the "New York Herald" is the reviewer's closing subject of remark. "Governor Tyler," he coolly suggests, "would probably explain by stating that it was his duty not to give the advertisements to papers which had only a comparative small circulation," and the matter is then finally dismissed in these extremely "knowing" paragraphs:

"But admitting that the real object was that of a simple bribe, we must still marvel at the astonishment of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' seeing that the practice is one which, in the mother country, and probably in every state of Europe, is about as old as the press itself. Is the writer so innocent as to suppose that the morning and evening papers which are known as ministerial journals support the government of the day only from motives of the purest patriotism, and that in return for this devotedness there are no considerations in the shape of early and exclusive information, official announcements, or more tangible modes of payment for this devotedness?"*

We have given this outline of the defence of the American press and its upholders by their hardiest advocate, because it comprises matter which, throughout the course of our present article, it will be instructive to keep in view. The writer's purpose cannot be mistaken. It is to involve in the same disgrace the most respectable of the Tory journals of the metropolis, and the literature we formerly classed as but part of its social dregs and moral filth. It is to convey the impression that the "moral tone" of the "Times" and the "Standard" is in point of fact on no higher level than that of two scandalous journals still existing, and two still worse which are extinct. The last two are not named, but proceedings at police offices have forced their names on respectable men, and we understand the reviewer's allusion. It conveys what is not the fact. They were *not* "newspapers." They were prints of the lowest price, unstamped, indecently illustrated, and filled with the sayings and doings of shameless and abandoned profligates. Why does the Westminster Reviewer thus recklessly class these foul publications with the great body of English newspapers? Why does he leave his readers to imagine that such journals as the "Times" had countenanced or

* Sic in orig.

in any way suffered to appear in their columns, the infamous slanders of which he makes special mention? Why, with the stamp returns at hand, does he talk of the extensive circulation of papers, of which the miserable sale is as notorious as the miserable and mean contents? *because he is defending the American Press.*

It is worth remark perhaps, that among the earlier articles of *the same number* of the "Westminster Review," there was one by a particularly enthusiastic writer, who said a number of fine and flattering things about the English press, and put forth nothing but the very grandest claims in its behalf. What his friend and colleague was saying in the same instant of time, the reader has observed. The delicate monster with two voices was probably never played to greater perfection. "His forward voice [the first article] is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice [the second article] is to utter foul speeches and to detract." The men of the press are the authors of the moral life of nations, says the forward voice. Nothing can be so morally low as the tone of the men of the press, says the backward voice. Bullying, exaggeration, downright lying, don't apply to the newspaper man, cries the forward voice. The newspaper man bullies, exaggerates, lies, cries the backward voice. His own party deem him a servant of Right and Patriotism, says the forward voice. His own party have retained his services, and do what they like with their "own," says the backward voice. No profession is more honored in England at this hour by the intelligent than that of the press, cries the forward voice. Until they sign their names to what they write, the press will be a mere mercenary mass, cries the backward voice. The journalist is not believed ready to repeat his lies for a few guineas, says the forward voice. Is any one simple enough *not* to believe that bribes are as old as the press itself, asks the backward voice. The man of the press is a Lion, cries the forward voice. He is a Libeller, cries the backward voice. His autographs fetch high prices, says the forward voice—But we had better stop here, seeing that we stumble on something like agreement. For, responds the backward voice, one must pity the innocent who does not know of "tangible modes of payment" for the devotedness of a man of the press! Which is perhaps only more delicately put in the remark on high-priced autographs.

Between such exaggerated differences in men of the same political views, who thus

flatly contradict each other, and stultify the journal they write in, the truth has at any rate room and breadth enough to make itself calmly and clearly known. And if of the overweening claim it should hardly approve, on the low and false depreciation it may assuredly trample with scorn. English journalism, whatever its defects may be, represents not unworthily the civilization and intelligence of England. A great people finds free utterance in it for every possible difference of thought and of opinion, and a respectable community has no call to be ashamed of it. The man who says it wages war on private life, or who implies that it is conducted by professional bullies, whose avarice or other passions invite the price of their dishonor, utters what we can only call a falsehood. Its writers are for the most part men of known character and station, and have all the inducements to keep them true, even if they had all the baseness to be able to be false. As to the particular "revelations" to be expected from the English journalists, or the special "truths from the higher regions of philosophy," of which the enthusiastic article in the "Westminster" speaks, when it likens him to Spring in the Greek ode, shining forth and scattering roses—we will only say, that when he sets forth a pretension to deal in these wares, it is more than probable he will be found actually supplied with them. Meanwhile, we contemplate him with equal admiration in a somewhat humbler sphere, where he no doubt feels he is able to do greater present good. Swift observes it is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them; and it is, we think, one of the chief distinctions of the English journalist, that he both understands his talents, and their most cautious and useful application. He seldom stops short, and much more seldom goes too far. He does not loiter near Apsley House while his friends are some dozen miles further on the road; nor exercise his speed in the Park at Windsor, while his readers are struggling to be lifted out of Slough. He is an eminently practical man; and, upon the whole, we say, a just and conscientious man. Of the latter we think we gave some proofs, in our late paper on the Newspaper Press of France. His great ability we do not think any one would question, except perhaps the friend of the American editors in the "Westminster Review." With every disadvantage to contend against; forced to write upon subjects with which he may be least familiar; always writing against time;

never able to escape such immediate contact with what he treats, as must always to some extent cloud its just proportions; how seldom is the English journalist a mere caricaturist, dogmatist, or declaimer!

With such a man as this, it is now attempted to confound the newspaper man of America. But it will not do. Our exposure of last October stands on record against the stale trick, and, if any thing else were needed, the answer of the American press to that exposure is now on record also! A precious and invaluable testimony to the truthfulness and justice of the "Foreign Quarterly Review!" It becomes us gratefully to recognize it, and to offer some slight description of it. Such is our present purpose. We will be careful to do it as briefly as we may.

The first steam packet after the Review had reached the States, brought to this country the letter of an intelligent "New York Merchant," which was published in the "Spectator" newspaper. In that letter we found it stated: "The Review of the American Newspaper press in the 'Foreign Quarterly' is attributed here to —, I believe falsely. *In the main it is true, and therefore cuts deeply*; but justice is scarcely done to the 'Courier and Enquirer,' which is decidedly one of the best papers published in New York; *although that does not say much, I confess.*" We knew that such was the esteem in which the "Courier and Enquirer" was held, and it was for that reason we singled it out for exhibition of its style and character. We should grieve to think that we had not done it justice; but what was omitted in the former article, may possibly be supplied in this. "*In the main it is true, and therefore cuts deeply.*" This statement, in an intelligent and altogether unprejudiced quarter, we could not but observe with pleasure. But how little were we able to appreciate all that it conveyed, till we had seen the papers it had cut so deeply!

We sought, through a leader of three lengthy columns devoted to us in the "Courier and Enquirer," for one word that should proclaim the manly or the bold antagonist. We found only the meanest shuffling, the most cowardly and bullying evasion. We found our review falsely charged on a distinguished writer—who had nothing to do with it, and had never, but as one of the public, seen it—that what admitted of no reply might be the excuse for a series of vulgar personal libels. We found not a single statement met, not an argument even attempted to be answered, not a syllable of

any kind but that which the dishonest is, never called to prove, and the honest never stoops to notice, the most gross and filthy calumny. Every way characteristic was its tone and spirit, of the only man out of two hemispheres, who it is to be hoped could have been found to write it. It was an article in which nothing was wanting to the perfect self-complacency which waits upon the consciousness of a perfect infamy. The man quoted the account he had given of himself, as a mere matter of course. It is said of the criminal that in confessing the greatest offence, he gives himself credit for his candor. You and he seem to have come to an amicable understanding on his character at last.

We cannot quote this article for the reasons stated. From the ordure of its abuse, we can only extract one special comment on one of the statements in our "Review," to which any thing like a special denial is given.

"We quote again from this infamous review.

'To convict a man in America, *unless he happens to be a negro*, is by no means a necessary prelude to his punishment. A murderer, whether of life, or of character without which life is worthless, has infinite chances *if he has a white face.*'

"—— has gone to Europe with the fullest endorsement for truth and honor that any person ever took from the United States; and of course, the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' cannot doubt the faithfulness of this picture. What say his New-York friends to its truth?"

We will tell the editor of the "Courier and Enquirer" what *his* friends say to its truth, which may possibly be more satisfactory to him. All the world has seen the account of the attempted rebellion on board the "Somers" American brig of war, commanded by Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, the "Young American," whose "Year in Spain" made a very favorable impression in this country some short time back. It was alleged to have been headed by a midshipman of the name of Spencer, nineteen years of age, with whom were said to have been directly implicated two of the common seamen. It was revealed as madly as it seems to have been planned, and a sort of vague suspicion of the probable co-operation of several of the crew was founded on the discovery of a paper which was afterwards described by Captain Mackenzie, in the exculpatory narrative he submitted to the authorities, in these curious terms: "On this paper *strange characters* were written, *which proved to be Greek*, with which Mr. Spencer was familiar. It fortunately happened that another midshipman was on board who understood Greek—one *whose Greek, as well as every thing else he*

possessed, were wholly devoted to his country—Midshipman Rogers. He translated those characters." Upon Mr. Rogers' explanation (for without some reasonable suspicion of the possible rising of the crew, the whole affair is as unintelligible as deplorable) it was resolved on the sudden to hang Mr. Spencer and his two associates, men named Small and Cromwell.* Notice was accordingly given them; not the least form or shadow of a trial was gone into; they were told within an hour or two to prepare for death; and at the expiration of that time were hanged at the yard-arm. This done, the crew (under orders) cheered very lustily for the American flag, with its stripes and stars. "I then said," adds Captain Mackenzie's narrative, "that they had *given cheers for their flag*, but that they should also *give cheers to their God*, by singing to his praise. *I ordered the hundredth psalm to be sung.*" Duly arrived at home with his dreary news to tell, the first paper in which any thing like an authentic account of Captain Mackenzie's tragedy appeared, was the "New-York Courier and Enquirer."

The selection was a happy tribute to the influence of this base press; highly illustrative of the unquestioned and unquestionable power of that spirit of party with which it has cursed America; eminently characteristic of the utter absence of delicacy or decency which marks its influence over men esteemed the most honorable.† The

* From the extraordinary evidence since adduced in justification of this act before the tribunal appointed to report upon it, we take one passage having immediate reference to this man, which seems too monstrous and outrageous for belief. Upon a solemn investigation to inquire whether a seaman has been justly hanged without trial for a suspected intention to mutiny, evidence is gone into to show that he — *used to speak coarsely of his wife!!* We quote from the examination of one of the witnesses: "Cromwell spoke of his wife and spoke of her in a very light manner for a man who had just been married: he said, he supposed some one was then doing up her fixings at home, but he did not care as long as he had the berth clean when he returned." *The Judge Advocate suggested the impropriety of pursuing the inquiry further. It was dropped.*

† Let us supply, by the way, from the same extraordinary case, another notable proof of the absence of these qualities, which caused of course no surprise, and provoked no remark of any kind. Captain Mackenzie, offering himself for trial in a case where, above all others, it seemed essential that his conduct should be free from the slightest breath of suspicion; in which his first anxiety should have been, that no faintest color of a motive could possibly have been attributed to him, of even the most remotely connecting with any shadowy anticipation of his own profit or advantage, events so dreadful, and so plainly to be treated as a mere awful necessity; Captain Mackenzie, we say, in these circumstances, thus closed the narrative, to which we have made reference in the text. "*All the credit*

miserable young man, Mr. Spencer, whom Captain Mackenzie hanged, was the eldest son of a prominent statesman of America, the Hon. Mr. Spencer, Secretary at War to the present government of Washington. So connected with "His Accidency," as the "Courier" loves to style the President, we need not say that Mr. Spencer had been the mark of all the most venomous abuse that this vile print could direct against him. Which indeed it had pursued with its most perfect hatred, Mr. Spencer or "Captain Tyler," would be perhaps difficult to say. There was an article specially devoted to both some few days before the arrival of Captain Mackenzie, in which "*miserable trick,*" "*veriest wretch,*" "*unprincipled politician,*" "*imbecile,*" "*traitor,*" "*disgraceful imbecile,*" "*greatest curse,*" were the choicest epithets applied to the President of America and his Secretary at War. The last man then, we would say, with whom Captain Mackenzie should have entered into communication on the subject of the dreadful events in which he had borne chief part, was the man signalized by his hatred of the family whom those events had plunged into deepest affliction—the editor of this "Courier and Enquirer." But as we have said, he was the first. And he has paid the favor back with all fitting gratitude. He has zealously defended Captain Mackenzie throughout, and upheld him as a friend.

Even this friend, therefore, we will now bring to justify the only special passage in our "Review" which his advocate has dared to dispute. We do not apologize for having detained the reader with the episode necessary to introduce this evidence, because it has served at the same time to throw valuable illustration on other points of our subject. We asserted, that to convict a man in America, unless he was a negro, was no necessary prelude to his punishment. We said that a murderer, whether of life, or of character without which life is worthless, had infinite chances, if he happened to have a white face. And, asks the editor of the "Courier" triumphantly, what say my countrymen to the truth of that? Let Captain Mackenzie answer, in a description of the last interview he held with the youth he was about to hang, as given in his memorable narrative.

"I then turned to Spencer, and again asked him

which might accrue to Commander Mackenzie, in case of his justification by the tribunal to whose ordeal he expected he would be subjected, was solicited for the benefit of his nephew, O. H. Perry, whom he recommended as a fit and proper person to be appointed in the room of MIDSHIPMAN SPENCER." (!!!)

if he had any message to his friends. He replied that he had none, but that he died wishing them every happiness. 'I deserve death,' he added, 'for this as well as for other crimes. My only fear is that my repentance may be too late.' When I asked him if he could or would mention any one whom he had particularly injured, and whom he might save from obloquy, he answered not for some time, but at last said '*he had injured chiefly his parents, and that his death would kill his poor mother.*' I was not till then aware that he had a mother. I then asked him if he would not have been more guilty had he succeeded in his designs. He replied that 'I do not know what would have become of me if I had succeeded. *I fear it may yet injure my father.*' I replied that it was then too late to think of that, and told him that if he had succeeded it would have injured his father much more—that *it would not have been in nature for his father not to interpose to save him; AND THAT FOR THOSE WHO HAD MONEY AND FRIENDS IN AMERICA, THERE WAS NO PUNISHMENT FOR THE WORST OF CRIMES.*"*

So fares the only attempt to dispute, by direct means, a single statement or opinion in the "Foreign Quarterly Review!"—Other artifices are adopted of course, to the basest of which we have already adverted. The most natural and the most amusing we will now detail. It is very trite to have to remind the reader of the well-known propensity of delinquents of all times and countries, when detected in some common and notorious villany, to catch at that desperate chance of escape which seems to them always, by some universal process of no-reasoning, to be implied in the treacherous turning round on their associates. There is, happily for the virtuous, no confidence, no friendship in crime. Thus, in the case before us, it has been sought to make the "New York Herald"

* The note which was appended to this satisfactory statement of the moral condition of the newspaper-ridden republic, was not less happily characteristic. "*Perhaps,*" says Captain Mackenzie—with his editorial friend, in all probability, at his elbow—"perhaps this is an erroneous opinion, which I could not justify; but I must now record faithfully what was said on this melancholy occasion." Let us fortify, however, the delicate *perhaps* of the Captain—so scrupulous when men are not waiting to be hanged—and quote upon this subject an authority probably better than his own. The "New York American," one of those few well-written papers of the States—"rarissimi nantes in gurgite vasto"—which, as we formerly remarked, not even the curse of party can purge of its title to respect—thus remarked upon the point in issue before the Mackenzie narrative appeared. "We have had of late such melancholy evidence of the facility with which criminals having wealthy and influential friends, can evade the hands of justice, and set the law at defiance, that we can hardly suppose that this abandoned young man would have received the just desert of his crime, had he not paid the penalty on the very deck on which he had determined to consummate his guilt."

the sole luckless scape-goat. "It is notorious," says the "Journal of Commerce," "that the 'Herald' was established among us after the model of the London press." [Oh! excellent 'Westminster' reviewer, what a prize you will be to your worthy associates!] "And now they have the impudence to come out and disown their own bantling. We have frequently thought," adds this cautious and considerate journal, "that the influence of that violent and abusive paper amongst us was exaggerated; that is, supposing it was not full of obscenities, for which unhappily readers may be found every where." In other words, the repudiation might run thus: Our violent and abusive associate would really, after all, get no more by his violence and abuse than we do; but he is so peculiarly admirable in the obscene line, which everybody is unhappily inclined to, that there, we must admit, he carries the day. We sympathize with the journalist of Commerce in his confessed inability, that way, to compete with his more successful rival, and we will add to his credit, that we cannot say we have ever observed him even make the attempt. Indeed this "Journal of Commerce" is on the whole a very dull, and (as far as any thing of the genus "newspaper" can be in America) a very harmless journal—one, for example, as it naively confessed on the 10th of January last, who "cannot see the 'Courier's' wit in telling OUTRAGEOUS LIES directly in the face of public knowledge"—and we should not have made further mention of it, if it had not fallen into this fit of anger against ourselves. But now for the wit of the "Courier."

He cries out, too, of course, and in far louder tone, the precious "Tu Quoque" argument. "Pooh!" exclaims the wit, in his least indecent mood and phrase, "the American press compared with the English, is as a Chesterfield to a Cobbett!" The argument is become natural to large classes in America. You have it used on every occasion. Charge them with dishonesty in their dealings, and they offer to find you dealers quite as dishonest; charge them with national degradation or dishonor, and they look round for a nation in a like predicament. To reform their dealings, or to strive to amend their nation, is the last thing thought of.* But passing this, we come to the Chesterfield language, where-with the "Courier and Enquirer" would

* As these sheets are passing through the press, we observe almost the precise argument of the text put by the "Spectator" (March 25th), in remarks upon a statement of the "New York American."

repudiate (it is a good American word, that!) his worthy associate.

"The great burthen of this Review, is to fix upon the Press of the United States, the folly, the obscenity, the recklessness, and the vulgarity of the 'New York Herald'; a paper for which, as ——— well knows, the American people entertain no other sentiment than unmitigated disgust, and which happens to be edited by a band of foreigners, who were actually his boon companions, and co-laborers on some of the most scurrilous of the London papers" (!!!)

The allusion is to the distinguished writer on whom, for purposes before described, the authorship of our Review has been attempted to be fastened; and on whom, we are very well aware—though, as with the former article, he will not have known what we are now writing, will not have been consulted respecting it, will not have seen a word of it till it is made public to all the world—the ruffianly libeller and his friends will seek to fix the responsibility of the present article also. Equally, and as wilfully, does he mistake the "great burthen" of that Review of October. It was to fix upon the press of the United States, in companionship with like qualities of the "New York Herald," the folly, the obscenity, the recklessness, and the vulgarity of the "New York Courier and Enquirer." He knows this, and he knows that we have done it. We have pilloried him here in England. He tries to escape, and it is the dreary impotence of this very effort which fixes upon his name more deeply and irrevocably "the folly, the obscenity, the recklessness, and the vulgarity." He makes dismal efforts to be facetious;—talks with frantic outrage of the writer who is supposed to have placed him in his pillory, as one "who for more than half his life has lived in the stews of London and eaten his daily bread at 'cold wittal' shops supplied from the refuge garbage of hotels and the tables of gentlemen;"—and in fancy hears himself, across all that wide Atlantic, only the more loudly greeted with

The dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

How we should feel for the "Westminster Review" with such a creature as this to defend! How yet more deeply should we sympathize with such a man as the intelligent "New York Merchant," who is obliged to think the "Courier and Enquirer," decidedly one of the best papers published in New York, although that does not say much, he mournfully "confesses."

But—we are to believe—no other sentiment than unmitigated disgust is entertain-

ed in America for the "Courier's" associate, convicted like himself and like himself under punishment, the "New York Herald?" It is *unmitigated disgust* which has given the "Herald" upwards of thirty thousand subscribers! It is *unmitigated disgust* which so strengthens it that it rears its impudent head above the law, and runs its career of reckless villainy, unbridled and triumphant! It is *unmitigated disgust* on the part of the American people, that renders it worth the while of the Chief Magistrate who hopes for his re-election at the hands of that people, to incur the active hatred of a majority in the Senate, and the contempt and distrust of (let us hope) large classes of educated men, by openly connecting his government with this "New York Herald," by taking under his protection the wretched slanderers in its pay, and by rewarding their zeal for himself by "secret agencies" in the service of the state! Will even the Westminster Reviewer be able to believe *that*?

The first part of this description of an influence so horrible, we proved in our former review; the last we shall now proceed to prove. When rogues (we grieve to have to draw so many illustrations from this special walk of life, but the subject will be our excuse)—when rogues, we say, fall out, honest men are apt to get their own. A month or two since, this happened with two of the most notorious rogues of the "Herald;" the "chief devil" himself, and the fiendish representative (a person of the name of Parmelee) he had stationed at Washington. The difference, which dates within the last month or six weeks, first appeared in an attack upon the rogue in chief, in one of the "Herald's" rivals. This was clearly from the pen of Mr. Parmelee, who having just been displaced from his honorable post at Washington, took occasion to describe his successor as "*Autre, the notorious vagabond.*" "It is very curious," he proceeded, "to notice how very differently the 'Herald' is looked upon since Parmelee left it. It was, before, a sort of *semi-official organ of the President.* It was owing to this that the paper gained such a circulation over the United States. An attempt of the Scotch vagabond who owns the 'Herald' to cheat him of several hundred dollars, led to a separation." In answer to this, the editor of the "Herald" undertakes to prove Mr. Parmelee "a self-convicted liar;" and it may be said, he quite succeeds. He prints a number of his letters, professing eternal gratitude and friendship, and thus delineates Mr. P.'s general literary career.

Out of pure pity, he says, as he had acted to "many other scoundrels" (the phrase happily expresses the only class which such a man ever pities or employs,) he had taken him into his service. "I soon found, however, that he was of little use as a reporter, and too lazy for any purpose, except loafing at taverns, or playing billiards with jack-asses. I continued him, but found him totally useless, deceptive, impudent, presuming and extravagant. Hence his drafts for money. I refused to fork over more money, after his numerous deceptions practised *both on President Tyler and myself.* I then dismissed him, and *am sorry to find that the President STILL continues to employ him in the Treasury department.* If the President has any regard for his reputation, *he ought to dismiss him instantly.*" Little may be added to this graceful picture, but if it could receive another effective touch, it has it in the following letter. It is a part of the private correspondence of Mr. Parmelee with his friend, the editor of the "New York Herald."

"Washington, Friday evening.—Dear Sir,—I have just returned from the White House. [The White House is the mansion of the President of the United States.] As for myself, *I cannot have an office worth taking,* for the senate would not confirm me under any circumstances. The Clay senators all hate me more than any man in the country, except the President and yourself. *Friendship for the President, or connexion with the 'Herald,' would kill any man with the senate: but the two united would break down the angel Gabriel.* Yours, T. H. PARMELEE."

The difficulty seems to have been solved at last by appointment "to a secret agency on the frontier," in happy defiance of those Clay senators, whose hatred to the "Herald," since it implied no hatred to the "Courier and Enquirer," we must be excused if we decline to attribute to any exclusively lofty feeling.

It will not do, after this, to speak of the "Herald" but as the most popular and largely circulated journal in America. It is popular in the proportion of its infamy and indecency. It is accounted clever, only because frightfully reckless of all moral restraints; a recklessness most effective in that condition of society. "Have no money dealings with my father, for dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you." What money gives to the miser, the utterly reckless man, no matter how imbecile and ignorant, is endowed with by the party passion of America. It gives him what stands in the stead of intellect, of honesty and virtue. The extraordinary influence of a great En-

glish advocate used to be explained by the remark, that there were twelve Scarletts in the witness box. We cannot explain the hundred thousand readers of the "New York Herald," except on the supposition of a hundred thousand Bennetts in America.

We have never denied that we have an infamous press in England: we put that fact forward in the very front of our first exposure of the literary delinquencies of America, and we do not desire that it should be lost sight of. It marks, in a manner too striking and salutary, the difference in the moral and social condition of the countries. That infamous press, we cannot too often repeat, is limited to two newspapers, published weekly, and in circulation, as in every other respect, the lowest of their contemporaries. Position, they have none; influence, except with those of whose bad conscience or cowardice they make a market, none. Any one who pretended to talk of their political import, would be laughed at. The real English people have no concern with them, any more than with the gambling house or other scenes of vice in this most crowded metropolis of the world; or than with the so called fashionable men who resort to them, and in whom these libellous papers find their readers and their friends. It happened, not many weeks since, that one of them, through its chief conductor and proprietor, indiscreetly placed itself within reach of the healthy classes of our people in one of their places of public entertainment, when the man, though what he then proposed was harmless enough and might possibly have had some merit of its own, was ignominiously driven out of the public sight, with vehement contempt and execration. It was, on the very same evening, matter of sad and pompous complaint in the House of Lords, that the law could not effectively reach these libellers; when it thus fell to the good fortune of some hundreds, representing the good old hearty English feeling, to find at that instant one of them self-placed within their reach. We can punish him, at any rate, they said; and how they did it, is little likely ever to be forgotten in the annals of scandalous English newspapers.

But the absence of mere personal scandal does not necessarily imply the good conduct of a journal in other important respects? We admit this. It is our charge against a vast many American papers, that have no specially libellous vocation. We must also admit, then, that England can this way sin as well. As in the other case, however, the instances are only two, and to be

found in that part of the press which is published weekly; but the circulation is larger, and in one of these instances, is said to exceed thirty thousand. Thirty thousand pot-houses ring all the more noisily for this one day in the week; things that should be revered and respected, are made the subject of vulgar abuse; there is violence, exaggeration, and intemperance;—all great evils. But were they evils fifty times as great, they act within a limited sphere, and cannot penetrate beyond. There they exhaust their fury and their mischief. In such a country as ours, where every class, (except, we grieve to say, the lowest laboring class, to whose condition, God be thanked, men's minds are at last awakening,) are to some certain extent protected against every other class, and have each, in a greater or less degree, their special bulwark of shelter from the gross or false pretensions of the rest,—even the very worst shape which these opposed and counteracting interests can assume, has its lurking principle of safety. Their most evil and most vicious element dashes itself against the general structure of society in vain.

But what is the case in America? There is a recent expression in much abuse, and which promises to become fashionable for all kinds of purposes, *the tyranny of the majority*. For ourselves, we do not in the abstract discover any thing so very frightful in what it expresses. If there is to be a tyranny of any kind, this seems on the whole to put forth the greatest amount of just pretension. The misery of it is, in the present state of the republic, that it is a tyranny altogether unexampled in former times and governments, *because utterly without the least control*. If we are asked whether we suppose it possible to check the further advances of the democratic tendency in the United States, we answer no, but that most possible and practicable would it be, by a very different course from that which is now pursued, to guide, to elevate, to redeem it, to conduct it to a noble and enduring destiny. As it is, every thing swells the forces of society in one direction, against which not a single effective stand is made in any one quarter. In this state of things the "New York Herald" made its appearance some eight or nine years ago, and found society thoroughly prepared for its career of infamous success. In one immense division, utter recklessness; in the other, where safety lay, utter indifference. And what a lesson for some present resistance against dangers still to come, is embodied in the past course and influence of this

terrible foe to decency and order! All those vices of the republic which should have been gradually wearing away—the prying, inquisitive, unwholesome growth, of a young and prematurely forced society—have been pampered and bloated to increased enormity. For as nothing breeds so rapidly as vermin, the “Herald” brood, within this brief space of years, has almost covered the land. We are told, and we can well believe it, that the “Herald” has imitators and worthy disciples in very nearly every small village, town; or city in America. It seems at first incredible, that no strong effort should have been made to resist all this, but a little reflection explains the cause.

The existing press of America had itself effectively brought the curse upon the land, of which the “foreign” adventurer (for Scotland voided him over the Atlantic) who started the “Herald” simply took advantage. This was the press which, before the birth of the “Herald,” Governor Clinton had denounced in terms we quoted in our former Review, and of which, some years earlier, Jefferson expressed a strong conviction in his correspondence, that had its intemperance and calumnies been known in the time of Washington, they would have driven that great man from public life. This was the press of which, when Captain Hamilton was in America, that intelligent and acute observer made it his business to read specimens “from all parts of the Union,” and pronounced it as his opinion that they were so contemptible in talent, and in abuse so horribly outrageous, as to disgust him far more with the people who could endure them, than with the writers who had produced them. And, we repeat, by this press, when the “Herald” appeared, the republic was already afflicted with that Spirit of Party which is too nearly allied to the Spirit of Licentiousness to be able to check its career. *Pari passu* with the other has it since continued, giving and taking nourishment from the same polluted source, till we see its hideous consummation in such a paper as the largely circulated and influential “*Courier and Enquirer*,” and have to grieve over its deplorable excesses in even such able, respectable, and well conducted, though for that reason, not widely popular journals, as the “*New York American*,” the “*Boston Daily Advertiser*,” the “*New York Evening Post*,” and some few others. Here, therefore, was the safety of the “Herald.” Even the honestest men of the opposite parties were too hotly engaged in tearing each other to pieces, to bethink them how far better it had been to make

common cause against the dishonest and infamous, the enemy of all. So—uninterfered with—went on the “Herald,” till it has reached its *daily circulation* of upwards of thirty thousand; till it can boast of the favors of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic: till it forces its vagabond agents and tools into the public service: till, in a word, it has become *A Power* in the state. It is of as little use fuming about this, as to deny, in the matter of slavery, the degradation and depression of America below every other civilized country in the world. Let them fume as they will, the thing is so, and until they do something better and more practical, so it will continue. The President of America is not a dolt or a madman, and would hardly place himself in such relations with the “*New York Herald*” without a sufficient reason. His present position has a tendency to sharpen the wits, and to show him where profit lies. We take his authority to be therefore, that in this paper—this wicked, cold-blooded representative, not so much of any special party, as of the reckless, outrageous, licentious, and abominable qualities, of which all party is now composed—he sees his best protection in the long run against the storms which threaten him.

But we have promised in this Review to describe the “Answer” we have received, and it is time to introduce the flattering reception which was given to our article of October by the journal, whose character, as we hope, we have now thoroughly explained: the “*New York Daily Herald*.” It is illustrative of much that we have offered to the reader’s consideration, and may also very possibly lead him to suppose that beneath all the tone of reckless bullying it exhibits, beneath all its boasted self-glorification in disgrace and shame, there is ill-concealed fear, trembling which *will* have way, pain which puts on sorry grimace, and the bitter sense that, libertine jack-pudding as it may still attempt to show itself, our Review has placed a noose around its neck, which it would only ask one spirited demonstration of the decency and intelligence of America, to tighten effectually, at once, and for ever.

But we reserve any further remark till we have printed the extracts. Though we have abridged even those we quote (never to the omission of a syllable that looks in the remotest degree like answer or defence), and omitted some dozen times the number with which we might, if inclined to so sorry a work, fill more than another number of our “Review,” they will yet, in

all probability, be much too numerous for the reader's liking. He must bear with us, for the purpose we have in view. The truth is, that since the "Foreign Quarterly" of last October reached the United States, scarcely a day has passed in which it has not furnished a leading topic of outrageous abuse to the "Herald" and its associates throughout the country. What we now give are all taken from the most prominent leaders of the Coryphæus of the herd. All of them date on separate days, and not a syllable more is quoted at any time, than may serve as a sample of the rest.

1. "This extraordinary Review is, without exception, one of the most savage articles on a literary subject, that ever appeared in a British journal; and may be considered as the manifesto, or declaration of war, of the London literati, against that portion of the newspaper press of America, who oppose the Copyright law, and refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of English literature and English genius."

2. "This remarkable review contains twenty-six octavo pages, or seven columns of minion matter, written with all the force and originality of genuine blackguardism. . . . The papers cut up in this savage article are the 'Herald' and 'Courier and Enquirer'; and the style in which they are treated, is a caution to the Mohawks. . . . The 'Weekly Herald' of this day, price only 6d., will contain this wonderful article at length, and next week we shall enter upon an analysis of its views, facts, falsehoods, assertions, and purposes. . . . Aristocrats and monopolists have dictated to the writer. . . . The war is now begun, and 'd—d be he that first cries Hold, enough!'"

3. "Shockingly false reasoning, apparently founded on the grossest misinformation." "Vein of personal spite." "Dictated by the aristocratic circles."

4. "This Review is the first gun in the long war that has at last broken out in the literature of America and that of Europe, for the empire of the human mind in both hemispheres (!) It is one of the most savage and barbarous tirades that ever disgraced the literature of any country. It is falsehood—fury—misrepresentation—misquotation—violence—vulgarity—heartlessness—coarseness—and all that *low species of tact* which distinguishes the literary works of—already before the public. . . . We consider this singular Review as a step in the general revolution in literature, politics, government, liberty, and right—which the press of this country have begun, and which is destined to overrun all the existing institutions of Europe at no distant day, and to create in their stead republican government, republican literature, and republican philosophy!! At our leisure we shall review the Review, and make—drink to the very dregs the very cup he has mixed for others to take."

5. "We understand that a literary gentleman of distinguished reputation is now engaged in writing a reply to the Review on American

Newspaper Literature, written by—, and first appearing in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.' This gentleman is intimately acquainted with the British, French, and American newspaper press. He will show the different characteristics of each, and prove beyond contradiction, that American newspaper literature is the most original that ever appeared in the history of civilization: that it unites philosophy, poetry, and wit, in such proportions and quantities, as will produce one of the most remarkable, intellectual and literary revolutions that ever blessed the world. . . . This review of the Review will be issued in a few days, in an extra 'Literary Herald,' and an edition of 50,000 copies will be published: one-half of which will be sent to England and France. The literary war has now begun between the Old and New World, and it must go on!"

6. "DID—WRITE THE REVIEW?—Several papers have undertaken to throw a doubt on this question. In the first place, Doctor—, the English correspondent of Noah's paper, says the authorship is universally attributed to—, and that such is the impression in London. Secondly, several persons who have recently arrived here from England, say that it was generally talked about in the literary circles there, that some such review, written by—, was shortly to appear. Again, several private letters have been received by gentlemen in this city, from—, in which he speaks of the newspapers of the United States in exactly the same strain as the review in question does, &c. &c. We could state the names, but—. But even admitting—was not the author, it is quite certain that he had a hand in it, and probably under the direction of the celebrated clique who sent him out here (!) This clique consisted of those who signed the famous letter on the Copyright Law, which was published in the 'Evening Post' before—left here. And taking this view of the matter, it would then prove that this review is the result of a conspiracy among the members of this clique to abuse and falsify by every means in their power the institutions of this country, and those who are daily endeavoring to sustain them with their best energies. And this conspiracy has for its ultimate object to monopolize a market for sale of their books. View it in whatever light we may, it is a most mean, selfish, and disgraceful movement. We shall not quit the subject till the authors are thoroughly exposed."

7. Letter from a London Correspondent (forged, we have little doubt), in support of the above argument:—"He lashes the American Press unmercifully, and there is strong reason to believe he is the author of a very caustic and severe article in the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' on the newspaper literature of the United States."

8. "The celebrated review by— and his tail has created a terrible commotion wherever it has been read, and particularly has the sensation centred about his remarks on the 'New York Herald.'"

9. "A correspondent states it to be much more probable that Fenimore Cooper wrote the 'Review on American Newspaper Literature,' than

— did. We will think of this. Will Mr. Cooper deny it?"

10. "WHO WROTE IT?—The authorship of the article in the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' and which has been imputed to — is ascribed to Dr. Lardner (!) The editor of the 'Troy Daily Whig' says he is informed by a friend of Dr. L., that such is the fact. [We don't believe it.]"

11. "WHO WROTE THE REVIEW of the American Newspapers, in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review?' It has been attributed to —, to Dr. Lardner, to Fenimore Cooper. Another is now added: J. B. Gliddon, who published a lecture last summer on Egyptian travellers. Let us examine this."

12. "WHO WROTE THAT REVIEW?—This question is still discussed in the newspapers, but conjecture is certainly at fault. The most probable guess that we have heard is the name of Gliddon, a young Englishman, who reviewed Cooley's work on Egypt. There is the same style, the same temper, the same prejudices, and the same general ignorance in both reviews. . . . But whoever is the author, there is now no doubt of —'s indorsement—and when you cannot recover from the drawer, law and equity entitle you to bring in your bill against the indorser. Hereafter, to all intents and purposes, we shall consider — the responsible person, who must answer for all the errors, blunders, falsehoods, pretensions, and malevolence of that review. . . . We have a 'reply to the review,' in the shape of a counter review, now in a state of preparation, and written by a distinguished literary gentleman of this country. *It will be out soon, and will be a screamer.*"

13. "We are a live lion, and it is dangerous for any long-eared animal to protrude his posteriors towards us in a hostile manner."

14. "*This is the most original and varied country under the sun, and none other is worth living in. . . . Every element of thought, society, religion, politics, morals, literature, trade, currency, and philosophy, is in a state of agitation, transition, and change. . . . Every thing is in a state of effervescence! 50,000 persons have taken the benefit of the act and wiped out debts to the amount of 60,000,000 of dollars. In religion we have dozens of creeds, and fresh revelations starting every year or oftener. In morals we have all sorts of ideas: and in literature every thing in confusion.* Skeptical philosophy and materialism seem, however, to be gaining ground and popularity at every step."

15. "Congress may repeal the law, or it may have a fight in fisticuffs on abolition—it may modify the tariff, or it may kick up a row about the door-keeper—it may pass an exchequer system, or it may impeach the President—but its real business will be to make hot punch in the grog-shops below, and the next President in the halls above, by forming cliques, each in favor of its own candidate, and then legislating to help on the intrigue. One thing is certain. The country will be overlooked and disappointed; the public interests will be sacrificed to private speculations; and the character of the nation tarnished by the passions of rival politicians."

16. "We shall show that the newspaper literature

of New York can compare with that of any other capital in the world or beyond it—be it London, Paris, or Pandemonium—be it in talent or independence—in morals or rascality—in genius or pretension—in modesty or impudence—in manners or mutton. A fig for —!"

17. "We have now twenty spirits of the upper regions of the atmosphere in our employment, far more potent in finding out secrets than even the Ariel of the magician Prospero, mentioned in one of the philosophical works of Shakspeare. We receive every night a regular report from these 'spirits of the blue ether' of the doings in every fashionable circle of New York—every saloon in town—every *boudoir* in Broadway. All movements, good, bad, and indifferent, masculine, feminine, and neuter, are detailed to us."

18. "The strange proceedings on Colt's trial, as published and commented on by us, were denounced by the English papers as fabulous; and indeed they formed the basis (!) on which the abusive article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' was founded. The scenes connected with the trial and conviction of Colt were the burthen of that article. . . . *Thirty-six members of the bar met to protest against the refusal of a new trial to Colt. . . . Throughout the city the people were in a perfect fever, and numbers feared that he would escape at last.* It was drawing near towards two, and a bright star was seen in the north-west of uncommon brilliancy. It was Venus, but being so unusual a sight in the middle of the day, all believed it betokened something dreadful, and that it was mysteriously connected with the fate of Colt. This increased the excitement almost beyond endurance. . . . Take it altogether—the murder; the boxing up of the body; the alleged salting of it; the trial; firing pistols in court; cutting off the head, and bringing the skull of the dead man before the jury; the sentence, and defiance to the judge; the park meeting; the threat to arrest the sheriff; the money that seemed to flow like water; the various bribes; the mock piety; the holding a sort of levee in the hall on the day of execution; the horrid marriage; the shocking suicide; and the burning of the jail;—all combine to form a history that throws romance and fable forever into the shade."

19. "The London Newspaper Press following the cue of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' is assailing in the most bitter manner the American Newspaper Press—for the purpose, as they avow, of arresting the progress of republican ideas, and republican principles in Europe. The cat is out of the bag at last. The free institutions of this happy land carry alarm to the noblesse of Europe, and liberty must be attacked not by the sword but by the pen. Very well, come on. This will cause a sensation throughout the United States. *Don't burst. Keep cool. Be quiet.*"

20. "It is very unlikely that the press—or the English literati, who resort to writing principally because they cannot make a living at the bar—will be left to fight out the battle. This war of opinion will one day end in a trial of physical strength."

21. "The most important feature of the 'Acadia's' intelligence is the breaking out of a war in the London Newspaper Press, and the strange

and amusing character of the contest that is going on in London and Paris about the talent, circulation, and influence of the 'New York Herald.' One of the ablest of the London papers, 'The Evening Star,' (!!) takes up the cause of the 'New York Herald,' and proves that all this is to *prevent us from attacking the rotten institutions of England.*"

22. "We give our readers to-day a series of the most remarkable articles that ever appeared in England on the American people, literature, and institutions. It consists of extracts from the London 'Times' &c. &c. . . .

"It will be perceived from these extraordinary extracts, that the famous article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' was only the first gun in the war that is now going on in Europe against American morals, literature, finance, and politics. That article, supposed at first by many to have been written by —, but recently attributed, we believe, to a person by the name of Donald M-Leod, formerly a letter writer in Washington, in conjunction with —, is now known to have been only the commencement of a long newspaper war, which the privileged aristocracy of England have started as a *locus penitentie*, to hide the weakness of Lord Ashburton in his political, and of — in his literary negotiations.

"But the great—the solemn truth is now revealed. There is a clique of small brokers, stock-jobbers, and literateurs in this country, who are secretly leagued with the privileged aristocracy, stock-jobbers, and literateurs of England, and who furnish these foreign foes with the materials of falsehood, misrepresentation, and reproach, to destroy the character of this country in all its relations, and through all its popular elements. It is now perfectly evident, that, in England, a newspaper war against New York and the United States is declared, similar to that made against Paris and France in the times of the republic and the empire. This war is began immediately on the return to England of Lord Ashburton and —, both of whom had either failed or been out-generalled in their several negotiations. The literary, financial, and political systems of England are in danger, from the influence, the example, and the energy of those in the United States. Hence the present outbreak in all their violent tory journals. But what care we on this side of the water? The luck—the movement is with us. We have the *prestige* and the spirit of the age on the side of the United States. The aristocrats, stock-jobbers, literateurs, and brokers of Europe, with their secret agents here, will be met with an enthusiasm and an energy that nothing can conquer. These very falsehoods of travellers, reviewers, and newspaper writers, will only make us mend what is wrong—improve the unimproved—and carry out the civilization of the world."

23. "The war of opinion has broken out with the settlement of political differences. This war embraces every shade of opinion, and every principle in religion, society, and government.—It has just now broken out, on the part of the Old World, by a general and savage attack, through the English and French periodical press, reviews and newspapers, on the literature, morals, finance, government, and institutions, of

the New World. We need hardly enumerate the organs of this attack—the 'Foreign Quarterly Review;' the London 'Times,' 'Chronicle,' and other daily prints; — and Ashburton; all parties and all sects in England, with the exception of the popular party [the London 'Star!'] unite in this war of defamation and execration against the United States. . . . But in every thing that is original, racy, energetic, and liberal, be it in politics, religion, morals, literature, or society, we are far before the formal and priest or soldier-ridden communities of France or England. *In time we shall mend our faults*, and increase the power and influence of our institutions."

24. ". . . There is every appearance, from this and other works, that a grand conspiracy has been concerted by the stock-jobbers, book-jobbers, and government-jobbers of Europe, to depreciate and libel the character of the American people, in all the elements of society and government. The credit of the general government has just been crushed by such a combination among these capitalists, on the ostensible ground that some of the states repudiate, or are unable to meet their engagements. American literature, morals, and manners are depreciated by a like conspiracy among the penny-a-liners and book-makers. *And there are cliques of blockheads in this city, so recreant to every feeling of self-respect and patriotism, as to aid and assist such a detestable movement, in order to destroy the influence of America on Europe and the world.*"

25. "In congratulating our readers, patrons, advertisers, and the public, on the glorious advent of the birthday of our Lord and Saviour, we sincerely assure them of the feelings of gratitude that we feel for the unexampled support and patronage exhibited towards the 'Herald' (!) No newspaper has passed through such a fiery trial of attacks, abuse, libels, and atrocious calumnies as we have experienced."

26. "We are, beyond the possibility of doubt, the Napoleon of the press in both hemispheres. The 'New York Herald' is unquestionably the greatest and mightiest intellectual institution of civilized society in the present century. Look at the excitement, the ferment, the fuss, and the fury, which its existence, progress, power, circulation, and influence, cause in both the old and the new world—in London and in New York—in the grave Quarterly Reviews, and in the newspaper press of both countries. It is a phenomenon in the history of civilization. During the last month, on the other side of the water, the 'London Foreign Quarterly Review,' and the London Newspaper Press, have endeavored to stop our career as they did Napoleon's, by all sorts of abuse, falsehood, and a SOLITARY TRUTH HERE AND THERE (!) On this side the water, we have announced our establishment for sale, then withdrew it. Then we proposed to take the benefit of the bankrupt law: then postponed that solemn scene of whitewashing till doomsday. And straightway the whole newspaper press, little and great, daily and weekly, have been in a state of general excitement and amusing effervescence ever since. They have stormed, and fumed, and raved, and lied, and puffed, and sworn, and abused us in all manner of ways.

This most amusing, most laughable, most absurd, most silly, most foolish excitement among the contemporary newspapers in New-York and elsewhere, has produced one most astounding and curious result. The circulation of the 'Herald,' both in city and country, has increased so much and so rapidly since this new war broke out in London, that we have had to give a large additional order to our paper manufacturers."

27. "We are situated in this community SOMEWHAT LIKE WHAT SOCRATES WAS IN THE CITY OF ATHENS. That eminent philosopher was persecuted and abused by the sophists and defaulters, the cheats, and swindlers, the bankrupts and fools of that gay capital—till they gave him a popularity that has surpassed that of all others in every age. *His calm, quiet, virtuous life; his elevated philosophical and correct ideas; his direct epigrammatic and sarcastic wit and good sense; were a constant eyesore to the sophists, politicians, and speculators of Athens.* THIS IS PRECISELY OUR POSITION HERE. WE ARE THE SOCRATES OF NEW YORK. *But we are supported by a community that will enable us to repel all attempts at persecution.*"

And now, if the reader has had patience to travel through these not incurious specimens of the literature of the American daily newspaper of largest circulation in the States, he well discover, we venture to think, that our Review of October last has not been without its use. The so often promised reply—the review of the Review—wherein the "distinguished literary gentleman" was to set about his very needless proof that this literature of American newspapers was the most original that had ever appeared in the history of civilization—which was to make us drink to the dregs the cup we had mixed so bitterly—which was to be "out" so "soon," and to be a "screamer"—has alas! never come out and never screamed at all. The only answer made has been such as these quotations give: impotent, cowardly, blustering, contemptible: offering neither argument nor fact in defence, and not even one miserable plea in mitigation of punishment. But it has the merit of saying for our purpose all that remained to be said, and of finishing those parts of the portrait we had found ourselves incompetent to paint, with the touches of the only master that could do them perfect justice. The reader has but to imagine besides, a paper nearly half filled every day with details of indecencies, blasphemies, and filth (which no respectable journal can do more than distantly allude to), and, with the extracts given, he sees the daily delight of—(moderately computing three readers to every number)—a hundred thousand American citizens. Can we exaggerate such enormity as this? Will the Westminster Re-

viewer persist in the attempt to fix such a charge upon us? Does he continue to think there is nothing monstrous in the avowed countenance and patronage of such an organ by the Chief Magistrate of a great republic? Will he repeat the outrageous assertion that the moral tone of this newspaper is *not so low* as that of the party papers of England?

To us it seems that the absence of all moral sense in every part of the writing of this wretched man, is most dreadful to contemplate. We could laugh at the imbecility, at the ignorance, at the impudence; but the other consideration arrests us with a feeling of something awful. The hideous complacency with which he describes (Extract 17) his own organized system of obscene scandal; the fiend-like recklessness of his contempt for all sacred things (25); and his perfect confidence in the taste of his hundred thousand readers, with which he sets forth those descriptions of the Republic and her Congress (14 and 15); are surely very frightful. To the impudent personal bullying as to, "Who wrote the Review," we will only say, that next to the distinguished honor of having it attributed to the writer whose name we have hitherto left blank in this article (because we would not let it stand beside the rabid abuse which it is now the privilege of the infamous American press to heap upon every mention of it), we have the sense of a great and not unmerited compliment, in that suggestion of Mr. Cooper's name. He knows the subject well, and would have done it admirable justice. As a man who has done honor to his country, and is the chief ornament of the young literature of America, he has justly come within the constant hatred and contumely of that which is her unutterable disgrace.

But why the Socrates of New York? Why the 'persecution?' Why the sudden descent from the successful tyrant to the philosophic victim? If the reader looks more attentively at some of the quoted passages (22, 24, &c.) he will probably begin to discover the reason. And we can give him further assistance. Besides these cliques of American blockheads who are imagined to be in league with us, and disposed to an effort for the 'movement' now, which should long ago have "fatted all the region kites" with this "slave's offal,"—we have found that the rapid fall from Napoleon to Socrates was not unmarked by one or two damaging incidents, heavy blows and great discouragements. In the first place, we gather that some notices

have been given of actions for libel.* They may fail, as the rest have done, by the cowardice of intimidated juries; but the attempt, after the recent exposures will not be without its use. In the next place we have found that, against this man and his fellow-laborers in papers almost as infamous as his own, a most distinguished minister of New York has, within the last two months, levelled severe denunciation from his pulpit. Doctor Wainwright—preaching from the appropriate text, '*neither be partakers in other men's sins*'—has entered his solemn protest against the further toleration of a scandal which degrades America and her citizens in the esteem of the civilized world. Most assuredly there is hope in all this: good hope, which we welcome joyfully: which not even the grave burlesque of the supplementary denunciations of the 'Courier and Enquirer' interferes to moderate or subdue.

With what face the Gracchi could com-

* One of these actions is brought by a member of the New York bar, whom reverses had obliged to seek the benefit of the recent Bankrupt Act. One or two passages from the libel, though but additional proofs of the libeller's habitual blasphemy, and constant hatred and contempt of all sacred things, are not undeserving of record. "—— has stood among the foremost at the New York bar—a gentleman and a Christian—a man of honor, integrity, respectability, and undoubted piety, and whatever may be the final result of his application for a repudiation of his debts in the Court of Bankruptcy below, *there can be no doubt that in the Court of Heaven above, his petition for a remission of sins will be heard, and a decree of eternal discharge be given from any lien which the great Adversary may have held against him.* . . . Among the assets there will be seen no contemptible array of strength. His schedules are rich and strong in bibles, psalm books, poudrette, and pews, together with much lands, houses, gold mines, and other property, all of which we doubt not will be viewed with complacency and approbation by all his creditors, as well those in the Court of Bankruptcy below, as those in the Court of last Resort above. And if, in the painful trial through which he is now passing, his title to gold mines and mansions in this world shall not prove clear, or even vanish away, we hope and believe that the time is near at hand whatever the poudrette and mines may be valued at, *we have every reason to believe that the pews, psalms, and bibles, are equal in salvation to D.2.156,795 37½ in the currency of New Jerusalem.*"

† And another burlesque we should not fail to mention: the ludicrous self-laudation with which the man of the "Herald" anticipates coming discredit, by instructing his foul correspondents from every part of the States to describe the admiration in which his character is held. "Your vanity must be insatiable indeed," says one, "if it is not gratified to loathing by the vast importance everywhere attached to your movements—what the d— should we do without you?" "The confidence," says another, "and the regard manifested for the energy, honesty, and talent with which the 'New York Herald' is conducted—is certainly peculiar and unexampled in newspaper history. None other than a Bennett—a James Gordon Bennett—could have, &c. &c. &c."

plain of sedition, has been for a number of years a matter of considerable wonder; but how the 'Courier' can denounce license, vulgarity, and libel, may be confessed even a little more startling. And yet he does it: ay, and "in good terms, in good set terms, although a——." Listen to the indignant accents, for, apart from him who gives them utterance, they are worth listening to. "If—honest men and virtuous women, Christian fathers and mothers, and merchants and traders having respect for the misfortunes of others—you can reconcile it to yourselves to continue your countenance to this admitted organ of the brothels of your city, with its nauseous accounts of their balls and assemblies, and its habitual blasphemy—so be it!—But on your heads be the consequences resulting from its demoralizing influence!" True—all true. And this man having vented his virtuous indignation, hies him to the scene of his own "nauseous" triumphs and "demoralizing influence." Having denounced the admitted organ of the brothels, he betakes him to the task in which he has labored for years, and in which he still daily labors, of turning the whole public arena of political life in his native country, into one vast brothel!

The existing President of America we believe to have been a man of good intention: and that the responsibility of the worst delinquencies which can be charged upon him, should in the first instance fall on those whose vices, with his own weakness, have compelled him to unworthy courses, we do most firmly hold. His position has been most painful from the first: one in which none but the strongest man could have kept his dignity and self-respect: alas! then, for the good intentions of a man apparently among the most weak. Begin by giving him credit for no one good purpose, begin by suspecting him of every earthly villainy and dishonesty, and it is hard if you do not end in making him to some extent, in very self-defence, that which you suspect him. Thus even his deplorable connection with the creatures of the "New York Herald" has its mitigating circumstances, and the great weight of the crime lies not on the President but on the People. We need not here speak further as to this, seeing that we dwelt at some length in our former article on these special points of the newspaper influence as affecting the national character, and debasing the entire conduct of affairs of state. But admitting all that the most abandoned foes of "Captain Tyler" could desire, would some decency not be left for the mere office of Chief Magistrate? Is there no "demo-

ralizing influence" in the habitual use of such language as this, in which the "Courier" notices one of the cabinet organs of Washington,* a paper called the "Madisonian," somewhat mild in its tone: indeed, as will be observed, only too mild for the taste of the "Courier."

"Mr. Tyler and his cabinet employ a paper which is an utter disgrace to the country, and would be a disgrace to its chief magistrate, if that were predicable of such a man. It would lower John Tyler in the estimation of every decent citizen in the United States, if that individual were not already at the bottom. As an exponent of the intellect, the feelings, and the public character of the present President, we do not undertake to pronounce this 'Madisonian' much out of the way: but judged by any other standard, or tried by any other test, that stupid official is a subject of national humiliation. Would that it were as gross as the 'Globe' in its ruffianism! Would that it had any stamina or vigor of talent of any sort. . . . One curse (Tyler) at a time is enough, even for our sins."

Oh moral "Courier"! indignant assailer of the language of vice. But this is little. We have heard a good deal amongst ourselves lately of inducements to assassination, but what can an inducement to suicide be meant for? It would be a nice question for the casuists. "Suicide," remarked the "Courier" on the 20th of December last, "is agreed on all hands to be a horrible crime, but if Mr. John Tyler should be left to commit so shocking an act, it would be easier to look up EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES, than in any case, ancient or modern, within our knowledge!" And what is the effect of all this—waiting that final and terrible effect which, if waited for, will come—but to make the passion for "strong writing" so universal, that decency is rejected as mere spiritless stuff. Let us turn for a moment even to that able and respectable paper, the "American"

* Another "Tyler paper" we find thus characteristically referred to in one of the opposition. "The proprietors of the newly-established Tyler newspaper in Philadelphia—the 'Evening Express'—have been unfortunate in business: having been arrested for forgery, and one of them sent to gaol—being unable to get the 2,000 dollars bail which was demanded." Then, some days later, we have the palliation by the repentant and reformed editor of this unlucky newspaper, of his experiences of the party with which he had been so lately connected. And such are the almost daily revelations of this atrocious press! "Our recent accidental association (!) with the Tyler administration as editor of the 'Evening Express' has enabled us thoroughly to understand and appreciate the peculiar principles of that branch of Federalism, known as the CORPORAL'S GUARD (the President's Cabinet?), and to satisfy our own mind that a more WICKED, CORRUPT, and BANDIT-LIKE SET OF SCOUNDRELS, never before leagued together in this republican country, as a political party, clique, cabal, or faction."

(which we cannot too often place, with the "Washington Intelligencer," the "Boston Daily Advertiser," and the "New York Evening Post," apart from their disreputable contemporaries,) and observe the terms in which the head of the Republic of America is spoken of there. It refers to a "mock veto message" addressed to Congress. "It was received," says the American, "with unanimous contempt. The poor creature can hardly get himself the honor of a loud laugh from the house now. He has settled into a hopeless and helpless quietude of infamy, from which nothing will disturb him till 1845. Nobody cares what he says or does or thinks. He can do us no hurt, and he can do the loco focus no good. No gentleman in Congress calls on him; and he is left to the companionship of the very scavengers of a licentious press. He is already a wholesome example to all traitors and ingrates. . . . Despised, abused, derided, and almost spit upon by those for whose unmeaning promises and deceitful smiles he renounced good faith and truth; abhorred by the good for his dishonesty, and scorned by the bad for his folly; a more pitiable instance of self-punished crime was never seen by an astonished world. His present elevation is a mere pillory to him. But we will pelt him no more; for that part of the sentence has exhausted itself. A more signal retribution than we now witness in him, the most ferocious and unforgiving vengeance could not ask." Can—we are obliged to ask, when we read this language from a quarter we must respect—can even such forms of government as Washington and his great associates established, be expected long to outlive this reckless system of party warfare?

One word before we quit these papers on what the reader may have seen boasted in some of our extracts as the "out-general-ing" of Lord Ashburton. We feel bound to say that this was any thing but the tone of the majority of the American papers, until the publication, in the "Courier and Enquirer," of what was called the "private history of the Ashburton Treaty." It was contained in a letter of remonstrance from a friend of Mr. Webster's, against the continued abuse of that statesman, and it certainly succeeded in turning aside wrath. Whether or not on reasonable grounds, we leave others to judge. Our present business is not to meddle with red-lined maps, or smart doings, and we simply give the so-called private history as a matter of some present interest, which occurred to us as we went through the painful and repulsive drudgery of transcribing specimens of

American Newspaper Literature for the purposes of this review.

"When Lord Ashburton arrived in Washington, he took an early day to open the subject of his mission; and with the frankness which marked his whole course throughout the negotiation, he advised Mr. Webster that the nature of his instructions forbade his yielding any portion of the disputed territory north of the line of Highlands, claimed by the British government to be the true boundary. This, of course, presented the question in a very serious light; and Mr. Webster very promptly informed his lordship that he must *recede from this demand or terminate his mission*. As his instructions were peremptory, he was about to close his mission of peace, and war between the two countries appeared inevitable; when Mr. Webster persuaded him to enter into a full examination of the whole question, with a view to make himself acquainted with its real merits. This he did in obedience to Mr. Webster's urgent solicitations; *and such was the character of Mr. Webster's representation of the facts—so perfectly simple did he render this intricate subject by bringing to bear upon it the force of his mighty intellect, that Lord Ashburton acknowledged his conviction of the injustice of the claims of his government to the extent insisted upon, and actually agreed to remain at Washington until he could receive additional instructions from his government, instead of promptly closing his mission, as he was authorized to do! A delay of six weeks followed, during which time nothing was heard in relation to this negotiation; but at the expiration of that period the anxiously looked for instructions arrived, and the treaty was actually made according to the line of boundary fixed upon by Mr. Webster after Lord Ashburton's mission under his first instructions had virtually closed. It is the secret history of that negotiation which can alone do justice to the Secretary of State."*

As for the other British negotiator, who is said to have been "out-generalled," we suspect that some mistake may possibly before long be discovered in that quarter, too, and that they may not have won who have laughed the most. Mr. Dickens (to whom many allusions have been made in these pages,) having written a perfectly honest book,* must be presumed to have prepared

*Our attention has been directed since this was written to an indignant disclaimer by Mr. O'Connell of a forged letter with his signature that had "gone the round" of the American press. These practices are of such every-day occurrence, that though several are marked in the notes we had taken for our review, we found no opportunity or special occasion to refer to them. Indeed the abuse of Mr. Dickens has arrived at such an ultra-horrible and hyperbolical pitch of atrocity, as to render indignation needless, and be matter of simple laughter. We hardly open a paper of the States, half of which is not devoted to reprints of his writings, and some portion of the other half to libels on himself. We do not know the exact forgery to which Mr. O'Connell alludes, but we find among our memoranda the following, taken from the 'New York Herald.'

"An eastern paper contains an extract of a letter

himself for its reception with men of all opinions and parties. But such a man can afford to "go on fearless," knowing the audience he will address at last; and we make a grave error, if his book is not found in the long run to have hit the hardest, those evils of the American character which cry loudly for instant counteraction, and with the most exquisite feeling and skill to have developed those germs of good, in which, rightly and generously cultivated, the enduring safety of America and American institutions will alone at last be found. In two French works named at the head of this article (and to which we regret that we have only left ourselves room for very slight allusion,) we have been struck with the unconscious support which is given in almost every page of one of them, to the

written by Daniel O'Connell to a correspondent in this country,—'Thank God Dickens is not an Irishman—he is of the texture of a Saxon glutton—and the more you fill him and stuff him with the good things of this life, the more overbearing and ungrateful you make him. The more kindness you extend, and the more praise you bestow upon a gormandizer of this order, the more aristocratic and turbulent notions you drive into his empty and sycophantic noddle. . . . DANIEL O'CONNELL.' This is capital—and is a pretty fair account of the celebrated Boz."

It may have been this, or it may have been some other—for Mr. O'Connell, as a great favorite with the "patriots" from the fact of himself and his great Irish cause being supposed to be thorns in the side of England, is subject to have his authority daily forged—on which remark is made in the following extracts from a letter addressed to the editor of the "Pilot."

"I saw with great surprise, in the last 'Pilot,' a paragraph which you certainly took from some other newspaper, headed 'O'Connell and Dickens,' and purporting to be a quotation from an alleged letter of mine to the editor of a Maryland newspaper, published at Baltimore, and called the 'Hibernian Advocate.' The thing is, from beginning to end, a gross lie. I never wrote a letter to that newspaper; nor am I in the habit of corresponding with editors of American papers. I have seen, indeed, with great contempt, but without much surprise, in several American newspapers, letters deliberately published under my signature, given to the American public as genuine documents—all, of course, being forgeries, but published by the editors as if perfectly genuine. This is a species of outrageous rascality which has been seldom attempted in this country, and seems reserved for the vileness of a great portion of the newspaper press in the United States. . . . Perhaps it is right that I should add, that few people admire more the writings of Dickens, or read them with a deeper interest than I do. I am greatly pleased with his 'American Notes.' They give me, I think, a clearer idea of every-day life in America than I ever entertained before; and his chapter containing the advertisements respecting negro slavery, is more calculated to augment the fixed detestation of slavery than the most brilliant declamation, or the most splendid eloquence. That chapter shows out the hideous features of the system far better than any dissertation on its evils could possibly produce them—odious and disgusting to the public eye."

sound and impartial observation of Mr. Dickens, and with the excellent means of judgment supplied by the other, as to the way in which his style and manner of recording those impressions would affect an intelligent, and perfectly impartial mind. M. Philarète Charles (whom we are also happy to claim as an assenting party to our views on the American press,) gives it as his opinion, that after examining carefully the late books of travels in the United States, he has found the most recent of them—though neither piquing itself on philosophy nor profundity, though neither ill-humored nor presuming—by far the most gay, the most spirited, the most effective and complete, in its delineation of American life and character. He quotes, in a capital translation, some of the comic sketches of Mr. Dickens, and remarks of them that no doubt they may be charged as dealing with petty and insignificant detail, but that this very detail it is which reveals the peculiarities of such a people. "It is by those familiar and minute facts," he observes, "that you arrive at the true understanding of a nation, as yet too young and already too powerful, too informed and yet too advanced, to have escaped the susceptibilities, the weaknesses, the bullying, the 'niaiseries des parvenus.' I prefer these sketches, for my own part," he adds, "to learned dissertations." And this preference, we may safely predict, will be one day pretty general.

It will have been seen, in the course of our present remarks, that we are not without some expectation, fairly grounded, of a possible and early revolt of the educated classes of America against the odious tyranny which we have thus done our best to expose. We have noted what we are fain to believe plain symptoms of its having already begun. In that case we shall not be easily tempted to return to a subject which it is on every account most decorous to leave in the hands of those whose welfare it most nearly concerns, and which we only in the first instance approached with deep and unaffected reluctance.

But it will not do to begin the strife by undervaluing the power of the antagonist. We never knew good result from a feeling of that kind. The first element of success in every such struggle is to grapple at once with the whole extent of evil: not to look at it with the reservation of your own delicacies and doubts, and perhaps limited field of experience, but fully, unreservedly, and with that broad—if you will, that vulgar—gaze, which shall take in every pos-

sible interest comprehended or concerned. Some such mistake as this, we think, is the mistake of an eloquent, manly, thoughtful, and most acute writer, in the last number of that excellent periodical, the "North American Review." He thinks that the profligate papers, "numerous as they are, and widely as their circulation ranges," may "open their foul mouths in full cry upon a man of character, year after year, and through every state in the Union," but, "can harm him no more than the idle wind. They are read, despised, and the next day utterly forgotten." We do not know all that may lurk in that expression—a man of character—but we do know that there has not been a public man engaged in the service of the American state, since the death of Washington, whose means of usefulness have not been impaired by these infamous assailants. But we discussed this fully on a former occasion, and will only put it to this honest writer now, whether on greater reflection he would feel as sure, supposing these prints to be "despised," that they would still continue to be "read." Of him, and of others with the same cultivated mind and lofty purpose, we would earnestly implore to look abroad from the small and select community in which they live, and understand without further compromise, or hinderances self-imposed, the mischiefs of this wide-spread pestilence. We believe that, by forming a rallying point for all that is good and virtuous in America, they have it in their power to stay the plague. Nor are we without the confident hope of having, at no distant day, to record some gallant and successful effort towards that great end.

At any rate, when we meet the Americans next, it will be with some pleasanter things to say to them. It is our intention to examine the more general characteristics of the original works they have put forth within the last few years, as their claim to the commencement of a literature of their own. Our former remark on this subject has been greatly misunderstood, if not greatly misrepresented. When we doubted if the foundations had yet been laid of a NATIONAL literature, we could not mean to imply any thing so manifestly unjust, as that natives of America, since the establishment of their Republic, have not written many able and admirable books.

THE WRONGS OF PUNCH.

HIS EXPULSION FROM FRANCE—LETTER THEREON
TO KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

From the London Charivari.

Packet Boat Inn, Dover, Feb. 11.

CITIZEN KING.—For once indignation has been too much for sea-sickness. I have this moment, in a half-tempest, arrived from Boulogne—thrust from the port by the point of the sword. Yes; it is true—*Punch* is no longer to be admitted into France. *Punch*, who—but I have swallowed another *goutte* of brandy, and will subdue my feelings.

And is it thus, Louis,—is it thus you use an old friend! You, whom I have counted upon as almost my idolater; you, whose wariness—whose ingenuity—whose fine sense of self-preservation made you seem to the eyes of all men the first disciple of the school of *Punch*—do you now use your old master as whilom Plato maltreated Socrates!

It is barely two days since, and with what a jocular heart did I leave my wife (I am proud to say with a complimentary mist in her eyes) at the wharf of London bridge! How did that heart sink as the boat boiled past the Reculvers—how very ill, indeed, was I off the North Foreland—how more than puppy-sick ere I reached the port of Boulogne? “Never mind,” thought I, as I quitted the *Magnet*; “here, at least, is Balm of Gilead at two francs a bottle!” and with the thought the violet hue of my nose subsided, my blood quickened, and I stept out airily towards the Custom-house.

“What is your name?” says the clerk, with a suspicious look—a look significantly answered by a corps of *douaniers*—“What is your name?”

You know the graceful bend of my back—the smile that ordinarily puckers up my mouth. With that bend and that smile then, I answered—“*Punch*.”

“*C'est bien*—it is henceforth not permitted that your blood shall circulate in France. *Otez ce coquin*—take the vagabond away!” Thus spoke the man in authority; and in a trice, I was escorted to the *Water Witch*, then starting for Dover, and was in two hours and a half seated in an English inn, where—

[I beg your pardon, but I am interrupted. A man (a Dover waterman) has followed me to my hotel to beg—that is, enforce—“sixpence” for the accommodation of a plank from the wharf to the boat, the steam company, the mayor and magistrates of Dover smiling blandly on the extortion.]

I sank back in my chair, and endeavored to review my past doings. How—how, thought I, can I have stirred the philosophic bile of my good friend, Louis Philippe? For what can he have thus turned me out of Boulogne—wherefore stop my travels in France?

Whilst in this exceedingly brown study, a Frenchman entered the room. He threw a piercing look at me, lifted his hat with a mixture of scorn and forced politeness, and said—“*Mille pardons—mais—n'est-ce pas—Ponch?*”

“Then you know me, monsieur?” said I.

“*Oui monsieur*—I have read your things in Boulogne—in Paris”—and still the Frenchman scowled, then laughed, as I thought, vindictively.

“Sir, I am happy at this meeting. You may, perhaps, resolve a doubt that just now eats up my brain. In the first place, I have—yes—*Punch* has been turned out of France.”

“*C'est bien—c'est fort bien*,” said the Frenchman, with open delight.

“Bless me!” I exclaimed—“Why, what have I done?”

“What have you not done?” roared the Frenchman.

With subdued voice, I begged of him to enumerate my written offences. It seemed to him a labor of love, for he drew his chair close to the table, squared his elbows upon it, and his eyes flashing, and his moustache twisting and working like a young eel, thus began.

“In the first place,—Did you not call Louis-Philippe hard names about the Spanish business? When, Orca, Leon, and others were tricked to be shot by Christina, did you not accuse Louis-Philippe of having his finger in the bloodshed?”

“I did.”

“Secondly,—Did you not place the Great Napoleon on a monument of froth, spouting from a bottle of imperial pop?”

“It can't be denied.”

“Thirdly,—Did you not sneer at our colonies? Did you not more than doubt the justice of our cutting Arab throats, and extracting true glory from bloodshed? Did you not laugh at the Trappists, and fling hard names upon General Bugeaud?

“All quite true.”

“Fourthly,—Did you not desecrate—yes, desecrate—the eloquence of Monsieur Dumas, when he turned a funeral oration on poor Orleans into a drama for the Porte St.-Martin?”

“I confess it.”

“And do you not, almost every week,

preach up what you insolently call the mischief of glory, and question the born right of every Frenchman to carry fire and bloodshed into every country he can get into—and more, do you not laugh at and denounce, what is as dear to every Frenchman as the recollection of his mother's milk, a hatred, an undying hatred, to England and all that's English?"

"I own to every word of it."

"And more—do you not . . . ?"

"I beg your pardon, monsieur," said a stage-coachman, at this point entering the room, "if you are the gentleman as is going to Canterbury, time's up."

The Frenchman did not finish his sentence, but rising, and again lifting his hat, he with a grim smile and flashing eyes, stalked away.

And now, my quondam friend Louis-Philippe, I have put the above colloquy to paper, that I may herewith ask you, if your subject and fellow-citizen is right as to the causes which (under your orders) have shut me out of France? If they be not, you will drop me a line. If they be, I will take your silence (and smuggle accordingly) for affirmation. Yours,

"As thou usest me," PUNCH.

JULIA CESAREA.—The following is an extract from a letter written from Algiers by an artillery officer, and communicated to the Academy of Belles Lettres. "I have just spent some days amidst the ruins of Julia Cesarea. I have some right to give that name to the modern Cherchell, since I have been the first to discover four inscriptions bearing the name of that ancient city. I have found many other less important inscriptions. Would that I could also place under your eyes the admirable Corinthian capital, the granite pillars, and the ancient tombs—the fellows of the *Kebor Roumia*, and, like it, no doubt, of Numidian origin. The English traveller Shaw mentions the gigantic wall of three leagues circuit which formed the inclosure of Cesarea, but he says nothing of the period of its construction. I think that the erection of this wall must be referred to the second occupation of Africa by the Romans, when ancient civilization shed its first light on these shores." Many persons, reckless of the lessons of history, begin to appreciate the ancients when they find that our engineers have nothing better to do than to fortify themselves behind walls raised by engineers who lived fourteen centuries ago. The old part of this city also bears witness to the power of the Romans."—*Athen'm*.

THE CHINESE TREASURE—Yesterday evening, at 7 o'clock, five waggons, each drawn by four horses, and a cart drawn by two horses, all heavily laden, entered the gateway of the Royal Mint, escorted by a detachment of the 60th Regiment, with the Chinese silver, amounting to £1,000,000 sterling, being the first consignment of the indemnity to be paid by the Celestial Empire.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

M. THIERS.

WHEN first my eyes caught a glimpse of the shining silver spectacles of little Monsieur Thiers, he was living in a very modest manner on a rather high *étage* in a by no means prepossessing house in Paris. Dingy, dark, and dirty was the staircase, and the porter growled a sullen "*oui*" when the friend whom I accompanied inquired, if Mr. Adolphe Thiers resided in the dwelling of which that illustrious keeper was the legally authorised preserver. I fear that at that time the little man was not so generous in his "*etrennes*" to the aforesaid porter as he was afterwards in a position to be, since at any rate it struck me forcibly, that Thiers was not a popular name in the establishment in question. This was prior to the Revolution of 1830, and at that time our hero loved and swore by that very Armand Carrel, whom afterwards he persecuted and traduced. The former was engaged in writing for the republican *National*, which he had assisted in establishing, and in preparing the minds of the too ardent "*Jeunes Gens*" for that call "to arms" which the tocsin of the capital soon after thundered in their ears. Thiers was one of those who conspired to bring about the Revolution of 1830. He did this, *first*, because his principles or his doctrines, his convictions or his professions, were at that time of a republican character. He did so, *second*, because I think he believed that it was the intention of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon to overthrow the constitutional character of Louis XVIII., and to render it purely monarchical. He did so, *third*, because he saw no hope for himself, or for the extreme party with which he was connected, of ever arriving at power and office, without "the men of the past" were all driven from their posts to make room for "*Young France*;" and he did so, *fourth*, because he belonged to those who *hated the Bourbons*. One of his associates at that time was Mignet, of whom they tell the following curious anecdote. When asked by the Duke de Guiche what was the reason of his animosity to the Bourbon race, as a race, he replied, "*Parceque je n'aime pas les Bourbons*." "But *why* do you not love the Bourbons?" demanded the duke. "It is not an answer to my inquiry why do you hate the Bourbons to say, because I do not love them." Mignet smiled, but retorted

on his political interrogator in the following manner:—

"I once knew a lady who said she did not like mackerel. Now to me who was, and still am, a great lover of mackerel, this appeared extraordinary; and I asked her, 'Pray, madam, *why* do you not like mackerel?' "Because I *do not* like mackerel," was her answer, and she would give me no other.

The duke thought that both M. Mignet and the lady, might have given better reasons than they did for their mutual dislike, but he perceived that the distastes of both were at any rate inveterate. I think this story will illustrate that which I wish to impress on the readers of "*Regina*," that little M. Thiers had a constitutional hatred for the Bourbons, just as his other friend, Béranger, had, when he sung his treasonable but witty song, "And still the Bourbons held the Throne." The young men of France knew nothing of the Bourbons. How should they? The first revolution had banished them; and the empire with its glory and its disgrace had been the period during which the then youth of France had been nursed, cradled, and educated. Those who had not been carried off by the conscription, or mown down by the sabre or the grape-shot of the European alliance, were, in nine hundred out of every thousand cases, wholly ignorant of *why* they fought, or of who were the Bourbons, or where they resided. They had heard of the decapitation of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette, but of Louis XVIII. and Count D'Artois, or the Duke d'Angoulême and his admirable and immortal duchess, and especially of the son of *Egalité* Orleans, they were as ignorant as they were of the Emperor of China or the Governor of the Moon. The old republicans who had not in 1814 expired, undoubtedly took great pains to convince the people that the Bourbons were Jesuits, enthusiastically attached to all that was Romish, bigotted, and "saintly," and got up a sort of "*charivari*" against the priests and the altar. Now M. Thiers, living in a department far removed from civilization and good life, received his early impressions from those, who wholly mistook at any rate the character of Louis XVIII.; and being also opposed alike to the Protestant and to the Catholic churches, was prepared on his arrival at Paris to join in the cry of, "Down with the Jesuits!" This cry of "Down with the Jesuits!" was a senseless one, because Louis XVIII. was as free from popish, as he was from Protestant influences. He

was a thorough man of the world. He had lived in many countries and in very troublesome times; he had seen many religions at work, as well as in theory. He was a good scholar, and not far removed from being a philosopher, and those who called him a Jesuit were rogues or dunces. He was a man with a great mind, much wit, and sound discretion, and he was no more a Jesuit than Charles James Fox or Robert Southey. When, then, little M. Thiers pretended to believe that the restoration of the Bourbons was the revival of popery, he either evinced great ignorance, or he insulted and perverted truth and facts. If I dwell a little longer on this point, it is because I feel its importance. The eldest branch of the house of Bourbon was shamefully misrepresented. Louis XVIII. had no more the desire of reigning in a spirit of priestcraft, than he had of living on "*soupe maigre*," or of dying in a cloister. But M. Thiers and the men of his age, opinions, and calibre, knew that there was no better way of running down the Bourbons in France than by adding to their royal titles the epithet of "Jesuit:" and this plan was eventually successful.

At the time to which I am now, however, more especially alluding, Louis XVIII. was dead. Those liberal tricksters who had libelled him when living, then affected to believe that France had lost the most constitutional of monarchs; and when Charles X. ascended the throne, the *liberal* prints poured forth daily their regrets for the wise and enlightened prince, who had descended to the tomb of the Capets. It was then that M. Thiers first began to hope for the future; and then, also, it was that Laffitte declared that the house of Bourbon would be unable to stand against the power of the house of Laffitte. No man was more regular at the revolutionary, or *quasi* revolutionary *soirées* of the said M. Laffitte than Adolphe Thiers. There he spouted anarchy, and foamed sedition, and there it was that he often repeated the famous declaration, "That the king reigns, but does not govern." This was one of those French maxims which captivated the ignorant, and delighted the thoughtless.

The *soirées* of M. Laffitte were very little more violent, however, than those at the Palais Royal: Undoubtedly, the then Duke of Orleans (now Louis Philippe) kept up the appearance of respect to his king and relative, Charles X.; but Barthélemy and Méry, Benjamin Constant and Laffitte, Béranger, Lafayette, and all the uproarious and discontented spirits of the age, were

well received and applauded, by the then first subject of the realm. It was at this period that M. Thiers first made the acquaintance of his future sovereign, and it was then that he paved his way for his subsequent reception at the palace of the Tuileries.

It is a fact which has been too frequently forgotten, that the revolution of 1830 was by no means an *"impromptu."* It is not true that M. Thiers, for example, was not fully prepared for its accomplishment. He, and those who acted with him, planned the measures and the opposition which should, in the end, compel the monarchy to stand on the defensive.

"*We will drive the old Jesuit to a coup d'état,*" said M. Thiers, on one occasion, when speaking of his king, Charles X.: "*they wish to govern legally, that is, according to the letter of the law; but we will make him rule according to its spirit!!*"

At the period of which I am now speaking little Thiers was a very poor man. His two-franc dinners, or one shilling and eightpence, wine included, were by no means rare; and none but himself would have dared to predict that he would afterwards become the associate of the rulers, and of the prime ministers of Europe. Not indeed, that such men as Talleyrand ever forgot Thiers's origin: but he who said that "language was given to enable men to conceal their thoughts," also said, "that Thiers was a fop without elegance, an aristocrat without real pretensions or family, and a political demagogue without courage or foresight." Still Talleyrand availed himself of his services, admired his dexterity in boxing the political compass, and used to declare "that Adolphe was the only man of merit who had sprung from the hotbed of the barricades." "Talleyrand sucked the orange, and rejected peel and pips," said Odillon Barrot in one of his happy moments; but when little Thiers heard of it, he vowed vengeance against both his patron and his competitor.

I shall never forget M. Thiers's aspect in the *Rue Richelieu*, as he hurried with a quick and eager step towards the bureau of the journal *Le Temps*, as soon, or immediately after the appearance of the ordinances of Charles X., to assist in preparing "*the protest*" of the journalists against the decrees of the sovereign. He evidently felt that all his future depended on that very present moment; and he knit his brow, clenched his fist, and stamped steadfastly the ground, as a man will do who resolves to play his very best card, and to run the risk of all

consequences. He had evidently also some confidence in his star of good luck; and though the police might have disturbed Monsieur Jacques Coste's orgies, and carried off the conspirators to gaol, little Adolphe Thiers acted on the broad constitutional maxim, "that those who were born to be hung will never be drowned," or that those who are born to be prime ministers will never die sub or even chief editors of journals. At one of the various meetings of political partisans and leaguers held in those eventful times, General Sebastiani, afterwards ambassador of Louis Philippe to the court of St. James's was present,—

"I am no conspirator," said the count; "I am not come here to arm against my king; but simply to counsel him."

When this was told to Thiers, he replied, "Poor man! his world is in his pocket! his sea is a puddle! his storm a wind of fans! and when he conspires, it will be under the immediate protection of Madame —."

On another occasion, when told that Casimir Perier was known to be favorable to the popular movement, he exclaimed, "Yes, as favorable as a farmer is to locusts, as favorable as a miser is to spendthrifts, as favorable as a merchant is to bankrupts."

Thiers saw in the revolution of 1830 his only chances of future fame, wealth, and distinction; and never did any gamester more wholly cast his fortune on a die. It turned up "trumps," and he became rich and powerful. His visions became realities, and no one could desire more than he did, to render them all solid and durable. Still in spite of his "palaver"—and few men can talk as well as Adolphe Thiers—he had some difficulty in ingratiating himself with the then Duke of Orleans. If Talleyrand had not taken him by the hand to do as he told him, and had not so confided in his docility as to countenance what to other less discerning minds would have appeared to be temerity, all his manœuvring under the restoration, and during the last days of the old monarchy, would have been wholly useless. Indeed, the first offices held by M. Thiers under the elective monarchy of 1830 proved that his alliance was less desired, than his opposition was apprehended. He was "the" man, *par excellence*, of the barricades. Mauguin and Barrot, Cormenin and Arago, Constant and Perier, Lafitte and Lafayette, had long been known, and their value variously estimated. In fact, the public mind had been made up about them; and such men as Salvete and Villemain, as Royer Collard and Guizot, or

as Berryer and Chateaubriand, were known and judged of all parties. But little Thiers, sparkling Thiers, dashing, foaming, ranting, coaxing, wheedling Thiers, was a new man. He had no antecedents. His past was obscurity; his present, agitation and uncertainty; his future was an enigma. But not so to him. He knew that he was prepared to sacrifice men, principles, people, the throne,—all—all for power; and he knew that power with him meant wealth, ease, luxury, enjoyment, influence, and—fame. But fame was secondary to wealth; and GOLD was *his* idol!!

When first I saw M. Thiers as under secretary of state, he appeared to have grown twelve inches. His "J" this, and his "I" that, was changed to the royal "we;" and he looked at his master as one who thought "the power behind the throne would soon be greater than the throne itself." His spirit could not brook a superior. To be prime minister, as he afterwards was, would evidently not be a sufficiently elevated position to satisfy him, if the monarch, when he should counsel, should dare to retain an independent opinion. Hence his beloved maxim, "that the king reigns in constitutional monarchies, but does not govern." But Louis Philippe has, fortunately for France and for Europe, despised it.

When next I saw M. Thiers, he was a minister of state! Heavens—what a splash! He put at defiance the aristocracy! The furniture was new and magnificent; the refreshments were sumptuous; the lights were regal! All Paris talked of his initiative fête as an affair belonging to the "Arabian Night's Entertainments;" and the little man looked six feet high even without his boots!

When the old hereditary families of France occupied ministerial posts, they were reserved in their demeanor, modest in their carriage, diffident in their habits, and economical in their proceedings. When M. de Peyronnet expended upon his ministerial hotel a few extra hundred pounds sterling, the revolutionists of 1829 saddled him personally with the expenses in question; but when little Thiers, the nobody of 1829, the revolutionist of 1830, and the minister of 1832, threw napoleons to upholsterers by the basket-full, in order that Madame d'Appony, the Austrian ambassadress, might not laugh at his descent, and ridicule his plebeianism, the great little man sat on brocaded velvet, slept on eider down, compressed, however, into ministerial mattresses, and drank iced Tokay because the world could not supply a more *expensive* beverage. In

those days of regal sumptuousness he exclaimed, "Who can afford to be splendid, if it be not the minister of a monarchy, where the people pay for all with their eyes open?" Poor "people!" But what cared he for reproach or scorn? He was minister of state, and he triumphed over both friends and foes!

I remember one of Thiers's satellites at this period was a celebrated Parisian *gourmand*! The baron liked Thiers, as an old lady likes a young coxcomb,—his friendship tickled his vanity. Every one talked of the "little minister;" and as he said very odd things in a very droll way, nothing delighted this lover of the "*delicacies of the table*" so much, as to tell all the good things this said minister had uttered at his, the gourmand's table. The baron, myself, and a few others met at the house of D—, where good wines were plentiful, and hospitality was displayed with elegance and taste. The baron spoke of Thiers with rapture. He had dined with him the previous day. He had said so many capital things that the gourmand was in ecstasies; and amongst them were the following (I give them in English, for the benefit of the unlearned):—"Why was the revolution of 1830 a *legitimate* revolution?—Because it had been made by 'the *sovereign* people!" "What was the greatest miracle of modern times?—The election of Louis Philippe to be king of the French: first, because he was elected *because* he was a Bourbon; and yet, second, *although* he was a Bourbon." M. Dupin, "the double of Lord Brougham," afterwards made a "*parceque*" and a "*quoique*" out of this joke; but it was originally the property of little Thiers. "Why is Prince Tallyrand the most able of diplomatists?—Because his left hand is ignorant of the proceedings of his right;" or, in other words, because with him "words are made to conceal, and not to express convictions." Who is the keenest monarch in all Europe?—Louis Philippe." "Why?—Because when he played for a *crown* he gained a kingdom, and kept his own fortune,"—alluding to the able arrangements of that prince before he accepted the throne, by which he secured his own large private revenues to his family, ere he entered into possession of the crown estates. There were several more of the same class, which really sounded very well over a bottle or two of the best hermitage I ever remember to have tipped.

There was another man named H—, the man of business, the go-between, the pocket-handkerchief of *Monsieur le ministre*. It was his duty to take a "cabriolet de re-

mise" every morning at nine o'clock, and drive to the hotel of the minister of the barricades. He had the right of private entry. He was charged to "confabulate" and "conspire" with the commissary at the exchange, who was yet charged to protect (!) the French public from the tricks and manœuvres of all men—except ministers of state. They were of course too exalted, too honorable, too high-minded to require any watchers over *their* proceedings; and for this reason it was that the tremendous fluctuations in the French and Spanish funds at the Paris Bourse always were the result of ministerial trickings. Poor H— had an unfortunate face of his own,—for he looked cold, cadaverous, and yet spiteful. He never constructed one sentence in his life, beginning and ending naturally. He never looked at another man's eyes, except when the other man was blind. He never went straight to a street, lane, or house, but walked and rode, like a crab, tortuously and unpleasantly. His voice was dull, heavy, and funereal; but he played the part of "mysterious" *à la merveille*, and even raised a silver cover of a dish of vegetables, as if he expected the contents of a "green bag" would be let loose by his effort. He never appeared to have made up his mind as to the answer he should give even to the simplest question, and looked embarrassed when you said, "*How d'ye do?*" Now that man was my aversion. But he was a "handy man" for M. Thiers; for H— would, if he could, have kept even from himself his own secrets, lest he himself should tell himself that which he knew M. Thiers ought never to have confided to another. But H— was the "dirty-work man" of *Monsieur le ministre*, and both found the acquaintance most desirable and engaging. In plain terms, to H—a small commission on all sales and purchases of stocks was an object; and to Thiers, his friend's devotedness was the means of enabling him to carry out all his patriotic (!) and unselfish policy. H— knew well when to tell a "very great secret;" to whom to tell it; that it might be spread the most rapidly; and how to profit by it, either for a rise or fall in the three per cents.

But to return to the minister himself. Although he had assisted in getting up the drama of the revolution, he found that it was a much more difficult task than he had anticipated, to chain the rampant spirits he had aided in letting loose upon society. This annoyed him greatly. The *émeutes* and insurrections of 1832, 1833, and 1834, often put him into prodigious passions. On one occasion, the then prefect of police at

Paris said to him, "Monsieur le Ministre, there is a more formidable organization at the present moment in this city against the government of the king than you seem to be aware of. The conspiracy has reached the ranks of the National Guards, and we cannot rely on them."

"Enough!—Enough!" cried little Thiers, jumping on his feet, and slapping the table with his right hand,— "they'll conspire, will they? Against *me* too!—against the government!—against the king! I know them—I dare them—I'll crush them! They shout for liberty, do they? Then they shall not have it! Liberty, indeed! the rascals—the scorpions! I'll try them before courts-martial—I'll shoot them—I'll guillotine them! What do they want? War with the world, I suppose! Cowards! they would be the first to run away. 'Young France,' and 'Young Germany,' and 'Young Poland,' are we to be governed then by beardless sucklings, and by a government of bibs and tuckers? I know them. They are penniless hawkers of sedition; they live in the puddles, and rake filth in the ditches of society; they would fatten upon blood and beauty, and dance to the sound of the axe, as it fell on the necks of all who were wealthier than themselves! They are reptiles, they are regicides—parricides—any thing—every thing, to reach fat larders and well-stored cellars. They shall do neither. I will crush them!" and then he gave the table another such a slap as made the prefect stare, and must almost have alarmed the mahogany itself.

But M. Thiers kept his word. He attacked those very principles of the Revolution, which he had been foremost to proclaim and to put into operation, with a vigor which astonished even his coadjutors, and which caused his quondam associates to denominate him "the Assassin of Liberty." Casimir Perier also indulged occasionally in violent outbreaks against the Revolution. On one occasion a townsman of his, a native of Grenoble, called at an early hour upon that most extraordinary man. He found Casimir Perier just about taking his morning bath, but this was no impediment to the interview.

"They say, M. Perier, that you will not be able to maintain your ground, and that your system will be overthrown, for that France *will* have her natural frontiers, and 500,000 men will arm themselves, and march to the Rhine."

Perier sat up erect, clenched his fist, and looked the veriest hurricane in the universe, and broke out as follows:

"*They say!* who are *they?* Some ranting maniacs at the Salpêtrière—some madmen at Charenton! '*They say!*' who are your *they's*, sir? not one man who has a hope of ever laying his fingers, by honest means, on another five-franc piece during his life. Not one man who has a child to love, a wife to defend, or a mistress to caress. Not one man who is removed even but one degree from helpless idiocy, or from frantic insanity. *They say!* Tell me who they are! Let me know their names,—where they breathe without living, and exist in fœtid atmospheres, and with vice, crime, and corruption. Ah! ah! So I shall not be able to maintain my ground, eh? Then they must kill me, stab me, crush me by their brute force, and scatter my dust to the winds. France has no *natural* frontiers. They are asses, fools, beasts, who talk thus. There are no such things as '*natural*' frontiers, except the sea which forms the boundary of the land. Tell these wretched dunces that France is too large already, because she contains *them*. 500,000 men who will clothe themselves, and march to the Rhine! Where were they at the capitulation of Paris? Where were they after the defeat at Waterloo? Where were they at the adieu at Fontainebleau? Where were they when their emperor sailed to St. Helena, his prison and his grave? Let them clothe themselves if they can, wretched, ragged, loathsome, cowardly conspirators! But the first man who marches towards the Rhine is dead. I will have no war. I will have no European coalition against France. I will not have the Prussians bivouac in our streets, and the English encamp in our Bois de Boulogne and our Champs Elysées. Tell you *'they's'* so, from me, sir. I defy them. Let them do their worst. I will make no concessions. Peace, peace, peace, I will have; and of those who shall attempt to disturb it I will make signal examples."

When this indignant, but eloquent sentence was over, Perier rose from his bath, dressed in great agitation, continued during the whole period of his toilette his vehement philippics against the war and revolutionary parties; and kept his Grenoble friend for nearly an hour, under the influence of this sort of moral hailstorm. At length the statesman was physically exhausted, and he sunk upon a chair. Still, however, his Grenoble opponent remained firm to his opinion; and, at length, Perier, no longer able to endure the opposition, seized him by the collar of his coat, and exclaimed:—

"Are you too, then, one of these '*they's*' who will crush me, defeat me? You shall

not succeed. The very bowels of society in France shall be got into, the secrets of every hearth and home shall be known, the deepest depths of secrecy shall be explored, and a man shall not have the privilege of his own thoughts, or the sacredness of his own hopes and desires, before France shall be ruined by a band of secret conspirators. Tell them all so. I defy them!"

The Grenoble "*Patriot*" at length became as peevish, irritable, and untractable as the minister himself; and but for the arrival of a friend, the scene might have been by no means *convenable* for a premier. But who can refrain from admiring the grandeur of the man who, knowing he was right, would die, rather than abandon the cause of order, truth, and real patriotism? Alas! he did die the victim of his own manliness of purpose, and of his own sincerity of conviction.

When this scene was related to Thiers, he capered about the room in a sort of paroxysm of joy, and as one of his very favorite terms is *canaille*, he repeated it again and again, applying it, of course each time to those who opposed the "*peaceable and legal*" policy of M. Perier. And yet that admirable man had but little confidence in M. Thiers. He admired his talents, and who that has heard him at the tribune, when he was in a happy mood, could refrain from doing so? But he had little confidence in his principles, and no respect for his opinion. M. Thiers knew this; but Perier was a mighty rock, a great deliverer, a giant amidst pigmies, and it suited the young demi-minister to fight for the time as an underling, rather than to be separated from the cause of peace and order. M. Guizot stood on far different grounds. Casimir Perier admired his virtue and integrity, as well as his talents, and confided at once in his judgment, and his heart. Guizot is certainly no admirer of M. Thiers. The latter acted with the former in hours alike perilous to the throne and to the country, but when the season of peril was past, they found that their views as to the best means of preventing the return of similar physical and moral disasters, were widely different. In fact, Thiers is the mountebank minister, Guizot the philosophic statesman.

The great use of M. Thiers, as a coadjutor in a Conservative ministry, was this, that he did essentially belong to the Revolution, and that, in that particular, he formed the contrast to the men of the empire and the men of the Restoration, who were members of the various French administrations from

1830 to 1840. When the press, the public schools, the colleges, the streets resounded with the cry of "We have not only the same principles, but even the same men as the Restoration. We have changed nothing but the youngest, or the left-handed branch of the house of Bourbon, for the old and ancient branch of the Capets:" the answer invariably was, "You cannot say this of M. Thiers, and yet he, the man of the Revolution, is with us." Now this was all very well, as being *ad captandum*, with a description of people such as the French, but M. Thiers of 1829 and 1830 was *not* the same man as M. Thiers the minister. On the contrary, he had renounced his principles, abandoned his party, and mainly assisted in depopularising those very dogmas and opinions which, by his periodical and other writings, he had so greatly aided to get into vogue.

But there was another reason why M. Thiers was so soon called to power, and so prematurely raised to a position of eminence and importance, and that was, that the *Left* wanted a powerful, intrepid, eloquent, and energetic leader; and if they had obtained the aid of that gentleman, he would have been found to be a very formidable, not to say dangerous, antagonist. The new dynasty had too many enemies to be able to afford to add one to their number, and especially one, whom it was easy to conciliate, and not difficult to purchase. Besides which, he was an acute man, a clever man of business, a man of action and energy, and prepared to break with his former party, and to expose its weakness. There was, likewise, a still stronger reason than all the rest, and that was his unquestionable talent as a public speaker. He is petulant, waspish, tyrannical, unfair in debate, if you will; but he is coaxing, winning, emphatic, personal, and decided. He is far more than this, he is really and truly eloquent. Oh! I have heard him, in his loftiest and best moments, enforce with manly courage true constitutional principles: and carry along with him not merely the attention, but the sympathies and hearts, of an excited and delighted auditory! Bursts of long-pent-up applause would mark the homage and the interest of those who listened to, and were held captive by, his powers. For whilst no public man of the present day, in any part of the world, has exposed himself so much to reproach and censure by his tergiversation, his selfishness, his love of money and of display, and his forgetfulness of the nothingness of his origin, as has this gentleman; yet it would be perfectly ridiculous

to deny to him the possession of great oratorical powers. And those powers are the more striking, and remarkable, inasmuch as Nature has done nothing for him. His person is diminutive, his features by no means prepossessing, his eyes concealed by spectacles, his voice frequently nasal and disagreeable, his manners plebeian and vulgar, his whole air that of a *marchand* of the better class, huckstering or bargaining for goods or for credit. No one would make such a mistake as to say, "That's the son of a nobleman," or, "He belongs to the class of gentlemen or of landed proprietors," or even of men of letters, except, indeed, it is to the hectoring school of French journalism. And yet let the veriest enemy of Thiers existing on the face of the earth, including the Emperor Nicholas and the good old ex-King William of Holland, hear him on a gala day attack the Republicans, or defend the cause of peace and order, and he must spring forward to shake him by the hands, and congratulate him on his triumph. Yes, and even when changing his tone, altering his tack, and, as the late Marquess of Londonderry once said, "turning his back upon himself," he has pleaded for restraining the prerogatives of Louis Philippe, has argued in behalf of a French armed intervention in Spanish affairs, and has, by half promises and many phrases, cheered on Mehemet Ali in his opposition to his master the sultan; still M. Thiers has so won upon the imaginations of his opposers, by his poetry and his persuasiveness, that they have left the Chamber of Deputies unable to remain in hostility to one, who could so enchain them. And yet M. Thiers has none of the attributes of an ancient orator, except his sophistry. He belongs neither to the Ciceros nor to the Demosthenes of former ages. On the one hand, he is without method, logic, close argumentation, like Guizot; on the other hand, he is without pathos, depth of feeling, and soul-stirring fire, like Berryer. But in the world in which we live he makes more converts to his opinions. How is this? Let us see.

The eloquence of M. Thiers is adapted by him to his audience. He looks at the Chamber of Deputies as a small but motley group of timid, anxious, money-loving, peace-approving men. They are ex-notaries, or notaries still. They are ex-judges, or judges in inferior courts, still. They are retired merchants, or merchants still. They are iron-founders, barristers, sugar-refiners, ex-legal officers of the crown, receivers-general, local attorney-generals, wine-growers, small landed proprietors, and

nearly all have some *object* in view in becoming deputies besides being members of the Chamber. This is exactly the reverse (generally speaking) of what takes place in England. Here, men strive to be something, in order that they may be selected as members of parliament by some constituency. In France, men seek to be deputies, that they may then begin to be, or hope to be something. Because in that country the "something" has always a reference to a government place in the provinces, or in Paris, and to the pension which is sure to follow a certain number of years of active service. Thus the great knack of M. Thiers is the adaptation of his voice, manner, words, style, thoughts, to the audience he has placed before him. In the English House of Commons he would be lost, because the interests are so opposite, the classes so distinct, the parties so equally, or nearly equally poised, and the majority of minds so divergent, that he must enlist himself on one side or the other, and he might, or might not, I am not sure which, become one of the leaders of one party. But this would not suit his trimming and uncertain mind. I will illustrate my meaning further, by an example. For instance, let us suppose the question of the "Nationality of Poland," and the necessity for preserving and defending it, to be brought by M. Mauguin or by M. Barrot, under the consideration of the Chamber. What would be the course taken by M. Thiers?—I will tell you. He would draw an afflicting and almost tearful description of the sorrows and calamities of the Poles! The members of the Opposition would cheer the "little" minister and cry, "*C'est bien! c'est bien!*" That done, he would turn his attention to "the glories of the empire," describe in such glowing terms what France had done, and how she had been first and foremost defending the cause of the oppressed, and in protecting weak and helpless people from tyranny and rapacity, that those who thought they had the history of France at their fingers' ends, and had yet arrived at the very opposite conclusions to the orator, would pride themselves in belonging to a nation so distinguished by its gallantry, chivalry, and benevolence! The officers of the empire, who were members of the Chamber of Deputies, would let their deep sepulchral voices be heard crying "*Ecoutez! Ecoutez!*" as M. Thiers rapidly ran over the battles of Germany, and the wonders of Leipsic; and when the orator descended from the tribune, they would rush even to embrace him. But long before that

descent, he would perceive that whilst the *gauche* were enchanted with his touching *tableau* of Polish distress; and whilst the Buonapartists of the Chamber loved to hear him descant of battles, which they thus seemed to fight o'er and o'er again, he would perceive that the bulk of the house, the two centres, the heavy battalions who constitute the voting majority, were getting weary of these concessions to popular feeling, and to military taste; and perceiving this, he would then spread wide his canvass to far different shores and exclaim, "Yes, gentlemen, those mighty marvels which *our* France *has* accomplished she could again effect, were it to her interest, her policy, her real grandeur, and solid advantage, to undertake them!"

"*Silence! silence!*" cry the Centres. "That's the question."

"Yes!—it is the question!" M. Thiers would rejoin; "and I reply that such efforts, such displays, such sacrifices, she is no longer called on to make. France desires peace with honor, and liberty with the laws; and although her big heart still palpitates with emotion whenever she hears of the wrongs and outrages with which the world is filled, yet she cannot afford to sacrifice the blood of her children for every cause, nor to lavish her treasures in every land."

(The Centres rise *en masse*. Cries and shrieks of rapture drown the voice of the little minister, and he has effected, or nearly so, his object. What is that?—To dispose of the motion by a side-wind, or else to qualify it, and mitigate its severity, against it shall reach the ears or the eyes of the Autocrat of all the Russias.)

"I know your sentiments, gentlemen, relative to Poland," continues M. Thiers, still directing his eyes and his words to the Centres; "they are full of kindness, of melting kindness, of compassion, of the best recollections, and of friendly sympathy. But there is a land you love yet dearer than Poland; there *are* hearts for which yours beat higher and warmer than even for those of the unhappy Poles—and those are for the hearts, the lives, of your own sons, of all Frenchmen! The charity which ever stays at home, and confines its affections within the narrow circle of domestic life, is but a poor specimen of god-like love; but the charity which extends its sympathy to other and to foreign families, forgetting those of its own country and kind, is not of such a character as angels can delight in, or as God can approve. France!—glorious, noble, chivalrous, cou-

rageous, enlightened France, must be supreme in our affections, and paramount in our considerations!"

("This is beside the question," exclaims M. Berryer. "This is to get rid of the difficulty," calls out M. Arago.)

"No, sir, it is not beside the question: it is not to get rid of any difficulty," retorts M. Thiers. "I was showing to the chamber how it was possible to cultivate the noblest sympathy, and yet to preserve the peace of the world."

("Ah! ah! ah!" shout the *extreme right* and the *extreme left* members. "That's it—that's it—monsieur le ministre; how to deceive the Poles, and to keep your place," ejaculate many voices at once.)

M. Thiers affects gravity, looks philosophical, preserves his calmness, adjusts his spectacles, and then turns to his interrupters,—

"It was always so," continues the little man; "you are ignorant of all modes of government but one, and that is the mode of governing by force, of negotiating with the sword, of insulting allies, of advocating extreme measures at unsuitable seasons, and of setting up *your* views as those which are *exclusively* worthy of adoption by mankind. When a question comes before you, you are unacquainted with its history—it is to your extravagant and party minds something wholly novel, having no antecedents, and requiring a prompt and definitive solution. But, gentlemen, this is not the manner in which a government of a great empire can decide questions, which relate to whole masses of humanity. It is not thus that the fate of Poland is to be determined on. France forms part of a family far greater than one you would restrict her to, for you would only have for her allies people in revolt against the old governments of the world. France belongs to the one great European family of thrones, governments, and people; and she has no more right to decide on vast questions without consulting the other members of that family, than they would have the right to decide on other questions without her."

("But they *have* decided without her," cries M. Berryer, and a buzz of approbation is heard in the public galleries.)

"I say, sir, they have *not* decided without her," exclaims M. Thiers, in a voice which fails from his excitement; "and the government of the king would know how to resent with force and with dignity any attempt to insult or to degrade France in the estimation of the world."

("Ancona," cries Berryer; "you abandoned Ancona.")

"To be sure we did," retorts M. Thiers; "for to have remained there would have been an act of folly and madness."

("You are right—you are right," cry the Centres *en masse* again; and for some minutes all is confusion.)

This is just what M. Thiers has studied to bring about. "To divide" is with him "to conquer;" and he has effected his purpose. But he has still one more trick to play, and then he may return to his ministerial bench? What is that trick?—It is this.—To fall with his heaviest artillery upon M. Berryer, as the chief of the Legitimist party, and to destroy, if he can, the impression which he sees has been made on the minds of some, and which, through the press, may influence still more, that the Legitimists are more *really* patriotic and popular in their views and policy, than are the men of the Gauche, the Buonapartists, the Republicans, and the Government itself. So he begins:—

"But what is the most extraordinary in all this *charivari* against the government, is the reproachful and curious language of the friends of the fallen dynasty! What is the great conquest of which the Restoration has to boast? What the magnanimous act which the honorable member (alluding to M. Berryer) has to adduce on behalf of that era of glory and fame?"

(M. Berryer exclaims, "The emancipation of Greece!")

"I thought you would say that," retorts the little man; "but *who* effected that emancipation? Was it France *alone*, separating herself from the other members of the one great European family, and acting on her own will and her own independent responsibility?—You know it was not. She was one of three great powers, acting in concert, and as one man."

(Once more the Centres rise delighted *en masse*, and the little minister is for a long time unable to proceed.)

But I must not continue at any greater length this *échantillon* of the sort of tact and oratory in which M. Thiers excels. Those who know the French Chambers will corroborate its accuracy, and those who do not will, I hope, still believe in the fidelity of the description. His merit as a tactician is his knowing well his men; and his adroitness consists, in securing a majority; or, if not, at least of being defeated without clamor, noise, or 'the absolute necessity for resignation.

Thiers's greatest aversions in public life

are Count Molé and Marshal Soult. They have, at different epochs of his short and notorious career, looked on him so disdainfully, spoken of him so disparagingly, and treated him so unsparingly, that he cannot possibly forgive them. Count Molé cannot forget the measures taken by M. Thiers, in conjunction with Guizot and Barrot, to overthrow the cabinet of which he was chief. He cannot forget that the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved in vain; that Louis Philippe in vain showed his confidence in, and love for, that minister, by visiting him at his château; and that the old majority against him was perpetuated in a new Chamber, so that his resignation was inevitable. This was all the result of the united efforts of Thiers, Guizot, and Barrot. On the other hand, Marshal Soult cannot forget that M. Thiers refused to accept his presidency over a cabinet, laughed both in public and private at the *Hero of Toulouse*, and gave him the direct lie as to what had transpired in the course of some long negotiations for the formation of a new ministry. Thiers called the Molé administration "*the Polar Bear Cabinet*,"—Russian in its origin, oppressive in its character, and cold in its heart."—Many other gibes and jokes he had at its expense, and many more still were aimed by him at the old marshal, whose good-natured confidential friends were good enough "to consider it to be their *duty* to repeat to him the *insolent* inuendoes of the impertinent M. Thiers." The result could not be doubtful. Marshal Soult looks on the little minister as his sworn foe.

When Marshal Soult was asked by the king on one occasion to forget animosities, and, for the sake of the public service, to form a ministerial alliance with M. Thiers, the former is reported to have replied, "There was nothing that Marshal Soult would not do to prove his devotedness to his king, except to disgrace the laurels he had won on the field of battle." This was conclusive. On the other hand, M. Thiers, when charged with the task of forming a cabinet by Louis Philippe, made but one *sine quâ non* before he undertook the task, and that was, that on no account should the marshal be expected or invited to become a member. The marshal is a blunt, honest old man, with no other than military talents, but he has a fair and deserved reputation for bravery and patriotism, and in spite of all the jealousies and bickerings of his opponents, his word is looked on as sacred, and his promise as sure of being fulfilled.

There are some passages in the life of M.

Thiers which are as curious as they are contradictory, and demonstrate that he is only governed in his public career by selfish considerations. The first is, that after having combated with energy and success for several years under various secondary chiefs, and then as chief himself of his own cabinet, in favor of the personal influence and control of the king, notwithstanding his oft repeated declaration under the restoration, that in a constitutional monarchy "the king reigns, but does not govern," he returned to that very maxim after having for years abandoned it; when to return to it was necessary once more to place him in power. The revolution of 1830 was made, according to M. Thiers (when it suited him to say so), in order to preserve to France the benefit of a *real* parliamentary government; and yet during the years he had acted as minister to Louis Philippe, certainly no one had troubled himself less about the will or the opinion of the Chambers than M. Thiers himself. But when he perceived that France had become weary of agitation, and had made up her mind rather to submit to the aristocracy of such men as Count Molé, with his long line of noble ancestry, than to be cajoled and degraded by the democracy of Adolphe Thiers, the latter raised the cry of "The Charter is in danger: we shall have an absolute monarchy and a favorite;" and the cry being caught up by the populace, by the journals, and by extreme parties, it became successful. This was not principle but diplomacy, and not diplomacy for the good of the country, but solely for himself. There is a *second* passage in the short public life of M. Thiers, which is also by no means creditable either to his generalship or his consistency. I allude to his conduct with regard to a *French Intervention* in the affairs of SPAIN. When Louis Philippe discovered that one of his own ministers with whom he was in almost daily conference was directing, by means of the telegraph, the marching of troops towards the Pyrenees, in order to prepare for an invasion of Spain under the specious title of "*an armed coalition*," he was not less astounded at the impertinence, than he was indignant at the secrecy, of his secretary or foreign affairs. But how lamentable is the fact, that M. Thiers was a large speculator in the Spanish funds, for his own benefit, at the very moment he was directing the movements of the telegraph! Himself, his agent H—, and his stock-brokers, were alone in the secret: whilst his king, and his own coadjutors in office, were kept in a state of blessed ignorance relative

to his decisions and his military movements.

There is a *third* passage in the life of this extraordinary personage which is quite as remarkable as those which I have already noticed; I mean his violence against the English government, in relation to the Syrian question, after years of apparent approval of a close alliance between France and Great Britain. When I say extraordinary, I mean inconsistent, absurd, ludicrous. For according to one meaning of the word *extraordinary*, his conduct was in perfect harmony with his innate selfishness, since his object in exaggerating the importance of the Eastern question was in order to secure to himself a return to power. He hoped to overthrow a cabinet; to accede to office; to take the helm of the state vessel, by means of raising a cry against England; joining thus his voice and his authority to the rebels and rioters of all factions who loved war and anarchy, because by them they hoped personally to profit. Never were such tremendous efforts made as at that period by M. Thiers, and by his many-headed confederates, to force the king and the government to war, by exciting public opinion, and even intimidating the constitutional Chambers. All that could be effected by the journals, the schools, the students, the demagogues, the secret societies, was set in motion to increase the agitation, and to drive even the populace to fury. Why was all this? Why did M. Thiers at that time receive at his residence political agitators from whom he had separated in 1831, and whom he had not only attacked, but even persecuted? Was France in danger from secret or avowed, from internal or from external enemies? Or had any organized conspiracy been discovered against her dignity and importance? Decidedly not! The whole secret lay in this; Lord Palmerston had at last discovered what others had found out years before, that M. Thiers was not to be trusted; and as the latter knew too well that that discovery had been made, he became the bitterest foe of the English alliance.

The last passage in the life of M. Thiers upon which I shall especially remark, was his conduct at the death of the late Duke of Orleans with respect to the REGENCY BILL. It is not, perhaps, generally known in England that the late young duke had a good deal of friendship for M. Thiers. His royal highness was much more warlike in his propensities than the king, and in M. Thiers he thought he saw a sort of stop-gap in case of need, which would satisfy

the liberal party in the event of the demise of his royal father. Besides which the duke had heard in his opening life so much about "liberty" and "progress" at the Palais Royal, and at Neuilly, when his father was surrounded by the Benjamin Constants, Lamarques, Lafayettes Periers, Foys, and Laffittes of those days, that when he came to be a king's son he had not forgotten what had passed when he was simply the young Duke of Chartres. When, then, the royal family of France was suddenly deprived of the heir apparent to the throne, M. Thiers, feeling that not only he had no present grandeur, but that even the future offered no brilliant hopes or expectations, he expressed himself everywhere in the strongest terms as to the measures which ought to be adopted. That the Duke de Nemours was no admirer of him, M. Thiers was quite assured. So he turned to the Duchess of Orleans as the regent for the Count of Paris, and would have raised such a clamor, such confusion, and such a violent outbreak in the nations as had not been heard of since the insurrection of 1834, but that Louis Philippe sent for him, consulted him, flattered him, and—all we know is, wholly subdued him. But *how* was this change effected? What new light so *suddenly* broke in upon his mind? He passed from south to north with an unaccountable rapidity, and that fact will undoubtedly never be forgotten.

"Other times, other conduct," M. Thiers would reply; but even this answer will break down, and be wholly untenable, when it is remembered that between the time of his threatened opposition and of his ready assent, no adequate period had passed, no new events had taken place, nothing but an interview with royalty had occurred. And was M. Thiers the man who had coalesced against the personal government of the king, and who had defeated his sovereign's will and policy at the general elections, and in the face of the whole nation; was he a person who had so much deference for royal authority as at once to acquiesce in his monarch's views, without some weightier argument than words being used in his favor? This passage in his life will remain unexplained and unexplainable.

Perhaps I shall be asked, What will be his destinies? Will he settle down into the character of an historian? Will his now preparing *History of the Empire* be succeeded by one, more colossal and general, of the French monarchy and nation? Or, will he "abide his time," and wait in comparative seclusion until the death of Louis Philippe

(which God forbid should at present take place!) shall once more introduce him into the arena of official life? Or will he look out for the first favorable opening which may take place,—for the first propitious gale which may blow, holding that the means are consecrated by the end, and that “all’s well that ends well?” I think this will be his line of policy. It is in perfect accordance with his past; and I should not be astonished to find him buckling his little body to the triumphal car of the Count Molé or the Duke de Broglie. In fact, “*all by myself, and for myself,*” is the phrase that will best explain his policy and his life. Whether that policy will eventually place him in the ranks of statesmen time only can decide; but I have a sincere conviction that the contrary will be the result of his multitudinous and incongruous courses.

But there he is, little man, there he is, rushing to the Chamber of Deputies. He has a roll of paper in his hand, and Jollivet, the deputy, is almost galloping by his side. The ex-minister is in a passion. What is it about? He is still ferocious against England; but he has another ground of fury now,—either real or assumed. There he goes, there he goes; he enters the chamber, takes his seat, looks sardonically around him, screws up his little mouth, and bites his little lips; you may be sure that something is brewing. Oh, yes!—he ascends the tribune, and declares himself once more “a man of the centres!” He denounces the opposition! they are incompetent,—they know not *how* to rule,—they are weak and wishy-washy; and he bids them adieu in the face of France and of the world. But for how long? I cannot tell; since M. Thiers will always be regarded as the very condensed essence of weathercockism. Alas! alas! he is not the *only* GIROUETTE in France, as we shall unhappily see in an early sketch of DE LANARTINE!

M. Thiers!—farewell!

ZODIAC OF DENDERAH.—The discussion relating to the zodiac of Denderah has chiefly occupied the late meetings of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. As an episode of his essay on the zodiac, M. Biot read some observations on certain dates in the Rosetta inscription, in the explanation of which he differs from M. Letronne, to which M. Letronne made a brief answer. M. Lenormant proposes to read, at a subsequent meeting, some observations in support of M. Biot’s opinions on this subject. M. de Sauley has succeeded in deciphering the whole of the Demotic text of the Rosetta inscription, which he explains directly by means of the Coptic. It was stated to the Académie by M. Letronne, that a complete explanation of this inscription had formerly been made by Champollion, but not published.—*Literary Gazette.*

VOL. II. NO. I.

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HANDLEY-CROSS.

From the Quarterly Review—April.

Handley-Cross; or the Spa-Hunt. London. 1843. 3 vols. 12mo.

FROM the days of John Gilpin down to those of John Jorrocks the doings of our citizens have had interest for country as well as for town. The furthest removed, whether in station or location, like to know how the Londoners proper live—how and where they ride, fish, shoot—above all, whereabouts, and after what fashion, they *hunt*. Still there has always been an unworthy leaning to disparage and ridicule the powers of the East; as if it were not hard enough in all conscience for people to be cooped up in bricks and mortar all the year, without having the slow pointing finger of scorn proclaiming them cockneys whenever they venture forth for a breath of fresh air. “The unkindest cut of all” is, that city sportsmen are mainly indebted to city pencils and city pens for this unenviable notoriety.

The late Mr. Seymour, for instance, (a thorough-bred cockney), published as many sketches as filled half-a-dozen volumes, of which the field-sports of Londoners formed the staple, and which will outlive his more elaborate productions. Nobody can resist the fun of some of these delineations—especially in the fishing and shooting departments. At one page we have a country practitioner (a jolly-looking clown in a smock-frock) about “to serve an ejection;” that is to say, shove a smart fisherman into a river in which he is poaching; and hard by we have a *City swell*, with shot-belt and gun, pointing to a dead sparrow across a piece of water, and exclaiming to a plethoric pugdog—“Fetch it, Prim; fetch it: vy, vot a perverse dog you are!” We have two urchins with one gun, tugging along a poodle pup with a great heavy chain; the puller observing to the shooter—“Vot vith buying powder and shot, and keeping that ’ere sporting dog, shooting’s werry expensive!” A few Numbers further on, we have a sportsman taking a deliberate aim at a Billy-goat on a bank by a cottage; while his companion, as he opens a sack, exclaims—“Make sure of him, Bob; I’m told it’s as good as wenison.” Then comes a tattered ruffian seizing a common-councilman just about to fire—“Vot the divil are you shooting at through the hedge?” “‘Ares!” “Them ’ere brown things arn’t hares—them’s gipsy babbies!”

Strype enumerates respectfully among the recreations of the Londoners in his own day (the reign of George I.) “riding on

horseback and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds when the common hunt goes out." We need hardly say, indeed, that the maintenance of a pack of hounds formed a part of the expenses of many of the corporations in former times, just as the donation of purses or pieces of plate to the race meetings does at present. But even in Strype's day the joking had begun—witness Tom D'Urfev on the Lord Mayor's field-day :—

"Once a year into Essex a hunting they do go;
To see 'em pass along O'tis a most pretty show:
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch street and so to
Aldgate pump,

Each man with 's spurs in 's horse's sides, and his
backword cross his rump

My Lord he takes a staff in hand to beat the bushes
o'er;

I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before.

A creature bounceth from the bush, which made
them all to laugh;

My lord he cried, A hare, a hare! but it proved an
Essex calf.*

We like the Londoners—their joyous enthusiasm is like the hearty gaiety of a girl at her first ball, while the listlessness of many of what are called regular sportsmen resembles the inertness of the *belle* of many seasons. Colonel Cook, who hunted what may be called a cockney country—part of Essex—bears testimony to the excellence of their characters :—

"Should you happen to keep hounds," says he, "at no great distance from London, you will find many of the inhabitants of that capital (cockneys, if you please) *good sportsmen*, well mounted, and riding well to hounds: they never interfere with the management of them in the field, contribute liberally to the expense, and pay their subscriptions regularly. . . . Whenever I went to town I received the greatest kindness and hospitality from these gentlemen; capital dinners, and the choicest wines. We occasionally went the best pace over *the mahogany*, often ran the *Portuguese* a sharp burst, and whoooped many a long-corked *Frenchman*!"†

Be it observed, that there is a wide difference between the London sportsman and the London sporting-man. The former loves the country, and rushes eagerly at early dawn to enjoy a long day's diversion, while the latter

* Pills to purge Melancholy—1719.

† Observations on Fox-Hunting, p. 148. The derivation of *cockney* has gravelled our philologists.—Meric Casaubon is clear for *σικωνιως*—not a bad bit of pedantry;—but we have little doubt it is a diminutive of *coke*, i. e. *cook*; and from the same root probably are the French *coquin* and *coquette*: for the levities and vices of the townfolk are all associated in the primitive rustic mind with the one overwhelming idea of devotion to delicate fare.

Dr. Richardson's earliest example is from Chaucer's *Reeve's Tale* :—

"And when this jape is told another day,
I shall be halden a daffe [fool] or a Cokenay."

is a street-lounging, leather plating idiot, who feels quite unhappy "off the stones." If railroads had effected no greater good, they had yet earned our eternal gratitude for diminishing, if not annihilating, that most disgusting of all disgusting animals, the would-be stage-coachman. Not that we object to gentlemen driving four in hand—if well, so much the better for their own necks—but we groan over those benighted youths who, while following the occupation, think it incumbent to descend to the manners, the gestures, and the articulation of the "regulars," who touch their hats to ladies, and turn their toes and jerk out an elbow to their male friends. There was a smart paper in a recent number of that justly popular miscellany, the *New Sporting Magazine*, wherein this "Sporting Tiger" is well portrayed :—

"The only possible mistake that may be made in judging of him by his skin may be in taking him for an opulent book-keeper at a coach-office, or for an omnibus cad who has inherited largely. He usually wears a broadish-brimmed hat, furnished with a loop and string to secure it to his head in tempestuous weather, and a long-waisted dark coat, with a wishid hem in lieu of a collar, and with astoundingly wide-apart hind buttons, but very loose and ample in the skirts; his neck-cloth is generally white, and tied so as to display as much of his poll as possible; his waist-coat is easy, long, and groomish in cut, whilst his trousers are close-fitting, short, and secured under a thick, round-toed, well-cleaned boot, by a long narrow strap. His great coat, wrapper, coatoon, pea-jacket, or whatever he may please to call it, is indescribably bepatched, bestiched, and bepocketed—constructed on the plan best calculated to afford extraordinary facilities for getting at halfpence to pay turnpikes with rapidity, and for withstanding unusual inclemency of weather in an exposed situation. He saunters about with a sort of jaunty swagger, twitching his head on one side about thrice in a minute; he carries a slight switch in his hand, with which he deliberately rehearses, as he strolls along, the outline of a severe double-thonging with which he means to surprise his team—when he sets up one. What appears to interest him above all things in this sublunary scene are the family affairs of stage-coachmen, and the success or failure of the coaches committed to their charge. He would rather be accosted familiarly before witnesses by Brighton Bill than by the Duke of Wellington."

Such figures as this used to be very familiar to all who saw the arrival or the departure of "The Age" or "The Times;" but they are now rare. There survives, however, another and a still lower grade of London sporting-men—lower in rank—lower in every thing—who tend materially to bring the fair fame of our citizens into disrepute. We allude to the steeple-chase and hurdle-race riders. We denounce the whole system. It is bad in every

point of view—cruel, dangerous, and useless—cruel to horses, dangerous to riders, and useless in all its results—except, indeed, the frequent riddance it makes of fools. What can be more cruel than rewarding a noble animal who has carried his rider gallantly throughout the winter, when his legs want rest and refreshment, by a butchering race across country, without the wonted stimulus in the cry of hounds—and all for a few sovereigns sweepstake? What can be more dangerous than the pranks of a set of hot-headed youths, roused perhaps with the false courage of brandy, setting off to gallop straight across an artificially-fenced country, against *captains* who don their titles with their jackets, and retire after the race into the privacy of grooms or stable-men? If it is the speed of the horse that the owner wishes to ascertain, the smooth race-course is the place for that; and as to saying that hunters must be able “to go the pace,” we answer, that hounds must go even faster than they do to require the pace that steeple-chases are ridden at. Every day sees the hunting countries becoming more inclosed; and it is supposing that the hedges are no impediment to the fox and hounds to say it is necessary to ride a horse “full tilt,” and “at score” while they are running. No doubt there are bursts, but there are few without some breathing time—and at any rate the excitement of the hounds lends an impetus to the horse, which the spur of the steeple-chaser can never supply.

An amusing book might be written on the “genuine sportsmen” of this our great city; and we heartily wish Mr. Surtees of Hemsterly Hall, Northumberland, to whom we are indebted for the volumes named at the head of this paper, would undertake the job.

We believe the Epping Hunt was taken up after the downfall of the city pack by Tom Rounding and his brother Dick. Dick died in 1813, leaving Tom, who, though now, alas! dead too, will never die in the annals of the chase. He has been celebrated by Hood—but the greatest compliment perhaps that could be paid him was that the Epping Hunt died with him. Happy we are to think that with our editorial ubiquity we once joined the Epping Hunt. Though somewhat shorn of its glory—still Tom Rounding was there—the living likeness of George III.—the courteous host of the Horse and Groom at Woodford Wells:—

“A snow-white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush,
A claret tint laid on by Health
With Master Reynard’s brush!”

We know not if Tom Rounding felt the contempt that most old fox-hunters do for stag-hunting—but certainly, the day we had the honor of attending, there was not much energy in the out-of-doors department. A stupid-looking hind, its head garnished with dingy ribbons, was uncartered before a dozen yelping unsizeable hounds, whom no exertions or persuasions of a blowsy whipper-in clad in green, with the peak of his cap turned behind to conduct the rain down his back, could induce to pack together; and after a circuitous struggle of a mile or so, hind, hounds, and horsemen found themselves at the back of the Horse and Groom—with the real business of the day yet to commence.

But Surrey was the great scene of action. Ten years ago, in that county, there were three packs of fox-hounds, one of stag-hounds, and innumerable packs of harriers. When Mr. Jorrocks, whose exploits we are now approaching, wanted to astonish his friend the Yorkshireman with the brilliancy of Surrey doings, and mounted him for a day with “them ’ounds,” they overtook near Croydon a gentleman reading a long list decorated with a stag-hunt at the top, choosing which pack he should go to, just as one reads the play-bills during a “Temperance Corner” dinner, to see which theatre is best worth patronizing.

We cannot allude to those days without giving a word to the late “Parson Harvey of Pimlico,” as he was generally called. Many of our readers will remember a tall, eccentric, horse-breaker-looking individual, dressed in an old black coat, with drab breeches and gaiters, lounging up and down the Park on a thorough-bred and frequently hooded horse: that was the Rev. Mr. Harvey, an enthusiastic lover of the animal, and the owner of many valuable horses. He was an amiable, inoffensive man, and an oracle in horse-flesh, particularly where racing matters were concerned. His last appearance in public was on Newmarket Heath, whither he was drawn in a bed-carriage, his feeble head propped up with pillows, to see the produce of some favorite win his race. But let it not be supposed that Mr. Harvey had no regard for religious duties: far from it. Though without preferment, and long before the *Tracts* were heard of, he was a *daily* attendant at Church: morning-service at Westminster Abbey invariably included him among its congregation. His style of doing this, however, had something of peculiarity about it. Disdaining to walk, and being, moreover, an economist, he hit upon an expedient for provid-

ing shelter for his horse without the expense of a livery-stable. His long equestrian exercises wearing out much iron, he always rode that horse to the Abbey which most wanted shoeing, and so got standing room at a neighboring smithy; but as a set of shoes a-day would more than supply his stud, the worthy parson had only one shoe put on at a time, so that each horse got four turns!

Mr. Daniel (in his "Rural Sports") relates a singular instance of London keenness and management, which may be placed in contrast with the extravagance of modern establishments:—

"Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney [a connexion, no doubt, of the modern "squire"] supported himself, with half-a-dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, upon sixty pounds *per annum*. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed that, after the expiration of office-hours, Mr. Osbaldeston acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in *offal*. The choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the *garret*. His horses were lodged in his *cellar*, and fed on grains from a neighboring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a cornchandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week in the season he hunted; and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose ground he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen (struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known) winked at his going over their manors. Mr. Osbaldeston was the younger son of a gentleman of good family but small fortune in the north of England; and, having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound big with pup, and whose offspring from that time became a source of amusement to him."

We have already alluded to one change that railroads have effected in the sporting department of London life; but that was a trifle. All England has been contracted, as it were, within the span of our metropolis. Sportsmen who rose by candlelight, and with difficulty accomplished a Croydon or Barnet meet by eleven, can now start, horse and all, by the early train, and take the cream of Leicestershire for their day! The Yorkshire hills resound to the guns that formerly alarmed only Hampstead and Highgate; and the lazy Lea is deserted for the rushing Tweed or sparkling Teviot. No wonder, therefore, that we should now find our old friend Mr. Jorrocks on a new and comparatively distant field of action.

Many hasty critics accused the author of "Jorrocks's Jaunts and Jollities" (1838) of plagiarizing Pickwick and Co., regardless of the preface, which stated that the chapters "were reprinted from the New Sporting Magazine, wherein they had appeared between the years 1831 and 1834," long before Mr. Dickens emerged into public notice. We will venture to say that the sire of Jorrocks would no more think of such a thing as filching another man's style than would the more prolific "Boz." How far the popularity of "The Jaunts" may have induced certain publishers to wish for a Cockney sportsman of their own is another matter; but the dialect of Jorrocks was and is his own; and we must equally disclaim on the part of our independent friend, as respects character, all claniship or sympathy with the soft Mr. Pickwick. Jorrocks is a sportsman to the backbone. Pickwick's real merits are many and great: but thorough ignorance of all appertaining to sporting was his prime qualification for the chairmanship of the club—a true *cockney* according to Skinner's definition, "Vir urbanus, rerum rusticarum prorsus ignarus;" nor need Hickes's addition be omitted, "Gulæ et ventri deditus."

In these volumes the character of the sporting grocer is brought out in still more perfect developement than in the production of 1838; but they embrace a view of the history of Handley Cross, both as a watering-place and a rival to Melton Mowbray, previous to his advent in the locality of his new adventures. We are willing to quote freely from this preliminary part, as many of our readers may know and care little about hunts, but few or none of them can have avoided some acquaintance with spas; and we wish to show them that our author, though a crack sportsman, is quite awake upon a variety of subjects besides. For example, we believe the following account of the medical worthies who first made the Handley waters famous will be allowed to equal in accuracy and far surpass in spirit any parallel record that could be cited from the pages of Granville:—

"One Roger Swizzle, a roistering, red-faced, roundabout apothecary, who had somewhat impaired his constitution by his jolly performances while walking the hospitals in London, had settled at Appledove, a small market-town in the vale, where he enjoyed a considerable want of practice in common with two or three other fortunate brethren. Hearing of a mineral spring at Handley Cross, which, according to usual country tradition, was capable of 'curing every thing,' he tried it on himself, and either the water or the exercise in walking to and fro had a

very beneficial effect on his digestive powers. He analyzed its contents, and, finding the ingredients he expected, he set himself to work to turn it to his own advantage. Having secured a lease of the spring, he took the late Stephen Dump-ling's house on the green, where, at one or other of its four front windows, a numerous tribe of little Swizzles might be seen flattening their noses against the panes. Roger possessed every requisite for a great experimental practitioner—assurance, a wife and large family, and scarcely any thing to keep them on.

"Being a shrewd sort of fellow, he knew there was nothing like striking out a new light for attracting notice, and the more that light was in accordance with the wishes of the world, the more likely was it to turn to his own advantage. Half the complaints of the upper classes he knew arose from over-eating and indolence, so he thought, if he could originate a doctrine that with the use of Handley Cross waters people might eat and drink what they pleased, his fortune would be as good as made. Aided by the local press, he succeeded in drawing a certain attention to the water, the benefit of which soon began to be felt by the villagers of the place; and the landlord of the Fox and Grapes had his stable constantly filled with gigs and horses of the visitors. Presently lodgings were sought after, and carpeting began to cover the before sanded staircases of the cottages. These were soon found insufficient; and an enterprising bricklayer got up a building society for the erection of a row of four-roomed cottages, called the Grand Esplanade. Others quickly followed, the last undertaking always eclipsing its predecessor.

"'Ah, I see how it is,' he would say, as a gouty alderman slowly disclosed the symptoms. 'Soon set you on your legs again. Was far worse myself. All stomach sir—all stomach—three-fourths of our complaints arise from stomach;' stroking his corpulent protuberancy with one hand, and twisting his patient's button with the other. 'Clean you well out, and then strengthen the system. Dine with me at five, and we will talk it all over.'

"To the great and dignified he was more ceremonious. 'You see, Sir Harry,' he would say, '*it's all done by eating!* More people dig their graves with their teeth than we imagine. Not that I would deny you the good things of this world, but I would recommend a few at a time, and *no mixing*. No side dishes. No liqueurs—only two or three wines. Whatever your stomach fancies, *give it!* Begin now, to-morrow, with the waters. A pint before breakfast—half an hour after, tea, fried ham and eggs, brown bread, and a walk. Luncheon—another pint—a roast pigeon and fried potatoes, then a ride. Dinner at six, *not later, mind*; gravy soup, glass of sherry, nice fresh turbot and lobster-sauce—wouldn't recommend salmon—another glass of sherry—then a good cut out of the *middle* of a well-browned saddle of mutton—wash it over with a few glasses of iced champagne—and if you like a little light pastry to wind up with, well and good. A pint of old port and a deviled biscuit can hurt no man. *Mind*, no salads, or cucumbers, or celery, at dinner, or

fruit after. Turtle-soup is very wholesome, so is venison. Don't let the punch be too acid though. Drink the waters, live on a *regimen*, and you'll be well in no time.'

"We beg pardon for not having drawn a more elaborate sketch of Mr. Swizzle before. In height he was exactly five feet eight, and forty years of age. He had a long, fat, red face, with little twinkling black eyes, set high in his forehead, surmounted by fullish eyebrows and short bristly iron-gray hair, brushed up like a hedgehog's back. His nose was snub, and he rejoiced in an ample double chin, rendered more conspicuous by the tightness of an ill-tied white neckcloth, and the absence of all whisker or hair from his face. A country-made snuff-colored coat, black waistcoat, and short greenish-drab trousers, with high-lows, were the adjuncts of his short ungainly figure. A peculiarly good-natured smile hovered round the dimples of his fat cheeks, which set a patient at ease on the instant. This, with his unaffected, cherry, free and easy manner, and the comfortable nature of his prescriptions, gained him innumerable patients. That to some he did good there is no doubt. The mere early rising and exercise he insisted upon would renovate a constitution impaired by too close application to business and bad air; while the gourmands, among whom his principal practice lay, would be benefited by abstinence and regular hours. The water, no doubt, had its merits, but, as usual, was greatly aided by early rising, pure air, the absence of cares, regular habits, and the other advantages which mineral waters invariably claim as their own. One thing the Doctor never wanted—a reason why it did not cure. If a patient went back on his hands, he soon hit off an excuse—'you surely didn't dine off goose on Michaelmas-day?' or 'Hadh't you some fiberts for dessert?' &c.—all which information he got from the servants or shopkeepers of the place. When a patient died on his hands, he would say, 'He was as good as dead when he came.'—vol. i. p. 23.

It is an old adage, that wherever there is room for one great doctor there must be an opening for a second. Accordingly, the hearty John Bull of the faculty is soon elbowed by an interesting foreigner:—

"Determined to be Swizzle's opposite in every particular, he was studiously attentive to his dress. Not that he indulged in gay colors, but his black suit fitted without a wrinkle, and his thin dress boots shone with patent polish; turned-back cambric wristbands displayed the snowy whiteness of his hand, and set off a massive antique ring or two. He had four small frills to his shirt, and an auburn-hair chain crossed his broad roll-collared waistcoat, and passed a most diminutive Geneva watch into his pocket. He was a widower. Mystery being his object, he avoided the public gaze. Unlike Roger Swizzle, who either trudged from patient to patient, or whisked about in a gig, Dr. Sebastian Mello drove to and fro in a claret-colored fly, drawn by dun ponies. Through the plate-glass windows a glimpse of his reclining figure might be caught, lolling lux-

uriously in the depths of its swelling cushions, or musing complacently with his chin on a massive gold-headed cane. With the men he was shy and mysterious; but he could talk and flatter the women into a belief that they were almost as clever as himself.

"Portraits appeared at the windows, bespeaking the characters of each—Swizzle sat with a patient at a round table, indulging in a bee-winged bottle of port, while Mello reclined in a curiously carved chair, one be-ringed hand supporting his flowing-locked head, and the other holding a book. Swizzle's was painted by the artist who did the attractive window-blind at the late cigar-shop in the Piccadilly Circus, while Sebastian was indebted to Grant for the gentlemanly ease that artist invariably infuses into his admirable portraits."—vol. i. p. 31.

Of course, as soon as the visitors began to muster strong at the new spa, a Master of the Ceremonies must be elected: but we regret that we cannot class the lucky candidate for this high office, Captain Miserrimus Doleful, with either the rough and jolly *Æsculapius* of Handley Cross, or his abstemious and dandified rival. The M. C. is a mere caricature; and we resent especially the extravagant blunder the author has made in representing him as the chosen pet of Mrs. Barnington—a splendid Leeds lady, no longer in her first bloom indeed, but in the full magnificence of her matronly development. The husband of this Queen of Handley, a rich Cheshire squire, is as sick of his wife as she is of him—but though, under such circumstances, some extraneous flirtation might have seemed within the limits of the probable, that such a lady should have chosen to console herself with a poor, battered, ghastly Militia Captain is a monstrous incredibility. At the same time, if we can overlook this glaring blunder, the scenes between the wife, the husband, and the swain are very cleverly sustained—so much so, that we fully expect to see them pillaged by the theatres. Some other characters of less importance, but all very nicely sketched, need not detain us.

At the period after the waters first began to be frequented, there was on the spot a primitive farmer's pack of hounds—trencher-fed, as they are called—that is to say, where every man kept one. As the place proceeds to expand, a little more ambition is apparent in the hunting department. Michael Hardy, a knowing, comfortable yeoman, takes the lead, and under his auspices the pack acquires some provincial distinction. That eminent character, however, is after one glorious day's sport run to ground—gathered to his fathers; and very serious difficulty occurs as to the discovery of a fit successor—that is to say, a

master who should be qualified to give the concern a still more effectual lift in the eyes of the world.

Fortunately several influential members had perused the "*Jaunts and Jollities*," and after a lengthened negotiation the celebrated Mr. Jorrocks was prevailed upon to accept the vacant post. We must allow his biographer to introduce the prince of grocers:—

"At the time of which we speak Mr. Jorrocks had passed the grand climacteric, and, balancing his age with less accuracy than he balanced his books, called himself between fifty and sixty. He was a stiff, square-built, middle-sized man, with a thick neck and a large round head. A woolly, broad-brimmed, lowish-crowned hat sat with a jaunty sidelong sort of air upon a bushy nut-brown wig, worn for comfort and not deception. Indeed his grey whiskers would have acted as a contradiction if he had, but deception formed no part of Mr. Jorrocks's character. He had a fine open countenance, and though his turn-up nose, little gray eyes, and rather twisted mouth, were not handsome, still there was a combination of fun and good humor in his looks that pleased at first sight, and made one forget all the rest. His dress was generally the same—a puddingy white neckcloth tied in a knot, capacious shirt-frill (shirt made without collars,) a single-breasted, high-collared buff waistcoat with covered buttons, a blue coat with metal ones—dark-blue stocking-net pantaloons, and Hessian boots with large tassels, displaying the liberal dimensions of his well-turned limbs. The coat-pockets were outside, and the back buttons far apart.

"His business-place was in St. Botolph's Lane, in the city, but his residence was in Great Coram Street. This is rather a curious locality, city people considering it west, while those in the west consider it east. The fact is that Great Coram Street is somewhere about the centre of London, near the London University, and not a great way from the Euston station of the Birmingham railway. Neat, unassuming houses form the sides, and the west end is graced with a building that acts the double part of a reading-room and swimming-bath—"literature and lavenment" is over the door.

"In this region the dazzling glare of civic pomp and courtly state are equally unknown. Fifteen-year-old foot-boys, in cotton velveteens and variously fitting coats, being the objects of ambition, while the rattling of pewter pots about four o'clock denotes the usual dinner-hour.—It is a nice quiet street, highly popular with Punch and other public characters."—vol. i. pp. 120–122.

The readers of the '*Jaunts*' will perceive that the hero of Great Coram Street has advanced considerably in years since the date of his Surrey feats and the trip to Paris with *Countess Benwolio*; but his taste and manners preserve very much the old stamp. Mrs. Jorrocks is still as fat and nearly as comely as she used to be—as proud and perhaps as

jealous of the great man : the niece Belinda has from a pale little threadpaper girl become a plump, rosy charmer, slightly given to coquetry—but at heart good, and really very pretty. Batsy, the maid, is still what we remember—handsome, active, clever, managing—a principal personage in the establishment, and possessing special influence over her master. Benjamin, the boy, is as short as when Jorrocks picked him out of the Pentonville Poorhouse—but his wits have been considerably sharpened from living several years under the roof, and occasionally partaking in the sporting excursions, of so eminent a connoisseur.

Mr. J. and family tear themselves from Great Coram Street, and proceed to the *Terminus* in the same elegant vehicle which we had admired of old on the cover-side near Croydon—a roomy, double-bodied phaëton, sky-blue body, red wheels picked out with black—Jorrocks and Belinda in front, Mrs. J. and Betsy behind—the two celebrated steeds of all-work, Xerxes, and *Arter-Xerxes*, tandemwise—Benjamin riding postilion on the leader. In two or three short hours they are carried over what used to be a long-day's journey, and arrive at the Handley Cross Station of the Lily-white sand Railway, recently opened for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with that useful article. The principal members of the hunting club are in waiting, with the charity boys and girls in their Sunday clothes, the Spa band, and in fact the *élite* of the now fashionable place. Mr. Jorrocks is received amidst tumultuous demonstrations of curiosity and respect. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Barnington, nor any of the exclusives, have been let in to the grocer-ship—Mr. J. has been to them merely 'a wealthy gentleman engaged in commercial pursuits'—and if the appearance of himself and his party be somewhat less imposing than had been anticipated, much toleration is extended to the caprices of a sporting *millionnaire*. No doubt the regular equipages are to come down by the slower train in the afternoon.

"Mr. Jorrocks, pulling short up, stood erect in the vehicle, and taking off his low-crowned hat bowed and waved it repeatedly to the company, while Mrs. Jorrocks acknowledged the compliment by frequent kisses of her hand, and Belinda's face became suffused with blushes at the publicity and novelty of her situation.—Having sufficiently exercised their lungs, hats began to rest upon their owners' heads, handkerchiefs were returned to their reticules, and amid a general buzz and exclamation of applause a rush was made at the carriage to get a closer view of Belinda. 'By Jove, what a beautiful girl!' exclaimed Captain Percival, eyeing Belinda through his glass. 'Did you ever see such

eyes?' asked a second. 'Handsomest creature I ever beheld! What a quiz the old girl is!' 'Is she her daughter?' inquired a third of Captain Doleful, who was busy marshalling the procession. 'Lots of money I suppose?' 'He looks like a rich fellow, with that great sack of a M'Intosh. The servant girl's not bad-looking.' 'Miss for my money, I'm in love with her already. I wish she'd stand up and let's see her size.' 'I lay a guinea she's a clipper. There's a hand! I'll be bound for it she has a good foot and ankle. None of your hairy-heel'd ones.' 'He looks like a jolly old dog. We shall have lots of dinners, I dare say.' Doleful's face wrinkled into half its usual size with delight, for he plainly saw he had made a hit; and most fortunate were those who had cultivated his friendship through the medium of the subscription-books at the libraries, for the two-guinea subscribers were immediately presented to the trio, while the guinea men were let in at intervals as the procession moved along."—vol. i. pp. 170, 171.

From the balcony of the Dragon the M. C. addresses the assembled beauty, fashion Turf, Road, and Chase of Handley Cross, in an oration, which Mrs. Jorrocks and Belinda hear from the front drawing-room with tremors of agitated delight. Doleful closes, and the great Jorrocks, having cast aside his dingy white M'Intosh, and set wig and whiskers straight, steps forth:—

"'Ow are ye all?' said Mr. Jorrocks with the greatest familiarity, nodding round to the meeting, and kissing his hand. 'Oyes you are well. You see I've come down to be master of your 'ounds, and first of all I'll explain to you what I means by the word master. Some people call a man a master of 'ounds wot sticks an 'orn in his saddle, and blows when he likes, but leaves every thing else to the 'untsman. That's not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Others call a man a master of 'ounds wot puts in the paper Mr. So-and-so's 'ounds meet on Monday, at the Loin o' Lamb; on Wednesday, at the Brisket o' Weal; and on Saturday, at the Fry-ing-pan; and after that, jest goes out or not, as suits his convenience—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Again, some call themselves masters of 'ounds, when they pay the difference atwixt the subscription and the cost, leaving the management of matters, the receipt of money, payment of damage, and all them sort of partiklars to the Secretary—but *that's* not the sort of master of 'ounds I mean to be. Still I means to ride with an 'orn in my saddle. Yonder it is, see,' said he, pointing to the package behind the carriage, 'a reg'lar Percival, silver mouth-piece, deep cupp'd—and I means to adwertise the 'ounds in the paper, and not go sneakin' about like some of them beggarly Cockney 'unts, that look more as if they were goin' to rob a hen-roost than 'unt a fox, but, havin' fixed the meets, I shall attend them most punctual and reglar, and take off my 'at to all *payin'* subscribers as they come up' (cheers.)"

How very good is Jorrocks's thus early

joining in the cry against Cockneys! He proceeds:—

“Of all situations under the sun, none is more enviable or more honorable than a master of fox-hounds! Talk of a M. P.! vot’s an M. P. compared to an M. F. H.? Your M. P. lives in a tainted atmosphere among other M. P.s. and loses his consequence by the commonness of the office, and the scoldings he gets from his constituents; but an M.F.H. holds his levee in the stable, his levee in the kennel, and his levee in the unving-field—is great and important every where—has no one to compete with him, no one to find fault, but all join in doing honor to him to whom honor is so greatly due (cheers.) And oh, John Jorrocks! my good friend,” continued the worthy grocer, fumbling the silver in his small-clothes with upturned eyes, ‘to think that you, after all the ups and downs of life—the crossings and jostlings of merchandise and ungovernable trade—the sortin of sugars—the mixing of teas—the postins of ledgers, and handlin of invoices, should have arrived at this distinguished post, is most miraculously wonderful, most singularly queer. Gentlemen, *this* is the proudest moment of my life! (cheers.) I’ve now reached the top-rail in the ladder of my ambition! (renewed cheers.) Binjimin!’ he hallooed out to the boy below; ‘Binjimin! I say, give an eye to them ’ere harticles behind the chay—the children are all among the Copenhagen brandy and marmeylad! Vy don’t you vollop ’em? Vere’s the use of furnishing you with a vip, I vonder?’

“To resume,” said he, after he had seen the back of the carriage cleared of the children, and the marmalade and things put straight. ‘Unting, as I have often said, is the sport of kings—the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger. I doesn’t know what the crazyologists may say, but I believes my head is nothin’ but one great bump of unting (cheers.)’ Unting fills my thoughts by day, and many a good run I have in my sleep. I’m none of your fine, dandified, Rotten-row swells, that only ride out to ride ’ome again, but I loves the smell of the mornin’ hair, and the werry mud on my tops when I comes home of an evenin’ is dear to my ’eart (cheers.) Oh, my friends! if I could but go to the kennel now, get out the ’ounds, find my fox, have a good chivey, and *kill* him—for no day is good to me without blood—P’d—P’d—P’d—drink three pints of port after dinner instead of two! (loud cheers.) . . . We’ll soon get acquainted, and then you’ll say that John Jorrocks is the man for your money. At present I’ve done—hoping werry soon to meet you all in the field—for the present I says adieu.”

“Hereupon Mr. Jorrocks bowed, and, kissing his hand, backed out of the balcony, leaving his auditory to talk him over at their leisure.”—vol. i. pp. 182-186.

The *dramatis personæ* are now mustered, and the play begins: but we have no desire to anticipate the satisfaction with which it is sure to be studied as a whole. It will be guessed that the plot embraces a

keen rivalry between Mrs. Barnington and Mrs. Jorrocks in the salon—while the new M. F. H. gives his morning to the kennel, his day to the field, his evenings “to the mahogany”—that public balls and fancy balls occur at proper intervals—and that the interest of the new dynasty is much promoted by the charms of Belinda. Benjamin undertakes the office of whipper-in under the tea-merchant—but Jorrocks by and by establishes, even to his own satisfaction, his incompetency to hunt the pack himself—and hereupon much trouble and alarm ensue. The grocer’s blood is up—in for a penny in for a pound: albeit the subscriptions come in poorly, a real *hunter* must be hired—otherwise the honor and glory of Great Coram Street are gone. Mr. Jorrocks advertises in “Bell’s Life,” and the letters that pour in are far too good not to be exemplified:—

“Warminster.

“Sir,—On hearing you want a huntsman, I take the liberty of writing to enquire after the place I thoroly understand my business either as groom or coachman and have been accustomed with hounds I live at present with John Jones Esq at Warminster as groom and gardner where I leave on Thursday first if you want a servant I shall be glad to serve you as I am a married man

“Your obedient servant

JOHN CRACKETHORPE.”

“To Mr. Jorrocks, Esq.,
Handley Cross,”

“Dear Sir,—I take Liberty of writing those Few Lines to you Hereing that you are In Want of A Servant And I Am In Want of A Situation If you Have No Objections And I have Been in the Racing Stables Seven Years And My Age is 23 And Stands About 65 foot 6½ And My Wages will be 30£ A year And If you thought I Should Suit You Direct to Mark Spraggon, North-fleet And for My Character Inquire of Major Barns of Horton Hall Near York And My Weight is A bout 9 stone. I am disengaged in the woman way

“Your humble Servant

MARK SPRAGGON.”

“To J. Jorrocks, Esq.
‘Fox hunter
‘Handley Cross.”

James Pigg—a Newcastle-man— or Scotchman, as Mr. Jorrocks calls him—at length obtains the envied situation, and James’s rough honesty, keenness, and local songs (or national melodies as his master phrases it) do credit to the North, whatever his drinking and swearing may do. Pigg is quite a character, and an admirable foil to the tricking, lazy rascality of the Cockney boy Benjamin.

But Benjamin has other foils. We beg to give a scene in the harness-room at the

Dragon—just before the Newcastle-man arrives. Here we have Benjamin in the full double importance of the whipper-in to a gentleman huntsman, and the London *Gamin* among snobs. The party is a most interesting one: first and foremost, seated on an inverted horse pail, immediately before the fire, appears Mr. Samuel Strong:—

In stature he was of the middle height, square-built, and terribly clumsy. Nor were the defects of nature at all counteracted by the advantages of dress, for Strong was clad in a rural suit of livery consisting of a footman's morning jacket, with a standing-up collar made of dark grey cloth, plentifully besprinkled with large brass buttons, with a raised edge, as though his master were expecting his crest from the Herald's College. Moreover, the jacket, either from an original defect in its construction, or from that propensity to shrink which inferior cloths unfortunately have, had so contracted its dimensions that the waist-buttons were half-way up Samuel's back, and the lower ones were just where the top ones ought to be. The shrinking of the sleeves placed a pair of large serviceable-looking hands in nervously striking relief. The waistcoat, broad blue and white stripe made up lengthwise, was new, and probably the tailor, bemoaning the scanty appearance of Sam's nether man, had determined to make some atonement to his front, for the waistcoat extended full four inches below his coat, and concealed the upper part of a very baggy pair of blue plush shorts, that were met again by very tight drab gaiters, that evidently required no little ingenuity to coax together to button. A six-shilling hat, with a narrow silver band, and binding of the same metal, and a pair of darned white Berlin gloves, completed the costume of this figure servant.

"Binjimin" was the very converse of Samuel—a little puny, pale-faced, gin-drinking-looking, Cockney, with a pair of roving pig eyes, peering from below his lank white hair, cut evenly round his head, as though it had been done by the edges of a barber's basin.

"On the boiler-side of the fire, away from the door—for no one has a greater regard for No. 1. than himself—sat the renowned Benjamin Brady, in a groom's drab frock-coat reaching down to his heels, a shyblue waistcoat, patent cord breeches, with grey worsted stockings, and slippers, airing a pair of very small mud-stained top-boots before the fire, occasionally feeling the scratches on his face, and the bites the fox inflicted on his nose the previous day. Next him sat the 'first pair boy out,' a grey-headed old man of sixty, whose jacket, breeches, boots, entire person in fact, were concealed by a long brown-holland thing, that gave him the appearance of sitting booted and spurred in his night-shirt. Then came the ostler's lad, a boy of some eight or nine years old, rolling about on the flags, playing with the saddle-room cat; and the circle was made out by Bill Brown (Dick the ostler's one-eyed helper), 'Tom,' a return postboy, and a lad who assisted Bill Brown, the one-eyed helper of Dick the ostler, when Dick himself was acting the part

of assistant-waiter in the Dragon, as was the case on this occasion."

"When will your hounds be going out again think ye, Mr. Benjamin?" was the question put by Samuel Strong to our sporting Leviathan.

"'Ang me if I knows,' replied the boy, with the utmost importance, turning his top-boots before the fire. 'It's precious little consequence, I thinks, ven we goes out again, if that gallows old governor of ours persists in 'unting the 'ounds himself. I've all the work to do! Bless ye, we should have lost 'ounds, fox, and all, yesterday, if I hadn't rid like the werry vengeance. See 'ow I've scratched my mug,' added he, turning up a very pasty countenance. 'If I'm to 'unt the 'ounds, and risk my neck at every stride, I must have the wages of a 'untsman, or blow me tight the old 'un may suit himself.'

"What'n a chap is your old gen'leman? inquired the 'first pair boy out.'

"Oh, hang me if I knows,' replied Benjamin; 'precious rum 'un, I assure you. While he's werry well—then it's Bin this, and Bin that, and you'll be a werry great man, Bin, and such like gammon; and then the next minute, perhaps, he's in a regular sky-blue, swearing he'll cut my liver and lights out, or bind me apprentice to a fiddler—but then I knows the old fool, and he knows he can't do without me, so we just battle and jog on the best way we can together.'

"You'll have good wages, I'spose?" rejoined Samuel with a sigh, for his 'governor' only gave him ten pounds a year, and no perquisites, or 'stealings,' as the Americans honestly call them.

"Precious little of that, I assure you,' replied Benjamin—'at least the old warment never pays me. He swears he pays it to our old 'oman, but I believe he pockets it himself, an old ram; but I'll have a reckoning with him some of these odd days. What'n a blackguard's your master?'

"Hush!" replied Samuel, astonished at Ben's freedom of speech, a thing not altogether understood in the country. 'A bad 'un, I'll be bound," continued the little rascal, 'or he wouldn't see you mooning about in such a rumbustical apology for a coat, with laps that scarce cover you decently; reaching behind the aged postboy, and taking up Mr. Samuel's fan-tail as he spoke. 'I never sees a servant in a cutty coat without swearing his master's a screw. Now these droll things, such as you have on, are just vot the great folks in London give their flunkies to carry coals and make up fires in, but never to go staring from home with. Then your country folks get hold of them, and think, by clapping such clowns as you in them, to make people believe that they have other coats at home. Tell the truth now, old baggy-breeches, have you another coat of any sort?'

"Yee'as," replied Samuel Strong, 'I've a fustian one.'

"Vot, you a fustian coat!" repeated Benjamin in astonishment; 'vy, I thought you were a flunky!'

"So I am," replied Samuel, 'but I looks arter a hus and shay as well.'

"Crikey!" cried Benjamin; 'here's a figure futman wot looks arter an 'oss and chay! Vy, you'll be vot they call a man of 'all vork,' a

vite nigger in fact! Dear me!" added he, eyeing him in a way that drew a peal of laughter from the party; "vot a curious beast you must be! I shouldn't wonder now if you could mow!"

"With any man," replied Samuel, thinking to astonish Benjamin with his talent.

"And sow?"

"Yee'as, and sow."

"And plow?"

"Never tried—dare say I could though."

"And do ye feed the pigs?" inquired Benjamin.

"Yee'as, when Martha's away."

"And who's Martha?"

"Whoy, she's a widdier woman, that lives a'back o' the church. She's a son aboard a steamer, and she goes to see him whiles."

"Your governor's an apothecary, I suppose, by that queer button," observed Benjamin, eyeing Sam's coat—"wot we call a chemist and druggist in London. Do you look arter the red and green winder bottles now? Crikey! he don't look as though he lived on physic altogether, does he?" added Benjamin, turning to Bill Brown, the helper, amid the general laughter of the company.

"My master's a better man than ever you'll be, you little ugly sinner," replied Samuel Strong breaking into a glow, and doubling a most serviceable-looking fist on his knee.

"We've only your word for that," replied Benjamin; "he don't look like a werry good 'un by the way he rigs you out. 'Ow many slaveys does he keep?"

"Slaveys?" repeated Samuel; "slaveys? what be they?"

"Vy, cookmaids and such-like h'animals—women in general."

"Ow, two—one to clean the house and dress the dinner, t'other to milk the cows and dress the childer."

"Oh, you 'ave childer, 'ave you, in your 'ouse?" exclaimed Benjamin in disgust. "Well, come, ours is bad, but we've nothing to ekle that. I wouldn't live where there are brats for no manner of consideration."

"You've a young missis, though, havn't you?" inquired the aged postboy: "there was a young lady came down in the chay along with the old folk."

"That's the niece," replied Benjamin—"a jolly nice gal she is too—her home's in Vite-chapel—often get a tissey out of her—that's to say, the young men as follows her, so it comes, to the same thing. Green—that's him of Tooley Street—gives shillings because he has plenty; then Stubbs, wot lives near Boroughbridge—the place the rabbits come from—gives half crowns, because he hasn't much. Then Stubbs is such a feller for kissing of the gals. 'Be'have yourself, or I'll scream,' I hears our young lady say, as I'm a listening at the door. 'Don't,' says he, kissing of her again, 'you'll hurt your throat,—let me do it for you.' Then to hear our old cove and he talk about 'unting of an evening over their drink, you'd swear they were as mad as hatters.* They jump, and shout, and sing,

* We fancy this proverbial similitude has no reference to the makers of hats; but originated during the early phrenzy of the Quakers.

and talliho! till they bring the street-keeper to make them quiet."

"You had a fine run t'other day, I hear," observed Joe, the deputy-helper, in a deferential tone to Mr. Brady. "Uncommon!" replied Benjamin, shrugging up his shoulders at the recollection of it, and clearing the low bars of the grate out with his toe. "They tell me your old governor tumbled off," continued Joe, "and lost his hoss." "Wery like," replied Benjamin with a grin. "A great fat beast! he's only fit for vater carriage!"—Vol. i. pp. 224—232.

After the Newcastle-man's installation the affairs of the Hunt assumed a much more agreeable appearance—and we are entertained with a variety of field-scenes, exhibiting the noblest of our sports in a style of description not inferior, we think, even to Mr. Apperley's. But, spirited as these are, and highly as they are set off by the picturesque peculiarities of the illustrious grocer, we must not be tempted to quote them. We are, in fact, still more pleased with the hero in his evening uniform—"a sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, canary waistcoat and shorts, pink gauze-silk stockings, and French-polished pumps,"—than when arrayed in the scarlet of the morning. His jolly countenance, free and easy manners, unconquerable good humor, and delightfully open vanity, cannot but recommend him to the hospitable attentions of the neighboring gentry whose covers are included in "Mr. Jorrocks's country." We have him dining with the young Earl of Ongar amidst a most distinguished company, where he gets "werry drunk"—is soused into a cold bath at night, and finds his face painted like a zebra in the morning—all without the least disturbance of his equanimity; for "sport is sport"—"pleasure as we like it"—are of old the maxims of Coram Street. Indeed, we might go over a dozen different dinners, from the lordly castle to the honest farmer's homestead, without finding him once put out. Jorrocks is, in fact, bore-proof. Scarcely a symptom of flinching even when he is planted right opposite to a celebrated ex-president of the Geological Society, who (unlike the learned and gallant President) has never had any familiarity with the chances of the field. This philosopher was spunging on some great Duke or Marquess not far off; but Jorrocks and he are accidentally thrown together at the festive board of a certain ultra-liberal squire, who, after a fashion, patronises both the whip and the hammer, but whose chief glory is having been put on the commission under the late, and we trust last, administration of the Whigs:—

"'Been in this part of the country before, sir?' inquired Professor Gobelow, cornering his chair towards Mr. Jorrock's.

"'In course,' replied Mr. Jorrock's; 'I 'nnts the country, and am in all parts of it at times—ven I goes out of a mornin' I doesn't know where I may be afore night.'

"'Indeed!' exclaimed the professor. 'Delightful occupation!' continued he: 'what opportunities you have of surveying Nature in all her moods, and admiring her hidden charms! Did you ever observe the extraordinary formation of the hanging rocks about a mile and a half to the east of this? The—'

"'I run a fox into them werry rocks, I do believe,' interrupted Mr. Jorrock's, brightening up. 'We found at Haddington Steep, and ran through Nosterley Firs, Crampton Haws, and Fitchin Park, where we had a short check, owin' to the stain o' deer, but I hit off the scent outside, and we ran straight down to them rocks, when all of a sudden th' 'ounds threw up, and I was certain he had got among 'em. Vell, I got aspade and a tarrier, and I digs, and digs, and works on, till, near night, th' 'ounds got starved, th' osses got cold, and I got the rheumatis, but, howsoever, we could make nothin' of him; but I—'

"'Then you would see the formation of the whole thing,' interposed the professor. 'The carboniferous series is extraordinarily developed. Indeed, I know of nothing to compare with it, except the Bristol coal-field, on the banks of the Avon. There the dolomitic conglomerate, a rock of an age intermediate between the carboniferous series and the lias, rests on the truncated edges of the coal and mountain limestone, and contains rolled and angular fragments of the latter, in which are seen the characteristic mountain limestone fossils. The geological formation—'

Here the Professor is unfortunately interrupted:—

"'Letter from the Secretary of State for the Home Department,' exclaimed the stiff-necked boy, re-entering and presenting Mr. Muleygrubs with a long official letter on a large silver tray.

"'Confound the Secretary of State for the Home Department!' muttered Mr. Muleygrubs, pretending to break a seal as he hurried out of the room.

"'That's a rouse!' (*ruse*.) exclaimed Mr. Jorrock's, putting his forefinger to his nose, and winking at Mr. De Green—'gone to the cellar.'

"'Queer fellow, Muleygrubs,' observed Mr. De Green. 'What a dinner it was!' exclaimed Mr. Slowman. 'Ungry as when I sat down,' remarked Mr. Jorrock's. 'All flash!' rejoined Professor Gobelow.

"The footboy now appeared, bringing the replenished decanter."

Jorrick's of course proposes the squire's health, with three times three, and one cheer more. He returns—a speech again—more cheers:—

"'And 'ow's the Secretary o' State for the 'Ome Department?' inquired Mr. Jorrick's, with a malicious grin, after Mr. Muleygrubs had subsided into his seat.

"'Oh, it was merely a business letter—official!

S. M. Phillipps, in fact—don't do business at the Home Office as they used when Russell was there—wrote himself—Dear Muleygrubs—Dear Russell—good man of business, Lord John.'

"'Ah,' said Mr. Jorrick's, 'Lords are all werry well to talk about; but they don't do to live with. Apt to make a convenience of one—first a towel, then a dishclout.'

"'I don't know *that*,' observed Professor Gobelow: 'there's my friend Northington, for instance. Who can be more affable?'

"'He'll make a clout on you some day,' rejoined Mr. Jorrick's.

"'Tea and coffee in the drawing-room,' observed the stiff-necked footmen, opening the door and entering the apartment in great state. 'Cuss your tea and coffee!' muttered Mr. Jorrick's, buzzing the bottle. 'Haven't had half a drink.'—vol. ii. p. 256.

We hope we have now done enough to bring Jorrock's fairly before the non-sporting part of the public—the others will not need our recommendation. His historian, it must be obvious, is a writer of no common promise. On this occasion Mr. Surtees has not thought proper to trouble himself with much complication of plot; but the easy style in which he arranges and draws out his characters satisfies us that he might, if he pleased, take a high place among our modern novelists. He has a world of knowledge of life and manners beyond what most of those now in vogue can pretend to; and a gentleman-like tone and spirit, perhaps even rare among them. We advise him to try his hand—and that before he loses the high spirits of youth;—but he must, in so doing, by all means curb his propensity to caricature.

AMERICAN MONUMENTS.—From Copenhagen, we have accounts of the annual meeting of the Northern Archæological Society—the most interesting of whose proceedings were the presentation and explanation of several monuments recently discovered in America, corroborative of the view of its early intercourse with Europe, long before the days of Columbus. These monuments were,—1, a stone slab, bearing an inscription composed of twenty-four Runic characters, discovered in the valley of the Ohio; 2, a pair of pincers, of massive silver, found in the Brazilian province of Bahia, exactly resembling those of the same kind, in bronze, so often met with in the tumular mounds of Scandinavian countries; 3, arrows, with heart-shaped heads in rock crystal, saws made with the teeth of sharks and fragments of flints, discovered in California, and resembling in all respects those used by the ancient Greenlanders, and 4, three very ancient Peruvian vases.—*Athenæum*.

OPACITY OF MILK.—Milk consists of a multitude of transparent globules of fat (butter), floating in a transparent liquid; or rather of two liquids both transparent, but of different refractive powers: that is, they break the rays of light in opposing directions, producing irregular refraction, and to this the opacity is due. Mr. Fownes mentioned frosted glass as an explanatory instance of an irregularly refractive surface, the glass itself clear.—*Lit. Gaz.*

MISCELLANY.

AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE.—Accounts of the new "Aerial Steam Carriage" are floating about the papers; delicious food for the wonder-mongers. One account is furnished by a correspondent of the *Times*. The difficulty in the construction of aerial carriages has been, to combine machinery adequate to the power of sustension and propulsion with the lightness requisite for floating in a medium so thin as air. The idea of the carriage invented by Mr. Henson is an ingenious plan of partly evading and partly subduing that difficulty. It is observed, that birds of strong flight, as the rook, take a great effort to rise from the ground, but that once on wings, fly with little effort, only requiring sufficient forward motion for progress and for keeping up the resistance of the air beneath their wings. Hence the principle of the new machine: a motion is imparted to it at starting by a foreign agency, so that the rise from the ground is performed by a power which is left behind and does not add to the weight. Then the expanded wings of the rook are imitated, so that machinery is only needed for propulsion and for a very small share in the act of sustension; and finally, by a new economy, the weight of the motive power is greatly reduced in comparison with its force. The machine is thus described—

"Its car, enclosed on all sides, and containing the passengers, managers, burden, and steam-engine, is suspended to the middle of a framework, which is so constructed as to combine great strength with extreme lightness, and is covered with any woven texture which is moderately light and close. This main frame or expanded surface, which is 150 feet long by 30 feet wide, serves in the most important respects as wings; yet it is perfectly jointless and without vibratory motion. It advances through the air with one of its long sides foremost and a little elevated. To the middle of the other long side is joined the tail, of 50 feet in length, beneath which is the rudder. These important appendages effectually control the flight as to elevation and direction, and are governed by cords proceeding from the car. Situated at the back edge of the main frame, are two sets of vanes or propellers, of 20 feet in diameter, driven by the steam-engine.

"We have already said that the velocity of the machine is imparted at its starting. This is effected by its being made to descend an inclined plane: during the descent the covering of the wings is reefed, but before the machine reaches the bottom that covering is rapidly spread: by this time the velocity acquired by the descent is so great, that the resistance produced by the oblique impact of the sloping under-surface of the wings on the air is sufficient to sustain the entire weight of the machine, just as a brisk wind upholds a kite: but while the pneumatic resistance thus procured by the velocity prevents the falling of the carriage, it opposes also its forward flight: to overcome this latter and smaller resistance is the office of the steam engine.

"The chief peculiarities of this important member of the carriage are the respective constructions of its boiler and condenser. The former consists of hollow inverted truncated cones, arranged above and around the furnace; they are about fifty in number, and large enough to afford 100 square feet of evaporating surface, of which half is exposed to radiating heat. The condenser is an assemblage of small pipes exposed to the stream of air produced by the flight of the machine. It is found to produce a vacuum of from 5 to 8 pounds to the square inch. The steam is employed in two cylinders, and is cut off at one-fourth of the stroke. Our engineering readers will be able to gather from these particulars, that the steam-engine is of about 20-horse power, supposing

the evaporating power of the boiler to be equal, foot for foot, to that of the locomotive steam-engine. [And it weighs, with its condenser and the water, but 600lb.]

"The area of the sustaining surface will be, we understand, not less than 4,500 square feet; the weight to be sustained, including the carriage and its total burden, is estimated at 3,000 pounds. The load is said to be considerably less per square foot than that of many birds. It may assist the conceptions of our non-mechanical readers to add, that the general appearance of the machine is that of a gigantic bird with stationary wings; that the mechanical principles concerned in its support are strongly exemplified in the case of a kite; and that its progress is maintained by an application of power like that which propels a steam-boat. In the operations of nature, particularly in the flight of birds, will be found many striking illustrations of the principles on which the inventor has proceeded."—*Spectator*.

EXPLOSION AT DOVER.—The great experiment of exploding 18,500 lbs or 8½ tons of gunpowder, under Rounddown Cliff, took place on Thursday at 2 o'clock, and was successful. The account says, that on the signal being given, the miners communicated the electric spark to the gunpowder by their connecting wires; the earth trembled to half a mile distant, a stifled report, not loud, but deep, was heard, and the base of the cliff, extending on either hand to upwards of 500 feet, was shot as from a cannon from under the superincumbent mass of chalk seaward, and in a few seconds, not less, it is said, than 1,000,000 tons being dislodged by the fearful shock, settled itself gently down into the sea below, frothing and boiling as it displaced the liquid element, till it occupied the expanse of many acres, and extended outward on its ocean bed to a distance of perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 feet. Tremendous cheers followed the blast, and a royal salute was fired. The sight was, indeed, truly magnificent. Such was the precision of the engineers and the calculations of Mr. Cubitt, that it would appear just so much of the cliff has been removed as was wanted to make way for the sea-wall; and it is reckoned the blast will save the company £1,000 worth of hand labor. Not the slightest accident occurred. On the cliffs were Major-General Pasley, Sir J. Herschell, the Astronomer Royal, Professor Sedgwick, and many engineers.—*Ibid*.

A STRANGE MEETING.—A letter from Alexandria says:—A curious meeting took place last month in the desert between Suez and Cairo. A Mr. Fawcett, who arrived here by the *Oriental* on his way to India, when at Cairo heard that his brother was expected by that month's steamer from Bombay. The two brothers had never seen each other, the one being born in England whilst the elder brother was in India, where he had lived 32 years. As the younger Mr. Fawcett was proceeding across the desert on his donkey, he called out to the groups of travellers he met coming from Suez, whether Major Fawcett was amongst them, and towards midnight a voice answered to Mr. Fawcett's call, and the two brothers shook hands in the dark; they both expressed a wish to see each other's face; but no light was to be had, and the two parties they belonged to having gone on, they were obliged to part again, not having been together more than three or four minutes.

POLICE STATIONS.—The London City Mission have presented fifty volumes to each police station for the instruction of the men attached to it. They consist of the sacred writings, sermons, theological and moral works, with the biographies and travels of good, moral, and religious men. The works can be read at the station-houses, or taken home under restrictions.—*Athenæum*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PERTURBATIONS OF THE PLANETS.—Translation of a letter from Prof. Hansen to G. B. Airy, Esq., the astronomer royal, "On a new method of computing the perturbations of planets, whose eccentricities and inclinations are not small;" was communicated by G. B. Airy, Esq. "Sir, I hasten to communicate to you a piece of astronomical intelligence of some importance. You are aware that all the methods that we possess for calculating the perturbations of the planets suppose that the eccentricities and inclinations are small; and that for those of the celestial bodies which move in orbits very eccentric and very much inclined, we have been hitherto obliged to calculate the differentials of the perturbations for a great number of points of the orbits, and to integrate them by mechanical quadratures. I have just now discovered a method by which we can calculate the absolute perturbations, that is to say, the perturbations for any time whatever, whatever be the eccentricity of the ellipse and the inclination of the orbit. For a first example of this method, I have calculated the perturbations of the comet of Encke produced by *Saturn*. The series to which my method leads are of such rapid convergence, that the perturbations of the longitude contain only forty-six terms, and the perturbations of the radius vector and of the latitude somewhat fewer than this. I have reason to believe that it is impossible to reduce them to a less number of terms." The value for the time of perihelion passage was the example given—exhibiting a result of the following differences:

$$\begin{array}{r} +1.52 \\ -1.0.27 \\ -0.69 \end{array}$$

of the perturbations of longitude. "These differences," Prof. Hansen proceeds to say, "as well as those of the perturbations of the radius vector, are smaller than might have been expected, when we reflect on the total diversity of the methods employed, and the long calculations which the method of mechanical quadratures requires. Besides, my method is so simple that I am astonished at not having discovered it long ago; I have employed only eight days for the calculation of the preceding perturbations, the general expression of which belongs to every point of the orbit of the comet. I have thus succeeded in solving this problem, of which we till the present time possessed no solution."—*Literary Gazette*.

HOLLOW AXLES.—An account was then given, by Mr. J. O. York, of the experiments upon the strength of the ordinary solid axles as compared with the hollow axles invented by him. The paper described the common causes of fracture, concussion and vibration, produced by various circumstances—such as a bad state of the line, the sudden opposition of any obstacle on the rails, or the shocks arising from the wheels striking upon the blocks or the chairs when thrown off the line. The force of vibration and its tendency to produce fracture in rigid bodies, and to destroy the most fibrous texture of iron where elasticity was prevented, as is the case with railway-axles, were then discussed, and compared with the like action on the axles of ordinary road-carriages, where the concussion was reduced by an elastic medium, such as the wood-spokes of the wheels. By calculation, it was shown that the twisting strain arising from the curves of the railway was of too small an amount to be considered as a cause of destruction to the wheels or axles even on lines with curves of short radii. And it was contended that

the hollow axle was better able to resist the effects of vibration and all strains than a solid one, because the comparative strength of axles is as the cubes of their diameters, and their comparative weights only as their squares: consequently with less weight in the hollow axle there must be an increase of strength; and also that the vibration had a free circulation through the whole length of the hollow axle, no part being subject to an unequal shock from the vibration, and that the axle would therefore receive less injury from this cause than a solid one. A long series of experiments, which had been made in the presence of Major-Gen. Pasley and numerous engineers, were then read, and showed results confirmatory of the position assumed by the author of the paper.

In the discussion which ensued, it was allowed that theoretically the hollow axles must be stronger than the solid ones, inasmuch as the same weight of metal was better distributed, and the practical experiments fully bore out the theory.—*ib.*

THE IRIS.—On the Structure and mode of action of the Iris, by C. R. Hall, Esq. After reciting the various discordant opinions entertained at different periods by anatomists and physiologists relative to the structure and actions of the Iris, the author proceeds to give an account of his microscopical examination of the texture of this part of the eye, in different animals. He considers the radiated plicæ, which are seen on the uvea, in Mammalia, as not being muscular; but he agrees with Dr. Jacob in regarding them as being analogous in structure to the ciliary processes. The white lines and elevations apparent on the anterior surface of the human iris, he supposes to be formed by the ciliary nerves which interlace with one another in the form of a plexus. The iris, he states, is composed of two portions; the first consisting of a highly vascular tissue, connected by vessels with the choroid, ciliary processes, sclerótica and cœnea and abundantly supplied with nerves, which, in the human iris, appear, in a front view, as thread-like striæ, and which are invested, on both surfaces, by the membrane of the aqueous humor. They are more or less thickly covered with pigment, which, by its varying colour, imparts to the iris on the anterior surface its characteristic hue, and, by its darkness on the posterior surface renders an otherwise semi-transparent structure perfectly opaque. The second component portion of the iris consists of a layer of concentric muscular fibres; which fibres, in man and mammalia generally, are situated on the posterior surface of the pupillary portion of the iris; but which, in birds, extend much nearer to the ciliary margin, and consequently form a much broader layer. In fishes and some reptiles they do not exist at all. The author then proceeds to inquire into the bearings which these conclusions may have on the physiology of the iris. He thinks that the phenomena of its motions can receive no satisfactory explanation on the hypothesis of erectility alone, or on that of the antagonism of two sets of muscular fibres, the one for dilating, the other for contracting the pupil. He is convinced that the contraction of the pupil is the effect of muscular action; but does not consider the knowledge we at present possess as sufficient to enable us to determine the nature of the agent by which its dilation is effected. He, however, throws it out as a conjecture, that this latter action may be the result of an unusual degree of vital contractility residing either in the cellular tissues, or in the minute blood-vessels of the iris. It is from elasticity, he believes, that the iris derives its power of accommodation to changes of size, and its tendency to return to its natural state from extremes either of dilatation or of contraction; but beyond this, elasticity is not concerned in its movements.—*ib.*

OBITUARY.

THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.—Robert Southey has been released from sufferings which for more than two years had been matter of the deepest sympathy, anxiety, and sorrow. He died at Greta House on Tuesday last, in his 69th year.

This is not the time for discussion of his character or his literary claims, but who can doubt that the respect and admiration of all who honor virtue and genius, will follow Southey to the grave? Few men have written so much and written so well. No man has passed through a long life, almost continually in the public eye, with so much high and blameless purpose, and with such unstained honesty. We may grieve that he changed the opinions with which he started in an ardent youth, but those were times when opinions of the most resolute men were shaken. And Southey never forfeited his station or his character. He did not become a hack, or a party tool. The dignity of literature never suffered in his person.

Southey's prose is of the best in the language. It is clear, vigorous, and manly; with no small prettinesses in it, but full and muscular as that of our older and stronger race of writers; and often sparkling with a current of quaint grave humor which is singularly fascinating. His greater poems, however judgments may differ concerning them, are at least written on solid principles, and with a sustained power of lofty art. As to his shorter poems, no difference, we apprehend, is likely to exist, now or in any time to come. They are as fine as any thing in the language. His range of pursuit was extraordinary, and his unwearied diligence recalled the severer and nobler days of English study.

As we write we have received what follows from one of the most devoted of his personal friends, to whom is left (not among his least rich possessions) the sad but honorable memory of the long affection which Southey bore him, and by which both will continue to be associated in far distant times:

ON THE DEATH OF SOUTHEY.

Not the last struggles of the Sun
Precipitated from his golden throne
Hold darkling mortals in sublime suspense,
But the calm exod of a man
Nearer, tho' high above, who ran
The race we run, when Heaven recalls him hence.
Thus, O thou pure of earthly taint!
Thus, O my SOUTHEY! poet, sage, and saint,
Thou, after saddest silence, art removed.
What voice in anguish can we raise?
These would we, need we, dare we, praise?
God now does that . . the God thy whole heart
loved.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

March 23rd.

REV. G. A. MONTGOMERY.—Dec. 1. Aged 49, the Rev. George Augustus Montgomery, M. A. Rector of Bishopstone, in South Wilts, and Prebendary of Ruscombe, in the Cathedral Church of Sarum.

Mr. Montgomery was the son of a gentleman supposed to be a sion of the noble house of Herbert. He was of Oriel college, Oxford, and was presented to the rectory of Bishopstone by George Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in 1821.

Amongst the parochial clergy of the diocese, there was not one who more conscientiously, faithfully, or zealously "served at the altar," and fulfilled all the functions of his sacred office, than did the late Rector of Bishopstone. His days were passed in the unceasing exercise of every Christian duty; his attention to the spiritual condition of his parishion-

ers was unremitting, as his anxious solicitude for the poor was unbounded. With a liberality worthy of being emulated by many incumbents of much more richly endowed benefices, he, at his sole expense, refitted, and with scrupulous taste embellished, the interior of his parish church, and rendered it one of the most simply beautiful edifices dedicated to the service of God, in the country. In every relation of social life he endeared himself to those who knew him, however casually, by the warmth of his feeling, the courteous benignity of his manner, the gentleness of his disposition, and his sympathy for all who were "afflicted or distressed." The loss of so good, so truly pious, so exemplary a man, even under the circumstances incidental to our common nature, must have been deeply and severely felt by all around him; but there is something inscrutable to mortal comprehension in that awful—nay, appalling—dispensation of Providence, by which a life so thoroughly devoted to the service of God, and to the good of his fellow-creature, was in an instant terminated. Mr. Montgomery left Wilton House, with the Earl Bruce, for the purpose of looking over the new church building at East Grafton, in the parish of Great Bedwyn. During the preceding fortnight the eastern portion of the nave had been covered in with a stone vault, and the construction had been carefully examined by the architect, and by persons connected with the works, and they unanimously considered it to be perfectly secure—and this, too, but a very short time before the fatal occurrence which we have the painful duty of recording. At half-past one o'clock, Mr. Montgomery, accompanied by the Earl Bruce, the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Great Bedwyn, his nephew Mr. Gabriel, Mr. Ferrey, and the clerk of the works, entered to inspect the new church, from which the centres of the arches had been removed that morning. The whole party had gone through the church in the first instance, and were assembled in the chancel. Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Ward separated from the rest after a few minutes, and were returning into the nave to get a better view of the vaulting. Mr. Gabriel followed them. Mr. Ward was in advance, and hearing a crack, sprang forward. Mr. Gabriel also saved himself by jumping into the north aisle; but Mr. Montgomery, unhappily being more in the centre, was completely covered by the falling mass, and instantaneously killed. Independent of fractures of the skull, both in the forehead and at the base, there was a compound fracture of the left thigh, and the right arm was broken close to the elbow. An inquest was holden on the body before a most respectable jury, and a verdict of "Accidental Death" returned.

Mr. Montgomery married Cecilia, daughter of the Very Rev. George Markham, D.D. late Dean of York, but has left no issue. —*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

THE LATE MICHAEL J. QUIN, ESQ.—We regret to announce the death of this gentleman, which took place on Sunday last at Boulogne-sur-mer. Mr. Quin, who was, we believe, in his 50th year, had been for some time in a declining state of health, and has left a wife and three daughters, we fear, quite unprovided for. Mr. Quin was well known to general readers as the author of "Travels in Spain," and of "A Steamboat Voyage down the Danube;" and to a more limited circle he was known as an extensive contributor to periodical publications. Mr. Quin's politics were uniformly liberal and consistent, and some years ago he wrote many able articles upon our foreign policy in this journal. He was also, for some time, editor of "The Dublin Review."—*Britannia*.

SUTTON SHARPE, ESQ.—Died on the 22nd inst, at his chambers in Lincoln's inn, Sutton Sharpe, Esq., Queen's counsel, aged forty-five. Mr. Sharpe some time ago had a paralytic attack, but it was believed by his friends that he was in a fair way of recovery, so much so that to several friends, who passed some hours with him on the night of Sunday last, he appeared in excellent spirits, taking a lively interest in the various subjects of conversation which were started.

Mr. Sharpe, to great professional knowledge, added extensive information, on most subjects, and his conversation was peculiarly agreeable.

His death will create a great sensation in Paris, as well as in London; for there were few men in the French Capital who during the last twenty years have been distinguished in science, literature, or politics, with whom he was not on relations of intimacy. At the bar he was held in the very highest estimation for his many excellent qualities, both of the head and heart, and no man was a more general favorite in society, into the best circles of which he had access from a very early age. He was a nephew of Mr. Rogers, the banker and poet.

In politics Mr. Sutton Sharpe was a decided Liberal; but such was the amenity of his manners, that even in the times when politics ran highest in this country, as during the Reform Bill, we do not believe his stout assertion of his principles ever lost him a friend.

We trust that some of the accomplished friends of Mr. Sharpe will do that justice to his memory which his many virtues so eminently merit.—*Morning Chronicle*.

[Mr. Sutton Sharpe was one of the most valuable men of our time. There was no judgment so much to be relied upon. His mind, too, was not less remarkable for its solidity than its activity, and it was most prolific in useful suggestions. It was hardly possible to converse with him without carrying off some new knowledge or subject to be worked upon. His mind was full of stores, which he made available for the good labors of others. We never knew any one so quick in seeing what should be done, and in chalking out the plan for doing it, and pointing out whence the materials are to be derived.]

Mr. Sutton Sharpe was a learned lawyer in leading practice, but he had also much more than the learning of a lawyer. His knowledge of men and things and books was extensive. Hardly a subject could be started on which he could not bring an acute thought or some new information to bear. In conduct he was justly looked upon as a pattern man, and the esteem and attachment of all the best men of his time were his. There were few happier men—fewer still who better deserved happiness. His career was one of uninterrupted success, and the most brilliant professional prospects were before him, but prosperity never in the slightest degree spoiled him, and he never forgot an old friend, nor failed to return a hundred-fold an old kindness. The attachments of his youth have strengthened up to the hour of his death. A wiser and a better man the writer of this sad tribute never knew, nor a more true and constant friend.]—*Examiner*.

FREDERIC D'ADELUNG.—Letters from St. Petersburg announce the death in that city, at the age of seventy-four, of Frederic d'Adelung. Adelung was born at Stettin, in Prussia, and was son of the still more illustrious linguist of the same name. The son is the author of numerous works on the languages and literature of the East, and on Asiatic, Russian, Scandinavian, and German antiquities.—*Athenaeum*.

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER.—We have to record the death of Commodore Porter, Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople, on the 3d of March. The commodore has discharged the duties of his station with distinguished ability for many years: and his memory will be gratefully cherished by numerous strangers who have felt the kindness of his attention to them in a foreign land.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

The History of Junius and his Works; and a Review of the Controversy respecting the Identity of Junius. With an Appendix, containing Portraits and Sketches by Junius. By John Jaques.

This is a very able book; well arranged in its plan, and complete in its matter, whether positive with regard to such absolute facts as dates, or inferential as—whether Junius was or was not a lawyer. Besides a full history of the letters and the concurring circumstances of their publication, Mr. Jaques has collected from a variety of sources a vast number of scattered facts and illustrations, tending to throw a light upon the authorship of these celebrated letters, and discussed seriatim the claims that have been put forward for various parties. After briefly dismissing the improbables, he enters at considerable length into the respective cases of Lord George Sackville and Sir Philip Francis. The conclusion Mr. Jaques comes to is founded on Butler's with some addition. It is that Lord George Sackville was the writer, Francis the amanuensis, and Mr. D'Oyly, a fellow-clerk with Francis in the War-Office, and afterwards private secretary to Lord George, a medium of connexion. The circumstantial evidence points more strongly to Lord George than to anybody else: he had sufficient motives to instigate him to write the letters, and cogent reasons afterwards to desire the suppression of the authorship: the question in our minds has always been—was he *capable* of writing them? The hypothesis respecting the single or double amanuensis *may* be true, but is unsupported by reason or evidence. However convenient an amanuensis might have been, he was not *necessary*. The letters, especially the *Letters of Junius*, are not long, looking at the period over which they extend; the labor was in their composition, not in their transcription. The expressions in the private communications to Woodfall respecting the *copying*, &c., may refer to copies to be made by Junius himself as well as by an amanuensis; whilst the only direct evidence we have upon the subject is positive in its terms, "I am the sole depository of my own secret, and it shall perish with me."—*Spectator*.

Criticisms on Art; and Sketches of the Picture Galleries of England. By William Hazlitt, with Catalogues of the principal Galleries now first collected. Edited by his Son. Templeman.

We observe with great pleasure the steady and worthy spirit of pride in his father's memory, which animates Mr. Hazlitt in his collection of these admirable writings. Hazlitt was in no department of criticism so fascinating, in none so free from the dogmatizing and wilful spirit which would sometimes cloud his exquisite judgment, as in that of the Fine Arts. The opening sketches of this volume, on the picture galleries of Angerstein, Dulwich, Stafford, Windsor, Hampton, Grosvenor, Wilton, Burleigh, Oxford, and Blenheim, are compositions as charming as those of the best paintings they can celebrate, and throw a light upon them warm and rich as their own. The elaborate and eloquent treatise from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is included in this re-publication, with an article on flaxman from

the *Edinburgh Review*, and some Essays (excellent) from the *London Magazine* on the Elgin Marbles and Fonthill Abbey. The editor has further enriched the volume by an Appendix of Catalogues, some of them original, and till now quite inaccessible, than which he could hardly have made a more welcome present to the lover of art.—*Examiner*.

The Christian contemplated; in a Course of Lectures delivered in Argyl Chapel, Bath. By William Jay. (Works of William Jay, revised.) Bartlett.

The works of this intelligent and pious minister must always command a wide and attentive class of readers. Their qualities are a very earnest practical faith, doctrine thoroughly unselfish, a style which admits as much as possible of an easy incorporation of the exact language and phrase of the Bible, and, within the bounds of the author's principle of belief, a warm spirit of toleration and affection. The preface to the work before us marks the superior tone of mind which may be generally noted in this celebrated dissenting preacher. He enters upon the question of *pulpit-style*, and pronounces in favour of what we may call the romantic as distinguished from the classic school. He says that it matters little if nothing should offend, supposing nothing strikes, and he puts the case of a sermon which shall observe inviolably all the unities and challenge severity as a finished piece, but yet, no more than a French drama that has fulfilled the same nice conditions, excite no sentiment and produce no effect "Give us"—exclaims Mr. Jay, and we quote the language to his honour—"rather the Shakspeare, who, with blemishes which a less shrewd observer than Voltaire may detect, actually succeeds, arrests, inspires, enchants!" In subsequent remarks of the same excellent spirit, Mr. Jay guards himself against recommending anything but an easy, natural, simple style of language: in support of the advantages of which he shows his educated familiarity not alone with Milton, Addison, and Lord Kaimes, but with Rousseau and with Hume.—*Ibid.*

The Man-o'-War's Man. By Bill Truck, Senior Boatswain of the Royal College of Greenwich. Blackwood and Sons.

This is a reprint of one of the many admirable serial papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which, having undergone revision, are now in the course of reproduction in this more enduring form. *Tom Cringle's Log* and other works have been similarly published, and proved very welcome additions to the library of fiction. In the instance before us we have to observe, besides a complete revision, some additions to the original text. Mr. William Truck, seeing that he began his lucubrations three-and-twenty years ago, was, we suppose, about the first who plunged into nautical matters in the great wake of Smollett, and seems to have found himself exposed to a deal of squeamishness in consequence. The magazine indeed—assailed by "officers and commanders" for Mr. William's "trivial distinctions between the language of Jack and the gentleman"—was forced to run him aground prematurely. We have since got rid of these needless delicacies, thanks to Captain Marryat's brilliant success, which has done still greater good in directing attention to professional "abuse" of a different and more serious kind. As a series of sketches, the forerunners of the naval novels, the *Man-o'-War's Man* is interesting, to say nothing of what candid seaman report of the author having really done what he proposed by it, and delineated with tolerable truth "the principal features and more prominent characteristics easily recognizable in the three different grades which usually compose the practical strength and ship's company of a man-o-war."—*Examiner*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Theophania; or, Divine manifestation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By Eusebius, Bishop of Cæsarea, Edited from a manuscript recently discovered, by Prof. Samuel Lee, M. D.

The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases. By Forbes Winslow, Esq. M. R. C. S. 12mo. Reeds shaken with the Wind. By the Rev. R. S. Hawker, M. A. Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall.

Enter into thy Closet; or, Secret Prayer. By Rev. James McGill.

The Duties of the Married State. By James Foster, M. D.

Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Central Italy, including the Papal States, Rome and the cities of Etruria.

Letters of Mary Queen of Scots, illustrative of her Personal History, now first published from the Originals. Edited by Agnes Strickland. Vol. 3, 8vo.

GERMANY.

Corpus Reformatorum. Edidit C. G. Bretschneider. Vol. x. Philippi Melanthonis Opera. Vol. x. *Halis Sax.*

Commentar über d. Psalmen, von Dr. E. W. Hengstenberg 1 Bd. 8vo. *Berlin.*

Versuch einer wissenschaftlichen Darstellung der Geschichte der neuern Philosophie. 2r Bd. 2te Abthcil. Leibnitz und die Entwicklung des Idealismus vor Kant. *Leipzig.*

Verhandlungen der vierten Versammlung deutscher Philologen und Schulmänner in Bonn 1841. *Bonn.*

De Romæ veteris muris, atque portis; von G. A. Becker. *Lips.*

Mythologische Forschungen und Sammlungen, von Wolfgang Menzel. *Stuttgart.*

FRANCE.

Napoléon et l'Angleterre. Campagne de Pologne. Par le Vicomte de Marquessac. *Paris.*

Poésies complètes de Robert Burns, traduites de l'Écossais, par M. Leon de Wailly; avec une Introduction du même. *Paris.*

Rimes Herotques, par Auguste Barbier. *Paris.*

Discours de M. Lamartine, prononcé à la Chambre de Députés, revue par lui-même. *Paris.*

Monographie de la Presse Parisienne, par M. de Balzac. *Paris.*

B. R. HAYDON.

THE borough of Plymouth, England, which is remarkable as the birth-place of Reynolds, Northcote, and many other names eminent in art, is also honored as the native place of Haydon. At the age of nineteen, he proceeded to London, as a place better suited for the cultivation and exercise of his powers, and almost immediately arrested public attention. His second picture, the "Death of Dentatus," was painted in his twenty-second year, and not only found an immediate purchaser in the Earl of Mulgrave, but obtained a premium of one hundred guineas from the British Institution. His great picture, the "Judgment of Solomon," was exhibited in 1814, when he was twenty-eight; and it is indisputably the best picture of the subject ever painted, and Raffaele is one of the number who have treated it. His next great picture, "Christ riding into Jerusalem," and which was five years on the easel, is now in Philadelphia. It is defective in the principal figure; and although filled with parts beautifully conceived and executed, it is, as a whole, rather spotty in its effect.

Haydon possessed talents of the very highest order, and these were cultivated by the most indefatigable study of the best models. From the Phidian sculptures of the dismantled Parthenon and the most excellent of the works of Raffaele, he derived those principles which have clothed the creations of his own fervent imagination, and will not fail to obtain from posterity a more unanimous applause than he can now hope to receive from his contemporaries. His style of composition is bold and picturesque, but at the same time simple and grand; his drawing and expression accurate and refined, and his coloring almost Venitian in richness.

He began his career as an Historical painter with his whole soul ardently devoted to the highest and noblest in art. The prospect was sufficiently discouraging; for hitherto the wealthy men of England had shown no disposition to follow the example of George the Third in his employment of the talents of West. But nothing could subdue the indomitable perseverance and enthusiasm of the man. When not occupied in vindicating the honor of modern British art by the labors of his pencil, he was wielding his pen, either to awaken a feeling in favor of its highest department, or to denounce and expose the ignorance of some impudent dictator in the world of taste.

The "Napoleon" is one of his later works, is of small dimensions, and remarkable for its simplicity.



PAINTED BY B. F. MYERS

THE FORT OF SAN JUAN DE LOS RIOS.

THE FORT OF SAN JUAN DE LOS RIOS.



NO ISLET CALLS THEE LORD,
We leave thee no confederate band,
NO symbol of thy lost command,
TO be a dagger in the hand
From which we wrench'd the sword.
Vol. II. No. II. 10

after all, but a wreck and a cast-off from the social system, wanderer forlorn, worldless fragmentary being, like the wild animal of the desert,—gaunt solitary tenant of space and night.—*British Critic.*

FOR THE DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION

WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION, GENEVA

THE
E C L E C T I C M U S E U M

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

J U N E , 1 8 4 3 .

“THE DESOLATER DESOLATE”—BYRON.

Engraved by Mr. Sartain, from Haydon's Picture.

TO B. R. HAYDON,

On seeing his picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island
of St. Helena.

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colors; / I applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill;
That unencumbered whole of blank and still,
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave;
And the one Man that labored to enslave
The world, sole-standing high on the bare hill—
Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues his way,
And before him doth dawn perpetual run.

WORDSWORTH.

Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now: but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me
only

When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus
lonely,
The last single captive of millions in war.

BYRON.

Do not hide

Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
Erewhile by gifted bard espied,
That “yet imperial hope;”

Think not that for a fresh rebound,
To raise ambition from the ground,
We yield thee means or scope.

Ne'er again
Hold type of independent reign;
No islet calls thee lord.

We leave thee no confederate band,
No symbol of thy lost command,
To be a dagger in the hand

From which we wrench'd the sword.

VOL. II. No. II. 10

Yet, e'en in yon sequestered spot,
May worthier conquest be thy lot
Than yet thy life has known;
Conquest unbought by blood or harm,
That needs not foreign aid nor arm,
A triumph all thine own.
Such waits thee when thou shalt control
Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
That marred thy prosperous scene:
Hear this from no unmoved heart,
Which sighs, comparing what thou art
With what thou might'st have been!

SCOTT.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where pleasure's streamers sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port.

Stern tide of Time! thro' what mysterious change
Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven!
For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursis of joy and wo,
Such fearful strife, as that where we have striven,
Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when thou shalt cease to flow.

SCOTT.

Isolation is, beyond question, a humbling thing:
let those think serenely of themselves whom a world
embraces, who lie pillowed and cushioned upon soft
affections and tender regards, and the breath of ad-
miring circles—greatness in isolation feels itself,
after all, but a wreck and a cast-off from the social
system, wanderer forlorn, wordless fragmentary
being, like the wild animal of the desert,—gaunt
solitary tenant of space and night.—*British Critic.*

CHANGES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN GERMANY.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Jugendleben und Wanderbilder*. Von Johanna Schopenhauer. (Recollections of my Youth and Wanderings. By Johanna Schopenhauer.) 2 vols. Brunswick: 1839.
2. *Zeitbilder—Wien in der Letzten Halfte des Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von Caroline Pichler. (Sketches of Bygone Times—Vienna in the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century. By Caroline Pichler.) Vienna: 1839.

THE authors of these works were, in their day, among the most popular female novel-writers of Germany; and some of their productions rank with the standard novels of that country. The first of the two also published travels in France, Belgium, and England, and a little work of some merit on old German art, entitled "Van Eyk and his Contemporaries." This lady's life was a varied and eventful one. It was her lot to live through, and partly to witness, some of the greatest events of modern times. Her earliest recollection was the dismemberment of Poland, and the consequent ruin of her paternal city, Danzig. Then came the American war, which excited such intense and universal interest. Her first visit to Paris was during the mutterings of the storm which soon burst over France. She was present at Versailles the last time Louis XVI. and his unfortunate Queen were permitted to celebrate the Fête de St. Louis. She saw the last gleam of their setting sun. She lived for some years in Hamburg, and had thus an opportunity of comparing that city with its Hanseatic sister and rival, Danzig, her native place. After the death of her husband she went to reside at Weimar. She had not been there a fortnight when the battle of Jena fell like a thunderbolt upon Germany. She has left a circumstantial and lively account of the scenes of which she was an eye-witness at that terrible moment. At Weimar she lived in the closest intimacy with Goethe; and her house was the resort of the eminent persons who were attracted to that remarkable court.

Unfortunately, the whole of this eventful history, from the year 1789, exists only in mere notes and fragments. At the age of seventy-two she sat down to put her "Recollections" into a regular form and order; but she had got little beyond the period of her early marriage, when her hand was stopped by a sudden but placid death. The

last incident recorded in them is the arrival, at Danzig, of the news of the destruction of the Bastille. Her daughter, upon whom devolved the duty of publishing these Memoirs, chose rather to give them in their fragmentary form than to fill up the chasms from her own knowledge of her mother's history; and though such a work could never fall into more competent hands, we admire the good taste which influenced her decision. She has added nothing but the few words absolutely necessary to explain the circumstances under which the book was given to the world.

Madame Pichler's work consists of Reminiscences. True to her vocation as a novel-writer, she has strung her amusing "Sketches" of the society of Vienna at the end of the last century on a thread of story. This detracts from the air of truth which they would otherwise have, and, as the story itself is of the feeblest texture, adds nothing to the interest. They lose the character of descriptions by an eye-witness, which is the greatest merit such a work can possess. Madame Pichler is inferior to her northern contemporary in the candor which ought to preside over all comparisons of different ages or countries. She is more prejudiced in favor of the "good old times," and more apt to lament over the degeneracy of modern manners.

These two works, with one or two others to which we shall occasionally refer, will enable us, we hope, to lay before our readers some agreeable details; and at the same time to furnish some glimpses of the life and condition of the middle classes in Germany at the end of the last century.

The progress made by England in what the French call material civilization—in all that conduces to the splendor, comfort, and convenience of physical life—has been so much more rapid than that of the nations of the Continent, that fewer remains of the domestic life of the last century are to be found among us than among any other people. Less than half a century has totally changed the habits of the middle classes. In Germany, where the change is much more recent and partial, an Englishman is still continually reminded of the customs and the traditions of his childhood; especially if that childhood was passed in a provincial town. In the more remote parts, we find a state of civilization which we have regarded as passed forever. The observant and reflecting traveller meets, with a kind of delighted recognition, some custom, some saying, some implement, dress, or viand—perhaps some sentiment or opinion, for these, too,

have their day—of which he has heard his parents talk with the fond recollection of childhood. He finds the garment for which his mother's hoards were ransacked; and which, once the dress of the higher classes, is now become the distinctive costume of a retired peasantry not yet infected with the rage for imitation. He will hear with surprise the traditions of his paternal house, and the sayings of his ancient nurse. In one district, he will find the undoubting simple faith of his forefathers; in another, the feudal attachment to the immediate lord, or the blind and affectionate loyalty to the sovereign, for which he must look through a long vista of centuries at home. In this or that free city, he will see the coarse substantial comfort, and the strict adherence to the manners and pleasures of his class, which once characterized our citizens. He will see in operation what to him is extinct, and will be able, in some degree, to measure the extent of his gain and his loss.

From Madame Schopenhauer we get an idea of one of the Hanse towns, while it still retained its commercial prosperity, and its municipal franchises. In many respects, it may doubtless be taken as a sample of the class to which it belonged; though each of those interesting cities was strongly marked with a character of its own. We greatly regret that death has robbed us of the comparison she intended to draw between Danzig and Hamburg; though these, from their northern and maritime position, would have afforded the least striking differences and contrasts.

It would not be easy to point out a field in which so rich a harvest of curious and amusing traditions might still be gleaned, as in the free Imperial cities of Germany. Their political importance is gone, or at least changed; but there are vestiges enough remaining to show what they once were. We have often wondered that, in learned and industrious Germany, no one has undertaken a history of these remarkable communities—exhibiting their quaint customs, as well as their political and municipal institutions. We shall advert to only two of these cities—Cologne, whose Roman origin and ecclesiastical government form, so to speak, two curious *substrata* to its strongly-marked burgher character, and its sturdy democratic spirit—and Nürnberg, the younger sister of Venice, whose institutions she copied, as far as national differences would permit; and whose *Geschlechter* (*gentes*, or patrician families) affected to tread in the footsteps of the

merchant princes of the south. In the former, are to be found the descendants of the sturdy *bourgeoisie* which once drove out the nobles, and (good Catholics as they were) would not allow their sovereign Archbishop to sleep within their walls, now carrying on a quiet but dogged contest with the Rhineland aristocracy—resisting all their attempts to be recognised as a distinct body in the state, and uniting cordial loyalty to their present King with a determined spirit of equality. This spirit, partly transmitted to them by their ancestors, partly, no doubt, the result of their contact with France, has probably led the more ignorant writers of that country into their confident mistakes. A very little inquiry might suffice to show them that it often places them among the most inveterate enemies of French domination.

Many curious proofs of the force and tenacity of the municipal character might be found here. And in social life, while the wealthier citizens enjoy their well-stored tables and joyous amusements, without the smallest desire to intrude themselves into the ranks of the nobles—while they retain much of the coarse joviality and sturdy independence of their forefathers—the people have not lost their southern taste for out-of-door shows and amusements—their singular talent for decoration, their hearty familiar manners, or their jocular temper. Cologne was one example, among many, of the old saying, “*Unter den Krummstab ist gut wohnen*”—“It is good living under the Crozier.” The government of the Ecclesiastical Electors was liberty itself compared to that of the civic oligarchy of Nürnberg. This was so oppressive and arrogant that the tempest which swept it away, together with crowns and diadems, was hailed as a deliverer. The traveller, who stands amazed before the matchless treasures of art with which the patrician families encircled their city; who looks at the gorgeous windows placed by the piety of the Hallers, the Beheims, the Tuchers, the Löffelholzers, and the Holzschuhers, in her beautiful churches; who sees himself surrounded on every side by traces of their antiquity, their munificence, and their taste—must feel the melancholy with which fallen glory inspires every generous mind. There is an exquisite portrait of one of the Holzschuher family, painted by Albert Dürer in 1526, which, by the courtesy of the present head of that most ancient house, is shown to strangers. When we stood before it, and thought that then—three centuries ago—

the Holzschuhers were already a time-honored race; that, in the year 1291, Herdegen Holzschuher was elected to the seat in the Senate or Supreme Council, which his descendants, in unbroken line, filled down to the dissolution of the Germanic Empire; when we turned over the vellum pages containing the effigies and armorial illustrations of these potent and reverend Councillors, we fell unwittingly into a fit of veneration for purity and antiquity of descent, unworthy of Englishmen, proud of the mixed blood and confused heraldry of their aristocracy.

But the smallest inquiry into the condition of the people under this oligarchy, soon dissipates all sentimental regrets. No sympathy with the fallen fortunes of individuals can prevent our rejoicing in the overthrow of a tyranny the more intolerable from its proximity. We have heard an aged Nürnberger contrast the haughtiness and *morgue* of his former masters, who never suffered their servants to address them without the magnificent title of "Hochfreiherrlicher Herr," with the plain habits and easy manners of their present Sovereign. It reminded us of the *naïf* wonder expressed by Madame Schopenhauer, then fresh from her free city, and full of republican pride, at seeing the young reigning Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin (grandfather, we presume, of the present) take out a flower-girl to dance in the public walks at Pylmont. "What would the Danzigers say if their reigning Bürgermeister were to demean himself so in public?"

In later times, arbitrary and rapacious exactions were added to the insolent domination of the hereditary senate of Nürnberg. It had no hold, as already mentioned, on the popular sympathies, and its fall is spoken of without regret. In Nürnberg, therefore, we must seek not so much the peculiar stamp impressed on the popular character, as the recollections connected with picturesque streets, and the domestic habits of its inhabitants. How strongly does every house bear the stamp of an opulent merchant city, as distinguished from the feudal aspect of Prague or Ratisbon! How distinctly do we trace the impression which Italy, then the Queen of commerce, the nurse of municipal independence, had left on the minds of these travelled burghers! Nor are all the ancient customs extinct. At intervals around the magnificent church of St. Lawrence, are fixed massive carved oaken chairs, bearing the symbols of the trades or guilds of the city. In

each of these sits, on a Sunday, a sworn master (*meister*) of the trade; before him stands a plate, on which are deposited the alms of the congregation. After service, each master carries his contribution into the vestry. This is a curious relic of the *kunstwesen* (guild-system) which we have never seen noticed. If such are the things which strike a passing stranger, what might not be told by old inhabitants of the city? what might not be discovered by an inquirer who united knowledge and patience with a love for antiquity;—imagination enough to seize the local color, and fidelity enough to render it exactly? There is no time to lose. The French Revolution, which levelled to the dust all the tottering edifices of the Middle Ages, already dates half a century back, and the living chronicles of what remained of antiquity are fast dropping into the grave. "Any one," says Madame Pichler, speaking of Vienna, "who had gone to sleep in 1790, and waked again in 1838, might have thought himself transported into another planet; so thoroughly is every thing altered—from the greatest to the least, from the most intimate to the most superficial."

Madame Schopenhauer's descriptions of her native city have all the charm and vivacity of truth. The institutions, customs, and manners of the great and ancient types of trading cities are peculiarly interesting to an Englishman, who can compare them with those which not long since existed in his own country. The civic life of England, as such, is extinct. Municipal institutions remain, but the pomp, pride, and circumstance that surrounded them are gone. What is more, the spirit that inspired them is extinct. Civic honors are become nearly ridiculous, and civic customs have lost their significance. In London, indeed, the Lord Mayor's show is kept up—as a show; but in other corporate towns the antique and traditional pageants, and the peculiar customs, have been abolished.

Who that has seen a Norwich guild twenty years ago, does not remember *Snap Snap*, as necessary to the mayor as his gold chain?—the delight and terror of children, the true representative of the dragon slain by St. George, patron of the city, who used to be borne, like a barbarian monarch in a Roman triumph, at the heels of the civil power, opening his wide and menacing jaws with no more felonious intent than the reception of the half-pence which it was the touchstone of courage to put into that blood-red and fearful gulf.

These were the perquisites of the inner man, the *spiritus rector* who walked under the scaly hide, flourished the long forked tail, and pulled the string which moved the dreadful head and jaws. The religious significance of *Snap* had been lost for ages. The Protestant and prosaic people saw in him nothing but a child's toy; the enlightened thought such toys absurd and disgusting—and he is no more. With him are gone the whiffers, the last depositories of an art so long forgotten beyond the walls of the venerable city, that the commentators on Shakspeare were at a loss for the meaning of the word. Their gay dress of blue and red silk, the wondering evolutions of the glittering swords with which they kept off the crowd from his worship—all are gone. The office and art of whiffler was hereditary. The last whiffler is dead and left no heir, the office is abolished, the art extinct.

These things had become shadows, and like shadows they have departed. But an equal and more important change has taken place in the social and domestic character of our provincial towns. They are all now imitations of the capital—there is no originality, no escape from the eternal repetition of men and things—the “*ewige einerlei*.” Fifty years ago, manners in London differed essentially from those in country towns, and those again from each other. The relations of the different classes of society to each other were still more different. In the old manufacturing cities there was a regular burgher aristocracy, connected for generations with the staple and permanent manufacture of the place—men of substance and credit, to whom the lower classes looked up with deference. They filled the civic offices, and never relinquished the honored title of “Mr. Justice,” which the highest of these offices conferred. The young men of such families were sent to some correspondent in Germany, Holland, or Italy, to “learn the languages,” and to see other forms of commercial life. Their return to their paternal city was an event. They were the travelled beaux who imported foreign airs and foreign fashions. They dressed and danced and wore their swords with the newest grace. But they soon settled down into the habits of their fathers, and might be seen (in one city, at least, in our remembrance) every day at noon sitting in a row on a low church wall opposite to a noted tavern, taking a glass of sherry “as a whet,” and discussing the politics of the greater or smaller state. The more we go back to the

recollections of what we heard in our childhood of a preceding generation, the nearer do we approach to the manners of Germany; in many respects, to those at the present day—in more, to those existing at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. The Germans are generally unaware of the existence of such resemblances. They take their idea of England solely from what they have read of London, or from the falsest of all guides, Novels. It has often happened to us, when describing the early hours, the simple methodical habits, and the primitive domestic festivities of English country towns early in this century, to be interrupted with a general exclamation—“But it is not England that you are describing!” Fortunately, or unfortunately, for her, Germany is embarked on the same stream with ourselves, and will be hurried along by the same current; but there are many causes which will render her progress less rapid than ours, and we may for years continue to find, especially in her remoter districts, traces of former times which have long been effaced at home. The similarity we speak of is, of course, subject to large deductions for national character and peculiarities. We shall leave those of our readers who can go back to a period verging on that described in the books before us, to decide to what extent the manners they depict resemble the contemporary manners of England.

But before quitting these desultory sketches of former times, we shall give our readers a Danzig scene, described to us by an eye-witness. Not more than a quarter of a century ago, there existed in every principal family of that city a family tribunal, *Familiengericht*, to which every member was amenable, and over which the head of the family presided. When a young girl, our informant accompanied her mother on a visit to the city of her fathers, and was taken to be introduced to this awful assembly:—“We went,” said she, “in full dress, and found the old man of eighty seated in the *grossvaterstuhl** at the top of the room, and the other members arranged in a semicircle on either side, according to age and precedence. I was presented by my mother, and welcomed as a stranger. I made my obeisance, and we took our

* Grandfather's-chair—*Easy* chairs were unknown. The only sort of arm-chair was called *grossvaterstuhl*, and was exclusively reserved for the dignity and the feebleness of age. Even now, this name is commonly applied to *easy*-chairs, which are lamentably rare in Germany.

seats. Shortly after, two very young men of the family were called up by the patriarch, and, in presence of the whole company, severely reprimanded for some misdemeanor—I think it was getting into debt. They stood perfectly abashed, and pale as death. Their parents sat by, scarcely less so, but not daring to interpose a word in their behalf. The rebuke ended, they were dismissed.” Does not this appear more like a scene in the tent of an Arab Sheik, than in the house of an inhabitant of a great trading city in our own days? But if such was the influence of the idea of kindred over the minds of citizens, what might it be expected to be over those of noble descent? This subject is foreign to our present purpose. The dire restraints and obligations imposed by noble blood; the degree to which individual character, tastes, and affections, are sacrificed to the preserving of its current pure and unmingled; the advantages and disadvantages of an aristocracy of mere birth, with whom the people can never mix and never sympathize—having no root in the inferior classes, and no independent political power—as compared with those of our own mixed-blooded, wealthy, and puissant aristocracy, growing out of the people, and sending down its younger branches again, like the banyan-tree, into the parent earth to seek strength and sustenance;—these are matters which lie beyond our present bounds, and upon which, therefore, we shall not make any observations.

Madame Schopenhauer introduces her “Recollections” in the following passage:

“A somewhat weary traveller, but still with fresh feelings and a vigorous enjoyment of life, I stand on the height overlooking the last stage of my journey. Once more I look back on the long road I have travelled; on the lovely valleys in which I have wandered; on the rugged and thorny paths through which I have struggled; and though the retrospect awakens a mingled feeling of joy and sorrow, I am well content, on the whole, to have arrived so far on my way.

“Sixty or seventy years ago, before there was even a talk of *chaussées* or railroads, life glided or crept on as slowly and quietly as the traveller’s carriage through the deep sands of north Germany: with the exception of a few inevitable jolts, one arrived, half asleep, at the goal prescribed to all. In the real, as well as the figurative sense, how utterly is every thing changed, during the period in which the larger half of my existence has fallen! Life, as well as travelling, goes on with threefold rapidity. . . . Whether the travellers will have as much to tell on their return home, as their more slow-moving predecessors, is doubtful; it is at

least to be hoped that they cannot bring back less information than most of the English tourists who now crowd the highways.

“To narrate! the favorite amusement of age! And why not? ‘That every fool now-a-days has his own history to tell, is not one of the smallest plagues of these evil times,’ sighed Goethe once, when he was condemned to listen to the long stories of a worthy person; and this has made me deliberate; but it is casier to lay down a dull book than to turn a tiresome talker out of your house.”

The venerable reciter probably thought, as we do, that Goethe’s lament did not apply to a lively and faithful record of events and objects, but to the effusions of restless vanity—the confessions of what nobody is interested in hearing, or ought to hear—with which the public is now so often regaled.

“After the sullen peace which succeeded the Seven Years’ War,” she continues, “my life has fallen in most eventful times. From the revolt of the Americans in 1775, to this present 22d of January 1837, on which the acquittal of Prince Louis Bonaparte is the latest piece of news, I have had ample time and opportunity to observe what is worthy not only to be remembered, but recorded. I will try then to sketch, with slight but accurate touches, a portrait of the times in and with which I have lived—those venerable times, whose manners and usages now appear to lie as far behind us as if they were divided from us by centuries. I will give the truth, the pure truth, without any admixture of fiction; but I shall not trouble the reader with the details of my own life, which can interest only the few who are attached to me. I shall spare the world the history of my affections,—(*Herzens angelegen heiten*—affairs of the heart.) To affirm that I have had none, were as useless as it were silly—for who would believe me?”

Johanna Troziener, such was her maiden name, was born in the year 1766, on the shores of the Baltic, in the then free city of Danzig, of which her father was an eminent merchant. The portraits of her father and mother, and their two faithful servants, Adam and Kasche, are drawn with great vivacity, though in few words. We quote the following passage for the sake of one remark in it:—“My father,” says she, “was a man of violent temper, but a certain old-fashioned gallantry to the sex prevented his ever forgetting himself in his behavior towards my mother. This feeling is now so completely out of fashion, that my readers will hardly understand what I mean by it. It extended even to his daughters.” If ever that sort of deferential courtesy to women, as women, which went under the name of gallantry, and was formerly a distinguishing mark of the breeding of a gentleman, was common in

Germany, the change is certainly as great as Madame Schopenhauer represents it. It has, we believe, greatly declined even in its birthplace, France. In England, if there is but little of this shadow of chivalry remaining, it is, in our opinion, amply compensated by an easy, cordial, equal tone of intercourse;—implying a far profounder and more flattering sort of respect than the generous consideration for weakness which lies at the bottom of the old gallantry. Men of sense and learning in England may constantly be seen talking to women, without altering the matter or manner of their conversation—(supposing always, of course, that their hearers have sense and taste enough to relish such conversation)—without any of the *ménagemens*, or the trivial compliments which imply such profound and almost unconscious contempt for their understandings. From what we have seen, and from the tone of German literature, it does not appear to us that women are treated either with the refined politeness of a former age in France, or the tone of frank, respectful equality—the civility neither of condescension nor adoration—which characterizes the best society in England.

On this subject, we find the following passage in the *Personalia* of Frederic Jacobs, published in 1840. He had been appointed teacher, we may mention, in the Gymnasium at Gotha, in 1785.

“At that time,” says he, “social life had a totally different aspect. The fashion of clubs was in its infancy; and women were not driven to seek amusement and conversation by themselves. Besides a weekly assemblage of the principal families in the town, there were frequent little parties in the houses of the middle classes, to which the youth of both sexes were invited. Every age and each sex found its account in them. The old played cards; the young amused themselves with music or dancing; new dramatic works were often read aloud; proverbs or little plays were acted. The tone in these little parties was at once polite and lively. The young men gave themselves the trouble to converse agreeably with the women, who, on their side, were willing listeners. That there was a good deal of falling in love, follows of course; but the eye of the mother watched over her daughter; and the salutary constraint thus imposed on both parties, heightened the charm of their intercourse, and gave rise to connexions less rapidly formed, but more enduring, than those which we now witness.”

Where such a separation of the sexes, as is here figured, takes place, it is evident either that the men are impatient or incapable of the decorum and courtesy imposed by female society; or that the women are impatient or incapable of such conversa-

tion as alone can or ought to interest men—or perhaps both are true. In either case, good manners and good conversation—at least, the best manners and the best conversation—cannot exist. The reciprocal endeavor of either sex to recommend itself to the higher tastes and qualities of the other, is, we believe, the fine but safe and powerful spring of really good—i. e. refined and enlightened—society.

Madame Schopenhauer describes her mother's education as that of her time. A few *Polonaises* on the harpsichord, a song or two accompanied by herself, and reading and writing sufficient for domestic use, formed the sum of her learning. Till the appearance of “Sophia's Journey from Memel to Saxony,” she had read very little but Gellert's writings. Indeed his “Swedish Countess,” of most tiresome memory, was the only novel she had read.”

Varnhagen Von Ense gives an amusing anecdote regarding this novel. The occurrence mentioned took place at Berlin in 1841.

A lady was ill, and must be amused by being read to, but not over-excited or fatigued. M. de Varnhagen was to be reader, and was embarrassed as to the choice of a book. The patient's uncle protested that he would not allow his niece to be agitated by the horrors of the literature of the day, in which atrocity and immorality were employed to set forth the “new opinions.” An elderly cousin attacked the French Romantic School, as having brought a torrent of indecency, bad taste, and bad morals, into Germany. At last, after a great contest of opinions, it was determined that M. de Varnhagen should be left to his own discretion—on condition that he should not tell the name of the book, or the author, till all had pronounced judgment. The sage and safe uncle looked black at the well-printed, uncut volume; sternly muttering, that the *newer* the book, so much the worse. The reader made no reply, and began. For a time, things went on tolerably; but, as the story advanced, the uncle declared he could no longer endure its gross immorality, and literally took his hat and stick and left the room;—protesting that such a book could not have been produced in any other age than the present, when the young think they are called upon to begin by emancipating themselves from all that their fathers held sacred. He added, that he wished that all the novels which had been published since the year 1830 were prohibited in a mass. M. de Varnhagen read on to the end. The

old cousin said it was a pity—the young author had talents, and perhaps might mend. “No,” said M. de Varnhagen, “he will not mend. He will remain what he is.” The book, instead of being an emanation of the evil spirit of the day, was the long before published “Swedish Countess” of the pious and popular Gellert.

Richardson’s novels produced a vast effect in Germany. It is impossible to take up a book referring to this period, in which they are not mentioned. Henry Steffens, in his *Autobiography*, says “they flooded not only Germany but Denmark;” and ascribes to them a marked increase in the refinement of the women. They were soon succeeded by the odious race of sentimental novels, which, till very lately, were believed in England to form the standard literature of Germany. It is worth while to undergo the tedium and disgust of reading one or two of the most celebrated of them, as indications of a certain state of popular taste and feeling, which, though no longer existing, has left perceptible traces in the national character and literature. There is an admirable critique of Jacobs’ *Woldemar*, by Frederick Schlegel, which we recommend to any reader who is inclined to know more of this form of mental disease. English novels still form a great part of the reading of German young ladies. The reason alleged is, that they are the only ones fit for girls to read. We are very sensible to the compliment paid to the purer taste and morality of our country; but we must be permitted to question whether the knowledge of English, so generally diffused in Germany, might not be turned to better account. Nor are some of the best of our novels current. Miss Austen’s, for example, are, so far as we have found, nearly unknown.

When we spoke of the slow pace at which change proceeds in Germany, we ought certainly to have excepted all that regards literature. Who that takes up a half-yearly *Leipsic Catalogue*, would believe that the men are yet living who remember the state of things which Madame Schopenhauer alludes to? Who that goes into a German reading-room and sees the innumerable Journals—the *Blatter*—leaves, “countless as those that strew the brooks of Valombrosa,” would believe, that in the year 1788, “the meagre blotting-paper Journals of the capitals appeared, at the utmost, three times a week? The *Reichs postreiter* (Courier of the Empire) was a sort of luxury for the higher classes; as the *Journal de Leyde*, published in French,

was for statesmen and politicians. The reading public were obliged to wait with eager impatience for a number (*heft*) of Schlötzer’s *Staats Anzeigen* and *Briefwechsel*, (Public Advertiser and Correspondence,) or for a new volume of ‘Nicola’s Travels,’ in order to enjoy the delight of a little gossip, home or foreign.”*

But to return to Madame Schopenhauer. Her description of Kasche, the Polish nursemaid, her songs, her simple lessons of piety, and her devoted attachment to the family of which she felt herself an integral member, is touching. Scarcely less so is that of Adam, the “Maitre Jacques” of the household, to whom every thing was confided, and who provided every thing, “even to the fat ox, which, according to universal custom, was bought and slaughtered in autumn for a winter store.” Adam understood and humored the infirmities of his master’s temper. He dealt with them as we do with the faults of those we love, when parting is out of the question. They never occurred to him as a reason for leaving the house to which he entirely belonged. The group is completed by the no less faithful, but somewhat ludicrous Moser, the clerk—with his love for politics and his talent for story-telling; thrice happy when he could exhibit himself on holidays “in his grass-green coat embroidered with gold, his bag wig, huge rings, and paste buckles, covering the whole front of the shoe.” Such was the household in which our authoress was born and grew up; for we need scarcely say that, with these excellent people there was no thought of change. They took root in the soil where they had been planted, and shared, in the fullest sense, the life and fortunes of their masters.

There is, perhaps, no department of social life where manners have undergone a more complete revolution than in the relation between master and servant. At the time which Madame Schopenhauer treats of, the old feudal feeling, which formed a tie wholly independent of personal qualities, was not extinct. Indeed, it survived to a much later period in the very city she is describing, and is still in full force in Westphalia.

Every city may perhaps be viewed as, in some sort, an expression of the character, wants, and tastes, of its builders; and of the state of society amidst which it arose. The following passage, relating to Danzig, is graphic:—

* C. J. Weber.

"The main streets," says Madame Schopenhauer, "are much wider than those in any other old town. Two or even three carriages might pass abreast between the houses, and yet leave room for a commodious footpath; yet the actual room for passage is so small, that the most experienced coachman can hardly avoid collision, and the foot passengers have enough to do to escape with whole limbs. The flights of steps before all the houses, of which those in Hamburg or Lubeck are but the shadow of a shade, are the cause of this strange appearance. I know not how to convey an idea of these singular *propylæa*, which give to the northern city something of a southern character, and in which, during my childhood, a great part of the household business was carried on, with an openness incredible now, almost as publicly as in the street. They are not balconies; I might almost call them spacious terraces, paved with large stones, and extending along the front of the house; with broad easy steps to the street, from which they are separated by a stone parapet. These terraces are divided from each other by a wall four or five feet high. The most capricious of all rulers, fashion, has taken so many despised things under her protection, under the name of *rococo*—may it please her to watch over the Danzig steps! She will hardly find a more *grandiose* piece of *rococo*. And what an incomparable play place! So safe, so convenient! Close under the eye of the sewing or knitting mother, yet secure from scoldings for making a noise."

This was the proper and peculiar scene of our author's childhood; we pity those who cannot feel its interest. Before we proceed with her series of sketches, we must say a word of her education. It was her singular good fortune to be educated chiefly by men, under the eye of her mother—a conjunction of influences the most likely to produce pure, sound affections, and a cultivated reason. To this was added another privilege, now become extremely rare—access to books "above her years." Children who are confined to the society of children, and to the reading of children's books, can hardly be other than intellectually and morally stunted—if not deformed. The great interests of humanity are never mentioned in their presence. History, wholly disconnected from the present, is them a mere "lesson." Their world lies within the walls of the nursery and the school-room, and is entirely factitious. The real life of man never reaches them in any form. Our little heroine, on the contrary, lived with her parents and their friends, and saw from her infancy the real and earnest side of human things. At seven years old she received one of those strong impressions which determine the character and opinions for life. Its effects may be traced through her whole history.

One morning she was surprised by an

unwonted bustle in her father's house, and in the streets, and alarmed at the consternation which marked every face. "'Sit still, dress your doll prettily, and give her her breakfast, but make no noise,' said Kasche, leading my sister and me to our play corner. 'Kasche, dear Kasche, we will be as still as mice; but do tell us what is the matter, I am so afraid.' 'Matter enough—but you children don't understand it. The Prussians are come in the night—so be good children,' added Kasche, and left us. Had she said a lion is come, a tiger, a bear, I should have connected some idea with it—but the Prussians! I understood not what she meant; but this only increased my fear."

Such were our author's recollections of the day which commenced the ruin of her paternal city—the destruction at once of its municipal freedom and its commercial prosperity; the day of the investment of the immediate neighborhood of Danzig by the troops of the great Frederic. We mention this incident here, as it gives us a key to her choice of books and objects of interest—we might almost say to her choice of a husband—and to the inflexible republicanism which she professed.

In her ninth year, we find her listening with intense interest to all the details of the American war, which had just broken out. "Washington and his associates," says she, "were my heroes, and rivalled Mucius Scævola and Cincinnatus in my affections." With the latter she had become acquainted in a translation of Rollin, which she read by stealth in corners, "often in the wood-loft under the roof. Four thick octavo volumes! With what ardor, with what indescribable interest, did I read them, and read them again, and, as a particular treat, turn to my favorite passages!" The successor and rival of Rollin was what she truly calls, "the incomparable *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie*—a shabby little book, printed on coarse gray paper, the clumsy German translation by the side of the original, and, prefixed to every story, a little print." "What a treasure was this! Bluebeard, as he was there depicted, seizing his wife by her hair, with a sword in his hand twice as long as himself; the discreet Finnetta, the charming Cinderella—how did they all enchant me! Above all, Puss in Boots, in honor of whom the whole volume was christened the Cat-book, shared my heart with the heroes of Rome."

Compare the vivacity of these impressions, the awakening of the curiosity, the judgment, the imagination, and the affec-

tions, with the effects produced by the lifeless skeletons called *abridgements*; or by the mawkish stories of the unnatural puppets called *good boys and girls*. We once heard Tieck say that he never would suffer a child's book to come into his house while his children were young. Without joining in this absolute proscription, we must confess that, as the sole food of growing minds, they appear to us poor and enfeebling.

As this is one of the important points on which the present age is at issue with the past, our readers will forgive us for quoting one or two examples of the kind of reading which formed the best minds of Germany in the last generation. "At that time," says Goethe, speaking of his childhood, "there were no so-called children's books. The old writers had child-like ways of thinking, and found it easy and agreeable to communicate what they knew to their posterity. With the exception of the *Orbis Pictus* of Amos Comenius, no book of the kind came in our way; but the great folio Bible, with prints by Merian, was frequently turned over. Gothfried's *Chronicle*, with engravings by the same master, taught us the most remarkable incidents of history; and the *Acerra Philologica* contained all sorts of fables, mythologies, and wonders." *

To these succeeded Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Fenelon's *Télémaque*, Robinson Crusoe, and Anson's *Voyages*; and lastly, that exhaustless mine of entertainment contained in the *Volksbücher*, (*people's books*)—the great manufactory of which was at Frankfurt; where countless editions, printed on the coarsest blotting-paper, supplied the never-ceasing demand. "We children," continues Goethe, "had thus the happiness of daily finding these precious remains of the Middle Ages on an old book-stall, and of becoming possessors of them for a few kreutzers. The *Eulen-spiegel*, the four sons of Aymon—the fair Melusina—Emperor Octavian—the beautiful Magelone—Fortunatus, &c.—the whole tribe, down to the Wandering Jew, were at our command, whenever we preferred them to cakes and sweetmeats. The great advantage was, that when one was fairly worn out, it could be bought again, and again devoured."

Jacobs gives the following account of his childish reading. He was born fifteen years after Goethe; but habits and ways of thinking had undergone no perceptible change in that quiet period:—"The absence of ex-

ternal excitement," says he in his *Personalia*, "rendered the instruction we received, however scanty, more fruitful than more ample and varied intellectual food set before a palate palled with excitement. Our course of instruction was extremely meagre; but as we had little or nothing else to do, as no amusements presented themselves, and the vivacity of youth required occupation, *ennui* itself drove us to labor. We found our stimulus in my father's little library, which contained the best poets of that time. We read what came in our way, and imitated it. We described nature like Kleist and Zacharia, wrote idylls like Gessner, and travels and adventures, the great difficulty in which was to find names. As Busching's ponderous geography filled us with awe, we undertook a description of the globe ourselves, and began it, I know not why, with Turkey; perhaps because, to the childish imagination, the strange is always the most attractive."

But let us turn from the effect of books, to the still more powerful and important influence of living men. The most interesting portrait in Madame Schopenhauer's book is that of her neighbor and friend, Dr. Jameson; the minister of the English colony or factory which had long been settled at Danzig. He was a native of Scotland, and, we conclude, a member of the Scottish church. This is not explained; probably, in those less polemical days, this did not occur to the English who invited him over as an objection. We scarcely remember to have read a more touching picture of evangelical simplicity and benevolence, than that which our author draws of her early friend. We contemplate it with a just, at least a pardonable pride in our countryman—a pride which we never conceal when such characters come in the way of our notice. His humble, blameless life—his simplicity and truth—his warm, active pity for every pain and every distress—his love for children, occasionally dashed by a tinge of no less gentle melancholy, the trace, as it seemed, of some early and secret wound—his enthusiasm for all that could enlighten and enoble the human race—his truly Christian piety and charity, were well fitted to draw all hearts to the service of Him whose minister he was. In this lovely and venerable form did religion first appear to the opening eyes of the little girl. He was the next-door neighbor of her parents.

"Kasche carried me out on our terrace one bright morning for the first time, to show the newcomer to our reverend neighbor; he took me,

* *Aus Meinem Leben. Erster Theil.*

with a pleased smile, in his arms, and this moment seemed to bind him more closely to my family.

"As I grew up, Dr. Jameson was my teacher, my guide, my counsellor; he watched over my young soul, and never left me till the day when another received, together with my hand, the charge of my guidance and well-being."

Her regular tutor, Kuschel, was a sort of youthful Parson Adams; uniting perfect simplicity and probity, a warm heart, kindly temper, and unpretending merit, to singular awkwardness and ignorance of the world. Like the greater part of the clergy of the Lutheran Church at the present day, he was the son of parents in humble life. He was the sole support of a widowed mother. The sequel of his history is one of those noiseless tragedies which are but too frequent among men of his character and class. At an early age he sank under toil and privation, deferred hopes, and exhausted powers—the afflicting end of many a blameless, joyless life like his.

The evils incident to studious poverty in all ages, were much aggravated by the austere discipline which then prevailed in the Lutheran Church—

"The dress of the candidates for holy orders was entirely black, with the exception of the bands which mark their calling. A *calotte* of black velvet, about the size of a dollar, on the crown of a curled and powdered periwig, also a badge of sanctity, and a narrow cloak, half covering the back and reaching to the ground, which the wearer was bound to gather up in graceful folds when he walked along the streets; such was the dress enjoined by the dreaded head of our church—the very reverend Dr. Hiller. These young divines must have trusted to the inward glow of faith for a defence against the cold, which often reached twenty degrees of Reaumur; for great-coat or fur-mantle were not to be thought of. Wo to the unlucky candidate who was caught beyond the bounds of his own four walls in any other habit than the one prescribed! All hope of a living was lost to him for ever; for Dr. Hiller regarded such an offence as equal to the most abominable heresy. Not only the candidates but the officiating preachers, and even their wives and daughters, were forbidden to go to plays, concerts, or any other public amusements. The utmost they dared venture on, was a modest game of ombre, and that only among friends, and under the strictest seal of secrecy."

This rigid discipline is, we believe, no more to be found. The reverence for "the cloth," as Parson Adams called it, has also declined, and individuals are now everywhere tried pretty much according to their individual merits. A great deal of the altered feeling towards the Protestant clergy may, perhaps, be ascribed to the polemical

character of our times. The clergy are now regarded too much as a sort of spiritual athletes, whose business it is to interest and excite an audience, and to contend for victory. Their triumphs may secure them admirers and partisans; but they will not, in the long run, succeed in exciting those sentiments of love and veneration which involuntarily follow the steps of the man in whose every-day acts the Gospel has a living illustration.

We have already spoken of the intolerable yoke of a burgher aristocracy—of the *hauteur*, far exceeding that of Kings and Princes, which rendered the downfall of the patricians of Nürnberg a triumph to their subject fellow-citizens. There, indeed, the constitution of the city was oligarchical; but it is curious to see how the same temper manifested itself in a city where perfect equality was assumed as the basis of society; and how pride, servility and worldliness, went hand in hand with pharisaical rigor.

"This aristocratical spirit," says Madame Schopenhauer, "bordered on the ludicrous. At every public, and especially at every religious, ceremony; at marriages and christenings; and even at the Holy Supper, before God's altar, it broke forth in a flagrant manner; and gave occasion to the most disgraceful scenes, especially among women.

"On no account could I have been confirmed in public with the other children of the town—this was esteemed proper only for the lower *bourgeoisie*; nor could the minister be invited to perform the ceremony in my father's house, in the presence of my family and intimate friends. This was the practice in the Reformed (*i. e.* Calvinistic) Church, and, in our Lutheran city, we strove to keep our Lutheran usages unaltered. So willed the still dark spirit of that time; there was not the least conception of the light which has since broken in upon us, and cleansed and tranquillized all minds.

"Among other remains of former days which were obstinately adhered to, I may mention the custom of private confession, which was very like that of the Catholic Church.* Nobody who had not confessed, could be admitted to the Lord's Supper. The fees derived from this source formed a considerable part of the income of favorite preachers; for every one was at liberty to choose his confessor, without reference to the parish he inhabited. This was not much calculated to promote brotherly love among the clergy.

"With lively emotions of piety I followed my parents on Whitsunday into the *Graumünchen* Church, which was decorated, according to custom, with flowers and fresh may. I was led by my mother, who was equally moved, through the church to the confession room, commonly called the comfort-room (*Trostkammer*). A

* This is still the practice in Saxony.

crowd of people of the lower classes were waiting before the door. Many, it was evident, had waited longer than they could well afford, till as many as could find room could be admitted; when they were confessed, admonished, and absolved in a mass, and paid the indispensable confession fee (*Beicht groschen*). On our arrival, however, they were doomed to a new disappointment. They were sent back, and only we three admitted. Our spiritual guide sat enthroned in a comfortable easy-chair in full canonicals. Kneeling before him, we made our confession. My father had condensed his into a few brief expressive words; my mother had chosen a verse of a spiritual song; and I, a very short one out of Gellert's odes. The whole was despatched in a few minutes; we then seated ourselves opposite to his reverence, heard an admonition, and were absolved. After a little conversation about wind and weather, the last news, and above all, polite inquiries about our health, respectively, which my father, out of pity for the poor people waiting, cut short, we returned."

Revolted by the indecent precedence given to wealth and station—wearied by the admonition, and somewhat scandalized by the sight of a bottle of wine and glass in the room devoted to ghostly comfort—a lasting shock was given to her piety, "by the appearance of the ducats which her father secretly, but not unseen, slipped on the table near the reverend divine; and the sidelong glance with which the latter ascertained whether the usual number had received an addition of one, in consequence of her presence, together with the unctuous smile with which he nodded his thanks to her parents."

In spite of the rigid Lutheranism of Danzig, liberty of conscience was complete. The Roman Catholic religion was not only tolerated, but the monastic orders lived as unmolested in their convents as in a Catholic country. There was also an ecclesiastic of that church, whose presence and functions in a Protestant city presented a singular and unexplained anomaly. He bore the title of the Pope's Official, and was in fact a sort of Nuncio. Not only were Protestants who married within the forbidden degrees obliged to get a dispensation from Rome, but the Official had the power of performing the ceremony of marriage, for Catholics or Protestants, without the consent of parents—without license or witnesses—in a little chapel attached to his house; and a marriage so contracted was as valid as any other. This strange privilege remained unimpaired down to the time of the occupation of Danzig. The Official lived in the greatest retirement, and was hardly ever seen. Madame Schopenhauer says, she never knew any body who

was acquainted with him, and that a sort of mystery hung over his whole existence.

The following Christmas scene is picturesque and touching:—

"Every Christmas-day, three of the Brothers of the order of Mercy, in the black garb of their order, bowing humbly, entered the dining-room, just as we were assembled for dinner. They brought a quaintly-formed silver plate, on which were a few colored waters stamped with a crucifix; and a box filled with snuff which they prepared from herbs in their convent, and sold for the benefit of the poor.

"My father rose from table and advanced a few steps to meet them. We children each received a wafer; he took a pinch of snuff out of the box, and laid some money on the plate; the Monks bowed again and retired, as they had entered, in silence.

"The whole transaction, during which not a word was spoken, made, probably for that reason, a solemn and at the same time melancholy impression upon me. I was almost ready to cry. I knew that these venerable men lived lives of the greatest privation, received into their convent the sick of whatever faith, even Jews, and carefully nursed them. Adam, who was himself a Catholic, and had been cured by the good fathers in a severe illness, always told us about them after their visit."

It will be a misfortune for the world, if narrowed views of religion on the one hand, and an extravagant abuse of philosophical speculation on the other, should conspire to rob Germany of her fairest and noblest characteristic—one which she will ill exchange for any that she can borrow from her neighbors—a profound and pervading religious sentiment, united to complete toleration and Christian charity. We have more than once heard even the common people speak with an honest pride of the harmony in which they lived with their neighbors of a different confession. They were evidently conscious that it was a distinction, and justly valued themselves upon possessing it. In a considerable part of North Germany this complete tolerance is combined with a strict adherence to the forms instituted by Luther; and with the more cheerful spirit which distinguishes his Church from that of Calvin. Saxony (royal and ducal) naturally retains the Lutheran character and traditions untouched. There is a great difference, for example, in the manner of observing the festivals of the Church, at Dresden and at Berlin. Nothing can be at once more solemn and more festive than the observance of Christmas-day at Dresden. Soon after midnight you are awakened by the salvos of cannon which announce the great festival. A few hours later, choral music comes floating

through the silence and darkness, as if from heaven. These are the choristers of the *Kreuzschule*, singing their beautiful hymns on the outer gallery which surrounds the lofty tower of the *Kreuzkirche*. At day-break the fine military band parades the principal streets playing, as a *réveille*, the venerable and noble carol which the church of Luther has sung from its infancy—the greeting of the angels to the shepherds.

“ Von Himmel hoch nun komm ich her
Und bringe ihnen neue Mähr.”

Soon the huge deep-toned bell of the *Kreuzkirche* swings through the air with its long and harmonious vibrations; and the streets are filled with well-dressed people thronging to the churches. A little later you may see the beloved and revered Catholic Monarch of the Lutheran People, with all the members of his house, devoutly joining in the offices of a Church, which they have no other means of upholding, than through the warm charity of their hearts, and the spotless purity of their lives. The whole scene is at once religious, antique, and joyous, and realizes all our conceptions of a festival of the Christian church.

But the reverence for Luther, and the adherence to the forms which he instituted, are still more unshaken in the country lying on the confines of the Saxon duchies and electoral Hesse. Here he still lives and reigns, in spite of Rationalists and Hegelianers, Papists or Pictists. A year or two ago some travellers stopped to dine at Eisenach, under the very shadow of the Wartburg. While they were at dinner, a choir of scholars, in their long black cloaks, came under the windows and sang several hymns. The travellers inquired whether it was any particular festival. “No,” replied the waiter, “it is an ancient tradition, (*eine alte herkömmliche Anstalt*.) established by Dr. Martinus Luther. We give two dollars and a half a-year, and for that the poor scholars must sing twice a-week before our house; and so they receive their learning, (*und dafür bekommen sie ihre Studia*.”) We are sorry we cannot do justice in English to the agreeable pedantry of the whole speech. This was one of the substitutes contrived by Dr. Martinus, for the monastic institutions to which he owed the learning which he afterwards devoted to their destruction. How many of the illustrious scholars of Germany have earned their education in this manner! Döring, whose edition of Horace was republished in London in 1820, and who was rector of a school at Guben in 1781, complains of having to sing before

the doors of the citizens of that town on holidays; but adds, that the fees made up too considerable a part of his salary for him to discontinue the practice. In a small and thriving town called Ahlfeld, in the country of the Whitehaired Catti, whose blood is as unadulterated as their faith, the same travellers stopped in the inn at which the stout-hearted Reformer slept, on his way to the diet of Worms. They were told that, shortly before, a schoolmaster and all his scholars had walked from Eisenach to see the house, which is preserved as it was in its pristine state, and that such pilgrimages were not unfrequent. This is a very German, as well as a very Lutheran part of Germany. In the bordering county of Hesse the manners of the peasantry are little changed. They are still clad from head to foot in the stout linen woven in their own houses, decorated with large metal buttons.

Like all commercial cities, and especially seaports, in that age, Danzig presented a variety of costumes, and of striking national characteristics, of which we can now form no idea. Its situation was peculiarly favorable to this motley grouping. The march stone of civilization, as Madame Schopenhauer calls it—the point at which the Slavonic and Teutonic races blended—at which the more polished nations of the south and west met the semi-barbarians of the north and east, it was necessarily rich in varied and picturesque figures. Poles, from the splendid and haughty Starost—who looked as if the earth were not worthy to touch his yellow boot, with his running postmen, habited to their very shoes in white, with long ostrich feathers in their caps, streaming as they ran panting by the side of his carriage—to the half-naked Schimkys, who navigated the rude barges, laden with corn, down the Vistula, and the wretched Marutschas, flocking in troops to weed the fields around the city for the barest pittance; the rich Jews of Warsaw and Cracow in their stately oriental garb, and their wives in rich brocade, covered with gold chains, and pearls, and antique jewelry; Russian merchants, with their singular dress, rude *Ist-wostschichs*, and the ponderous bags of roubles carried behind them, attesting their ignorance of the commercial transactions common to civilized Europe; M. de Pons, the French resident, distinguished by his red-heeled shoes, and the English consul, Sir Trevor Correy, by “his splendid equipage, and his negro-boy Pharaoh;”—these, and many more, were the foreign elements in this gay picture; while the adherence to

the established dress of the various professions and classes among the natives, completed the motley variety. Among the most remarkable of these were the physicians. Madame Schopenhauer's father was the first to brave the prejudice against inoculation, which seems to have been as strong in Danzig, as, according to Goethe, it was among the free citizens of Frankfort. After reading her description of the doctors, we can easily imagine what a determined opposition they would give to "theory," "experiment," and the like.

"The character of our Danzig physicians of that day left my father not the faintest hope of effecting his purpose by their means. In the first place, they were all and several extremely old, and petrified in obstinate prejudices. Whether they had ever been young, where they had lived, and what they had done in their youth, I know not; but I can affirm, that up to the twelfth or fourteenth year of my life, I had never seen nor heard of a young physician. These reverend gentlemen enjoyed the title of excellency, and not only in their own houses and from their servants, but in society generally; only very intimate friends could sometimes venture on a respectful 'Herr Doctor.' Their head was covered by a snow-white powdered full-bottomed periwig with three tails, one of which hung down the back, while the others floated on the shoulders. A scarlet coat embroidered with gold, very broad lace ruffles and frill, white or black silk stockings, knee and shoe buckles of sparkling stones or silver gilt, and a little flat three-cocked-hat under the arm, completed the toilette of these excellencies. Add to this a pretty large cane with a gold head, or mermaid carved in ivory, upon which, in difficult cases, to rest the chin—and certainly every one will admit the impossibility of so much as thinking of an innovation in their presence."

England, the leader in all such enterprises, seems to have mainly contributed to the spread of this great discovery in Germany. Goethe speaks of "travelling Englishmen" as the only inoculators in Frankfort; and the Dr. Wolf who introduced the practice into Danzig, "came from England recommended to Dr. Jameson." Madame Schopenhauer remarks, that "he was one of a race of physicians who just then came into fashion, but are now extinct; they set at defiance all the established rules of decorum and civility, and affected a simplicity of manners bordering on rudeness. Probably from contrast, they were the especial favorites of fine ladies and princes."

The description of our heroine's inoculation, the preparation for it, the anxiety and terror it occasioned, and its final success, is amusing enough. But we have not room for it.

It is impossible to praise too highly the

good-natured impartiality with which Madame Schopenhauer describes the absurd and troublesome fashions, the follies and the abuses of her early days; she sees them with as clear and unprejudiced an eye as if they were not surrounded with the bright morning mist of youth.

"My emancipation from the school-room," says she, "fell in the spring; balls, concerts, plays, &c., had ceased. A few late evening parties alone remained; the brilliant part of these was the two hours' long hot supper, under which the tables groaned. In Danzig, as everywhere, supper was the social meal; dinners were not thought of. To such a party, for the first time in my life, was I invited, as a confirmed, *i. e.* grown-up young lady, of scarcely fourteen years of age. With a *frisure* in the most fortunate state of preservation, I had alighted from my father's carriage; not a grain of powder had fallen from the lofty tower, the broad summit of which was crowned with a labyrinth of feathers, flowers, and beads; my new silk gown rustled proudly over the large and stately hoop. Holding the hand of the eldest daughter of the house, who had advanced to meet me, I tripped lightly on my gold-embroidered shoes, with heels at least two inches high, up two steps leading into the room. Never had I been so handsomely dressed—never had my heart beat so violently—the folding-doors were thrown open—ah!"

"Ball-dresses," she continues, "properly so called, we had not, for the simple reason that the varieties of spider net, tulle, organdie, gauze, or whatever be their names, which now float like a mist around the graceful forms of young ladies, as yet reposed in the wide and distant domain of the possible. And yet we danced in our heavy silk 'company' gowns—danced with passionate glee; were sought, admired, and now and then a little adored; just exactly as our grand-daughters are at the present day. How this was possible, in the disguise we were, is still a mystery to myself."—"Our mammas were more richly dressed, in other words more heavily-laden, than their daughters. Paris sent them its fashions, somewhat obsolete, indeed, and deformed by exaggeration; but still they were eagerly received. One alone formed an exception—rouge. The few ladies who dared to act in defiance of the opinion that it was sinful to wear rouge, were forced to do it with the utmost secrecy, if they did not wish to expose themselves to a public rebuke from the pulpit."

It seems from Madame Pichler's Sketches, that the consciences of the Vienna ladies were less scrupulous, or their spiritual guides more indulgent. There, the same rule obtained as in Paris. Married women alone were permitted to wear rouge. Was this a sort of symbol or *affiche* of the franchises conferred by marriage? We have always wondered why the whole virtuous horror of artificial aids to beauty was directed against red and white paint. Ladies

are delicate casuists, and we should like to see a treatise from some fair hand, on the innocence of a "front," the venality of a "tournure," and so on, through all the gradations of criminality, to *rouge*. In what part of the scale *patching* would come, we know not. Madame Schopenhauer says nothing of the attempts of the clergy of Danzig to repress this practice, though nothing could be more felonious than the *animus* it displayed.

"Another fashion found great acceptance with our fine ladies, so absurd that I should have doubted the possibility of its existence, did I not remember the long flat little mother-of-pearl box, with a looking-glass in the lid, which often served me as a plaything. This all ladies carried about them, that whenever a patch fell from its place, the void might instantly be filled. These little bits of so-called English plaster were cut in the forms of very small full and half moons, stars, hearts, &c., and were stuck on the face with a peculiar art, so as to heighten its charms and increase its expression. A row of moons from the very smallest gradually *crescendo* to larger, at the outer corner of the eyelid, was intended to add to the length and brilliancy of the eye. A few little stars at the corner of the mouth, gave a bewitching archness to the smile; one in the right place on the cheek, set off a dimple. There were larger patches in the form of suns, doves, cups, &c., which were called *assassins*."

"Every thing," continues Madame Schopenhauer, "in domestic, as well as in social life, wore a different air from what it now wears, even the greatest joy of youth—dancing. One of the elegant dancers of the present day would hardly bear the tedious Vandalism of a ball of that age for an hour; and no doubt they will pity their grandmothers in their graves when they hear that no dancing soul among us dreamt of such a thing as waltz, gallopade, or cotillon. These dances are all of south German origin, and had not yet found their way to the shores of the Baltic and the Vistula. Our northern popular dances were the Polonaise and the Mazurka, and are so to this day. Then, as now, the ball opened with a Polonaise. But what a difference between that stately and graceful dance, and the lazy, slouching walk which has usurped its name! To understand what I mean, it is necessary to see it danced by Poles. Our trains having been carefully fastened up by our mothers, an Anglaise followed, then Mazurka, quadrilles, and lastly, minuets, till an abundant hot supper, which neither old nor young disdained, was served. After this, dancing was resumed with fresh vigor, and continued till morning broke."

Madame Pichler, in her description of a Vienna Carnival ball in the last century, laments over the disappearance of the graceful and decorous Allemande, (as the slow waltz of that time was called all over Europe,) which has degenerated into the whirl

we now turn from with dizzy eyes. The only merit of a dancer of the present day, seems to be the power of spinning round like a frantic Fakeer. We rather wonder that some of the venerable chroniclers of German manners have not moralized upon it, as a symptom of the change which seems to strike them more than any other—the incessant demand for novelty and excitement; and the no less constant weariness and disappointment consequent upon it. Things which were formerly events, are now every-day occurrences, and pleasures which were formerly looked forward to for months with beating hearts, are now regarded as childish, insipid, and tedious. And if Germans find cause to complain of this rapid and wearing action of all the wheels of life, what shall we say of our vast and tumultuous metropolis, compared to which the capitals of Germany are quiet, homely, and stationary? But as the distance between given points may be equal, though the point of departure is different, we have no doubt the change is quite as great in Germany as in England. We remember to have heard or read of nothing at home like the absolute monotony in which, according to Jacobs, childhood was passed in Gotha; then, no doubt, a fair specimen of the smaller cities of Germany. Such a state of existence would now be thought fit only for a penal colony, or a bettering house. If we had not good evidence for it, we should be unable to believe that children grew, prospered, and were happy in a life so entirely *gray upon gray*, (to use an excellent Germanism.) We forget what a glow and brightness are diffused over all things by the sunlight of youth; how the imagination of childhood (if not blunted by excitement) can give shape, color, life, meaning, to the most ordinary objects, and find, not "sermons," but romances and dramas, in stocks and stones.

"The life of the middle classes," says Jacobs in his *Personalia*, "was then very simple. My father's income was precarious, and we grew up under restraints which would appear melancholy and oppressive to children of our class. But the amusements to which the children of the present day are accustomed, were unknown to those of a former; and they missed not what they did not know. Spacious buildings, which keep asunder the members of a family, were rare, and those who had them, used them only on rare occasions. Parents and children were generally together in one room; the children worked and played under the eyes of their parents, and a great part of education consisted in this companionship. Filial obedience, the beginning and foundation of all domestic and civil virtues, was a matter of course, and parents

were the better for the constraint which the presence of their children imposed on their words and actions. The respect which they (with few exceptions) inspired, spared parents much admonition, teaching and preaching—the cheap but feeble substitute for practical education. So at least was it in our house. Company was hardly thought of; at the utmost, families assembled after afternoon service on Sundays; the women to discuss the sermon, the men to talk of business or news, or, if they had nothing to say, to play backgammon. Family festivals were rare. On New-Year's day and birthdays, relations wished each other joy; the boys generally in a Latin or German speech, got by heart. Presents were not thought of. Those for children were reserved for Christmas eve, when the tree, with its sweat-meats and angels and wax-lights, gave an appearance of festal splendor to things which were, in fact, mere necessaries. Bethlehem, with its manger and crib, was indispensable; and this sacred spot was surrounded with a blooming landscape, gardens, and ponds, which my father had for weeks employed his evening hours in decorating with his own hands. He thought his labor richly rewarded on the long expected evening, by our delight and admiration. The narrative of St. Luke, which it had not at that time occurred to any body to regard as a myth, was always read. The joyous recollection of this pious festival, caused me and my brothers to retain the same custom with our children."

Goethe's description, in the work before quoted, of his grandfather, is a charming picture of contented monotony in advanced life. Every day the same business was followed by the same simple pleasures, in exactly the same order. In such a life, disappointment was scarcely possible. His expectations were extremely moderate, and he knew exactly what he expected. "In his room," says Goethe, "I never saw a novelty. I recollect no form of existence that ever gave me to such a degree the feeling of unbroken calm and perpetuity." Yet this was in the busy and wealthy city of Frankfort, on the high-road of Europe. Even the tumult and luxury of the capital of the empire did not materially disturb the tranquil and regular habits of its citizens.

Madame Pichler gives the following description and summary of the life of a Viennese employé in her youth:—

"Between sixty and seventy years ago, the income of a K. K. Hofrath, (an imperial *Conseiller de Cour*,) who generally had, besides his salary, official rooms, enabled him, with good management, to live in a respectable manner, keep an equipage, and still lay by something yearly. He and his wife thus lived in tranquil comfort, and in the enjoyment of competence; they settled themselves in the dwelling which cost them nothing, as handsomely as was consistent with an accurate calculation of their means, and in twenty or thirty years died in the

midst of the same furniture, pictures, etc., with which they had first adorned it. The effect of this unchangeable plan of life on the character and happiness, was incalculably different from that produced by the mobile, striving, all-attempting, all-overturning existence of the present generation, both for good and for evil. And if we hear those times spoken of as *perdue*, and reproached, not unjustly, with routine, *Phillisteret*, etc., I must still think that the absence of the continual exciting movement which now prevails, favored the possibility of deep thought and steady feeling; the character, though more one-sided and narrow, had a depth and consistency which is now rare."

In all Madame Pichler's personages of the middle class, we find the contentment, with the uniform and inflexible recurrence of the same amusements, which characterizes children. Children in a natural state prefer an old book, a story which they have heard a hundred times, to any thing unaccustomed. The narrator who thinks to please them by various readings and new *fioriture*, finds himself completely mistaken. At the smallest departure from the authentic version, he is called to order, and brought back to the established form of the history, every deviation from which is disappointment. So it was with the amusements of our ancestors. Each holiday had its appropriate and *obligé* diversion, its peculiar dish or confection, its fixed form of salutation. To alter these was to invert the order of nature. Surprises were unwelcome. People liked to know exactly what was coming—what they had to see, to feel, to say, and even to eat.

We have already noticed the broad line of demarcation which formerly existed between the several classes of society. It was the object of the legislature of every country to perpetuate this; and one of the expedients most commonly resorted to, was the enactment of sumptuary laws. By no class of rulers were these more rigidly maintained than by the municipal aristocracies of free cities. Even in Madame Schopenhauer's youth they were still in full force.

"At the weddings of the wealthiest and most respectable artisans, an officer, whose especial business it was, invariably presented himself in full dress, with a sword by his side, to count the guests, and see that they did not exceed the prescribed number, and to ascertain that the bride wore no forbidden ornaments, such as real pearls. But the fear of being ridiculous in the eyes of their neighbors and equals had still more effect than the law. No woman of that class thought of wearing the hoops, the richly-trimmed trains, or the high head-dresses of the ladies."

We find the same remark in Madame

Pichler's description of the Vienna citizen of the same date.

"The wealthy saddler, who was supposed to be able to leave each of his three sons thirty thousand florins, lived in a few simply-furnished rooms, surrounded by his family and journeymen, ate well, but without elegance, dressed the same, and placed his pride in never affecting any thing above his station. For this reason he never allowed his wife to wear any dress worn by women of the higher ranks, no hoop, no open gown—that is, a gown with folds hanging from the shoulders and ending in a sort of train. These were peculiar to ladies. The citizens' wives wore those folds confined at the waist by a black silk apron, and ending at the feet. The worthy citizen's rigor was so great, that he once hacked to pieces a beautiful lace cap which his wife had made in secret, that she might see it was not the cost, but the pretension, of such luxury which he objected to.

"So thought, so lived, the Vienna tradesmen sixty or seventy years ago. Their journeymen ate with them at the same table; the discipline, though paternal, was strict, and often enforced on both children and workmen with the stick or the strap. Rough words and coarse jokes formed the scanty conversation at table.

"On Sunday, after the huge and indispensable roast was dispatched, the party separated to their several amusements. The master and mistress went to church to hear the benediction, which they received with great devotion, and then returned home. The Sunday clothes were now laid aside. The master went with a few neighbors to a grocer's shop, and there indulged rather freely in an Italian salad and foreign wine; while the wife regaled herself and her gossips with excellent coffee served in a massive silver pot. At eight or half past eight the master came home, somewhat more excited than usual, joked a little with one of his pretty neighbors, gave his wife a hearty smack to appease her rising jealousy, and ended the Sunday with the same homely simplicity as he began it."

In justice to the present age, upon which it may be thought we, as well as these gossips, are rather hard, we must express our surprise that none of them have said any thing about the astonishing decline of drunkenness in Germany. "Not a century ago," says Carl Julius Weber, "German sotting (saufen) was proverbial. Different towns and cities claimed precedence in it. To drink *more palatino*, was to get *dead drunk*. The collections of antiquarians are full of drinking cups, and horns not made to stand. *Trink alle aus*, was the motto of the Oldenburger Wunderhorn. The last Count of Gorz used to make his children drink at night, and, if they wanted to go to sleep, he grumbled at their degeneracy, and doubted if they were his own children. The Hohenlohe deed of in-

vestiture (*lehensbrief*) required the claimant to drink out (*vel quasi*) the great feudatory goblet, (*lehensbescher*), as a proof that he was a German nobleman and an able-bodied warrior. In that principality, even about fifty years ago, there were no glasses holding less than half a schappen, (a half bottle.) The Homburger chronicle records the feats of *two sisters*, who drank thirty-two schappens at a sitting, and then walked quietly to their home, half a league distant."

The Ecclesiastical Courts were distinguished for this jovialty. It was a canon of Mainz to whom the world was indebted for the admirable excuse, that "there was too much wine for the mass, and too little for the mills."

There is still a good deal of drunkenness among the lower classes in some parts of Germany, although not nearly so much as in England. Among the higher classes it is very rare in both countries. The beer-drinking of the students is not to be classed with ordinary intemperance. It is part of a system, (the *studenten wesen*,) and whatever their admirers at home or abroad may tell them, not the best part. It is difficult to understand the enjoyment of pouring down the throat gallons of beer, neither pleasant to the taste nor exhilarating to the spirits. But "*sic Dii voluerunt*"—so the *Burschen* have decreed. It begins by being a fashion, and ends by being a want; like its kindred abomination—smoking.

Madame Pichler, who, as we have remarked, is apt to insist on the degeneracy of the age, laments over the galloping speed at which Austria has joined in the mad race after novelty and change. This will surprise our readers, who are accustomed to regard Austria as the drag on the wheel of European life. We should have thought the easy contented character of the people, and the insurmountable barriers which surround the higher ranks, would have kept down all ambitious imitations and restless change.

In some respects we venture to think the revolution is not alarming. Madame Schopenhauer's description of the precautions of the police on the Austrian frontier, forty years ago, is wonderfully exact to this day. You are still detained half an hour, at the least, while the accomplished functionary is spelling out your passport; you are still asked your religious confession, the maiden name of your grandmother, and other particulars not less important to the interests and safety of the Austrian

empire ; but all this is done with extreme quietness and civility, and if two *zwanzi-gers* are accidentally found to have insinuated themselves within the folds of the passport, you hear nothing of searching. We have always admired the simplicity and directness with which Mr. Murray's "hand-book" fixes the price of the virtue of a K. K. custom house officer. The writer evidently knew his men. The good Austrians are the last people to take this amiss. Hypocrisy is not one of their faults ; for that you must seek further north.

Should we enter on the chapter of changes in all that relates to travelling, we should never have done. England, in this respect, took the lead of all other countries, and for many years was immeasurably ahead. Her superiority is still very great ; but the demand and the money of her own wandering sons have forced the countries through which they pass in swarms, into some approach to her own condition. The Zollverein has put an end to half the vexations of travellers. Fifteen years ago, the custom-house officers of M. de Nassau and M. de Bade (as M. Victor Hugo, in his work on the Rhine, thinks fit to call them) were troublesome and inquisitive—exactly in an inverse ratio of the magnitude of their sovereign's territory. Now, having shown your passport on the frontiers of Prussia, where you rarely find either incivility or exaction, you may go from Aix-la-Chapelle to Bohemia without a question.

We have seen that among Madame Schopenhauer's earliest recollections, was the sudden blow given to the franchises and the commerce of her native city. Her whole youth was passed in witnessing its convulsive struggles and long agony ; and when we read her description of the barbarous and destructive form under which monarchical power first presented itself to her, we cease to wonder, or even to smile, at her stiff-necked republicanism. It is impossible to see without indignation, a free, peaceful, industrious population, whose prosperity was their own work, and whose institutions were sanctified by time, handed over without appeal to the brutality of a foreign soldiery, and the blunders of ignorant and arbitrary legislation, without allowing for all the prejudices of the sufferers.

Danzig stood conditionally under the protection of Poland, and its ruin was one of the many evils attendant on the partition of that kingdom. By a sort of irony, the city itself was not occupied, but it was

surrounded with a cordon of Prussian custom-houses, so near as to render it impossible for the citizens to go backward and forward to their country-houses, without being exposed to the brutal insolence of functionaries whose whole office and existence was new and hateful to them. Ladies and children were forced to stand, in rain and storm, while every corner of their carriages were searched. Even their persons were not respected, and the women of the lower classes were exposed to the grossest insults. The rage of the citizens, which a consciousness of their own impotence had heightened into almost frantic desperation, gradually subsided into profound and suppressed hate of Prussia, and every thing Prussian.

Such were the scenes in the midst of which Madame Schopenhauer grew up. We need not wonder that the spirited reply of a young Danziger to a Prussian general, which won the hearts of all his fellow-citizens, made a deep impression upon hers.

"A Prussian general was quartered in the country-house of one of the most eminent merchants of Danzig. He offered to the son of his host to permit the forage for his horses to enter the city duty free. 'I thank the General for his obliging offer, but my stables are for the present well provided, and when my stock of forage is exhausted I shall order my horse to be shot,' was the brief and decisive answer. It was soon known through the town, and the more admired, because the young man's passion for his beautiful horses was notorious. Nobody delighted in it more than I, though I knew my republican countryman only by sight."

This was Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, to whom soon after, at the age of nineteen, she was united. Not long after, this patriotic citizen went to Berlin and requested an interview with the great Frederic. It was immediately granted, and Frederic, struck by his rank, upright character, and his knowledge of commercial affairs, pressed him to settle in his dominions, and offered him every possible privilege and protection. M. Schopenhauer was beginning to feel the resistless influence which Frederic exercised on all around him, when the King, pointing to a heap of papers in a corner, said, *Voilà, les calamités de la ville de Danzig*. These few words broke the spell for ever ; and though Frederic afterwards repeated his offers, the sturdy patriot never would accept the smallest obligation from him. At length, seeing that all hope of the deliverance of his native city from a foreign yoke was at an end, he determined to quit it for ever, and to seek a freer

home. In this determination his young wife fully concurred, and they set out on a tour of observation through the Netherlands, France, and England. Here we must leave them—not without expressing our regret that she did not live to fill up the outline she had marked out.

MR. JEFFREYS' STATICS OF THE HUMAN CHEST.

From the Spectator.

Views of the Statics of the Human Chest, Animal Heat, and Determinations of Blood to the Head. By Julius Jeffreys, F. R. S., formerly of the Medical Staff in India, &c. London: Highley.

THIS volume consists of three parts: the first treating of the quantity and condition of the air in the lungs, and the probable mode of its purifying the blood; the second investigates the generation of animal heat, with a view to show that the vital powers exercise an influence over this process, according to the character of the climate, or at least that in a hot climate the production of heat is much less than under intense cold, even should the consumption of food be similar; the third part inculcates rather a new rule to English notions—"keep the head warm and the feet cool." The principle of the recommendation is this: if a part of a heated body be exposed to the air, the heat will pass off more rapidly in the uncovered than the covered parts; in the human body, generating a supply of heat, these parts will, by long habit, cause an increased circulation of blood to themselves to keep up the requisite degree of animal warmth; full examples of which may be seen in the red arms of milk-maids, and the red faces of guards, coachmen, &c. The practical conclusion which Mr. Jeffreys deduces from this principle is, that apoplexy in England is stimulated rather than diminished by generally keeping the head cool, and by the baldness of elderly gentlemen. The hint which set him to work upon the subject was derived from the care with which the hot-climed Hindoos swaddle up the head, leaving the legs and feet uncovered; and among them determinations of blood to the brain are very rare. And the practice he recommends, with requisite care and under proper conditions, is for persons of a certain age, whose hair is getting thin, and whose

tendency is apoplectic, to wear wigs, shoes, and silk stockings.

The facts which Mr. Jeffreys urges in support of his theories are not new; and perhaps something like his views may partly be found in other writers. They are, however, presented by him in so complete and systematic a form, that they seem entitled to the praise of originality; especially the first and last sections—for the second part, on the generation of heat, is neither very intelligibly nor convincingly treated, though the conclusion may be sound enough. Of his three prelections, however, the first, on the Statics of the Chest, is the most curious and important; and if the practical conclusions to which the theory tends are not so readily put in practice as the directions to elderly gentlemen, they affect a much greater number of persons, inasmuch as consumption is more common than apoplexy.

Every one knows that without breath we cannot live; and now-a-days most readers know that by the act of respiration the venous blood is changed into arterial, the dark blood giving out carbon, and receiving oxygen. The popular and even the professional notion as to this process, if the bulk of persons have any definite idea upon such subjects, is, that the atmospheric air drawn into the lungs immediately comes into direct contact with the vessels and air-cells. This is the conclusion which Mr. Jeffreys denies; and he substitutes a view which we will endeavor to explain, as succinctly as we can.

There are, or may be, in the chest of every one in tolerable health, four distinct portions of air, which our author classes as follows, with the average contents of each part as deduced by himself from a comparison of his own observations with the elaborate experiments of other writers.

	Average Contents in cubic inches.
1. <i>Residual air</i> ; which, owing to muscular formation, cannot be expelled from the chest by any act of expiration, and which remains in the body after death.	120
2. <i>Supplementary air</i> ; which is generally resident, but can be expelled by a strong effort, and whose departure with life is the act of <i>expiring</i> . . .	130
3. The <i>breath</i> ; or air continually inspired and expired.	26
4. <i>Complementary air</i> ; ordinarily absent, but which can be inspired by a strong effort.	100

From these facts it follows, that instead of fresh air being constantly drawn into

the lungs, and stale or carbonized air exhaled, there is always permanently in the chest nearly five times as much air as we breathe in, and generally nearly ten times as much. However opposed to the popular notion of the *modus operandi* of respiration this may be, says Mr. Jeffreys, it is so, and there is an end of the matter.—But he also puts forward a series of arguments to show the probability that it should be so, without regard to the fact of its being so, and the objects which Nature has had in view in making it so, as well as an exposition of the manner in which the fresh atmospheric air, after gradual dilution, eventually reaches the air-cells of the lungs. The arguments on this last point, however, are rather conjectural than experimental, and have no very general interest. The reasoning on the two first points rests more upon facts and observations, and is also of a more attractive kind, as showing the careful provision of Nature. Here are some anatomical facts, whence Mr. Jeffreys deduces a strong *à priori* probability that the pure atmospheric air was never intended to come into immediate contact with the more delicate parts of the lungs.

“But some will say, by such an arrangement the air-cells would never be visited by air of the freshness requisite for duly oxydating the blood. The reply to this is, that, whatever may be our preconceived notions respecting the presence of fresh air in the cells, the statics of the case render it impossible it should ever be there under ordinary circumstances. They assure us, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it is resident air only which moves into and out of the cells in the action of the chest. It is this resident air which performs all the duty of oxydating the blood, and which receives from the blood its eliminated carbonic acid and watery vapor. The air of respiration performs no direct duty in connexion with the blood. In its fresh state it does not come even near to the cells; its duty is altogether indirect; its action is to ventilate the chest gradually, from above downwards, and to receive the impurities gradually brought up from below, exchanged for an equal bulk of more recent air, conveyed, in the manner described, from above.

“Such being the fact, we may discern in it a beautiful provision, offering an answer to the other portion of the question, why should such impure air be always resident in the lungs?

“Is the following not a very satisfactory reply? As we proceed from the larger air-tubes onwards through their numerous ramifications, till we are lost in searching out the delicate cells, do we not find the pulmonary membrane lining the way, commencing comparatively thick and tough, and getting finer and finer, until at last it becomes too delicate to be clearly discovered, a mere film, overspread by equally delicate blood-vessels? Again, though the greater part of the business

of oxydating the blood appears to be carried on in the cells, we are not to suppose that the extensive surface of membrane expanded over the lengthened and infinitely numerous tubes leading to the cells is unemployed. Such a view does not accord with the economy of means everywhere discernible in the body; and it is opposed to the observed development of the blood-vessels, which travel along with the tubes, and spread their minute branches over them, in the same way as, at the extremity of their course, they do over the cells.

“There can be no doubt, that in tubes where the pulmonary membrane grows thin enough, there the air begins to penetrate through it, and to act on the blood circulating over such tubes. Let us suppose the action proceeds with due activity at some given distance in the lungs, where the pulmonary membrane has a certain thickness, and the air in the tubes a certain percentage, say eighteen. If such a proportion of oxygen acts with due activity through a membrane of such a given thickness, could we refuse assent to the probability, (were it not a fact absolute,) that, as the membrane grew more and more delicate, less and less oxygen should be found in the air, until in the cells the proportion of oxygen should be reduced so far as to guard against injurious activity in the process, where an infinitely delicate membrane only was interposed between the air and the minute blood-vessels? Assuredly, if, where the membrane was much thicker, the process went on with due activity, its activity would become far above what was due, when the membrane became of extreme tenuity, unless the quantity of oxygen in the air fell in proportion, unless the air became as it were diluted in proportion.”

The reader who is interested enough in this question to wish to pursue it, may refer to the volume; but there is a further view advanced by Mr. Jeffreys, which has a practical purpose, though the individuals most requiring its benefit may find some difficulty in reducing it to practice. By a glance at the little table already given, the reader will perceive, that whilst the capacity of the chest is fourteen times as much as the mere “breath” requires, upwards of one-fourth of this capacity is seldom occupied, and that this vacant space is nearly four times the capacity of that demanded by the air necessary to the act of breathing. Mr. Jeffreys also states that he has found the quantity of *supplementary* air to differ considerably in different people; and he infers that it differs in the same individual at different times. From these facts he proceeds to deduce some important conclusions; all, however, resting upon the principle that *high breathing* is good breathing—that the more *supplementary* air a person can retain in his chest, and the more he can employ the space devoted to the *complementary* air, the more vigorous his breathing and his lungs become. Individu-

als with a full chest and of active occupations have this naturally; and persons whose pursuits are favorable to its development acquire it; but Mr. Jeffreys considers its attainment, to some extent, to be in the power of any one who has, we may say, the time and the will to strive for it. We take some passages bearing upon this important point, rather with a view to call attention to the principle, than to recommend its injudicious pursuit; which might do more harm than good.

RATIONALE OF RUNNING.

During exercise, and especially during considerable exertion, we know that the hurried circulation of blood through the lungs calls for a more copious supply of air. To command a range for a deeper respiration, we must either breathe out some of the resident air, and add the room thus gained to the previous range of the respiration,—or, retaining in our chests the same quantity of resident air, we must increase the respiratory range by intruding upon the complementary space.

This is no trifling distinction. What is vulgarly termed "being in breath," and its opposite "not breath," appears mainly to depend upon these different modes of increasing our respiration. An unpractised runner, for instance, tries to relieve himself by the former method; but he soon feels the consequence of letting out too much of his resident air, and drawing in too deeply atmospheric air, fully oxygenous, and perhaps also cold. He gets out of breath; that is, when he wants more air than usual, he cannot take in so much; a kind of asthmatic spasm prevents him from getting air enough down, although the chest is not really much more than half full: On the other hand, by practice he instinctively learns to keep adding air to that already present, and to breathe nearer to the top of his chest. He can then respire deeply without drawing in the fresh air too suddenly and too far into the lungs. Also, by increasing the quantity of resident air, his cells are more fully expanded, there is more surface of action, and the blood-vessels are rendered less tortuous still, by which they admit, with less distress, of the quickened circulation through them.

MEANS OF BECOMING BROAD-CHESTED.

Muscular exertion tends greatly to establish a permanently fuller state of the chest. The extent to which the chief muscles of the trunk of the body are inserted into, or have their origin from the walls of the chest, is one cause of this. In order that such muscles should act with power we have to draw in a larger quantity of air than usual; and when we want to make a considerable effort, as in lifting a heavy weight, we have to close the windpipe and detain all this air in the chest. The walls of the chest, the ribs, &c., then are stiffly supported by this bed of air, like a distended bladder, or air-cushion. In this way, the chest can support a great pressure, and forms a firm basis for the vigorous action of the muscles attached to it. When longer continued

but not so strenuous efforts are made, as in carrying a more moderate weight for some distance, and even in active walking without any load, a man still keeps his chest more than usually distended; holding the air in for a time exceeding the period of an ordinary breath, and then letting it out to take in a fresh stock of complementary air, (to use the term adopted,) to give stiffness to his chest.

Now this action being frequently repeated, must and does have the effect of establishing a permanently fuller state of the chest. It is, in fact, the rendering a person "broad-chested;" the connexion of which with vigor is too striking to be overlooked even by the uninformed, who do not fail to see the fuller condition of the chest, though without an acquaintance with the manner in which it is brought about, or in which it is advantageous.

In such vigorous persons, then, the supplementary air becomes larger, a portion of the complementary space being added to it, and then ordinary respiration takes place on the top of this increased supplementary quantity. That this is true, we may satisfy ourselves by measuring the quantity of air such a person can breathe out, and comparing it with that breathed out by a person of sedentary habits. We shall find that the volume of the air durably resident in the chest is much larger in the former, the comparison being made between two persons of the same bulk.

ERRORS OF SEDENTARY BREATHING.

On the other hand, they whose misfortune it is to lead a sedentary life, and to lean over their work, habituate themselves, by the constant doubling together of the trunk, to do with a smaller quantity of resident air in their chests than is natural or proper. In them, then, the air of respiration is at once introduced to a deeper region of the lungs than it ought. Though it is impossible, in any case, to exist with so little resident air in the chest as that the air of the breath should flow unmixed into the air-cells themselves,—for the residual air which cannot be expelled is bulky enough to dilute it considerably,—yet, when the quantity of resident air is materially reduced, it is plain the air of the breath goes in too far, and proves exciting to tubes too delicate to receive it, on account of its full quantity of oxygen, and also, no doubt, of its temperament and other qualities.

The distress which the presence of pure air produces in tubes intended to receive only mixed air, leads such persons to accustom themselves to do with less breath than is natural. It is quite an error to think that their chests, at the time, will not contain more breath on account of the position; for if they were to breathe out still more of the resident air, they might leave more room for breath than the volume of the breath ever requires, and yet keep their chests within the confined limits they had been reduced to. The truth of this may be noticed whenever a medical man or friend remonstrates with a girl on account of her tight lacing. One whose folly has nearly reduced her figure to that of an insect,—and whose countenance be-

trays the state of her lungs, will yet be able to show that her stays are "quite loose," by thrusting her hand between them and her body. Many a friend is deceived, as well as the self-destroyer, by this demonstration. All it proves is, that there is yet some supplementary air in the lungs, which, breathed out at the moment of the demonstration, leaves quite enough room for a respiration of full amount to be carried on for the time, and even for the stays all the while to be made to appear loose about the chest.

HINTS TO ORATORS.

The collateral but very important duty of the chest in speaking, especially in oratory, requires the command of both the supplementary and complementary spaces. The duration of an act of expiration is greatly increased in giving expression to a long sentence. The chest has to be nearly filled with air: the air, occupying almost the whole of the complementary space, is first spoken forth, then that of the region of the breath; and in a long sentence, forcibly uttered, a large demand is also made upon the supplementary air. But for this long range, there could be no powerful *eloquence*. At the same time, a loud voice and long sentences make so frequent and large demands on the supplementary stock, as to subject delicate portions of the pulmonary membrane to the frequent presence of undiluted air, against which the supplementary air was especially provided as their natural protection. Hence these efforts either by degrees inure such delicate parts as are visited by the inhaled air to its action,—or, as too frequently happens, the air gains the better of them; irritation is excited; and, if the efforts are persevered in, disease is established. By employing very short sentences, and by habituating the chest to receive a full complementary quantity of air, that quantity, together with the ordinary region of breath, will be found to suffice; so that the resident air need not ever be intruded upon. It is of great importance in such cases, that this resident stock should be also of full quantity; occupying steadily its protective position; there receiving all the impulses of quickly-inhaled breath; duly modifying the portion of it retained; and gradually incorporating it into itself as resident air before conveying it down into the cells. It is probable, that many a preacher might continue in his vocation by carefully attending to this simple rule. Indeed many, no doubt, practise it instinctively as a matter of experience, without inquiring into the physiological reason.

There are other curious passages on this subject, especially one relating to the use or injury of wind-instruments; but we have already trespassed somewhat upon our space, and must again refer the curious to the volume. To any one inclined to practise for a broad chest, we should, however, recommend the simple exercises of walking, gentle running, and careful reading aloud, with a *very cautious* attempt at lifting weights fully within the muscular power, than any more artificial experiments;

which, till persons have got the knack of breathing high, would be likely to do them more harm than good.

SENSATIONS IN A TRANCE.—The sensations of a seemingly dead person, while confined in the coffin, are mentioned in the following case of trance:

"A young lady, an attendant on the Princess —, after having been confined to her bed for a great length of time with a violent nervous disorder, was at last, to all appearance, deprived of life. Her lips were quite pale, her face resembled the countenance of a dead person, and the body grew cold. She was removed from the room in which she died, was laid in a coffin, and the day of her funeral fixed on. The day arrived, and, according to the custom of the country, funeral songs and hymns were sung before the door. Just as the people were about to nail down the lid of the coffin, a kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of her body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which time fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek. Physicians were quickly procured, and in the course of a few days she was considerably restored, and is probably alive at this day. The description which she gave of her situation is extremely remarkable, and forms a curious and authentic addition to psychology. She said it seemed to her that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothes, and lay her in them. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which is indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act in her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in the body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns were begun to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the one that gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame."—*Binns on Sleep.*

MILES COVERDALE.—Within the last few days, a tablet has been erected in the church of St. Magnus the Martyr, London-bridge, executed by Samuel Nixon, sculptor, with the following inscription:—

Near this Tablet, in a vault made for that purpose, are deposited the bones of

MILES COVERDALE,

formerly Bishop of Exeter, and Rector of the Parish of St. Magnus the Martyr,

in the year of our Lord 1567.

His remains were interred, in the first instance, in the Chancel of the

Church of St. Bartholomew, Exchange;

but, on the occasion of that church being taken down, they were brought here on the

4th of October, 1840,

in compliance with the wishes, and at the request of, the Rector, the Rev. T. Leigh, A. M., and Parishioners of St. Magnus the Martyr.

Britannia.

LIFE OF SIR ASTLEY P. COOPER, BART.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Life of Sir Astley Paston Cooper, Bart., &c.
By Barnsby Blake Cooper, Esq., F. R. S.
In two volumes 8vo. Parker: London,
1843.

THE work before us—although, as its author observes in his preface, “it must be always to the relatives, the friends, and even the acquaintances of the person whose life is delineated, a source of melancholy satisfaction”—will not prove so generally interesting as though it were the history of one who, without any aid from station or fortune, had risen from an humble position, and attained the highest honors of his profession solely by the perseverance of his industry and the exercise of his abilities.

The young aspirant for fame and distinction in any profession—particularly if his means be humble, and his success therefore in a greater degree dependent on himself—loves to contemplate the career of those who have toiled on through all the cares and troubles that beset the first steps in the path of life—who, perhaps, with the cold sneers of the world, have felt all the bitterness of poverty amid the many sore and trying difficulties of their “early struggles;” but who have at length overcome them, and by the exercise of their talents, and the ceaseless efforts of untiring, indefatigable industry reached the goal of their ambition, and won for themselves a name which the world *could* withhold no longer.

In the life of one who has thus attained to eminence, the young tyro in the outset of his own career can feel his interest aroused, and all his warmest sympathies awakened. He can trace in every circumstance of the life that is pictured before him—in its every struggle—its every disappointment at first—some resemblance to his own, and he can thus be led to believe that for him too the course is open, and to hope that he also may reach the goal—a winner in the race of fame. There is something in every sentence to rivet his attention, and he is carried on through all its details—unwearied, because they come home to his own feelings, and he can say, “such difficulties I too have surmounted, and such will I yet overcome.” He can then read with breathless interest the visions of happiness which are opened to the eye of the poor beginner by the receipt of his “first guinea,” and can follow him from that moment eagerly and anxiously, as step by step he steadily advances until he reaches in tri-

umph the proud position which he so long and so patiently has sought.

But the biography before us is of one who entered on his professional career with all the adventitious aids of birth, position, and fortune. His road to eminence, although requiring the energies of his talent to enable him successfully to journey over it, was yet without the many hills and hollows—the obstructions which comparative poverty and the want of a connexion have thrown so often in the way of some of the brightest ornaments of the medical profession.

There is always a certain degree of interest attached to the life of any one distinguished above his fellows, whether his position be attained by the power of his own talents, or by those fortuitous circumstances which so frequently place a man of little more than ordinary intellect in a situation which without them he never would have reached.

So far as an interest of this description goes, we think the work before us may well excite it; but we repeat, there is but little claim on the sympathies of that class of readers who should be expected to reap the greatest benefits from it and from the example of its subject, viz.,—the young members of the medical profession.

The author appears to take the greatest pains to prove how totally independent Sir Astley Cooper was both by birth and fortune, of the difficulties which others have been obliged to encounter in the commencement of their career; and we really think there is nothing so peculiarly worthy of admiration in the successful life of, as he is pleased to designate him, “one of the most illustrious surgeons that ever adorned the science he professed.”

There are certainly many things to interest us in these volumes, but not by any means, to that absorbing degree which the author seems to think must be felt as a matter of course. That Sir Astley Cooper was a clever man there is no doubt; but that his talents were so exceedingly pre-eminent as to warrant his biographer in assuming a tone of such ultra-laudation, we deny.

He tells us that Sir Astley Cooper was his uncle, and that if, in his undertaking, (as his biographer,) his expressions may be thought to savor somewhat of extravagance, the respect he entertained for him from the period of his boyhood, the gratitude he owes him for the instruction he derived at his hands, and the affection he always bore towards him as a relative, may

surely be admitted, if not in justification of the fault, at least in extenuation of its degree, and that "partiality can scarcely be considered culpable when its absence would be almost criminal."

We can fully appreciate and respect the feelings which have prompted Mr. Cooper to display so strong a partiality for the character, private and public, of his uncle. There can be none more willing—none more anxious to make every allowance for such feelings, and to give them the full meed of credit which is their due; but still we must say, that as a biographer Mr. Cooper should not have suffered them to betray him into the error of letting them appear so visibly upon the surface of his work.

Considering the very high position to which Sir Astley Cooper attained—a position which we might naturally expect would afford so rich a field for the biographer—the book is very little remarkable either for anecdote or entertaining correspondence; and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of believing how much more of interest would be attached to the life of one of our own professional men (we speak of Dublin) of the same standing, or of a grade or two below it.

Sir Astley Cooper's success in life was, we think, in a great measure owing to his easy kindness of manner, steadiness of nerve, and pleasing personal appearance, qualifications which he possessed in an eminent degree, and the more likely to win success, as they were rarely to be met with among his cotemporaries.

We have no hesitation in saying that there are many members of the medical profession amongst us, who, if they moved in the same sphere and with the same opportunities as Sir Astley Cooper, would prove themselves in the knowledge and science of their profession, at least fully his equals, and in general information and literary attainments immeasurably his superiors.

Sir Astley Cooper's biographer states—somewhat unnecessarily—that in literature and science unconnected with his profession he was by no means proficient, and that at no period of his life was the amount of his classical knowledge such as to induce him to peruse the works generally read by the more advanced in such pursuits; the gratification which they are capable of affording to the polished scholar, being to him more than counterbalanced by the drudgery he had to encounter in arriving at the interpretation.

This is, indeed, a very low standard of

acquirements for a distinguished member of a most accomplished profession, and we are happy to think, is rather the exception than the rule. We know of no class, who in all times and all countries have laid general science and literature under heavier obligations than the members of the healing art; nor are there any who have been more conspicuous for purity and elegance of style, classical neatness, and graceful learning, than such, when they have appeared before the world as authors.

Astley Paston Cooper was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper—the descendant of an old and highly respectable Norfolk family—and was born at Brook Hall, near Spottesham in Norfolk on the 23d of August, 1768. His mother appears to have been a lady distinguished for her literary pursuits no less than for her private virtues, and from her and his father Astley received the rudiments of his early education, his only other preceptor being a Mr. Larke, the master of the village school. It is stated that at this time he was remarkable for any thing but assiduity and attention to study of any sort, although he occasionally exhibited traces of an unusually quick perception and active intellectual powers.

It appears he was at this period, and even for years after, extremely wild, and delighting in all kinds of mischief—escaping whenever he found it possible from his teachers to join in whatever sports were going forward in the neighborhood, and continually engaged in a variety of pranks which created alarm in the minds of his family, and occasionally were of such a nature as to bring upon him his parents' displeasure.

There are several anecdotes of his adventures at this time to be found in the first volume; but we can see nothing more in them than the life of any school-boy would afford. We will, however, give our readers one or two specimens, and let them judge for themselves.

"Having climbed one day to the roof of one of the aisles of Brook church, he lost his hold, and was precipitated to the ground, but providentially escaped with only a few bruises. He was always fond of playing with donkies, or *dickies*, as they are called in Norfolk, and provoking them till they kicked him, and he bore many marks for some time of their violence. One day when he was riding a horse which he had caught on Welbeck Common, near the house, he directed the animal with his whip to leap over a cow which was lying on the ground; but the cow rose at the instant, and overthrew both the horse and its rider, who had his collar-bone broken in the fall.

"On one occasion the bell to summon the

scholars had rung, and they were all hastening to the school-room, when some one snatched a hat from one of the boys' heads and threw it into one of the 'meres,' or ponds of water, which are situated in the village, and by which they were passing. The boy, lamenting the loss of his hat, and fearing he should be punished for his absence from the school, was crying very bitterly, when there came to the spot a young gentleman dressed, as was then the fashion of the day, in a scarlet coat, a three-cocked hat, a glazed black collar or stock, nankeen small clothes, and white silk stockings—his hair hanging in ringlets down his back. He seeing the boy crying, and being informed of the cause of his sorrow, deliberately marched into the water, obtained the hat, and returned it to the unlucky owner. This young gentleman was no other than Master Astley Cooper, &c."

Mr. Cooper, in relating these adventures and pranks of his uncle, says :

"Although by some they may be looked upon as merely the acts of a careless, headstrong child, and unworthy of notice in a life so signalized as that of Sir Astley Cooper, they nevertheless, to those who delight to trace the *man* in the *boy*, possess an abundant share of interest."

Now, with every possible deference to Mr. Cooper, we cannot exactly understand by what course of reasoning he can prove any analogy between a love for provoking donkies and a fondness for anatomical pursuits, or between directing a horse to leap over a cow and the performance of a successful surgical operation; and we can only say, that if a predilection for such pursuits be an omen of future greatness in the medical profession, there are sundry young gentlemen of the present day for whom we may augur a most brilliant and successful career. There is one anecdote, however, which we think well worthy of notice, as it is strikingly illustrative of that readiness and self-possession which so eminently distinguished him in after life;—the circumstance to which it relates occurred when he was about thirteen, and happened as follows. After alluding to his foster mother—

"A son of this person's, somewhat older than Astley Cooper, had been ordered by his father to convey some coals to the house of Mr. Castell, the vicar, and while on the road, by some accident the poor lad fell down in front of the cart, the wheel of which, before he could recover himself, passed over his thigh, and, among other injuries, caused the laceration of its principal artery. The unfortunate boy, paralyzed by the shock of the accident and sinking under the loss of blood—the flow of which was attempted to be stopped by the pressure of handkerchiefs applied to the part only—was carried almost exhausted to his home, where, Astley Cooper having heard of the accident which had befallen his foster-brother, almost immediately afterwards

arrived. The bleeding was continuing, or probably having for a time ceased, had broken out afresh. All was alarm and confusion, when the young Astley in the midst of the distressing scene, alone capable of deliberating, and perceiving the necessity of instantly preventing further loss of blood, had the presence of mind to encircle the limb with his pocket-handkerchief above the wound, and afterwards to bind it round so tightly that it acted as a ligature upon the wounded vessel and stopped the bleeding. To these means his foster-brother owed a prolongation of life until the arrival of the surgeon who had been sent for from London."

The gratitude of the friends of this poor boy, and the flattering applauses of his own for his conduct on this occasion, appears to have given his thoughts their first bent towards the profession of surgery. The success of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper of London, together with his own previous inattention to study and perhaps positive dislike to a college life and literary pursuits, had also considerable weight with him; but it was not until a later period that he determined to devote his life to it.

The anecdote above related is the only one of his "boyhood years" in which we can trace the slightest approach to "the character of the *man* in the *boy*;" and we hope Mr. Cooper will not be angry with us for our inability to perceive any great precocity of intellect displayed by his uncle in such feats as climbing on the roof of a church—ripping open old pillows, and letting the feathers fly from the belfry to fall as if they had been a shower from the clouds, and thus frighten away the little wits the poor rustic possessed, with sundry other similar performances which in our days—doubtless owing to our lack of prophetic vision—instead of being looked upon as forebodings of future distinction, would very probably entail upon the unfortunate perpetrator no other reward than a sound flogging.

In such wild freaks as these, Astley Cooper seems to have spent the greater portion of his time until his thoughts were again brought back to surgery by the representations of his uncle, Mr. William Cooper, who was himself a surgeon of considerable eminence.

"The animated descriptions of London and its scenes, and the numerous anecdotes which his uncle, who mixed much in society, would narrate in the presence of his young nephew, led him earnestly to bend his thoughts towards the metropolis, and determined his selection of that profession which, from his uncle's position and influence, offered him above all others, an advantageous opening.

"Still, however, there can be but little doubt that much of this anxiety to visit London was attributable rather to his taste for pleasure and excitement than to any wish for industrious employment. For when he had finally determined on becoming his uncle's pupil (which was not, Sir Astley used to say, until after witnessing an operation for the extraction of stone by Dr. Dounee of Norwich,) there was no evidence of his making any special resolution of devotion to his adopted science, or exhibiting any unusual desire for achieving greatness of name in its pursuit."

Accordingly in August 1784, being then about sixteen, he went to London and took up his residence at the house of Mr. Clive, a man of some note in the profession, and one of the surgeons of St. Thomas's hospital, who was in the habit of taking a few pupils to board with him.

Here he appears to have imbibed those democratic feelings which shed their baneful influence on the circle which now surrounded him, and which were at the time fast spreading themselves over Europe. Mr. Cooper, speaking of this period, remarks:—

"Nothing could have been more probable than that a young man of ardent and sanguine temper like Astley Cooper should be captivated by a set of opinions at variance with those of the stricter aristocratic school in which he had been educated; possessing to him all the charms of novelty, freedom from restraint, and ostensibly having for their object a state of social perfection which he had not then experience enough to determine to be altogether Utopian."

Even the religious principles of Astley Cooper seem to have been infected for a time by his association with Horne Took, Thelwall, &c., among whom subjects of religion were either ridiculed, or wholly disregarded. However his intercourse with such men affected for a time his opinions, he appears to have afterwards exchanged them for others of a somewhat more loyal nature, which change was partly brought about by the inhuman scenes he witnessed during the progress of the French Revolution, partly by other reasons.

It is a curious fact, and one which may well afford considerable scope to the inquiring mind of some political philosopher, that a decided tendency to whig-radicalism has always been a characteristic of the medical profession.

There seems, however, to be one infallible means of exorcising this half rebellious spirit. Let the most ultra whig-radical of them all come once within the influence of a royal smile, and, as if by magic, the cloud which enveloped his political opin-

ions is dispelled—let him but feel the touch of that sacred finger which is proverbially gifted with the power of curing the "king's evil," and, like that disease, all his preconceived ideas of radicalism and democracy are dissipated as by a spell, and he comes forth a highly respectable Tory! Democracy is an exceedingly convenient creed for those who have nothing to lose—the professed object of its followers being to reduce all *above them* to their own level; but we never knew any to carry the feeling so far as to consider *themselves* on a level with those *below* them.

Astley Cooper does not appear at first to have devoted himself to the acquisition of professional knowledge with any greater degree of zeal than he had previously bestowed on his literary studies; his social qualities opened the way to an intimacy with young men of his own standing in London, and in their company he suffered himself to be led into all the dissipations the metropolis afforded. However, in the year following he became as remarkable for his industry as he had formerly been for his idleness, and had attained a degree of anatomical knowledge far beyond that possessed by any other of the pupils of his own standing in the hospital to which he was attached.

From this period his rise in his profession was steady and rapid. He had made such progress in his knowledge of anatomy, in his second session, that he was frequently called upon by the pupils to assist and direct them in their dissections, and proving by his ready concession to their wishes that he had both the knowledge and industry requisite to facilitate their labors, he at once established a reputation which made him sought after by his fellow pupils as their demonstrator, and afterwards procured him, immediately on the office becoming vacant, the offer of this desirable position.

Thus early did Astley Cooper arrive at distinction; doubtless his talents and the considerable portion of knowledge which they had enabled him to acquire in so short a time, were, in a great degree, the cause of his success; but it cannot be supposed that they were the sole means which led to it. If he had been, like many others of his profession, thrown entirely upon his own resources, without friends and without any influence, save what his talent could procure him, it is more than probable that he would have been left to struggle on through all the difficulties which so many others have been obliged to overcome,

until time, or perhaps chance, should have brought him into notice.

However the partiality of his biographer may lead him to suppose that to his own powers alone he was indebted for this early advancement, we must believe that at least an equal share of thanks is due to his connexion with Mr. William Cooper, and the influence of eminent medical men, the personal friends and professional associates of that gentleman. There are too many instances of men of first-rate abilities, possessing a thorough knowledge of all requisites for success, wasting away whole years of life without obtaining it, to allow us to believe that so very young a man as Astley Cooper then was, both in years and in professional knowledge—no matter how commanding his talents might be—could have attained to such a position without other assistance than his own.

We, therefore, by no means advise any young student to be led by this portion of Sir Astley Cooper's life into the *ignis fatuus* belief, that he may commence the first session of his professional studies in idleness and dissipation, and in the second be chosen as a demonstrator. If he does, he will be apt to find the bright dream of his ambition fade away into "airy nothings," unless indeed he happens to have an uncle surgeon of a chief, of a metropolitan hospital.

By whatever means Astley Cooper was thus early distinguished, it seems to have given a spur to his assiduity and to have caused him daily to become more and more attached to anatomical pursuits: for, from this period, no labor was too great, scarcely any obstacle sufficient, to prevent his becoming acquainted with every feature the most minute, of any case attended with circumstances of peculiar interest which happened to come within his notice. Every study unconnected with the immediate matters of his profession was wholly neglected; indeed he never displayed any fondness for literature, so far as we can learn from his biography, and he seems to have given up his entire mind to the practice of anatomy and its various details.

It appears strange that a man should have occupied the exalted position of Sir Astley Cooper for such a time, and in a country so pre-eminent for literary acquirement as England, with so small a share of learning and general information as he possessed. But these are qualifications by no means indispensable or essential to his branch of the medical profession, when compared with what the physician finds

necessary not only for occupying, but maintaining his station in society.

The world can, in a great measure, constitute itself the judge of a surgeon's success, and to a certain degree appreciate in him those powers which, in a physician—because he possesses not the same means of showing them—it does not understand.

The cases in which the former is called upon to act are, comparatively speaking, open to every eye; and if he possess a manner of cool and perfect self-possession, unflinching nerve, a quick eye, confidence, and a steady hand, the odds are at least twenty to one in his favor, that the world will pronounce him a clever fellow, and never give itself the trouble to inquire, how far his skill be the mere exertion of manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and steady coolness, or the result of profound anatomical knowledge, and thorough intimacy with his subject.

But to return to Sir Astley Cooper. In 1787 he visited Edinburgh, where he studied for some months. In this portion of the book there are some brief but amusing sketches of the leading characters of the medical profession of Scotland at the time, and there is one short anecdote related by Sir Astley, which we think worthy of laying before our readers, although unconnected with the subject of the work before us:—

"At one of the meetings of the Royal Medical Society a discussion took place between two young surgeons, one an Irishman, the other a Scotchman. The former maintained that cancer never occurred in women who had borne children. The young Scotchman vehemently opposed this doctrine, and mentioned the case of a lady who twice had twins, and yet had cancer afterwards. To this apparently conclusive evidence the Irishman immediately replied, 'Ah, but don't you know that's an exception to the general rule; where's the wonder in cancer following gemini? it always does.'"

"In 1791, Mr. Clive seeing the advantages that were likely to arise no less to the school than to his pupil, by associating him with himself, made him an offer to this extent, although the time of his pupilage had not yet expired. Accordingly an arrangement was entered into that Astley Cooper should give a part of the lectures and demonstrations, Mr. Clive promising him a sum of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, to be increased twenty pounds annually until he gave one half the lectures, when the proceeds should be equally divided."

Here, then, we find Astley Cooper, while the period of his pupilage was still unexpired, a lecturer and a demonstrator, with a salary the amount of which for one year

considerably exceeded the sum which the first three years of his practice brought him.

If young medical students could look forward to place themselves, by their *own* exertions, in such a position as this, we think, that much as the profession is at present overstocked, its ranks would soon become doubly increased. But unfortunately it is of all others the profession least likely to attain to early distinction in, unless with great interest, or better still by one of those "lucky chances" for which many men, who have filled an eminent station, have every reason to "thank their stars." We feel fully convinced that there are at this moment many young members of the profession with as much talent and as many requisites (as far as depends upon themselves) for success as ever Sir Astley Cooper could boast of, held back and kept completely in the shade for want of the interest, which he possessed, to bring them into notice. Whoever will read "The Diary of a late Physician," will find in the beautifully written tale of his "early struggles," a true picture of the difficulties which they may expect who enter the profession with no other means of forwarding themselves in it than the talents they may possess, and which, in their dreamy prospects for the future, they think are all-sufficient. We are far from wishing to damp the ardor of any young student in the pursuit of his profession; our desire is simply to expose the many difficulties which are thrown across the road to eminence, and not to lead him into the belief that he has nothing to do but become a pupil, attend a hospital, display some talent, become a lecturer, then a professor, and so on step by step until he has obtained the highest station to which he can arrive.

In 1792, Astley Cooper visited Paris, and it would seem that the peculiar bias of his political opinions actuated him to this as much as any desire to acquire information respecting the state of medical science in France, or any of the causes which usually induced persons to visit the Continent. He did not, however, suffer his interest in the revolution to lead him from his pursuit of professional knowledge, but studied while there under Desault and Chopart. Indeed, wherever he went, this seems to have been the first object of his consideration. He never suffered an opportunity to escape him by which he could learn any thing of interest in anatomy, or in any branch of surgical science, but on the contrary, was most indefatigable in seeking it. Every

species of disease was watched by him with an anxious eye, and every new feature it might present examined with the minutest scrutiny, and the most untiring industry. Even the lower animals were not exempt from his examinations, and many a poor dog fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of anatomical science. Mr. Cooper states, that there have frequently been thirty or forty of these animals in his stable at a time, which had been stolen by his servants, all of which were destined to become martyrs to the advancement of surgical knowledge. Nor were dogs the only animals upon whom he experimented; an elephant, which died at the tower menagerie, was removed to his house, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get the huge carcass into his dissecting rooms, he was obliged to get several surgeons to assist him, and to work at it for three days in the open air of the court-yard, in front of his residence. His servants also used to attend the markets to procure specimens of fowls, fish, etc., in short there were scarcely any of the animal race which did not become subjects for his investigation. He worked almost incessantly from six o'clock in the morning frequently till midnight, and seemed never to know weariness in his ardor for professional knowledge.

Considering Sir Astley Cooper's character for kindness of heart and disposition, it seems somewhat strange that all the horrors he witnessed during the progress of the French revolution, having been in Paris when the first cannon was fired, on the 10th of August, and an eye-witness of many of the frightful scenes of carnage which followed, do not appear to have effected any immediate change in his political opinions, although they were the same entertained by the very men who had caused these scenes of bloodshed which met his eye at every step. It is probable, however, that the disgust he felt at those horrid massacres which were then of every-day occurrence, formed the groundwork of the change in his ideas of democracy which afterwards occurred.

In 1793, he was appointed professor of anatomy to Surgeons' Hall. The election for this office took place annually, and in 1794, he was again chosen to fill it. Towards the latter end of the year 1797, he took up his residence in St. Mary Axe, and commenced practice. The house which he now occupied had been for many years Mr. Clive's, and it was by the advice of this gentleman that he went to live in it, hoping that any of the patients who were in the

habit of attending there would consult the new occupier rather than take the lengthened walk to Mr. Clive's new residence.

"One of the first patients, however, who sought his advice under these circumstances gave him a hint that he was not to fancy that with Mr. Clive's house he was at once to gain Mr. Clive's fees: 'Soon after I got in my new residence,' Sir Astley relates, 'a patient gave me half a guinea, saying, 'I gave Mr. Clive a guinea, but as you were his apprentice, I suppose half a guinea will do for you.' Mr. Clive made it a rule to take whatever was offered him; so I did not refuse the proffered fee."

The income, which he at first derived from private practice, was very inconsiderable even at the period when he was elected surgeon of Guy's Hospital, by no means such as his position at the hospital and at Surgeon's Hall, and the numerous attendance at his house of the poorer classes of patients would have led us to expect. His receipts during these early years of practice, of which he has left an account, exhibit a steady, and comparatively speaking, a considerable increase in his professional income, but at the same time form a remarkable contrast with what he afterwards annually derived in the same pursuits.

"My receipts," says he, "for the first year was five pounds five shillings; the second twenty-six pounds; the third sixty-four pounds; the fourth ninety-six pounds; the fifth one hundred pounds; the sixth two hundred pounds; the seventh four hundred pounds; the eighth six hundred and ten pounds; the ninth, (the year he was appointed surgeon to the hospital) eleven hundred pounds." He himself appends a remark which sufficiently shows his feeling on the subject: "although I was a lecturer all the time on anatomy and surgery."

It appears that his political opinions had nearly proved fatal to his appointment as surgeon to Guy's Hospital. There was a copy of a curious anonymous document which Mr. Harrison, the treasurer to that institution, received relative to the election for the office, which states "that one of the three candidates (alluding to Astley Cooper) was a Jacobin, etc." Mr. Harrison, however, spoke to Mr. Cooper on the subject, when the latter said, "If you think me, sir, professionally competent to perform the duties of surgeon to your institution, you may rest assured that my politics, whether in thought or action, shall never interfere with my discharge of them; in fact, a regret has spontaneously arisen in my mind, not only that I have ever been prominent in political excitement at all, but more especially that I should have espoused the opinions of those with whom I have been connected."

By this renunciation of a political creed, which stood between him and advancement, the bar to his appointment as surgeon was removed, and he was elected to the office. If the avowal of this change in his political opinions was somewhat sudden, it is, however, but justice to him to state, that he ever afterwards avoided those political friends, in whose society he had delighted, and gave himself wholly and entirely to professional considerations and pursuits, never failing to inculcate in the younger portion of his acquaintance this maxim—"That as the duties of a surgeon extend alike to men of all parties and views, it must be *most unwise* for him to attach himself to any one particular set, and thus render adverse to him all maintaining contrary opinions"—a piece of advice the wisdom of which will, no, doubt, be fully appreciated.

We find through the entire work, short, but most graphic and amusing sketches of the various eminent members of the medical profession with whom Sir Astley Cooper had been at any time associated, or whom he had any intercourse with in his travels to Scotland, on the Continent, etc.; and also a great number of anecdotes which our space—even if we were so disposed—would not permit us to extract. The latter portion of the first volume is entirely occupied with a curious but horrible account of that extraordinary class of individuals whose success was at that time in its zenith—the resurrectionists. It appears almost incredible the means by which some of those men used to procure "subjects," when popular feeling became so strong against them as to render it a matter of the utmost danger, if not of impossibility, for them to obtain them in the usual way. To give our readers some idea of the *modus operandi* on these occasions, we shall extract from Mr. Cooper's account of them, one or two instances. We should first premise that the principal characters among the resurrectionists were two men, the one named Patrick, and the other Murphy:

"An intimate friend of Patrick's was employed in the service of a gentleman, whose residence was at a short distance from London. One day this man called, in company with a fellow-servant, on Patrick, and informed him that his master was dead, and that he thought something in the way of business might be done with the body, as it was lying in a back parlor, the windows of which opened on to a large lawn. Patrick made several inquiries, and having ascertained that the funeral was to take place on the following Sunday, said in conclusion: 'The coffin then will most probably be screwed down

on Saturday; if it is, let me know; I will have nothing to do with it until that part of the work is done.'

"Things fell out as Patrick anticipated, and accordingly on the night of Saturday he entered at the back of the premises, and being admitted to the parlor by the servant, he commenced his operations. Unassisted by any light, he drew out all the screws, took off the lid, and having formed an estimate, as accurate as the circumstances would allow, of the weight of the body, removed it into a box which he had brought with him for the purpose of containing it. He next placed in the coffin a quantity of earth, which the servant had procured from the garden, corresponding to the weight of the corps. The lid was then replaced, carefully screwed down, the pall thrown over it, and the box, containing the body, passed out of the window to Patrick, who hid it in a tool house at some distance from the dwelling place. In this shed he allowed it to remain until the following Monday, when it was removed to one of the private anatomical schools, &c. For this subject Patrick received fifteen guineas!"

This is but one of a great number of such instances, but it is a tolerably fair specimen of the cool and daring character which marked the system of what was termed "body-snatching."

The enormous profit which attended this pursuit may be imagined, when it is stated that one of its followers (Murphy) received for one night's work one hundred and forty-four pounds!

There was also a considerable profit arising from the traffic in human teeth, and it is related of this man, who was no less active in mind than in body, and who never moved but in his occupation—

"That in taking a walk, he observed a neat meeting-house, attached to which was a paved burial ground. Looking around he observed a trap-door, leading, he had no doubt, to vaults of hidden treasures, and these he determined at once to explore. A short time after coming to this conclusion, dressed in a suit of black, and with a demure demeanor, his eyes reddened as if from tears, he called upon the superintendent of the meeting-house burial-ground, and described to him in much apparent distress, the recent bereavement which he had met with of his wife, and his anxious wish that her bones should repose in this neat and quiet sanctuary. Slipping a half-crown into his hand, Murphy readily induced the man to permit him to descend into the vault, under the idea that he wished to select the spot for the deposit of the remains of his beloved. Murphy, who while outside had studied the bearings of the trap-door, after much pretended inspection of the vault, took an opportunity while his companion's back was turned to him, of suddenly raising his hand to the ceiling and slipping back two bolts which secured the door. On that very night Murphy let himself down into the vault, and there, by a few hours' active exertion, secured possession to himself, of the front teeth

of all its inmates. By this night's adventure he made a clear profit of *sixty pounds!*"

As it may be interesting to some of our readers, we extract from the work the dates of the different distinctions and honors which Sir Astley Cooper obtained. In 1802 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1813 he was elected in council as Professor of Comparative Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1814 he was elected Honorary Fellow of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. In 1820 he was created a Baronet. In 1822 he was elected one of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1827 he was appointed President of the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1828 he was appointed Serjeant-Surgeon to the king. In 1830 he was elected Vice-President of the Royal Society. In 1832 he was elected by the Institute of France a member of their body, and received from the King the rank of officer of the Royal Order of the Legion of Honor. In 1834 the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. In 1836 he was again elected President of the College of Surgeons, and received from the King the Grand Cross of the Order of the Guelph, which he obtained through the kindness of the Duke of Wellington, upon whom he had lately been attending professionally. Upon his grace's recovery, some conversation took place between him and Sir Astley respecting this order, and finding that Sir Astley had it not, although Sir Henry Halford and Sir Matthew Tierney, who was Sir Astley's pupil, had, he briefly said to him, in conclusion, "You ought to have it; good morning to you." On the very next morning, Sir Astley received a letter from his grace, informing him that he had been made a Grand Cross! He was also elected Fellow of the Royal Society of Gottingen—a Member of the First Class of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands—of the Society of Natural Philosophy of Heidelberg—of the Physico-Medical Society of New Orleans—of the Academy of Medical Science of Palermo. From Russia he received the diploma of the Imperial University of Vilna, and from Mexico that of the Medical Society of Guadalupe.

The income which Sir Astley Cooper derived from his private practice, after the first few years, was immense. Mr. Cooper mentions that his receipts for the year before he left Broad-street for the West end, amounted to upwards of *twenty-one thousand pounds!*

We find in the second volume two cases

of murder in which he had been called upon in his professional capacity, and which excited considerable sensation at the time. As instances of his quick perception and presence of mind, as well as because we think they possess features of general interest for our readers, we shall quote them, but we regret our space obliges us to abridge them in some degree:—

“Mr. Cooper was one day suddenly sent for by a general practitioner of the name of Jones, to see a Mr. Isaac Blight, a ship-broker, at Deptford, who had received a severe injury from a pistol-ball which had been fired at him. When Mr. Cooper arrived at the house, he was told by his patient, that while sitting in his parlor his attention had first been aroused by the door of the room being suddenly opened; on turning round, he perceived an arm extended towards him, and at the same instant, the report of a pistol, and the sensation of a severe blow, convinced him that he had been intentionally shot at. He mentioned that he had not the least idea by whose hand the act had been committed, but related the fact that his partner, Mr. Patch, whilst sitting in the same apartment, a few days before, had been alarmed by the report of a gun, apparently discharged on the wharf, and by a ball, which at the same time passed through the shutter into the room, and he expressed his firm belief that the same hand had been employed on both occasions. Upon examining the wound it was at once evident that it was fatal. Mr. Cooper's inquiring mind led him closely to investigate every circumstance connected with the case, and even to examine minutely the spot on which the act was perpetrated. He placed himself into the position in which Mr. Blight had been when he received the wound, and with his natural acuteness at once perceived that no one but a left-handed man could have so stood, with respect to the door, as to have concealed his body, and yet at the same time to have discharged the pistol at his victim with effect. This made a strong impression on his mind, and having been already prepossessed with the idea that Patch was the culprit, his suspicion became an absolute certainty when he ascertained that he was a left-handed man. So positive did he feel of this, that on reaching home, he said to his servant in secrecy, ‘You will see, Charles, that Mr. Patch, the partner of Mr. Blight, has been his murderer.’ No suspicion, however, appeared to be attached to him by others until Mr. Blight died, but in the course of the coroner's inquest, a variety of facts tended strongly to criminate him and he was committed for trial. He was tried, and being convicted, by a train of circumstantial evidence of the clearest nature, was executed at Horsemonger-lane, on the 8th of April, 1806.”

The other case to which we allude was the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Bonar:—

“Mr. Bonar was a wealthy merchant and the intimate friend of Mr. Cooper. It was, therefore, with no less horror than astonishment, he heard one morning that this gentleman had

been murdered in the course of the previous night, and that Mrs. Bonar was in a most dangerous state, from the wounds which she had also received from the hands of the assassin. The person who brought this intelligence was a servant of Mr. Bonar's of the name of Nicholson. He had come on horseback from Chiselhurst, where Mr. Bonar had a country-house, and where the murder had been committed. Mr. Cooper immediately desired his servant, Charles, to go and inform a friend of Mr. Bonar's, who lived opposite, of the event, and to beg of him to go at once with him to Chiselhurst. They set off at once, but although they arrived before life was extinct in Mrs. Bonar, all Mr. Cooper's efforts were of no avail in averting the fatal event. The conduct of the servant, when he brought the news in the morning, was singularly strange and confused, and Mr. Cooper had drawn from it, and from other circumstances of the man's appearance, that he was the murderer. There was an apprentice of Mr. Cooper's at this time with whose father Nicholson had been a servant for some years. It appears that this gentleman had been roused between six and seven A. M., by Nicholson, who told him that his master and mistress had been murdered the night before. He said, further, that he hoped his mistress might yet be saved, and appeared most anxious that Mr. Cooper should proceed at once to Chiselhurst. Mr. Tyrrel (the apprentice) relates as follows—‘I wished to accompany Mr. Cooper, but he said he could not take me, because I must look after Nicholson, whom he declared to be the murderer. Nicholson had disappeared, and I immediately commenced a search after him, although I was perfectly satisfied, in my own mind, that he was not the murderer; for he had only quitted my father's service ten or twelve days before, after having lived with him between three and four years. He had been a most excellent servant, and on some occasions when illness had occurred in the family, had evinced unusual kindness and attention. He was apprehended in the afternoon, and taken to the counter-prison. I went there to see him, and was accompanied by the governor to the cell in which he was confined. Whilst speaking to him, a little black and dun terrier dog placed its fore-paws on his knees, and began to lick his breeches, which were made of some dark-colored velvet. Observing this, the governor directed him to remove them. On afterwards holding them up to the light, the front part of each thigh was evidently stained, and a little moisture soon proved it to be with blood. The governor remarked that my dog was a sagacious little fellow, but I could not own him, for I had never before seen him; and all the inquiries which were made subsequently, could not discover a master for him. It was the more extraordinary, because a public notice was posted at the gates of the prison, forbidding the entrance of dogs. In the evening I sent to the prison to beg to have the dog as I heard he had not been owned; when, remarkable to say, he had disappeared as strangely as he had entered, and was never afterwards found.’ When Nicholson was examined, there was no sufficient evidence

against him, notwithstanding the strongly suspicious circumstance of the spots of blood found upon his breeches—to warrant his being detained in prison, and he was accordingly set at liberty, but at the same time was desired to stay at the house at Chiselhurst. A day or two after he attempted to destroy himself by cutting his throat. Mr. Cooper was sent for, and on his arrival found him still alive. He had some difficulty, on account of the man's resistance, in arresting the flow of blood and closing the wound. The fellow declared his intention of resisting, by every means in his power, all attempts at cure, and Mr. Cooper had to repeat his visit on the next day, as he had contrived to tear away the dressings from his throat. He found him quiet, and a priest was with him, vainly endeavoring to elicit a confession from him. However, on Mr. Cooper's informing him that in all probability he had but a few hours to live, he expressed his willingness to confess. A magistrate was immediately sent for, and in his presence, before Mr. Cooper and the priest, the wretched man relieved his mind of the dreadful secret, and explained all the circumstances of the transaction. From this time he became perfectly passive, offering no opposition to the treatment to which he was subjected for the cure of his wound. In a short time he was tried, condemned, and executed near the scene of the murder. The account in his confession was remarkable. He said that for some time after the family had gone to bed he sat before the fire in the hall drinking ale until he fell asleep. The next thing he remembered was his ascending the stairs towards his master's bed-room, with the hall-poker in his hand—his afterwards stopping on the way and addressing himself by name, saying 'Nicholson, what are you going to do?' and a reply which he strenuously maintained he heard made to him by a voice at his side, 'To murder your master and mistress.' From the peculiar circumstances of this murder, Mr. Cooper was extremely anxious to procure a cast of Nicholson's head, which he succeeded in doing. It proved of considerable interest, as it tended, to a remarkable extent, to confirm the views of phrenologists in reference to the peculiar conformation which they describe as characteristic of those persons who have naturally a disposition to commit such an act as murder."

This murder, with all its attendant circumstances, we think the most extraordinary we have ever heard of, and Mr. Cooper's connection with it, appears to have considerably increased the publicity of his name, and to have materially forwarded him in his professional progress.

In 1820, Mr. Cooper was called into attendance upon George the Fourth. His majesty was afflicted with a tumor on the crown of his head which caused him some inconvenience as well as pain. Sir Everard Home and Mr. Brodie was called in at the same time. Mr. Cooper has left a detailed account of his attendance on the king, from

which we extract the following:—"When we saw the tumor it was tender, painful, and somewhat inflamed, and we thought it best to delay the operation. The king was much disappointed, but yielded to our advice. In 1821, I was called down to Brighton to see the king. He came into my room at one o'clock in the morning, and said, "I am now ready to have it done, I wish you to remove this thing from my head." I said, "Sire, not for the world now—your life is too important to have so serious a thing done in a corner. No, too much depends upon your majesty to suffer me at one o'clock in the morning to perform an operation which might, by possibility, be followed by fatal consequences." The king was very much annoyed, and said, "I will have it done as soon as I come to town, then." The king came to town shortly afterwards, and although Sir Astley Cooper made every exertion to have the operation performed by Sir E. Home, his majesty insisted that it should be done by him; accordingly he removed the tumor, and the king bore the operation with the utmost patience.

It is curious to contemplate the hesitation of Sir Astley Cooper to perform this operation, which, in an ordinary case, would not have caused him a moment's uneasiness. To see the man who, for a long series of years, had been in the daily habit of performing, with a steady eye and an unquailing hand, operations the most hazardous—involving life and limb—who would amputate a man's leg with as much *sang froid* as a chicken's, or tie an artery as coolly as a cravat—to see him pause and hesitate about cutting away a slight tumor, because it happened to be fixed upon a royal head—to see the nerves that would have remained unshaken while he severed a limb from some tortured subject, quail and lose their tension, while he made an incision in a little tumor, because it had grown upon the sacred crown of "the Lord's anointed." We know not how to account for feelings so foreign to his nature, being called forth so suddenly, unless there be a spell in the presence of those whom the Scripture tells us to "put not our faith in." This brings strongly to our mind an instance of Napoleon's knowledge of "human dealings," when he exclaimed to Corvisart, during the *accouchement* of Maria Louisa, "Behave, sir, as if your patient was the wife of a Bourgeois de Paris!"

There is a very interesting account of Sir Astley's attendance on the Duke of York, which we regret our space will not

allow us to give. His royal highness is represented in a most amiable light, and as having borne his illness and all its suffering with heroic fortitude. When Sir Herbert Taylor informed him of his danger, he said, "God's will be done; I am not afraid of dying; I trust I have done my duty; I have endeavored to do so; I know that my faults have been many, but God is merciful, his ways are inscrutable, I bow with submission to his will . . . I own it has come upon me by surprise; I knew that my case had not been free from danger; I have been always told so, but I did not expect immediate danger, and had I been a timid or nervous man the effect might have been trying. I trust I have received this communication with becoming resolution."

There are no anecdotes of any interest, relating in any way to the many high and distinguished persons whom Sir Astley Cooper had attended; and indeed, altogether, the work is very deficient in this respect. If the author's object was to paint the character of Sir Astley Cooper in such a strong and favorable light, we think he should have left in the shade, instead of bringing forward one or two instances of what we should call downright selfishness. We shall give one of the anecdotes to which we allude, and if our readers can trace in it any appearance of that great kindness of disposition and thoughtfulness for the distress of others, which Mr. Cooper tells us his uncle was so distinguished for, we will acknowledge our error at once; but at present, we must confess, that we can see in it no trait of kindness, or thoughtfulness, save what is displayed towards the "first numeral." Mr. Cooper says—"I was once myself travelling with him, when the hind-wheel came off, but the carriage did not turn over. The misfortune happened in the middle of the night; I immediately got out, and asked my uncle if he would not alight; to which he replied, 'undoubtedly not; put up the window, and you and the post-boy make all right.' We found that the only accident was the loss of the linch-pin, which had caused the wheel to roll off; so that we raised the carriage, put the hind-wheel on, but were still at a loss, for we could not find a substitute for the linch-pin. I sent the post-boy forward to look for a nail in some cottage. After he had been gone about ten minutes, my uncle became impatient, told me to get upon the horse and drive on until we met the post-boy, at the same time saying, 'if you keep quite straight the wheel will not come off again.' After going a distance of about

a mile, we met the post-boy who had at last succeeded in procuring a nail; and this answering our purpose, we arrived about four o'clock in the morning at Huntingdon."

Now, if Mr. Cooper intends this anecdote to exhibit his uncle in a favorable point of view, there must be some hidden virtue in keeping a poor devil half the night shivering in the cold, which we candidly confess our inability to discover; but if on the contrary, he relates it as an instance of extreme selfishness, we think it a very fair one—at the same time, we must say, that in our opinion, the anecdote might very judiciously have been omitted.

We must now bring our notice of this work to a conclusion, and in doing so, will offer a few brief remarks which suggest themselves to us. It is not for us in reviewing the biography before us, to make any criticisms on the writings of Sir Astley Cooper. We shall only say, that we do not consider them deserving of the high praise which has been heaped upon them: even his great work on Dislocations—decidedly his best—is not without its inaccuracies. A physician or surgeon in high practice, we expect, more than any other professional man, to make notes of the cases that come before him, in order to afford a future clew to the detection of disease, and an insight to the best mode of treatment to be pursued for its alleviation or cure; but notwithstanding Sir Astley Cooper's great experience, he has left to the world, comparatively speaking, very little useful information, and has transmitted to us but a very slight portion of the immense fund of professional knowledge which he must have acquired in so vast a field. In fact, Sir Astley Cooper has left very little but an immense fortune, and the echo of his fame—the one of which may be very useful to the *pockets* of his family, the other to their *pride*, but neither by any means likely to confer benefit on society in general, nor any strong claim upon its gratitude.

In love of his profession, Sir Astley Cooper was never surpassed; he had scarcely a thought beyond it; every hour was given up to it, and if any thing called him for a time from its pursuit, he would return to it with as much eagerness as if almost his very existence depended on it. At home or abroad, he never lost an opportunity of acquiring information respecting it; in short, his fondness for it was a passion which lasted until life itself had ceased to last. He possessed, too, every qualification for success—manners, appearance, great readiness and presence of mind, knowledge

of his profession, and though last not least, a private character uniting kindness of disposition, with high feelings of honor, and unblemished integrity. Of his decision and readiness, we will mention an instance which, although not mentioned by his biographer, we remember, if we mistake not, to have heard from the lips of Sir Astley himself:—He was attending a man who had dislocated his shoulder, and was endeavoring to make him let the injured arm hang by his side in such a manner, as would have enabled him to restore the joint to its proper position. The poor man was sitting up in his bed, vainly striving to obey Sir Astley's directions; for in spite of his endeavors to let the arm hang "dead" by his side, the muscles preserved their tension and would not relax sufficiently. Sir Astley, as if he had given over the attempt, told the man to move himself back in the bed, and then watching the moment when the patient's attention was otherwise directed, and the muscles consequently unprepared for resistance, he seized the limb, and by a sudden jerk restored it to its socket.

Before concluding our notice, we would beg to enter our strong and decided protest against the appearance in print of certain anecdotes which grew out of Sir Astley Cooper's professional attendance on the Earl of Liverpool. Without questioning for a moment their authenticity and correctness, we regret that such memoranda should ever have been made by the subject of the memoir himself, and still more that they were deemed suitable for publication by his nephew.

Our estimate of the physician's mission is a very high one: and he who is called on to see suffering humanity in all its weakness, in all its imbecile prostration, should guard himself rigidly against the possibility of shaking the world's confidence in his honorable secrecy, by disclosures such as these we have alluded to. We would rather forego all the pleasure of such biographies than see them tainted with a fault like this.

On the whole, as a work of general interest, as well as the life of a man who attained to a distinguished position, the volumes possess a good deal of merit, and will form a desirable addition to the libraries not only of the medical profession, but also of private individuals.

THE NEW PRUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.—The censors have begun with a professor, Marheinecke, to whose lecture on the theological importance of Hegel's philosophy the *imprimatur* has been refused. *Illustrated Polytechnic Review*.

BIRDS.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Jovous and happy creatures—
Roamers of earth and air—
Free children of the woods—
Bright glancers o'er the floods,
Your homes are everywhere;
Dear are ye, and familiar to the heart,
Making of nature's loveliest things a part.

Ye are upon the mountains,
With proud and lonely flight;
Ye are upon the heath,
The dear blue heaven beneath,
Singing in wild delight;
The rock doth shelter you, and many a nest,
Amidst the ledges by the lake, doth rest.

Ye skim the restless ocean,
White plumed, like fairy things;
Ye haunt the inland river,
And the sweeping willows quiver
With the rustle of your wings;
Through the dark pines your homeward way ye
take,
Or drop to your lone nests in bush or brake.

To you morn bringeth gladness—
The first red flush of day,
Breaking your rest, appeals
Unto your hearts—unseals
The silent songs, that lay
Like dreams, within you through the quiet night,
And now burst freshly forth to hail the light.

You slumber with the sunset—
Scarce doth the day wax dim—
Scarce doth the first star glitter,
When from your nests you twitter,
Your happy vesper hymn;
Like one, who, to the woods her lone way winging,
Fills the deep night with her impassioned singing!

Solemn are woods at midnight,
When through the heavy shade,
Scarcely a moonbeam finds
An entrance where the winds
Stir through each green arcade;
But dear to you that safest solitude,
Where on your rest no mortal may intrude.!

And joyful is your waking,
Amidst the sighing trees,
In the sweet matin hours,
When smile the opening flowers—
What want ye more than these?
Ye seek no praise—your songs as sweetly sound,
As though a crowd of worshippers stood round.

Ye are the poet's emblem,
So doth his song gush free—
So winged and glad his spirit,
Doth his high gift inherit,
Pouring its melody
Beneath clear skies, and if they darken, keeping'
Song ever in his heart, though it be sleeping.

Sleeping, but not for ever,
Still to new life it springs,
When hope's sweet light doth waken,
And care and fear are shaken,
Like dew-drops from his wings;
And 'midst the flowers and trees with sunshine glis-
tening
He hath his own reward, though none be listening.

AMERICAN WORKS.

From the Examiner.

1. *The Iliad of Homer, from the Text of Wolf, with the English Notes, and Flaxman's Designs.* Edited by C. C. Felton, A. M., Eliot, Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Boston, U. S.: Hilliard and Co. 1837.
2. *The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes.* By C. C. Felton. Cambridge, U. S.: Owen. 1841.
3. *A Greek Reader, for the Use of Schools.* By C. C. Felton. Hartford, U. S.: Huntingdon, 1842.
4. *A Selection of Greek Tragedies, with Notes.* By T. D. Woolsey, Professor of Greek in Yale College. Two vols. Boston, U. S.: Munroe and Co. 1837.
5. *The Gorgias of Plato, Chiefly according to Stallbaum's Text, with Notes.* By T. D. Woolsey. Boston, U. S.: Munroe and Co. 1842.
6. *Herodotus, from the Text of Schweighæuser, with English Notes.* Edited by C. S. Wheeler, A. M., Tutor in Greek in Harvard University. Boston, U. S. Two vols. 1842.

WHILE the Newspaper press of America is doing all in its power to give Europeans an unfavorable impression of the Republic, and to spread the belief that had taste, vulgarity, and vile personal slander, are the greatest recommendations to favor with readers of the United States, it gives us no ordinary pleasure to welcome from that great country unquestionable evidences of a zeal for erudition, of an elevated tendency of mind, of admirable knowledge and acquirement, and of a desire to extend the familiarity of the truly good and beautiful. The series of books, whose titles appear above, is an index of a growing taste for classical attainments, and of a laudable desire on the part of those citizens of the United States whose profession it is to acquaint youth with the literary treasures of ancient Greece, to render those treasures as accessible as possible. Professors Felton and Woolsey, and Mr. Wheeler, deserve the warmest thanks of their fellow-citizens.

It must be distinctly understood that the object of these several editions is not to strike out new lights for the learned world, not to offer new views for the inspection of professed scholars, but to furnish students with *readable* editions of the Greek classics: editions that shall form a happy medium between the text without comment, which is so often unwisely put in the hands of the learner, and those ponderous annotations which can only serve to perplex him. Hence the notes are explanatory and illustrative rather than critical,* and their conciseness cannot be too much praised. The student, instead of wading through masses of notes, and then com-

* It should be observed, however, that in editing *Gorgias*, Professor Woolsey, who had adopted Stallbaum's edition of 1628, was induced to make several changes in the text, and that he afterwards found the same changes had been made by Stallbaum in his edition of 1840. This shows that there is no absence of critical labor and acumen; qualities which in all the works of Professor Felton are indeed sufficiently apparent.

ing to a discussion rather than a straight-forward explanation, finds in a line or two the information he requires; and it is better in the early stages of his studies that he should adopt even an hypothesis as certain, than that he should be at once thrown into the midst of critical contests, which interrupt the connexion of the text. In after life, if he makes a study of philology, he will find sufficient opportunities for following elaborate disquisitions.

Mr. Mitchell, when he published his editions of the comedies of Aristophanes with English notes, was actuated by the obvious want of any edition that could fairly be placed in the hands of a young student; and however his accuracy may be called in question by some critics, the merit of introducing a new and advantageous form of Greek classics cannot be denied him. A similar desire to that which had for its result Mitchell's Aristophanes has evidently caused the production of the several American editions enumerated above. The like feeling prevails through the undertakings on both sides of the Atlantic. There is the same endeavor to free classical studies from that dryness which invariably repels volatile youth; the same purpose of rendering the authors attractive by familiar exposition of their allusions, and comparison with things known; the same attempt to place the student on a point of view from which he may best contemplate the works of antiquity, by embodying in a concise, easy, and unrepulsive form all the collateral information connected with them. For the early student we should prefer Professor Felton's *Clouds* to that by Mr. Mitchell, for while the American has (professedly) availed himself of the labors of the Englishman, and, though with plenty of wit and originality of his own, has evidently taken him for his model in the familiarity and occasional drollery of his explanations, he shows infinitely more judgment in confining himself to what is actually wanted, and does not encumber his book with references to other authors—a species of information which, unless very sparingly given, is peculiarly useless to the beginner.

Our purpose is not to enter into a detailed description of the several editions. Though edited by different professors, their plan is pretty much the same. Their texts are those of the highest European scholars; they are all fully yet briefly illustrated by English notes; and all are preceded by such introductions as render them complete in themselves, and furnish the student with that amount of historical and other information which enables him to pursue his journey in a region not altogether strange. All are exceedingly well printed in a good clear type, and are volumes as well fitted for the library of a private gentleman as for the school-room or the university. The Clarendon press could hardly send forth a better specimen of Greek than the *Herodotus* of Mr. Wheeler. Professor Felton's *Homer* is in some degree distinguished from the others, as it is a successful attempt to familiarize the student with the beautiful in plastic art, while he is becoming acquainted with the charms of antique poesy. The engravings after Flaxman are executed in a superior style, and we very much question whether, with all our pre-emi-

nence above the Americans in the elegancies of life, we could produce a school-book that should by its beauty vie in any degree with the *Homer* of Professor Felton.

One little volume, which finds its way into the list at the head of this article, may perhaps be specially singled out, as it does not fall into the same class with the rest. This is Mr. Felton's *Greek Reader*, which is one of the best and completest school-books we have ever seen, containing in one short volume a course of reading, in prose and verse, from Esop and Anacreon to Thucydides and Aristophanes. Like the editions we have just described, it is illustrated by notes and historical explanations, and concludes with a lexicon of all the words, so that the student may use it with no other book but his grammar. It resembles the collection of Professor Dalzell, being at the same time more condensed in form. We recommend it to the consideration of our own school authorities, only counselling them to take advice with Professor Felton himself, and reprint it honestly, if they reprint it at all.

From the prefaces to these works we may gather that classical learning is at present in its infancy in the United States. Mr. Woolsey declares that his notes to *Alcestis* would have been less copious "had the study of the tragic poets been more widely diffused and perused under better auspices" in his country; and Mr. Felton evidently introduces Aristophanes as a novelty to his fellow-citizens, while he congratulates them on the extension of a taste for ancient tragedy in consequence of Mr. Woolsey's *Selections*. But the infancy is a promising one; the Professors have produced, in a few years, works which, in their kind, may be weighed with any of those published in Europe without fear of a disadvantageous comparison; they are laboring with zeal and in harmony, generally setting forth the merits of each other; and from the signs of the times it is not impossible that America may one day, in despite of her atrocious newspapers, take a place among the learned countries of the world.

NEW POSTAGE TREATY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The new postage treaty with France was concluded last week, according to *Galignani's Messenger* on Monday. The postage of letters not exceeding half-an-ounce in weight is to be the uniform charge of 10d., payable either in France or England. The treaty also regulates the correspondence between France and our colonies, and affords further facilities for the transmission of letters through France: it will no longer be necessary to prepay letters for certain parts of Germany, for Piedmont, Tuscany, or the Neapolitan States; and the French postage on letters for those countries, and on letters passing through France for British India, will be much reduced. The *Morning Post* expresses a belief that important treaties on the subject are in progress with other European Governments.

WOOD PAVING—The *Railway Magazine* says—"Regent-street is the finest paved street in the world, now that it is cleansed by the machine. Keep wood paving clean, and there can be no slipperiness; and the more streets are paved with wood, the less slipperiness they will be, as no mud can rise to the surface, if a good concrete foundation be laid under it."

THE PYRENEES.—A PIC-NIC AT COARRAZE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

It would hardly seem that January was a time for pic-nics, nor is it often so in the south of France more than in England, that sweetest of all countries, most neglected and most unjustly censured for its climate, which is infinitely better than the seekers after novelty will allow. I do not know how a pic-nic in January would answer in general in England, but arranged under the circumstances of our expedition to Coarraze on the 25th, it could scarcely have failed.

Pau is one of the gayest places imaginable; scarcely one evening passes without a fête. English, Spaniards, and Americans have nearly pushed the French inhabitants from their stools, and those who remain are rather looked upon as visitors amongst the intruders, who, like cuckoos, have turned the original birds out of their nests. The French give very few parties, but the English are never quiet; one *soirée* creates another, and one new expedition suggests a newer. One bright sunny day in the afternoon, when the blue sky and soft air asserted that it was summer, and was only contradicted by the leafless trees and desolate aspect of the hills, which insisted on the season being that of winter, a gay party of "every body in Pau," met together in the high terrace of the Park of Castel Beziat, and were seen standing in groups, laughing and talking, and devising for the future. The mountains were at this moment so clear and so close, that it seemed almost possible to see the bears coursing each other through the ravines and across the plains of snow, extending from peak to peak, glittering in the golden sun, which reflected their sides of *talc* and ice like fabled heights of looking-glass or crystal. The near *coteaux*, though no longer covered with vines, by their sombre hue and cold brown color, brought out the back-ground of the transparent purple Pyrenees in fine relief. Every peak was sharply traced upon the blue sky, from the enormous pyramid of Bagneres, above the valley of the Adour, along the line, where a space opens towards St. Sauveur, and Vignemole's shadow gleams far off, where the jagged sides of Costerillou lead the eye on to Gabisos and the Pics of the Eaux Bonnes, and the great monarch of the Val D'Ossau raises his triple crown, diademed with snow, and the high chain

of Aspe sinks gradually away from view. All this, though seen so often by the promenaders in the park of Pau, has every day new attractions, so magnificent is the prospect of these gorgeous mountains and their murmuring attendant, the ever-clamoring Gave, which rushes impetuously along its interrupted bed, and leaps, and winds, and chafes, and glitters, without pause or delay, spurning all control, and making itself what course it pleases for its bright green waters through the sands and shingles which strive to choke its passage. Meantime the gay party increased every moment in size till the whole walk was filled with smiling faces, and the whole air rung with lively voices. A pic-nic, it was contended, would be very possible; and to lose the opportunity of the fine day was a positive misdemeanor. What so easy and what so pleasant as to order all the carriages, and let the gentlemen all mount their horses, and to-morrow morning set out for Coarraze? The castle where Henri Quatre studied, under the eye of his governess Susanne de Bourbon, Baronne de Missons, or under that of the pretty *jardinière*, who taught the ready prince the lore never since forgotten, *de conter Fleurette*.

Some sage voices were faintly heard, whispering of colds and draughts, and damp grounds, and snowy mountains, but the laughter and approval drowned the sounds, and it was all agreed on without opposition, and an hour fixed—Pâtés, and champagne, and Bayonne hams, and all that the pastry-cooks of Pau could furnish, were soon ordered, and the sun went down in crimson and gold, promising fair and kindly. All were to meet again at several parties in the evening, and arrange the spot of meeting and starting for the following day: but when the hour came for the revels of the night to begin, behold! torrents of rain had deluged the streets, and the uncertain climate had shown its tyranny.

Every one, however, was too busy to lament; the music was so pleasant, the dancing so agreeable, the *petits-jeux* so entertaining. "Let the storm rage on," no one heeded it, no one had inclination to think of to-morrow; nevertheless, in the pauses of amusement a voice seemed to sigh for Coarraze, which was echoed here and there: there had been little romances imagined, little *tête-a-têtes* projected, which, as a young Irish friend observed, are meetings "almost alone;" "and it is so much better not to put off things," said a pretty philosopher, shaking her ambrosial curls:

"To-day is ours—what do we fear?
To-day is ours—we have it here."

Happy climate of Pau, where one hour has no idea what the next will bring forth! The morning rose in smiles, and, though the mountains were hid in a veil of mist, the sunbeams were hovering above it, watching an opportunity to induce them to come shining forth; half a hundred little billets came showering about to ask, "Are we to go?" "Ought we to venture?" "Don't you think we can?" "Surely we need not hesitate," &c. &c., until at length one "voice potential" gave the word, and by twelve o'clock the *monde was en route*.

"Lo que ha de ser, no puede faltar,"

"That which is to be, cannot fail,"

was engraved above the old gateway of the tower of Coarraze, and so it was with us; for fate had destined that we should go and should succeed.

In summer time the drive from Pau to the tower and chateau is charming: the pretty hills are festooned with rich vines from top to bottom. At the village of Bizanos you pass a height crowned with magnificent pines, which forms a feature in the landscape from Pau, and relieves the monotony of the continuous foliage elsewhere. Here was formerly a place of meeting during the last days of carnival, where games of all kinds went on, and where all was gayety and hilarity amongst the people. *La salade des Broutons* was there eaten and enjoyed, and the *obsequis of mardi-gras* were celebrated amidst the popular patois chorus:

"Si t'en bas jou que demonri,
Adiü, präube Carnabal!"

But all that is national or peculiar is dying fast away in France; and in this distant nook of Navarre, their old customs are discontinued. Bizanos is now only a village of washerwomen, and its pleasant castle a country-house—to let. From the ground is a glorious view into the mountains; and the town of Pau, across the Gave, stands proudly out on its hills, though its chateau of Henri IV. is concealed by a mound; the extensive building of the college, which, near, has no attraction, is by distance turned into a commanding fabric, having all the effect of a citadel, and thus looks as fine as the castle and donjon which predominates on the side opposite Gelos and Jurançon.

The plain beyond is called *La Limagne*, of Béarn, and is not unlike that chosen spot of Auvergne so vaunted: for fruitfulness and cultivation abound; corn and

wine, and pasturage and gardens are there; and all is glowing with richness and quiet beauty. But our drive on the 25th of January only indicated these things, and told us how lovely the scenery would be by-and-by. *En attendant* the fine season, we were content with the goods the gods provided for the day, and hailed every gleam which showed us the sky brighter and brighter as we journeyed on. Less than two hours brought us to the desired spot, and there we found cavaliers and *amazones*, all busy already exploring every nook and corner of the place.

The whole of the ancient castle is destroyed, except one tower which remains entire, and to climb up the narrow stair of this is the great object; for, from the platform at the top, the view is wonderfully fine. You seem as if on one side the purple mountains, with their snowy sides, could be reached with the hand; and, on the other, the whole wide smiling country is spread out in a panorama. There is something awful and mysterious in looking down the dim gorges between the everlasting hills, and roaming in imagination into the deep valleys below, so well known to the adventurous Henri, and his young band of mountaineers, whose home was wherever the izard or the bear could leap or prowl. Many may have been, and as useless as many, "the lengthened sage advices" of the prudent Susanne de Bourbon to her charge, that he should be careful and not dare too much; but Henry had early impressed on his heart, as he afterwards did on his coins, the motto,

"*In via virtuti nulla via est,*"

and went laughing forth, hoping each new adventure would be more dangerous and exciting than the last.

While some stood wrapt in wonder, leaning over the parapet of the donjon, and watching the mountains, which seemed as if making signals to each other, as the skudding mists now veiled and now revealed them, and took strange forms, as if spirits were hurrying to and fro, on messages to their brethren in the caverns and on the peaks; others of the pic-nic party set out for the village, and paused to sketch the antique door-way of the church, where two priest-like angels, holding scrolls, guard the entrance and support the empty niche surmounted by a coronet, where Notre Dame once smiled upon the pious pilgrim, and welcomed him to her shrine before he continued his journey to say his orisons before her sister of Betharram.

Whatever might have been the Spartan simplicity in which Henri, then called Prince de Viane, was brought up, and however much we all admired the plan of his education, we were not able to profit by the opportunity we had of resting in a castle, where so excellent an example of frugality was given; for our provisions were too ample and too good to be resisted, and while we lauded the dry bread and insipid cheese with which the young hero was nourished, we mortified ourselves with very different fare.

A blazing fire, round which we closed our merry circle, seated in capacious arm-chairs and on luxurious sofas, cast a ruddy glow over the large saloon where we were assembled; and though we now and then, particularly the most poetical amongst us, cast a glance towards the blue and snowy range, whose heads seemed peering into the long windows to watch our proceedings, we could not but enjoy the genial heat sent forth by the crackling logs, and fancy ourselves just such a party as might once have assembled around the hearth of the old castle, on whose site the present is built, and, like us, here they might have laughed and joked, and conversed and sung the hours away.

Here La Marguerite des Marguerites, the lovely and learned sister of Francis I., has, with her charming court, no doubt rested after a hunting day in the woods, and related stories and sung songs as we were doing: just so, might have arrived on a sudden the wily mother of kings, Catherine de Medici, with her *grande* or *petite bande* of beauties, whose accomplishments might have been called forth on such an occasion for some special purpose, such as was always working in the mind of the crafty Italian. On such a day might the weak Anthony of Bourbon have been beguiled by a fatal fair one with bright eyes, whose lute woke echoes in that hall, while Catherine looked on, and saw the fires of St. Bartholomew kindling in the distant future, and her enemies' feet slipping into the snare. Here and there might the innocent and too *sensible* Catherine of Navarre have listened to the soft words and tender gallantries of him who was never destined to make her happiness, the designing and handsome Comte de Soissons, for whose sake she refused her hand to so many princes, and pined away in solitary regret, the victim of state policy. Here the heroic Jeanne looked with maternal delight and pride on the gambols of her young mountaineer, who recounted to her all his adventurous wanderings since her

last visit. Here, in after years, his beautiful Marguerite, from whom his usually tender heart stood back, laughed, danced, and conversed, and fascinated every hearer but her husband, in whose ears the *midnight knell* always sounded in her voice; and here, for less enchanting smiles, the volatile prince exerted the wit and gayety that won all hearts his way.

Here, a century before, the great hero of Béarn, the magnificent Gaston Phœbus, perhaps sat by the hearth, conversing with the Lord of Coarraze, and hearing his wondrous story of the spirit Orton, who, in the very walls, visited him every night, and woke him from slumber to relate news from foreign lands, whence he had come,

“Swifter than arrow from a Tartar’s bow.”

And it might be, as the two knights gazed on the sparkling flames that roared up the huge chimney, that it was then the wily prince recommended his credulous friend to entreat the spirit to appear in a tangible form, and be no longer content with a mere voice. Perhaps from these windows the Lord of Coarraze looked into his court and beheld the spirit in the form of a huge swine of strange appearance, and from hence he might have cheered on his dogs to destroy the intruder, who, looking mournfully up in his face, vanished in a cloud, leaving him the conviction that he had seen his faithful messenger only to lose him and his information for ever: how and why, perhaps, the bribes of Gaston Phœbus could answer, who from that time obtained the spirit’s assistance.

Our conversation grew more and more animated as the shades drew in; and many were the anecdotes told of travels in the Pyrenees, first by one clever *raconteur*, then another. How a joyous party were stopped by stress of weather in the valley of Bedous, and forced to take up their quarters for the night in a suspicious-looking inn; five ladies sharing the same room with no protector but a faithful dog, separated from their gentlemen, who had left with them a whistle to use in case of danger. How the agitation of the dog induced one of them to look in the direction he was pointing, by which means she discovered, through an opening, a room beneath them, where, seated round a table in silence, she descried the forms of *fourteen Spaniards*, each with a large knife in his hand—their gestures and mysterious movements, and finally their extinction of the dim candle which had lighted their conclave. The consequent terrors and uncertainty of the fair captives,

their fears of using their whistle, lest their friends should *pay too dearly for it*, and after a sleepless night, their discovery in the morning that their silent neighbors, silent for fear of disturbing the ladies, all left the inn noiselessly in order to be in good time *at the fair* hard by.

Then came stories of spending the night in old castles, and hearing strange sounds which *were never accounted for*; not that, of course, any one is ever so weak as to credit the idle stories of places being haunted—and yet, most respectable persons have sworn they saw *something*. There was one of our guests who told with great gravity of having seen the ghosts of Sully and Henri Quatre, walking arm in arm on the terrace of the castle of Pau, and of having clearly beheld a line of mail-clad figures issuing out of the great reservoir where tradition says Jeanne d’Albert drowned her Catholic subjects who refused to conform to the new religion.

The story of the unfortunate knight of Aragon, whose fatal sentence was engraved over the castle portal, occupied much attention, and the tale, new to some, was related. An early lord of Coarraze had a dear friend in Aragon, who was to him as a brother. They had not met for some time, when, one stormy night, the horn was blown at the gate, and his friend was announced much to his delight. But the pleasure he felt was soon clouded when he found that he owed his welcome visit to misfortune.

The knight of Aragon had fallen under royal displeasure, and was obliged to fly his country. He had dared to love a princess, and his affection was returned; but since at all times true love is doomed to sorrow, nothing but danger and difficulty surrounded the lovers, and it had only been at last by flight that he was able to save his life.

Sad was the time that the friends passed together in the castle of Coarraze, talking of the past and the future; but the conclusion of all their discourses was a fresh springing hope in the bosom of the knight of Aragon, that fate would be yet propitious to him, and his lady love be his own. The friends were once out hunting in the wild mountains of Ossau, and had been successful in their chase, having killed more than one bear; they were returning, bending beneath the weight of one of the finest of these animals, when they reached, late in the evening, a deep gorge, at the entrance of which they were surprised to see a group of females in white, seated on the ground, apparently in conversation. They paused to observe them, and as they did so, they

rose, and forming a circle, began a measured dance, to which their voices made a low melancholy music, like the sighing of the wind amongst the rocks. The words they sung ran thus:—

"There is crimson in the skies,
Green and gold and purple dies,
When dim night puts on his cowl
We shall hear the tempest howl;
There are shadows passing over;
See! the highest peaks they cover;
From the valley comes a sound
Echoing through the gorges round;
'Tis the whisper of the blast
That shall burst in storm at last.
Fear the sunset red and bright,
Days of calm bring fiercest night:
Vain from Fate would mortals flee—
'That which is to be—will be!'"

While they listened and gazed, the sound and the white forms died away together, and there was nothing before them but the evening mist.

"Let us go forward," said the knight of Coarraze with a shudder, "we have seen the *Blanquettes*, and the meeting bodes no good."

"The words they utter, nevertheless," said the knight of Aragon, "shall in future be my device—*Lo que ha de ser no puede faltar.*"

That night, on their return home, a messenger awaited the knight of Aragon, from the lady of his love: she bade him return, and with tender protestations of affection, she related to him that her royal relative had listened kindly to her prayer, and had given his consent to their union. Her letter concluded with the word, "*That which is to be—will be.*"

"I will not delay an instant," exclaimed the lover: "adieu, my friend; our bridal over, I will return to Coarraze, and my bride shall thank you herself for my welcome."

"Go not," said his friend, "this may be a snare—you may be deceived; wait yet a little, and let me go and ascertain its truth. No danger can reach me; and if all is as it should be, we will go back to Aragon together."

"This is her hand—this is her summons," returned the knight, "and were it to certain death I would go at once—*What is to be, shall be.*"

Alas! he reached Saragossa; but not to meet his beloved: it was to hear of her death—to find her letter forged—to be dragged to a dungeon, and there to meet with a cruel doom. His blood stained the scaffold; and his friend found, to his grief, that his fears were but too well founded. He had his last words engraved above the

portal of his castle; and taking the cross, he departed for the Holy Land, where he died fighting for the faith. The shades of the two friends, bearing between them the carcass of a grisly monster, may sometimes be met in a certain gorge, where it is known that the fatal *Blanquettes* love to assemble and dance their rounds.

But it was not in telling such sad stories alone that our day passed; there were many merry anecdotes related, which caused the chamber to echo with laughter; and the sound of the Spanish guitar was heard, played by a skilful hand, in that peculiar manner which accompanies the charming Moorish ballad, with a hollow, murmuring stroke, as if pent up waters were beating against a hollow rock from which they could not escape. Several young clear voices joined in chorus, and amongst other songs, we heard the curious *patois* ballad of the *Doves of Caunteretz*, composed at the time when Marguerite and Henri II. d'Albert visited the springs.

AUS THERMIS DE TOULOUSE.

VE FONTAN CLARE Y A, ETC.

At Toulouse there are writers,
Waters fresh and bright;
And there three doves are bathing—
Three doves with feathers white:
They dip their wings and flutter,
And three whole months they stay;
Then o'er the heights to Caunteretz
They take their blithesome way.

"Oh, tell me who at Caunteretz
Are bathing there with you?
"The King and Queen are with us three,
Amidst the waters blue.
The king has got a perfumed bower
Of flowers amidst the shade;
And that the Queen has chosen
The Loves themselves have made."

In such a spot and amid such recollections the songs of the pastoral poet of the Valley d'Aspe, the Shenstone of the Pyrenees, Despourrins, were not forgotten; his famous song, known in every vale and on every mountain, '*La haut sus las Moun-tagnes,*' was played and sung, and several others, among them the following—

MOUN DIU! QUINE SOUFFRANCE.

1.
Of what contentment
Those eyes bereft me!
And ah! how coldly
Thou since hast left me!
Yet didst thou whisper,
Thy heart was mine—
Oh! they were traitors,
Those eyes of thine!
For 'tis thy pleasure,
That I repine.

2.
 Alas! how often
 I sighed in vain,
 And loved so dearly
 To purchase rain:
 And all my guerdon
 To be betray'd,
 And only absence
 My safety made—
 To muse on fondness
 So ill repaid!

3.
 But let me warn thee,
 While time is yet;
 Thy heart may soften,
 And learn regret.
 Should others teach thee
 New griefs to prove—
 At once thy coldness
 Subdued by love—
 Thou mayst glean sorrow
 For future years;
 Beware, false maiden,
 Beware of tears!

It was now time that the carriages should be ordered, as the shades of evening had fallen, and we were all to re-assemble at Pau, in order to finish the revels with charades. By starlight, therefore, did we resume our journey, and large and lustroously did they shine to light us on the way. We quitted the solitary old tower of Coarraze, standing beside the modern chateau built beside it like old memories in a new age; and when we arrived at Pau, we were met by condolence, for it had rained there several times in the day, while we were enjoying the sunshine. The sensation was great which our expedition created, and all those who had declined joining us were now mortified exceedingly, and resolved in future never to be stopped by the sullen aspect of the sky. Half a dozen other pic-nics were immediately talked of, and if February does not frown upon the gay folks of Pau, spring will be anticipated by them, and parties as lively as the last will chase away all recollections of winter. Meantime we wander and moralize amongst the ruins and restorations of the old castle, where Henri, the beloved of all time, was born—

THE CASTLE OF PAU.

1.
 Stop! and look upon those towers,
 And these walls so dark with time,
 Where yon frowning donjon lowers,
 And yon mountains rise sublime,
 See those bow'rs and hills so green,
 And the foaming Gave below,
 Vines and foliage between,
 Henry's castle-home of Pau!

2.
 Here mem'ries of the gallant king,
 Upon the mind come crowding back,
 Visions of war and love they bring
 In every scene, on every track:

Turançon's* height of generous wine,
 Touched by the sun with ruby glow,
 Shines forth the rival of the Rhine,
 The glory of the hills of Pau.

3.
 'Tis said by many a vale and rill,
 That lovers sigh and maids believe;
 'Tis said that on the ramparts still,
 Henri and Sully walk at eve.
 Fly, lovers—for 'tis dangerous ground,
 Where Henri trod, if this be so—
 But kings and ministers come round,
 And study in the towers of Pau.

Pau, Jan. 28, 1843.

THE CROWNED MOURNER.

From the Athenæum.

[Michael Wismloweki, a private citizen, who was elected King of Poland, is said to have wept when the crown was placed upon his head.]

The northern sun, in his noonday splendor,
 Is shining on Vola's sacred field,
 But sees not Jagellon's early grandeur
 Nor beams upon Sobieski's shield;
 Yet still there are knightly lances gleaming,
 And banners floating on Summer's air,
 And the clang of the trumpets, loud proclaiming
 That Poland hath chosen her monarch there.

Hark! to the voice of a nation, rending
 The cloudless calm of the noontide now;
 Hark! to the hymn, with the cannon blending,
 As they place the crown on their chosen's brow
 The best and the bravest bow before him,
 With dauntless hearts and with matchless brands,
 And the skies of his land bend brightly o'er him,
 But sad and silent the Monarch stands.

Why is it thus? tho' his birth was lowly,
 Nor Fame nor Fortune had smiled on him,
 Yet the crown was won by no deeds that sully
 Its splendor, nor make its radiance dim.
 Whence spring the tears? for the great and glorious
 Have sought that sceptre with prayer and vow,
 And he without strife hath been victorious,
 But what doth the crown'd one weep for now?

Ah! did some dream of the past awaken,
 Even as that sunrise of Fortune shone,
 Of one true heart that the grave had taken,
 Who might have sweetened and shared his
 throne?

Or found he the thorns beneath the glory,
 When others saw but the circling gold;
 Or did the Muse of his country's story
 Some page of her future woes unfold?

There have been tears when the bride was leaving
 Her mother's breast for a stranger's arms;
 There have been tears when the nun was giving
 To Heaven the flower of her maiden charms:
 There hath been weeping, aye blent with laughter,
 O'er sceptres shivered and thrones cast down;
 But never before, nor ever after,
 We saw it beneath a new-worn crown!

March 15.

FRANCES BROWN.

* Celebrated in Béarn, and the favorite wine of Henri.

THE AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

OF late years we have become so accustomed to witness new achievements of science, and especially of mechanical science, that events of this kind, each of which would have furnished wonder enough for a common century, pass only as matters to make up the news of the day. It was but in the boyhood of our fathers that steam was harnessed to our universal drudgery, and the tamed giant made to drain our mines and whirl about our mills, and now we look on it as a thing of course, going on to devise new engines for him to propel, and new mountains for him to remove, just as though it were all a light and common matter. Next he was made to beat the vexed ocean into obedience; for a day or two it was a wonder, but now we step on board the Atlantic or the Indian steamer and dine, and chat, and sleep at pleasure, thinking of nothing about the leviathan which hurries us along, except perhaps the ceaseless monotony of his strokes. Then we set him to copy our thoughts, and straightway every morning teems with debates and tidings, and the countless solicitations of industry or need multiplied, like the Calmuc's prayers, by his restless revolutions. Next we yoke him to our cars, and the cashiered and wondering horse is left far behind.

Whirled thus about from miracle to miracle, our curiosity decays. What in other days would be sanguine hope or straining curiosity, is now but a commonplace looking out for something new: and the month, or almost the day, which has not its successful egression on nature's remaining powers, is perhaps the greatest wonder of the times.

It is possible then that Mr. Henson and his aerial carriage may in one respect have "fallen on evil days;" and yet it must be accounted hereafter one of the strange characteristics of the age, and the surest measure of our satiety of marvels, if any hopeful attempt to subdue an entire and almost untrodden realm of nature meet not with the active sympathies and ardent aspirations of this enterprising age. Encumbered as we are with the spoils of science, we have yet, we hope, unsatisfied ambition enough to anticipate with some exultation the conquest of the air, and to help with head and purse, if not with heart and hand, when it is proposed to carry through the regions of unobstructed space the intercourse which is the life-blood of human happiness and im-

provement. Perhaps our sated faculties cannot afford an excitement like that which followed Montgolfier's noble and successful daring, but we shall at least be ready with the quiet and effective approbation which in prospect of good dividends will furnish "the sinews of war."

For say what we will, the plain business-like question will take precedence of the heroics, and "Can it be done?" is the first and universal question. To the essential interrogatory the following account of the machine must stand for a reply: and we entreat our readers to lay aside as much as possible of the repugnance often felt for mechanical descriptions, if it be only to recompense our endeavor to rid the subject of obscurity.

Let us begin then by imagining first a thin, light, strong expanse of framework, not less than one hundred and fifty feet long, and thirty feet wide, and covered with silk or linen. This stands instead of wings, although it has none of their vibratory motion; it is jointless and rigid from end to end. In advancing through the air, one of its long sides goes foremost. Attached to the middle of the hinder side is a tail fifty feet long, on either side of which, and carried by the main frame or wings, is a set of six vanes or propellers, like the sails of a wind-mill, and twenty feet in diameter; beneath the tail is a small rudder, and across the wings, at their middle, is a small vertical web, which tends to prevent lateral rocking. Immediately beneath the middle of the wings are suspended the car and the steam-engine: for the construction of the latter ingenuity has been highly taxed, but successfully employed, in producing the necessary power in combination with most extraordinary lightness; its occupation is to actuate vanes or propellers.

To render the rest of our description intelligible, we must now advert to the precise difficulty which has hitherto foiled all similar attempts. Men have tried often and again to raise themselves in the air with wings moved by their own muscular force: always and of necessity they have failed. Whoever has tried to raise himself by grasping a rope with his hands, will readily believe that the muscles of the arms are by no means equal to the task; for there can be at best no gain in beating the air instead of lifting by a rope. Again, we have only to ascend the Monument, or St. Paul's, to be satisfied that the legs are quite incompetent to the necessary effort; and even these trials lay out of the account

the necessary continuance of the exertion, for which our limbs are entirely unfit.

Of inanimate sources of power, the steam-engine is the only one which is not by its nature inapplicable to the purpose: and to that attaches with even greater force the objection which renders living power useless;—it is hopelessly heavy in proportion to its effect. Nor does Mr. Henson's successful effort to reduce the weight of the steam-engine bring it within the essential conditions of utility if the ordinary mode of dealing with the subject were not to be abandoned.

But that ordinary mode tacitly assumes that it is necessary to carry in the machine the means of producing all the power required to raise and sustain it. It is in dispensing with this necessity, and thus reducing very greatly the amount of machinery to be carried, that the chief, but not the only peculiarity of Mr. Henson's invention lies; and it is by this means he has opened a path which seems destined to lead to the accomplishment of this long sought object.

The device by which Mr. Henson has gained so great an additional likelihood of success, applies, not to the construction of the machine, but to the manner of using it. The carriage, loaded and prepared for flight, starts from the top of an inclined plane, in descending which, it acquires the velocity necessary for its further flight. The mode in which that velocity sustains it in the air is readily understood: the machine advances with its front edge a little raised, so that its under surface impinges obliquely on the air: that impact is accompanied by a resistance of the air, which is sufficient to prevent the descent of the machine; just as the wind striking the sails of a windmill obliquely presented to it, has power enough to propel them with all the machinery they set in motion.

So far, then, it seems that the velocity gained in descending the inclined plane, is that by which the machine proceeds and is sustained, and, but for hindering forces, would proceed for ever; for it is a mechanical axiom, verified by all the results of art and science, that if hindering forces could be taken away, a body once set in motion would move for ever. But this motion through the air, though of itself it generates the perpendicular resistance of that fluid by which the machine is sustained as to elevation, generates also at the same time a resistance in the forward direction by which in no long time the motion itself would be destroyed, and the

machine brought to the ground. Now it is to repair this decay of speed, to restore every instant the velocity lost in that instant, that the small steam-engine embarked in the machine is alone wanted, and it is easy to see that the power required for this effect must be very much less than that which would be necessary to lift and to start the machine; the entire amount of which power, it has hitherto been supposed, the machine itself must carry.

The great novelty, then, of Mr. Henson's aerial carriage, and the very important advance its inventor has made towards success in this oft-defeated enterprise, is the separation of the starting from the maintaining power. Although this is no novelty in abstract science it produces all the effect of a most important invention in its application to this purpose; and it is no slight ground for believing that Mr. Henson will eventually succeed, to find that his chief novelty accords so exactly with established science: as far as this device is concerned there is nothing whatever which can raise a doubt.

Familiar, however, as this principle may be to those in any degree accustomed to mechanics, its importance in this extraordinary design requires that it should be carefully illustrated. The weight of a clock is never able to set the clock in motion; but when the pendulum has been made to swing by being drawn out of the perpendicular, the weight amply suffices to keep up its motion. Nor would even the weight be needed but for the resistance of the air and the friction and swiftness of the machinery by which the motion of the pendulum is registered and indicated: these destroy a minute part of the pendulum's motion at every vibration, which destroyed part it is the office of the weight to restore. The pendulum really moves by virtue of the force first exerted in drawing it from the perpendicular: the weight prevents the decay of that force. Now just this takes place with Mr. Henson's machine: it is set in motion by its descent down the inclined plane; it is kept in motion by the steam-engine it carries.

In nature the same process may be observed. A crow in rising from the ground is under the necessity of making very strenuous efforts with his wings to lift himself: while doing so he acquires horizontal velocity, and as soon as that velocity is sufficient to bring the resistance of the air to act on his sloping front and wings with effect enough to sustain him, he proceeds with comparatively easy beats; after a time

we may see the same bird quietly sailing round and round in the air, scarcely moving his wings at all. Many of our readers must have asked themselves how a bird with merely outstretched wings is kept from falling? They will now readily see that it is by virtue of its original velocity, maintained and perhaps augmented in former parts of the flight.

But further, it will be observed that it is horizontal velocity which is required, and that is gained by Mr. Henson in descending an inclined plane. Now just this device is often employed by large birds in starting from an eminence: instead of incurring the great labor we have noticed in the case of the crow, the feathered voyager makes first a curve downwards, the velocity gained in which, with subsequent and easy augmentations, is that which keeps up his flight. It is not often that a new contrivance in art has so exact a prototype in nature.

The steam engine invented by Mr. Henson to meet the especial necessities of his aerial carriage, is distinguished by its extreme lightness in comparison with its power. This is effected, in great part, by reducing the necessary weight of water. The boiler mainly consists of a considerable number of inverted cones, presenting their blunted points and much of their surface to the fire. The amount of surface acted on by radiating heat is about fifty square feet, and about as much more is exposed to the heat of communication. Comparing the boiler with those of locomotive engines, it is expected to furnish a quantity of steam equivalent to the power of twenty horses, if used with considerable expansion. The steam is condensed in a number of pipes of small diameter, which are exposed to the strong current of air produced by the flight: this mode of condensation has been found remarkably effective. All unnecessary weight of parts has been avoided, and indeed no part has been retained whose services are not essential. The result is, that a twenty-horse engine is kept in efficient action with but twenty gallons of water, and its entire weight is but about 600lbs.

The weight of the whole machine, and its load, is estimated at 3000lbs: the area of the sustaining surfaces will be about 4500 square feet. The load will, therefore, be about two-thirds of a pound to each square foot, which is less by one-third than that of many birds.

The most important question which remains to be decided refers to the competency of the steam-engine; and here unhappily mechanical science and experi-

mental facts alike fail to give us the needful information.

As far as probabilities can be collected from observations on the flight of birds, they warrant a strong expectation of Mr. Henson's success. If, however, his engine should be found to need reinforcement, it is said there are available inventions recently matured, whose combined application will much more than double its power. Nor can it be doubted that, cleared as the subject now is of its mysteries and chief difficulties, the attention of our engineers will be strongly drawn to the subject, and the inventive energies of this mechanical age speedily bring the machine to perfection.

One of the most remarkable as it is one of the most cheering considerations connected with this subject is the fact, that those improvements in locomotion are ever first committed by Providence to that part of the human family which is at the time best fitted to use them for the general benefit;—best fitted, we mean, not so much by the extent and firmness of their political relations, or the energy of their enterprise, or the magnitude of their capital, though these are far from indifferent, as by the moral temperament which they will bring to their entrusted employment. Savages, who without restraint of conscience might desolate with grim delight the enlarged circle put within their reach are not invested with these new powers! nor even when the unwonted device is placed before their eyes have they the means, the energy or the intellect to use it with effect at all to be compared with that of its employment with more advanced communities; invention and its results seem nearly dormant, except for the purposes to which it can be applied by the most enlightened portions of the race. And if so in all past time, may we hope to discover in the circumstances attending this new and unparalleled enterprise, traces of the same great design, and may we not easily suppose that so long as the new art, should it come into practical use, shall require the appliances of capital, of cultivated skill, of tried integrity, and of the most exact and elaborate science, so long it will be mainly in the hands of that section of the wide earth's inhabitants who are most likely to use its astounding capabilities in the spirit of justice and goodwill to all.

OBSERVATIONS UPON OBSERVERS,

WITH

REMARKS ON THE FACULTY OF WINKING.

No book makes its appearance in the days we live in, without being soon followed by another which is styled its "Companion." We have "Companions to the Prayer-book," "Companions to the Almanack," and companions to twenty other works, which it would be tedious to enumerate.

It would be a great pity to allow the treatise lately published with the title of "What to Observe," to want a comrade when companionship is so much in fashion, and writers pair off like members of the House of Commons. It is therefore proposed to have a little discussion here in our own rambling way upon the question "what not to observe," leaving it to some base compiler to digest our remarks, or make what hash of them he pleases for the instruction of the public, the profit of the booksellers, and his own "filthy lucre," if he should chance to be one of that melancholy brotherhood who live by their wits, albeit they have no wit to live by.

The importance of the present question is obvious. The range of human observation being coextensive with the universe, the more we limit our excursions through so boundless a field, the less will be our fatigue, and the more exact our acquaintance with those tracts of knowledge within which we have confined the exercise of our faculties. Some carry this principle so far as to devote their entire lives to the examination of a cockle-shell, to diving into the bells of heather blossoms, or to researches into the mysteries of a Greek accent, and they have their reward in obtaining perfect and undisputed mastery of these several exalted studies; whereas it is plain, that had the conchologist meddled with accents, the grammarian with heather-bells, or the botanist with either cockle-shell or cumflex, not one of the three would have made his name immortal.

These may be thought examples of rather narrow circles of intelligence, but it is still true that the sportsman who follows all sorts of game does not make the best day's shooting, and that he who applies himself to every thing is not far removed from him who applies to nothing.

It has never been our lot to meet with the famous treatise, "*De omnibus rebus*," but there can be little doubt of its being extremely heavy reading, even without taking into account the appendix, "*de quibusdam aliis*." We have seen, however, only too many books composed with apparently the same object, namely, to leave nothing unsaid that was sayable, and nothing observable unobserved.

There is, for instance, a numerous tribe of tourists and travellers who are too observant by a thousand degrees, and whose study it is to leave nothing unremarked through all the lands they visit, with an occasional exception in favor of what is truly remarkable in each. Had these writing ramblers, or rambling writers, only understood the first principles of the science—"what not to observe"—they would have had fewer to ridicule and more to read them. How often have we wished they had slumbered, like

the albatross, as they winged their way through Europe, or that on their visits to China they had taken a dose of opium sufficient to put them asleep as long as Rip Van Winkle, or the seven sleeping youths of Ephesus. Doubtless, however, on awaking, they would have published their dreams of Conetantinople, visions of Peking, or a "thousand and one nights," amongst the ruins of Cabool.

As there is nothing so impertinent as the modern spirit of observation, so there is nothing so unmerciful.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

There is no objection to any lady or gentleman *making* observations in any number, or to any length, upon any subject, from a comfit to a constitution, but why should they *inflict* them? Why must they print all the nonsensical details of their memorandum-books? And, what is more to our purpose, why are treatises written to encourage them, and give them additional facility in an art at which they are already only too proficient? There seems no very urgent necessity in these times to teach people how or what to observe. Observation is the vice of the day; nothing is allowed to pass without observation. Society is become one vast observatory, and London is even provided with a *Quadrant*. The smallest and most unassuming nebula, or a comet only three days old, has a better chance of creeping unseen across the field of a telescope at Greenwich, than the minutest hole in our coat has of eluding the note-takers of this all-observing age.

A chiel's amang ye takin notes!

Where is the "chief amang ye" that is not "takin notes?" Every paper we take up might justly be called "The Observer." Observing is become as odious as time-serving, and the Observatives outnumber the Conservatives ten times over. Time was when people were divided into the observers and the observed, but now even the observed of all observers is himself an observer.

Let Observation with extended view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

Is there a viler couplet or a viler precept in the English language? This is precisely what observation is doing at present. Our grandfathers and grandmothers used to do sundry things "under the rose;" but all the roses in Persia would not screen one of the present generation from the all-prying, Paul-prying eye of your modern observer. In the rosiest thicket of the "garden of Gál" itself, Prudence would hesitate to tie her own garter in these remarking and reporting days. We are not a generation of vipers, but of eagles or lynxes. It would be hazardous to commit a *faux-pas* in the very heart of a mill-stone; and the smallest coral island in the South Sea has lost all reputation as a sanctuary from the public gaze.

The *fallentis semita vitæ* exists no more; the world, which once was so full of green lanes and byways, through which it was so pleasant to saunter from one stage of life to another, is now traversable by high-roads only, and there is no such thing as a private path, a private house, a private transaction, or a private man, from the pole to the equator, and from the equator to the

pole. The existence of a public is now a tremendous truth: but the public voice is not half so terrible as the public eye.

Despite of the progress of temperance, almost every house in the country may be said to be a public-house, for it is absolutely impossible to bait a trap for a mouse on a Monday night without the fact being known over the three kingdoms before the set of Tuesday's sun—a manifest proof that the public eye is upon our minutest and most retired actions, and that, only for considerations of climate and temperature, we might as well live in our greenhouses as in our mansions of brick or stone. Yet, it is in an age like this that books, forsooth, must be written to teach people how to observe! Had we an Argus in these didactic days, there would not be wanting some goodnatured individual to present him with a hundred pair of Solomon's spectacles.

Lyceus, the type of ocular acuteness, would surely have a solar microscope bestowed on him out of the same superfluous benignity. The genius of the age, if a genius it has, is peeping. That there should be folks who delight in peeping is not surprising; but that any one should like to be peeped at does indeed astonish. Yet there are men, and great men too, who like to be peeped at vastly. Milton had no notion of the pleasure of a morning walk in the fields without being spied from behind the bushes.

Sometimes walking *not unseen*

By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green.

However, to be observed was a distinction two centuries ago, which it certainly is not at present, when there is not a hedge-row in the kingdom without one pair of eyes at least peering out from behind it in obedience to the law of universal observation. For our part, we do not say that we wish every descendant or disciple of Peeping Tom sent to the birthplace of that type and "great original" of all observers; nor do we assert that it would be no serious misfortune if the public was seized with a fit of ophthalmia, or had a cataract in its eye about the size of Niagara; but we are humane enough to sympathize with those who use such language.

Suppose you had the luck of Sancho Panza, and were to be made governor of some island, or governor-general of some distant colony or dependency of the empire, how would you like to be unable to take a morning's ride on your horse, mule, ass, elephant, or hobby, or to play any innocent prank whatsoever, for the amusement of yourself, your little court, or perhaps your native country, without being marked and remarked, viewed and reviewed, scanned, observed, watched, noted down, and then shown up, as if the ramblings of a statesman were no more to be respected than the aberration of the stars?—or, as if because the nation bestows on an individual a high office and a large salary, it is therefore entitled to set up a great telescope and make him the public gaze like an occultation of Mars, a transit of Venus, or a common whiskered and bearded comet? No man now is master of his gaits of going; his gaits* are claimed as public property, and every whippersnapper that can pen a newspaper paragraph, or make

"a few observations" in the House of Commons, thinks himself entitled to discuss the measures of the grandest viziers, and the proclamations of three-tailed pachas.

The world has either ceased to have corners, or no business is any longer done in them. Where is the corner now without a Q in it? The little crooked thing that asks questions is endowed with the attribute of ubiquity, and society seems to have resolved itself into a general committee of inquiry, or rather to have formed itself into one vast "army of observation."

The disastrous influence of this upon several of the fine arts, for instance jobbing in its various branches, and the still nobler art of tormenting our fellow-creatures, is too manifest to need explanation. If on the one hand, by indulging our curiosity, we have made some trifling addition to our knowledge of chemistry, geology, and mathematics, consider all we have lost upon the other, in the more fascinating and interesting departments of public jugglery and holy humbug.

Diplomacy is now openly laughed at; the public expects to be made the confidante of every political secret; the "reason of state," once held in such becoming reverence, is treated with the coarsest ridicule; Machiavelli is sent to "Old Nick," his namesake; mystery and intrigue, that in former times were the very keys that opened the temple of fame to statesmen, are numbered among the mortal sins, and the tide of opinion is running with alarming rapidity against even red tape and envelopes. The day is perhaps not far off when an English and a French minister will conduct their negotiations through the medium of a correspondence in the public journals; and probably at the next general congress of the European powers any Quidnunc desirous of being present will have only to pay a guinea for a ticket, if indeed he does not insist upon his right to pass in and out of the hall as freely as the plenipotentiary of Russia or Great Britain.

Having alluded above to the art of tormenting our fellow-men, we cannot help adding a word upon the subject, because we feel that the evil genius of observation has already deplorably contracted this spacious field for the exercise of talent and ingenuity. The planter of Jamaica or St. Domingo can no longer "wallop his own nigger" in quiet and comfort, because every stroke of the whip is sure to be heard over the whole terraqueous globe. Corporal punishments have alarmingly decreased in the army for the same reason. It is a gross abuse of words to call a man a *private* soldier, who is not allowed to enjoy so much as a flogging in a barrack-square even on a Sunday without the public eye witnessing every lash he receives, and the public press trumpeting the transaction through the length and breadth of the land. However, it is not in the army we expect to find the blessings of practical liberty; but is any other department more exempt from the inquisitorial eye of the modern tyrant, Observation? Look at our trade; read the Report of the Children's Employment Commission, and mark the encroachments of this daring spirit upon the once boasted freedom of the British manufacturer.

* Qu. gates.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

The commissioned "observers," speaking of a foundry at Willenhall, call it "shameful and cruel" to correct naughty little workmen with sledges, files, and hammer-handles! An amiable and accomplished lady of the same place is made the subject of the most injurious remarks for merely "laying hold of the hair of the boys before breakfast and lugging them as long as she could stand over them; she also punched them in the face with her fist, like a man fighting with another man."

This is the way in which commissioners paid by government respect the liberty of Englishmen! Mrs. Jones of Willenhall cannot chastise a young manufacturer in ever so feminine a manner without being observed on in a big blue book, presented formally to both houses of Parliament. Nay the commissioners must call her fair hand a *fist*! and compare her, in the energetic discharge of the commonest maternal duty, to "a man fighting with another man," a sarcasm just as applicable to Boadicea and Mrs. Brownrigg, indeed to every English lady who has exerted herself in her day to sustain the manly character of the nation.

Again, at Sedgely, it has been the long established and time-honored practice to punish children with rods of iron, which are occasionally made red-hot, when it is intended to administer a warmer whipping than usual.

"In Sedgely, they are sometimes struck," says Mr. Commissioner Pry, "with a red-hot iron, and burnt and bruised simultaneously." This is mentioned with reprobation!—the commissioner being probably ignorant that rods of iron are mentioned in Scripture, where the birch-rod is never once named, from which circumstance it may fairly be concluded that wherever the rod is recommended in the Bible (for instance, in the book of Proverbs), it is a rod of iron that is meant. But we are not yet done with the observers of Sedgely, who evince as little classical taste as scriptural information. They proceed to "observe:"

"Sometimes the children have a *flash of lightning* sent at them. When a bar of iron is drawn white hot from the forge, it emits fiery particles which the man commonly flings in a shower upon the ground by a swing of his arm before placing the bar upon the anvil. *This shower is sometimes directed at the boy.* It may come over his hands and face, his naked arms, or on his breast. If his shirt be open in front, which is usually the case, the red-hot particles lodge therein, and he has to shake them out as fast as he can."

This highly picturesque and classical mode of discipline, worthy of adoption at Eton and Harrow, instead of exciting the rapturous admiration of the commissioner for its exquisite taste and refinement, is actually produced as an instance of *barbarity*! Can any thing more romantic be conceived than chastisement with "a flash of lightning?" To us it appears the very poetry of punishment; and the only question is, whether it is not much too sublime for the children of the working-classes, who are only too well off to be whipped with chain-cables and caned with billy-rollers. When we reflect that the little Olympians themselves, when they were naughty,

were probably corrected in this splendid and imposing way, it really strikes us that a thrashing with a thunderbolt is an honor which ought to be reserved for the gods and godlings of the earth, in our aristocratic seminaries, and the vulgar terrors of the broom left to the children of smiths and weavers. This is worth the consideration of the Education Committee of the Privy Council.

But enough has been said, it is presumed, to establish the necessity of limitin and checking, instead of stimulating and encouraging the spirit of observation, one of the most impertinent and vexatious spirits by which a man or a nation was ever possessed. The eye ought to be trained to wink more and to see less; the habit of "turning a deaf ear" ought to be diligently cultivated; and if people could be restrained from applying their noses so close as they are fond of doing to a multitude of little arrangements and transactions, public and private, with which they have nothing to do, there would not be a tenth part of the bad odors of which we hear every day such loud complaints, for all metaphysicians agree that a smell, whether sweet or unsavory, is not a smell, unless it is smelled.

It is not so easy, however, to decline or avoid the intelligence tendered us by our ears and noses, as that which offers itself through the medium of our eyes. The organs of hearing and smelling are unprovided with natural stoppers; they have no apparatus corresponding with the eyelid. We shall not pronounce this a defect in the human structure, but it clearly might have been ordered otherwise, and it is certain that there are numerous situations in which it would be a charming privilege to be able to bar out a sound or a smell at pleasure. A stopper for the ear would remove, for example, one of the gravest objections entertained by many to parliamentary life, nay, even to the married state itself; but more upon this subject upon another occasion.

The principal organ of observation is decidedly the eye. Hence the sun, the greatest of observers, is called the eye of the world,—

Of this great world the eye and soul;
and Heaven is said to

Wake with all its eyes,

every star that twinkles being the eye of its own system. But it has not been sufficiently noticed that the eye has a non-observing power as well as an observing one; and is given us as much to wink with as to see with. If the sun has not the gift of winking, being unprovided with an eyelid, there is a compensation for this seeming defect of his optics in the clouds that occasionally obscure his vision, in the eclipses to which he is periodically subject, and particularly in the beautiful arrangement that produces the phenomenon of sunset. This glorious luminary is not always staring at the faults and follies, the vanities and villainies, the malfazances and misfeazances of poor mortals: he is not always

Darting his light through every guilty hole,
like a thousand malignant little eyes in the heads of human beings. Possessing the faculty

of winking, or what is equivalent thereto, the sun makes a generous and considerate use of it. He never sets without setting us an example of the sublimest charity, deliberately closing his piercing eye to ten thousand rogueries, frauds, and treasons; ten thousand scenes of profligacy and haunts of dissipation. At what infinite intrigues, and assignments numberless, does he not mercifully wink? What myriads of follies and vices of all sorts might he not witness in every stage of their commission, by simply tarrying a few hours longer above the horizon, and exercising his talent of observation with a little human malice. But he is so far above such paltry curiosity, that he is recorded to have more than once in his career gone out of his way, actually left the high road of Heaven, to avoid a spectacle of guilt—for instance, the horrid banquet of Thyestes. How superior to the moon, who, after keeping her chamber the live-long day, while the inhabitants of the globe are about their lawful business, and, generally speaking, conducting themselves with decorum, issues forth in the evening as it were, expressly to peep, or sometimes gaze with her full round eye at the very doings which her brother has just plunged into the ocean to shun the sight of! The moon is the very mistress of the School for Scandal; but how many eyes imitate her, and how few follow the example of the sun's! The gazers and starers are numerous sects, but the winkers are few indeed. Some people appear never to wink at all, just as if their eyes had no lids to them, and they consequently observe every thing that is deformed, unsightly, disagreeable, or revolting in the world, which is, of course, an inconceivable satisfaction to them, or they would learn to shut their eyes upon occasion like their less observant neighbors. Philosophers tell us that this defect in the apparatus for winking, is particularly striking in the case of those whose benevolent dispositions are none of the strongest, while the goodnatured man, on the contrary, is found to possess an uncommon flexibility of the eyelid, by virtue of which he winks a great deal, and thus avoids the observation of a thousand matters and incidents calculated to hurt the sight. In some men this facility of winking is excessive, and it leads them into every sort of extravagancy; they shut their eyes to the most enormous crimes, as well as to the most trifling peccadilloes. They are sure that the swindler intended to return the property of his dupe, and that the murderer never meant to hurt a hair of his victim's head. They wink at the most barbarous assassination, and amiably designate it a 'homicidal monomania.' If their sovereign is shot at by a traitor, they are the people who doubt that the pistol was loaded, and call for the production of the ball. This is the sort of vision which Shakspeare calls 'the perpetual wink,' and there is no doubt whatsoever but that it results from an unhealthy state of the organ, and ought particularly to engage the attention of the oculist. That the disorder is eminently favorable to the impunity of the most dangerous malefactors, is clear from tragical experience; the murderer may be said to escape in the twinkling of a juror's, a judge's,

or a physician's eye; and humanity to a ruffian proves the utmost pitch of cruelty to the unoffending public.

The opposite distemper is that which has been already noticed, namely, the case of those who consider that to wink at the minutest flaw, or the slightest transgression, is an offence of the kind which the law terms a misprision. They see every thing, and forgive nothing; they are the spies, informers, witnesses, prosecutors, and, we may add, unpaid beadles and volunteer executioners of the circle of society which they infest; and such is the sinfulness of the world, that they have only too much employment in their detestable vocation.

But a closer examination of the visual organs of persons of this character, leads us rather to conclude that they have brought themselves to use their eyelids very little, than that they are absolutely devoid of that ingenious provision of our physical constitution. The fact is, that ill-natured people have lids to their eyes as well as those who most abound with the milk and cream of human kindness. It is also beyond dispute, that nature makes nothing in vain; and hence the question immediately suggests itself, of what use is the eyelid to the multitudes of individuals who wink so seldom, that they are vulgarly supposed never to wink at all. This is a point of some difficulty; but we think we shall explain it satisfactorily.

What is right may be winked at as well as what is wrong: and may not the eye be so constructed as to be only capable of closing when the object presented to it is distinguished by its physical or moral beauty? This, we believe, is a very common structure of the organ. How many instances have we not known ourselves of men who never in the course of their lives winked at the slightest blemish in the character of their neighbor or their friend, yet who possessed, in an eminent degree, the gift of winking at his talents and his virtues! Even where observance was most conspicuous,

And multitudes of virtues passed along,

Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng—

they saw no more of the procession than a blind man does of the Lord Mayor's show. They winked until the pomp went by, and might have declared with perfect truth, that they saw nothing so lovely in an Eleanora, nothing so benevolent in a Howard, or nothing so great in a Chatham or a Franklin. Eyes of this description may be said to connive at worth, just as those of another formation connive at infirmities or foibles. They are perfectly incapable of the impertinence of remarking the good points of their acquaintance; they hold that nothing can be more rude than to stare at any man's amiable peculiarities; in a word, they pay Virtue the distinguished compliment of treating her as they treat the sun on the meridian, whose spots it is lawful to observe and gaze at, but whose glories may not be searched by mortal eye.

What is more familiar than the practical inversion of the poet's amiable precept,

Be to her virtues ever kind,
Be to her faults a little blind?

The reverse would seem to be a maxim in not a little vogue,—

Be to her virtues ever blind,
Be to her failings never kind,—

so completely has no small portion of mankind habituated their organs of observation to see nothing but the foul, and wink at nothing but the fair,—to connive at *beauty*, and feed their eyes upon the *beast*. The torture devised by the Roman satirist for the punishment of vice, is eluded by this method of eye-education.

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.

How many thousands are there who would no more recognise any one of the cardinal virtues, were they to meet her bodily in the streets of London, than they would Nebuchadnezzar or Abednego? Were the said virtues even to appear in cardinal's hats, it is much to be doubted if ten men in England would recognise one of the four. There are observers who behold incarnate fiends wherever they turn, yet who never saw an incarnate angel in their lives. Nay, when angels put on the flesh, they are apt to be taken for demons by men who have trained their retinas to receive no images but those of deformity and vice. Thus Religion oft clothes herself in the flesh of the mitred pontiff, only to be called intolerance, sensuality, or hypocrisy. Thus Justice arrays herself in the human limbs of chancellors and judges, yet continues as much unknown as before her incarnation. Thus Wisdom, too, takes the shape and substance of some great minister, or shepherd of the people, and intending to reveal herself, only puts on a more complete disguise. Economy, in the form of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, is called Extravagance; and Liberty, in the likeness of a Secretary of State, is taken for Oppression. No wonder that public virtue, thus abused and dishonored, should soon 'shuffle off the mortal coil,' and leaving the ministerial frame to be animated by its own inferior spirit, and illuminated by its own feeble light, hasten to join Astræa in her kindred skies. This is perhaps the true explanation of the marvelously small stock of prudence with which the affairs of kingdoms are proverbially said to be administered; and it is also the best apology that can be suggested for the follies and absurdities of statesmen. The minister is reproached with casting off Wisdom, when the truth is, that Wisdom in despair has flung off the minister.

Here it may not be amiss to remark a very curious peculiarity in the organization of the human eye, and one which strikingly exemplifies the astonishing connexion between the body and the mind; we allude to the way in which the sight is influenced by political and party feeling. One would never suppose, arguing *a priori*, that the fact of being Whig, Tory, Radical, or Chartist, had any connexion whatever with the physical machinery by which we either see or wink; but experience assures us that the connexion is very close indeed. Of this any body may satisfy himself by planting himself in a group of politicians, close to the doors of either House of Parliament. A gentleman alights from his horse—the Whigs call him a goose or

a donkey; the Tories cry "a Numa!" or "a Solon!" Another senator arrives in his cab—the Tories pronounce him a knave and a jobber; the Whigs see a Fabricius or an Aristides; the Radicals would appear not to see him at all, as if he was but the ghost of a legislator, or Mr. Nobody in proper person. Again a carriage draws up, and behold a judge comes up the scene.

"Scroggs!" growls one partisan.

"A Daniel!" exclaims his opponent.

To a third, the noble and learned lord is simply another Mansfield; to a fourth, as palpable a Jefferies as the eye of man ever beheld. Then are seen two or three pedestrian senators walking arm-in-arm to the great council of the nation. One observer sees a flight of eagles; upon the retina of another, the self-same objects paint the forms of so many kites, or "mousing-owls;" to a third eye, they are a flock of plain geese as ever gabbled on, or in the Commons. The next comer is a right-reverend, or most reverend bishop, in the purple and fine linen, borrowed from the divine example of the millionaire in the parable. The Radical at once recognises my Lord Dives; the Chartist takes him for lucifer, and peeps under the lawn for the cloven foot: the Tory rounds his neighbor in the ear, and observes, "How like his lordship is to the picture of St. Peter!" or, "He might sit for the portrait of Barnabas;" or, if a devout Tory indeed, and one who has often shed salt tears for the poor estate of the church, he imagines that it is Lazarus himself he sees before him. Last arrives the minister.

"A present deity!" bursts from the ministerial section of the spectators.

"A demigod!"

"A devil!"

"Another Cecil!—a second Chatham!"

"A second Strafford!—another Walpole!"

"A Lamb!"

"A Wolf!"

"A modern Cicero!"

"The Mummius of his day!"

"And the Verres!"

"To the tower with him!"

"To the Pantheon!"

"*A la lanterne!*"

"Such is the effect of that particular acrid humor, called party-spirit, upon the optic nerve.—A blind man in the crowd, ignorant of the prevalence of this description of ophthalmia amongst our countrymen, would suppose that some mighty wizard—a Merlin, a Michael Scott, or "thrice great Hermes" himself, hovered over Palace-yard, and entertained himself by momentary metamorphoses of the public characters of the day. This would satisfactorily explain how a man alighting from his coach, is cheered by some of the bystanders as an impersonation of virtue; and before he takes three steps across the flagway, hooted by others as the evil principle itself in the form of a lawgiver or ruler. The only other account of the phenomenon, is that which has been given above,—namely, a distemper of the vision which has hitherto eluded the skill of Mr. Alexander, and the other eminent oculists of Europe.

But still the question "what not to observe,"

remains unanswered. It is pretty much the same as the question "when to wink?" We would wink at a great many things that pass in the world, upon which many people gaze as intently as if they were paid for turning their eyes into microscopes. We would *not* observe a hundred thousand little abuses, delinquencies, and malversations which, if we were commissioners of inquiry, and salaried inquisitors, we would most unmercifully probe to the bottom. We would wink at the spots on the sun's disk, and allow him to set off his general splendor against the few scattered specks discovered by the malevolence of astronomers, who would fain be the only luminaries in the world. In like manner, should there be a mole upon the neck of beauty, we would prefer winking at the mole to shutting our eyes upon Venus herself. In morals we would act upon the same principle,—see as much worth and merit in all about us as they have to exhibit, and leave it to the unwinking ones to contemplate and scrutinize their foibles. We would wink at the dark instead of the bright side of every object presented to our view; being none of those who prefer a satyr to Hyperion, and being rather (saying the immorality) of the same mind with Juan, who,

Turned from grizzly saints and martyrs hairy
To the sweet portrait of the Virgin Mary.

All this would we do, or not do, for our own peace, comfort and enjoyment, merely, and independently of all considerations of ethics or religion; not but that we entertain an opinion, grounded upon *our* notions of Christian charity, highly favorable to a more frequent use of the eyelid, but because we would not for a moment be thought to insinuate a doubt of the seraphic dispositions of those who feel it to be their duty to observe *every thing*, and to wink at *nothing*. Be it however, remembered, that nothing herein contained is to be understood as conveying the slightest sanction or approbation of those who carry the practice of winking to such extreme lengths, as to connive at any thing, however flagrant, that promises to be profitable to themselves; or of that other class of winkers before alluded to, who have constituted themselves into a society for the succor and protection of persons laboring under the disease of "homicidal monomania."

GRACE DARLING.

BY WORDSWORTH.

From the *Kentish Observer*.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded streets resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks
Favor divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to manhood, moven in
spite
Of the world's freezing care—to generous youth—
To infancy, that lisps her praise—and age,
Whose eye reflects it glistening through a tear

Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her *now*; but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of Heaven, where her's may live
A theme for ages, when they celebrate
The high souled virtues which forgetful earth
Has witnessed. Oh! that winds and waves could
speak,
Of things which their united power called forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
Firm and undinching as the lighthouse reared
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling place;
Or like the invincible rock itself, that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor
paused,

When as day broke, the maid, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel—ha!—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and sire, through optic glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this ship.
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight!
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more
Than for their fellow sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
"But courage, father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved." The daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack
The noble minded mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, father and child!
Each grasp an oar, and struggling on they go,
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and regathering their might;
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea
Were by the ALMIGHTY'S sufferance prolonged,
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,

They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthen-
ing heart,
Though danger, as the wreck is near'd, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying life—
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,
A guardian spirit sent from pitying heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amidst a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And in fulfillment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering light-house. Shout, ye waves!
Pipo a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds!

Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join !
 And would that some immortal voice, a voice
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
 Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear—
 (Blended with praise of that parental love,
 Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew
 Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute)—
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
 Yes, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name !

THE EVACUATION OF AFFGHANISTAN.

From the Asiatic Journal.

THE papers laid before both Houses of Parliament, relating to the military operations in Affghanistan, besides throwing considerable light upon other subjects connected with that country, have decided the vexed question, by whom its evacuation by the British forces was first determined upon. Much obloquy has been cast upon the present Governor-General for having adopted the "cowardly" policy of withdrawing our armies within the Indus, and thus abandoning a country from the occupation of which his predecessor had intended to derive such great advantages to the political and commercial interests of British India. It turns out that the abandonment of Affghanistan, and with it all those delusive visions of security and prosperity which the retention of that country was expected to yield, was decided upon by Lord Auckland. We surmised as much from a remarkable expression which, in the heat of discussion, fell from Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on the 10th August last.

The insurrection broke out at Cabul in November, 1841; it reached its acme in the ensuing month, and the British army was annihilated in January, 1842. The very first paper in the collection, which is a dispatch from the late Governor-General in Council to the Secret Committee of the East-India Company, dated 22nd December, 1841, when nothing was known but the actual outbreak of the insurrection, contains the following passages:—

We have applied ourselves immediately to concerting such measures, and issuing such instructions, as the exigency of the case seemed to require and admit.—It will be seen that we have laid it down as a rule of our conduct that we would do all in our power to rescue our detachments wherever they may be encompassed by danger; but that, if the position of command and influence which we have held at the capital of Affghanistan should once be absolutely and

entirely lost, we would make no more sacrifices of the very serious and extensive nature which could alone be effectual, except under positive instructions from England, for the re-establishment of our supremacy throughout the country. We have particularly felt it our duty distinctly, at this distance, to give instructions applicable to all contingencies, and therefore to contemplate the most unfavorable issue to the struggle which our troops are maintaining at Cabul, and in this case, upon the anticipation of which we cannot conceal from ourselves the hazard of extending dangers, and of the insurrection assuming in other quarters also the same national and united character, we have authorized General Nott and Major Rawlinson, with such caution and deliberation in their military and political proceedings as may serve to avoid discredit and to promise safety, so to shape their course as best to promote the end of the eventual relinquishment of our direct control in the several Affghan provinces, and to provide for the concentration of all forces and detachments, as may be most conducive to the security of the troops.

In their letter to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Jasper Nicolls, dated 3rd December, the Governor-General in Council had distinctly enunciated the intention of "retiring from the country with the least possible discredit," collecting fresh forces on the frontier only for the sake of demonstration. This policy is adhered to in the next despatch to the Secret Committee (January 9th), and was not changed by the receipt of intelligence of the murder of the British Envoy and the extreme jeopardy of the army, farther than that orders were given for reinforcements "to strengthen our position on the Affghan frontier." The accounts of the destruction of the army induced Lord Auckland and his Council (as stated in their despatch of the 19th February, 1842) even to direct Major-General Pollock, then at Peshawur, to withdraw the garrison of Jellalabad, and the assemblage of all his force at or near Peshawur: "We have made our directions, in regard to withdrawal from Jellalabad," they say (p. 10b), "clear and positive."

It appears that Mr. Clerk, the agent at Lahore, strenuously urged the policy of holding Jellalabad, with a view of advancing from it and Candahar upon Cabul, and having regained our former position there, and the influence which such proof of power must give, "we should then withdraw with dignity and undiminished honor." Sir Jasper Nicolls opposed this measure, on the ground (p. 118) that the means were inadequate, and the Governor-General in Council (p. 120) reiterates their directions that the garrison of Jellalabad should be withdrawn to Peshawur. In conformity with this direction, Sir Jasper Nicolls

wrote to General Pollock on the 1st February: "You may deem it perfectly certain that Government will not do more than detach this brigade, and this in view to support Major-General Sale, either at Jellalabad, for a few weeks, or to aid his retreat: it is not intended to collect a force for the re-conquest of Cabul."

Major-General Nott, at Candahar, was informed of these views of the Government, though his measures in relation to them were in a great measure left to his discretion.

When Lord Ellenborough arrived and assumed the government, he thus found not only that the resolution had been formed to withdraw the forces from Afghanistan, and to abandon all intention of re-entering the country, but that instructions, "clear and positive," had been given to that effect to the British commanders. The measures adopted by his lordship to carry into effect his predecessor's views in this respect appear somewhat vacillating, owing to the constant change and fluctuation of circumstances. In his first despatch to the Secret Committee, March 22nd, he says:—

We have recently judged it expedient to enter again upon an exposition of our views regarding the line of policy which it may be proper for us to pursue in relation to Afghanistan. To our despatch of the 15th inst. on this subject, addressed to his Exc. the Commander-in-Chief, we would solicit the particular attention of your hon. Committee. It contains our deliberate sentiments on the present position of affairs in that country, and the course we should pursue towards the retrieval of our late military disgrace, and our final withdrawal of our army from Afghanistan. It points out the conditions on which we can sanction the continuance during the coming season of Major-General Pollock's force in the valley of Jellalabad, after he shall have penetrated by force or by negotiation the Khyber Pass. It discourages the expectation that Major-Gen. Nott's force, though reinforced by that of Brig. England, will, in consequence of the inefficiency of its field equipments, be able to effect much more than the relief of the posts of Kelat-i-Ghilzie and of Ghuznee, and the security of its own retirement to the Indus.

The letter to the Commander-in-Chief, above referred to, lays fully before him "the deliberate views of the Government with respect to the measures to be pursued in Afghanistan." The disasters which had befallen our army at Cabul, "followed by the universal hostility of the whole people of Afghanistan, united against us in a war which has assumed a religious as well as a national character," the Governor-General and his Council observe,

"compel us to adopt the conclusion that the possession of Afghanistan, could we recover it, would be a source of weakness rather than of strength, in resisting the invasion of any army from the West, and therefore, that the ground upon which the policy of the advance of our troops to that country mainly rested has altogether ceased to exist." The policy to be pursued, therefore, was, in their opinion, to be guided by military considerations—the safety of the detached bodies of our troops at Jellalabad, Ghuzni, and Candahar; the security of our forces then in the field from unnecessary risk; "and finally, the re-establishment of our military reputation by the infliction of some signal and decisive blow upon the Affghans, which may make it appear to them, to our own subjects, and to our allies, that we have the power of inflicting punishment upon those who commit atrocities and violate their faith, and that we withdraw ultimately from Afghanistan, not from any deficiency of means to maintain our position, but because we are satisfied that the king we have set up has not, as we were erroneously led to imagine, the support of the nation over which he has been placed."

Subsequent to this despatch, although, upon the whole, the prospects had to some extent improved, in his letter to the Secret Committee of April 22nd, Lord Ellenborough states that his deliberate opinion as to the expediency of withdrawing the troops had in no respect altered, and that this opinion is founded "upon a general view of our military, political, and financial situation." Three days previously, orders had been issued (p. 223) to Major-Gen. Nott to evacuate Candahar and to retire to Sukkur, the fall of Ghuzni, Lord Ellenborough observes to Sir Jasper Nicolls (p. 224,) having removed the principal object for which it was expedient to retain the force at Candahar, and the check sustained by Brig. England "having crippled the before limited means of movement and of action which were possessed by Major-Gen. Nott."

In compliance with this resolution, pre-emptory orders were issued to General Pollock, who had the pass, and reached Jellalabad, to retire from thence. The want of carriage, however, which had prevented the general from advancing, opposed equal obstacles to his retiring; and General Nott, in a well reasoned despatch of March 24th (p. 244,) urges the inexpediency of a hasty retirement. "At the present time," he observes, "the impres-

sion of our military strength among the people of this country (Afghanistan,) though weakened by the occurrences at Cabul, is not destroyed; but if we now retire, and it should again become necessary to advance, we shall labor under many disadvantages, the most serious of which, in my opinion, will be a distrust of their strength among our soldiers, which any admission of weakness is so well calculated to induce; and in what other light could a withdrawal from Jellalabad or Candahar be viewed?" He suggests that Jellalabad should be held in considerable force, and a movement be made on Cabul from Candahar, and he strongly deprecates the effects which a hasty retirement would have on Beloochistan, and even on the navigation of the Indus. In another letter, the general says:—

Perhaps it is not within my province to observe that, in my humble opinion, an unnecessary alarm has been created regarding the position of our troops in this country, and of the strength and power of the enemy we have to contend with. This enemy cannot face our troops in the field with any chance of success, however superior they may be in numbers, provided these precautions are strictly observed which war between a small body of disciplined soldiers and a vast crowd of untrained, unorganized, and half-civilized people constantly renders necessary. True, the British troops suffered a dreadful disaster at Cabul, and it is not for me to presume to point out why this happened, however evident I may conceive the reasons, and the long train of military and political events which led to the sad catastrophe.

The representations of General Nott did not induce the Governor-General to vary his instructions for his evacuation of Candahar and retirement to Sukkur, though he left the time and mode of retiring to the general's discretion.

Meanwhile, the position of General Pollock at Jellalabad, and the apprehension that he meditated an advance into the country, disposed the insurgent chiefs, and especially Mahomed Akhbar Kahn, to negotiate with him. A communication was received by General Pollock from Major Pottinger (sent by Capt. Colin Mackenzie,) dated at Tazen, April 20th, to the following effect:—

The sirdar wishes to know, in the first place, if we will consent to withdraw the greater part of our troops, and leave an agent, with a small body of men, to act with whoever the confederates may elect as chief, in which choice they propose to be guided by the wishes of the two factions in Cabul, and wish us to release Dost Mahomed Khan: secondly, they propose that, if the British Government have determined on

subjugating the country, and continuing the war, the prisoners at present in Afghanistan shall be exchanged for Dost Mahomed Khan, his family, and attendants, and that the issue be dependent on the sword: thirdly, in the event of neither of those propositions being approved of, they wish to know what terms will be granted to themselves individually; whether we, in the event of their submission, will confine them, send them to India, take hostages from them, reduce their pay; in short, what they have to expect from our clemency.

General Pollock, who seems to have been most anxious to recover the prisoners, urged the chiefs to release them immediately, as a means of facilitating further communication between the Governments; adding that, if money be a consideration, he was prepared to pay two lacs of rupees to the sirdar, upon the prisoners being delivered to him in camp. It appears that there was a further message from Akhbar Khan himself, delivered privately by him to Capt. Mackenzie, desiring to know what he personally might expect from our clemency, being willing to separate himself entirely from the hostile faction. Lord Ellenborough, from the first, opposed the exhibition of any clemency towards Akhbar Khan, "the acknowledged murderer of the Envoy, and who deceived and betrayed a British army into a position in which it was destroyed." His lordship disapproved of the offer to ransom the prisoners, and regretted that any necessity should have arisen of diplomatic intercourse with Mahomed Akhbar. With respect to the release of Dost Mahomed Khan, the major-general was authorized to speak of it "as an event which, under various contingences of circumstances, might not be altogether impossible."

The death of Shah Shooja served but to confirm the Governor-General and his Council in their resolution. In a letter to Mr. Clerk, May 16th, Mr. Secretary Maddock gives that gentleman instructions to make known to the government of Lahore the views of that of British India, in the altered condition of Afghanistan during the past four years. He observes that the object of the tripartite treaty was "to remove from the government of Afghanistan an able chief, who had, in the course of many years, succeeded in uniting it under his rule; who was forming and disciplining an army, and was supposed to entertain, in conjunction with the powers of the West, projects of hostility to the adjoining states on the Indus." That object had been completely effected. A further object was to substitute for the authority of Dost Mahomed Khan, deemed hostile, that of Shah

Shooja, which, it was expected, would be friendly; but it had been proved by recent, as well as all past, experience, "that a sovereign who appears to be altogether the instrument of a foreign state cannot obtain the willing support of his subjects, so as to wield their power in favor of that foreign state; on the contrary, he will be an object of hatred or contempt to his subjects, and his only resource, if he be desirous of securing their willing allegiance, will be in throwing himself into their arms, and asserting his independence of the foreign state which placed him on the throne." The object of the joint policy of the two governments should, therefore, be to maintain Afghanistan in that state in which it may be unable to do any thing against us, "foregoing the visionary design of placing it in a state in which it could, as a united monarchy, be powerful for us against an enemy advancing from the West, and yet be content to entertain no views of ambition against its neighbors in the East." This object, the Governor-General thought, "will be best effected by leaving the Afghans to themselves."

On the 3rd May, Major Pottinger writes again to General Pollock, apparently advising a compromise with Akhbar Khan, and the payment of money for the release of the prisoners. He forwards another written (unsigned) memorandum from the sirdar, the effect of which is to require an amnesty for himself and Mahomed Shah Khan; that they shall not be sent out of Cabul; that if the British intended merely to revenge themselves and quit the country, the government might be conferred upon him; and that he might have a jaghire of two lacs, and eight lacs as a present! Major Pottinger considers these demands (except the money) as moderate, observing that the ruling faction at Cabul had offered the crown to Akhbar Khan, and that, under these circumstances, his conduct, in continuing the negotiation, proved his sincerity. The sirdar, in his memorandum, thus alludes to his proceeding during the retreat of the British troops from Cabul:—

In the time when Pottinger, Lawrence, and Mackenzie sahibs came at the stage of Bootkak, I agreed to their wishes, and did all in my power to protect the army, as is well known to the above-mentioned sahibs; but I could not save them from the hands of the multitude, as the *nizard* ("mob of Afghans") was disorganized, and the British soldiers could not protect themselves on account of the frost; and, moreover, the gentlemen did not attend to my advice.

General Pollock's reply guaranteed nothing but an "amnesty for the past, when-

ever terms were agreed to," and the payment of two lacs for the prisoners. The Governor-General, in his remarks (May 21) upon the reply to Akhbar Khan's proposal, again regrets that money should have been offered for the release of the prisoners, and still more that the general "should have considered it necessary, under any circumstances, to have had any communication whatever of a diplomatic nature with Mahomed Akhbar Khan, in whom it must be impossible for any one to place any trust."

The resolution of Lord Ellenborough to withdraw the British forces from Afghanistan remained unaltered, but the mode of effecting the withdrawal became modified by unavoidable circumstances. In Mr. Secretary Maddock's letter to General Pollock, of June 1st, it is observed:—

The retirement of your army immediately after the victory gained by Sir Robert Sale, the forcing of the Khyber Pass, and the relief of Jellalabad, would have had the appearance of a military operation successfully accomplished, and even triumphantly achieved; its retirement, after six months of inaction, before a following army of Afghans, will have an appearance of a different and less advantageous character. It would be desirable, undoubtedly, that, before finally quitting Afghanistan, you seem to compel you to remain there till October, the Governor-General earnestly hopes that you may be enabled to draw the enemy into a position in which you may strike such a blow effectually.

The directions of the Government to withdraw from the country were carried into effect by General Nott in Western Afghanistan, in May, so far as to evacuate Kelat-i-Ghilzie; but though the order applied in the same positive manner to Candahar itself, the general observed that the measure would take some time to arrange, and that this would afford the Government ample time to reconsider the order, and his objections to the measure of a hasty retreat. The Governor-General did give this order a reconsideration, and the result was that he left to the general's discretion the line by which he should withdraw his force. In his letter to General Nott, dated July 4th, Lord Ellenborough thus marks out his course of proceeding:

Nothing has occurred to induce me to change my first opinion, that the measure, commanded by considerations of political and military prudence, is to bring back the armies now in Afghanistan at the earliest period at which their retirement can be effected, consistently with the health and efficiency of the troops, into positions wherein they may have easy and certain communication with India; and to this extent the instructions you have received remain unaltered.

But the improved position of your army, with sufficient means of carriage for as large a force as it is necessary to move in Afghanistan, induces me now to leave to your option the line by which you shall withdraw your troops from that country. If you determine upon moving upon Ghuznee, Cabool, and Jellalabad, you will require, for the transport of provisions, a much larger amount of carriage; and you will be practically without communications, from the time of your leaving Candahar. Dependent entirely upon the courage of your army, and upon your own ability in directing it, I should not have any doubt as to the success of the operation; but whether you will be able to obtain provisions for your troops during the whole march, and forage for your animals, may be a matter of reasonable doubt. Yet upon this your success will turn. You must remember that it was not the superior courage of the Affghans, but want, and the inclemency of the season, which led to the destruction of the army at Cabool; and you must feel, as I do, that the loss of another army, from whatever cause it might arise, might be fatal to our Government in India. I do not undervalue the aid which our Government in India would receive from the successful execution by your army of a march through Ghuznee and Cabool, over the scenes of our late disasters. I know all the effect which it would have upon the midst of our soldiers, of our allies, of our enemies, in Asia, and of our countrymen and of all foreign nations, in Europe. It is an object of just ambition, which no one more than myself would rejoice to see effected; but I see that failure in the attempt is certain and irretrievable ruin; and I would endeavor to inspire you with the necessary caution, and make you feel that, great as are the objects to be obtained by success, the risk is great also. You will recollect that what you will have to make is a successful march; that that march must not be delayed by any hazardous operations against Ghuznee or Cabool; that you should carefully calculate the time required to enable you to reach Jellalabad in the first week in October, so as to form the rear-guard of Major-General Pollock's army. If you should be enabled by a *coup-de-main* to get possession of Ghuznee and Cabool, you will act as you see fit, and leave decisive proofs of the power of the British army, without impeaching its humanity. You will bring away from the tomb of Mahmood of Ghuznee, his club, which hangs over it; and you will bring away the gates of his tomb, which are the gates of the temple of Somnaut. These will be the just trophies of your successful march.

In his despatch to the Secret Committee, August 16th, the Governor-General states that he adhered absolutely to his original intention of withdrawing the whole army from Afghanistan. "Some risk," he observes, "I deem it justifiable to incur for the recovery of the guns and of the prisoners, and with the view of exhibiting the triumphant march of a British army over the ground on which it once suffered defeat; but I consider the preservation of the army

in Afghanistan essential to the preservation of our empire in India; and, however the world might forgive or applaud me, I should never forgive myself, if I exposed that army to any material and serious danger, for the possible accomplishment of any object now to be obtained in Afghanistan."

The determination being, therefore, formed not to retire the British forces without doing something to repair the wrongs and the disgrace they had suffered, the instructions to General Pollock (July 23) were to exert his force vigorously, "giving every proof of British power which is not inconsistent with the usages of war and the dictates of British humanity; but you will never forget that, after so exhibiting that power, you are, without allowing yourself to be diverted therefrom by any object, to obey the positive orders of your Government to withdraw your army from Afghanistan. It will be your highest praise," his lordship adds, "after having re-established the opinion of the invincibility of the British arms upon the scene of their late misfortunes, to restore its armies to India in a perfectly efficient state, at a period when, I assure you, their presence in India is most desirable." He gives the general directions, in case of the capture or surrender of Mahomed Akhbar Khan. "To the possession of that chief's person I attach very great importance. You are already authorized to give an assurance that his life shall be spared; but you will not make any other condition, nor make that lightly. I earnestly desire that that chief, the avowed murderer of Sir William Macnaghten, and the betrayer of a British army, should come into our power without any condition whatsoever." Subsequently (August 3rd), the Governor-General instructs General Pollock, in the event of the sidar coming into his hands without any previous conditions for preserving his life, to place him upon his trial, and, if he should be convicted, to deal with him as he would with any person who might be convicted, under similar circumstances, of the crime of murder, having regard to the jeopardy of the prisoners. "I have adopted this step upon full consideration and with a thorough conviction of its expediency," his lordship observes, in his despatch to the Secret Committee.

General Nott availed himself (July 26) of the option allowed him by the Governor-General, and decided upon a march to Cabul, "having looked at the difficulties in every point of view, and reflected on the advantages which would attend a successful accomplishment of such a move, and the

moral influence it would have throughout Asia. There shall be no unnecessary risk," he says; "and, if expedient, I will mask Ghuznee, and even Cabool; but, if an opportunity should offer, I will endeavor to strike a decisive blow for the honor of our arms. I am most anxious," he adds, "notwithstanding the conduct of the Affghan chiefs, that our army should leave a deep impression on the people of this country, of our character for forbearance and humanity."

The two forces consequently advanced from their respective positions, and met in September at Cabul.

The situation of the prisoners had been a subject of the Governor-General's "anxious consideration." So early as April 25, Mr. Secretary Maddock wrote to General Pollock upon this subject. He observed that the only safe and honorable course for a government to pursue, in such circumstances, was to effect the release by a general exchange, their ransom being a practice unknown to civilized nations; and if the Affghans had no general government, there should be no reservation of any prisoners in our hands; but as they were held by individual chiefs for their personal benefit, the general is authorized to make such partial arrangement as he might deem most advisable. Accordingly, as before stated, the general offered two lacs of rupees for their liberation. When all negotiation on his part failed, and the army advanced upon Cabul, the Governor-General directed him (September 13) to "cause it to be intimated to Mahomed Akhbar Khan, that, in the event of any further delay taking place in their delivery, upon the proposed condition of the release of all the Affghan prisoners in our hands, it is his lordship's intention to remove Mahomed Akhbar Khan's family from Loodiana; and that it is under his lordship's consideration, whether Mahomed Akhbar Khan's wife and children should not be immediately sent to Calcutta, and eventually to England."

These documents clear up much of the apparent inconsistency and vacillation which were imputed to the proceedings of the Government authorities in relation to this measure by writers in India, and which evidently arose from the caution most properly observed by the Governor-General in guarding his intentions as much as possible from being divulged, and from their occasional disclosure by breaches of confidence in those who were intrusted with the secret. Much mischief seems to have been occasioned by this paltry treachery. Gen-

eral Pollock tells Sir Jasper Nicolls, the Commander-in-Chief, that some person in his (Sir Jasper's) suite had communicated a secret of importance to an individual in the general's camp. General Nott writes (May 17) to Mr. Maddock: "I will not conceal from you that I have, and still may experience much inconvenience, in consequence of the measures directed in your communications being made public; the subject of your letter of the 15th March was speedily known, even to the Affghan chiefs, although I have not, up to this moment, made known its contents to my old and confidential staff; and your communications, now under reply, may possibly become equally public, and still more seriously injurious." The Governor-General, in consequence of these intimations, thought it necessary "to impress upon every officer employed in the military or political service of the Government the necessity of preserving absolute secrecy in all matters of a military nature which may come officially to his knowledge." For this caution, conveyed in the most inoffensive terms, his lordship (if we remember rightly) received the severe reprehension of a portion of the Indian press.

We cannot take leave of these papers without remarking upon another instance of that culpable practice of mutilating and falsifying official despatches which seems now to have grown into a system in the public offices. We pointed out on a former occasion* the improper liberties taken with one of Sir Robert Sale's despatches, in which important passages had been omitted in the copies published at home. In the collection before us, we find proof of, perhaps, a more censurable example of similar mutilation in India. The published extract from General Pollock's despatch of October 13th† concluded thus:

Previous to my departure from Cabool, I destroyed with gunpowder the grand bazaar of that city, called the Chahar Chuttah, built in the reign of Arungzebe, by the celebrated Ali Murdan Khan, and which may be considered to have been the most frequented part of Cabool, and known as the grand emporium of this part of Central Asia. The remains of the late Envoy and Minister had been exposed to public insult in this bazaar, and my motive in effecting its destruction has been to impress upon the Affghans, that their atrocious conduct towards a British functionary has not been suffered to pass with impunity.

In the extract amongst the papers before us, the following passage immediately follows:

* Vol. xxxvii. p. 193, As. Intell. † As. Intell. p. 31.

A mosque, also, at one end of the bazaar, and another near the cantonment, filled with venetians, otherwise ornamented with European materials, and designated as the Feringhee Mosque, to commemorate the events of last year, have likewise been destroyed.

This attempt to conceal the fact of the destruction of the mosques is the severest censure that could be pronounced upon the act.

THE ADVENT BELLS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

I sat alone, and out upon the night
Gazed from a window, where the light hoar-frost
Had crisped the glade, and to the moving moon
Wove a bright web of smiles; and high, but far,
A long procession of majestic trees
Preserved the shadow of their dignity,
Though skeletons, and scarcely deigned to move
Before the uncourteous breeze.

Within, my fire
Had died to embers, and the taper's light
Upstart drowsily from time to time,
And thoughts skimmed silently about my brain,
Alive, but dim. I deemed all men asleep,
Fast as the fawns beneath the tangled oak,
And felt a pleasure to be watching there
With heaven upon the slumber of the world.
Unmindful man! I cried,—'tis well for thee
That there are sentinels who stand before
The everlasting doors, and, spirit-eyed,
Flash through the darkness into Nature's breast
The glance of safety! Were it thou alone
Had charge of her, before to-morrow's dawn
The moon might turn to blood, and the set sun
Swerve from th' ecliptic, and the host of heaven
Burst from their bonds, like chargers from the rein,
Abroad into immensity! But now
Behold night's hosts revealed! Across the lawn
(Mistaken oft for fairies) trip light troops
Of guardian spirits; and on every star
Sits a bright charioteer, and steers his orb
With tranquil speed, flashing a thousand beams
From the blue causeway of the firmament,
Which glance to earth, and there lie quivering, o'er
The frozen plains one instant, ere they die.
Alas for man! Where all is quick with life,
Must he obey his destiny—and sleep?

Just then upon a gust there swept a strain,
So faintly heard, 'twas scarcely more than thought,
Yet full of sweetness—and then died away,
Then rose, and took a tone more definite—
The peal of bells. Yet I could scarce believe,
In that secluded place, and silent hour,
Hard upon midnight, there was thought of things
So much in tune with poetry and heaven.
Beyond the lawn, and grove, and many a roof,
The parish church lay far. 'Twas from her tower
The sound leaped forth—and I was fain to muse
What it might mean—when like a flash it sprung
Up to my memory, that the coming stroke
Of midnight ushered in the ADVENT MORN.
I closed my shutter, and, ere yet the peal
Had sobered to the solemn stroke of twelve,
Low on my knees, and not without some tears,
Had owned the selfish arrogance of heart,
Which could not stand within God's temple-dome,
But I must bar the door upon mankind.

SERVIA.

A serious difference has arisen, not only between Russia and Turkey, but also between Russia and Austria, respecting the principality of Servia. If a look be cast at the frontier lines and geographical forms of these countries, nothing can appear so preposterous as the claim of Russia to dominate in Servia. The mountains forming the stupendous natural bulwark of Transylvania stretch north of the Danube to no very considerable distance from its mouth, leaving a narrow neck of passage between them and the Black Sea, through which, indeed, Russian armies may descend to the conquest of Turkey; but such a march on their part must always be with the permission of the military Power in possession of the natural fortress of Transylvania. Defiant of this, Russian powers and pretensions flow through this pass around this bulwark, and extend up the Danube to Servia, a country which Austria holds, as it were, in its hand, which is at its doors, and with which it might, by the slightest effort, prevent any other Power from interfering. A foreign Power might as well dispute the domination of the Isle of Wight with England, as Russia dispute Servia with Austria.

Then, the capital of Servia, Belgrade, has belonged to Austria. She lost it about a century back by the imbecility of her diplomatists, more than by the weakness of her arms. Yet Russia has substituted herself even here as protectress of the Christian population, in lieu of Austria. For the latter country to suffer this implies that she has sunk to the condition of a second-rate Power. Unfortunately she had when Servia liberated itself from Turkey. Austria was then in the fangs of Napoleon. The Servians in vain sent deputations to Vienna. From St. Petersburg alone did they receive aid and encouragement. The Russian Court afterwards insured their semi-independence by treaty.

But Austria, restored to her independence and to her old territorial preponderance in 1815, ought naturally to have recovered, at the same time, her influence over Servia. But Russia has been a warring, an active, and a conquering Power since that time. Her triumphant march across the Balkan has kept up and augmented her supremacy. And Austria has been thrown back to the nullity to which Napoleon reduced her.

Russia insists on preserving unimpaired her protectorate of Servia. This is the whole secret of her present diplomatic menaces and efforts; for if Turkey and other Powers can establish the precedent of effecting a revolution in any of the principalities by popular insurrection alone, and that then this is to be accepted as a *fait accompli* from the impossibility of Russia or other Powers marching an army into these principalities, then their independence is virtually established, or the path to it so plainly marked out as to be much the same thing.

If affairs on the Danube were likely to remain *in statu quo*, it would not be of much consequence; but it is an undeniable fact that the Christians of North Turkey have acquired knowledge and spirit and hope and a degree of union,

and that at no distant time they will endeavor to throw off the Turkish yoke. The Turks are self-banished by their own treaties from the three principalities still tributary to them. The three fortresses they hold in Servia would not resist even a popular attack for a week. In Bosina the Turks still reign as feudal chiefs, but the late *firman*, lightening the burdens on the Christian serfs, shows that there too the Turkish lords are menaced with the same ejection as that which ousted them from Servia. Bulgaria itself is far from tranquil. Prince Michel of Servia had an understanding with its clergy and with the principal Christians, which was the cause of the Porte's having conspired to overthrow him. But Prince Georgewitsch cannot be passive or anti-Christian; if he does, he falls. The consequence is, that very probable dismemberment from Turkey of all the provinces north of the Balkan at no distant day. Who is to inherit them? The object of Russia is no doubt to pay Austria with Bosina and Servia as the price of her liberty, the absorption of the other provinces, with Bulgaria, by Russia. The western Powers, on the other hand, must, despite of themselves, aim at establishing an independent Slavonian confederacy on the Danube. Austria wavers; its hold of Hungary is lessening every day; and if the Czar were to employ his rubles and his agents in fanning the flame of Magyarism, he would give the Court of Vienna enough to do at home to prevent her interfering with Russia on the Lower Danube.

Austria, for these and many reasons, was temporising; it had besought Russia to interfere, when of a sudden the young Sultan, it is not known by whose counsel, commits an act which changes the entire nature of the case: Abdel Medjid sits down and writes a letter to the Czar, declaring that he was Sovereign of Servia, has a right to interfere with it, at least so far as not to allow its throne to be occupied by a Prince who plots against him, and that he is determined to maintain the election of Prince Alexander, nor make the least change or excuse therein. M. Boutenief, the Russian Envoy, refuses to send so imperative a letter to his Sovereign. The Turk replies, he may send it or not: he has had his answer. And here the matter rests. It is gratifying to see Abdel Medjid show the spirit of his father Mahmood. But the spirit is dangerous without, at least, the means of military success.—*Examiner*.

SONNET.

HERE let me sit, beneath this shady beach,
Screen'd from the fervour of the noontide beam,
And gaze with fondness on those lips, whose speech,
In converse eloquent, like swelling stream,
Pure from its source, pours forth its silver rill,
And chains the charm'd ear with magic art:
What bliss to know that heaving bosom still
Is the lov'd cradle of this throbbing heart,
Where all my wishes, all my thoughts, my rest,
In weal, in woe!—foretaste of heaven on earth!
What is the world to me, thus truly blest,
Who, in my home, beside my lowly hearth,
Find in the magic of a smile repose,
More than its pomp, its honors, wealth bestows!

A. T. Q.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Lord CAMPBELL, in the English House of Lords, Friday, March 31, brought forward the resolutions of which he had given notice, and entered at some length into the causes that had produced the existing controversy in Scotland. He was strongly attached to the church of Scotland; he was reared at the feet of one of its ministers; but nevertheless he hoped that the majority of the members of that establishment would not persevere in their present course. If they did, they might depend upon it that it would end in a separation of church and state. He considered that such a step would be highly detrimental to the best interests of the church of Scotland generally; and so far as his exertions could go, he would endeavor to prevent such an unfortunate result. The noble lord concluded by moving his resolutions, which were to the effect—That in the opinion of the house, the church of Scotland as by law established should be inviolably maintained; that it had produced the best effect upon the moral and religious character of the people of that country; that with a view to heal the unhappy divisions at present existing, the demands of the church, as contained in the papers laid before the house, should be conceded so far as they may be consistently with the welfare of the church, and the existence of subordination and good government; and when any measure for correcting the alleged abuses of patronage, and insuring the appointment and admission of ministers properly qualified, shall be constitutionally brought before the house, they will favorably entertain the same; that the demand of the church of Scotland, that patronage shall be abolished as a grievance, is unreasonable and unfounded; and that the demand to give to the church courts absolute authority in every case to define their own jurisdiction, without any power in the civil courts to interfere, is inconsistent with the permanent welfare of the church of Scotland, and ought not to be conceded.—The Earl of ABERDEEN opposed the resolutions, because he believed their adoption would aggravate the evils and difficulties with which parliament had to grapple in dealing with the subject. He believed there were few members of that house who were not prepared to resist the preposterous pretensions put forward by the church. He believed that church had done as much good with the least expense of any establishment of the kind in the world. With regard to the question of patronage, he admitted that it had been a long time exercised without any complaint or remonstrance, but for his part, he would prefer the abolition of patronage to the existence of the veto. When in Scotland he had heard the cry of "No corn laws," "No sliding scale," but he had heard no cry in favor of non-intrusion.—Lord BROUGHAM thought those parties who had set at defiance the supreme courts of judicature in Scotland, and subsequently the decision of their lordships' house, were deserving of the strongest reprehension. He thought their first duty should be to purge themselves of the offence they had committed, and then the house ought to take the subject into its consideration; but until that was done, he would recommend

no concession whatever.—The Earl of HADDINGTON opposed the resolutions, as did also Lord COTTENHAM; and after a few words from Lord CAMPBELL in reply, the resolutions were rejected without a division, and their lordships adjourned.

Examiner.

At a meeting of the friends of those professing attachment to the principles of Non-intrusion in the Church of Scotland, held in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, Dr. Chalmers expressed delight at the preparations which were making for the disruption all over the country. He was delighted to say there had been received in direct contributions to the central fund the sum of £40,000, and in this he kept out of view what he thought was the great sheet anchor of the free Presbyterian church—the associations which had begun to be formed in various parts of the country. If they went on as at present they would raise £150,000—a sum that would not only support the ejected ministers, but would extend the free Presbyterian church, and cause it to shoot ahead of all personal delicacies about the subsistence of ministers. He did not doubt that in a few years they would cover Scotland with churches and schools commensurate with its necessities.

Ibid.

The Non-intrusionists go forward with their preparatives for a new secession. The Special Commission met on Tuesday last week; when the Deputation to London presented their report. The Special Commission recorded a minute, approving of the report and the conduct of the Commission, and reasserting the reasonable nature of the Church's claims. The Church had always recognized the right of the State to fix the conditions of their connexion; she believed, however, that non-intrusion was a fundamental principle; and she had simply asked for an act of Parliament carrying out that principle and protecting her from the interference of the Civil Courts, except as to civil effects. The claim of the church had now been conclusively rejected by the State—

“In these circumstances, the Special Commission deem it incumbent upon them to announce to the Church and country, as they now do with the utmost pain and sorrow, that the decisive rejection of the Church's claims by the Government and by Parliament appears to them conclusive of the present struggle, and that, in the judgment of the Commission, nothing remains but to make immediate preparation for the new state of things, which the Church must, as far as they can see, contemplate as inevitable.

“It is true that the Special Commission have no power to bring the momentous question to a final close, but must report their proceedings to the General Assembly. They feel it, however, to be their duty, in so unprecedented a crisis, and considering the urgent necessity of preparing for the event which must be anticipated as then likely to occur, to give forth now their deliberate judgment in regard to it, and to warn the Church and people of Scotland, that, so far as the Commission can see, no course will be left for the Assembly, or for those who hold

sacred the principles now at issue, to adopt, but to relinquish the benefits of the Establishment.”

A public meeting was held next day in the Waterloo Rooms; at which Mr. Fox Maule, M. P., Mr. Campbell, M. P., Mr. Sheriff Monteath, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Candish, Dr. Cunningham, and other leaders of the party, were present. Mr. Maule was chosen to preside. In an energetic speech, he observed, that they had the final answer of Government on two points: Sir Robert Peel declared that he would not consent to the Church's claim, because if admitted on the North side of the Tweed it would spring up on the South; and Sir James Graham said, that he would not give that, without which the House of Commons could not change the law, the consent of the Crown. The time for advocacy had passed, and Mr. Maule came there to associate himself with them in the great cause of national liberty both civil and religious. The Rev. Dr. Candish, who spoke at some length, declared that nothing was left for them but earnest, vigorous, and systematic preparations for the institution of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland: whether with or without the Queen's Commission, they would have a free Assembly in May.

“God grant, that immediately thereafter we may be able to show what the free Gospel is which a free Assembly are prepared to give forth. We shall, indeed, cultivate in our own districts; we shall have stated congregations, with stated elders and ministers; but we shall have our tours of preaching too—our visits to all corners of the land; and I believe that yet, by God's blessing on our free and faithful preachings, in the highways and hedges, in barns and stables, in saw-pits and tents, we shall yet regenerate Scotland, and have multitudes of those who are now perishing for lack of knowledge to listen to the glad tidings of salvation. Oh! this will be a blessed reward for all our agitation.”

The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Campbell of Monzie, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Chalmers. They assembled again in the evening, the Lord Provost in the chair, and heard more speeches. Thanks were voted to Mr. Fox Maule and their supporters in the House of Commons.

The Reverend James M'Farlane, minister of Muiravonside, has withdrawn from the Convocation, because they refused to accept a settlement on the principle of the *liberum arbitrium*.

BURIED VILLAGE.—The continental papers furnish several heads of information interesting to archaeologists. The *Armoricain* gives the particulars of a remarkable discovery resulting from the recent gales. A complete mountain of sand has been displaced on the coast at Crozon, and the casualty has exposed to view the remains of a village, with its church and surrounding cemetery. The oldest inhabitant of the country retains no tradition which can have reference to this sea-Herculaneum.—*Ibid*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCRATES.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *The Memorabilia of Xenophon*, translated by several hands.
2. *The Comedies of Aristophanes*. By T. MITCHELL, A. M.

THE school of Socrates and the teaching of Christ,—morals and religion,—great and venerable names, we desire to do justice to each! We detest the Frenchman's anti-christian sneer, and answer it by pointing to the deeds of Clarkson and Wilberforce, a practical answer which cannot be gainsaid. English philosophers and statesmen, it appears, may question, or, to speak more correctly, deny the moral claims of Socrates, and no one answers. It is, at least, bold and daring. They put their own character for knowledge and fairness on its trial. We desire that truth may prevail. If the name of Socrates has been lauded more than it deserves, let the wreath be taken from his honored brow—*detur digniori*, to Bacon or to Bentham. But if hasty and irreverent hands have been laid on a sacred head,—sacred for piety, morality and public principle,—sacred to philosophy, and not disowned by science,—then let those irreverent hands be as openly withdrawn as they have been put forth. Let his modern accusers express regret for having spoken lightly and slightly of his philosophy. The great names of Bacon and Bentham would be tarnished, their philosophy, if not their science, would be called in question, could it be supposed that they would not recommend restitution and penitence for wrong done.

We need not be told that to express doubt or disbelief of the moral claims of a heathen, be he philosopher or statesman, is popular with a large and influential party. Such mystifications, we suppose they must be called, are thought to establish the doctrines of original sin and human corruption more firmly. Alas! these doctrines need no such false support. They may more safely be rested on the fact that the many require and the few yield such poor compliances, than on doubting or denying the moral claims of Socrates.

But, it will be urged, our learned universities, the supposed guardians of the mighty dead of Greece and Rome, silently permit these assertions to be made;—nay, that their more celebrated scholars, when they write about Socrates, give their countenance to the learned men of foreign countries who have raised doubts about his

character and philosophy; and that all this is in agreement with the fact that that philosophy is very insufficiently studied in our universities.

A scholar of whom England may be proud has urged the claims* of that portion of ancient history which includes the period of Socrates upon the especial attention of our own times, on the ground that the history of Thucydides exhibits a great example of the very evils, political and moral (we add religious also), which are threatening ourselves. We would ask scholars and historians whether the philosophy of those times does not come home to our business and bosoms quite as closely as its history. If Thucydides exhibits the very diagnosis of our own case, Socrates no less certainly indicates what, *mutatis mutandis*, should be its treatment. If the one shows our danger, the other points out our means of escape. And though we may regret that the reviewer of Bacon and the editor of Bentham have spoken of Socrates in a manner so slighting, as to indispose their readers from any serious inquiry into his philosophy, and consequently into the remedies he recommends, yet if we succeed in proving that they have spoken lightly and inconsiderately, rhetorically and *ad captandum vulgus*, we will hope that their names may do more towards giving interest to the question, than their opinions obstruct its fair consideration.

The reviewer of Bacon contrasts a foolish dictum of Seneca, "Non est, inquam, instrumentorum ad usus necessarios opifex, philosophia†," with what he sets forth as the very motto of Bacon's philosophy, "dignitatem ingenii et nominis mei, si quæ sit, sæpius sciens et volens projicio, dum commodis humanis inserviam‡," and then arrives at his conclusion, rather more rhetorically, we think, than logically, (for he takes no notice of the peculiar wants of the different periods, and the consequently different objects of philosophy in each,) in the following words: "The spirit which appears in the passage of Seneca to which we have referred, tainted the whole body of the ancient philosophy, from the time of Socrates downwards; and took possession of intellects with which that of Seneca cannot, for a moment, be compared. It pervades the Dialogues of Plato. It may

* See Notes in the first vol. of Dr. Arnold's Thucydides.

† "Philosophy is no inventor of machines for everyday wants."

‡ "I willingly sacrifice the dignity of my genius and reputation, if I have any, whenever I can promote men's comforts."

be distinctly traced in many parts of the works of Aristotle. Bacon has dropped hints from which it may be inferred, that in his opinion the prevalence of this feeling was in a great measure to be attributed to the influence of Socrates. Our great countryman evidently did not consider the revolution which Socrates effected in philosophy as a happy event; and he constantly maintained that the earlier Greek speculators, Democritus in particular, were, on the whole, superior to their more celebrated successors.—Assuredly," continues the reviewer of Bacon, "if the tree which Socrates planted, and Plato watered, is to be judged by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees. But if we take the homely test of Bacon,—if we judge of the tree by its *fruits*, our opinion of it may perhaps be less favorable. We are forced to say with Bacon, that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation*." If this be so, it was indeed a most impotent conclusion to a swelling prologue. But we shall see.

Having passed this sweeping condemnation on the philosophy of Greece, and especially on the philosophy of Socrates, the reviewer of Bacon proceeds to compare Bacon's views on some important questions with those of Plato, in order to establish the above bold assertion. We object *in limine* to the selection. We would not have the philosophy of Socrates estimated by the theories of Plato. In a fairer spirit, when speaking of "Aristotle and his philosophy," the reviewer of Bacon says, "Many of the great reformers treated the peripatetic philosophy with contempt, and spoke of Aristotle as if Aristotle had been answerable for the dogmas of Thomas Aquinas." Let this fair remark be carried out in the case of Socrates, and let him not be made answerable for the dogmas of Plato, unless these can be brought home to him on less questionable evidence. For were we to make him answer for all that Plato puts into his mouth, we should make him the propounder of some things so abominable, and of others so ridiculous, as to be obviously at variance, not only with his sound principles and good sense, but with his declared opinions. It would be just as fair to take our estimate of his philosophy from the audacious buffoonery of Aristophanes as from the wilder theories of Plato, though Plato puts these, as he puts all his theories, into the mouth of Socrates.

* Edinburgh Review, No. 132, p. 67.

† Page 72.]

In estimating his character and philosophy we must check each of his biographers by the other. Xenophon had a simple and deep reverence for his master in virtue, and records facts and opinions with scrupulous fidelity. Plato had great admiration for his master in philosophy, yet makes him the medium of propounding his own theories. Though we might expect him to communicate thoughts and theories to the discursive and enthusiastic Plato which he might never think of propounding to the less speculative and imaginative Xenophon, still there are theories put by Plato into the mouth of Socrates, which do not harmonize with his prudence and temperance, not to say purity of character and elevation of principle, and which, therefore, require us to examine them by all the evidence we can derive from Xenophon and Aristotle, and to compare them with other parts of his philosophy as set forth by Plato, and so to decide whether they do not flow from something idiosyncrasic in the character, objects and connections of Plato, rather than from the head or heart of his master.

Thus the theory of a community of women is utterly unlike the prudence, temperance, purity and good sense of Socrates. Some of its details are so absurd, as to be as irreconcilable with good sense and keen humor, as with some of his declared opinions on such subjects. When, on the other hand, we remember the constitution, manners and morals of Plato's Sicilian, not to say his Grecian patrons, and the temptation these must have held out to Plato to provide them with inducements to give his politics a hearing and a trial; and when we add to all this the hints he had picked up from his priestly friends in Egypt as to the conveniences to be afforded to a standing army* by a people amongst whom it was to live at free quarters; and when we farther bear in mind that Socrates is the organ through which Plato (a speculatist in religion, in morals, and in politics,) propounds all his theories, we think there will remain little difficulty in the *sum cuique tribuito* of the instance in question. The modicum, or rather modicum of doubt which may still remain, whether the celebrated theory

* The Reverend author of the "Subaltern" suggests as a cure for what he states respecting the wide-spread profligacy of Prussia, the establishment of a national church. We will take leave to ask, whether the suppression of a standing army might not be as wise a measure. Any system of celibataires, whether monastic or militant, tends to the injury of sound principle, and the introduction of bad practices.

of a community of women belongs altogether to Plato, (at least does not belong at all to Socrates,) will be entirely removed when we come to consider the known opinions of Socrates on such subjects. Indeed, we have only started this question in order to draw attention to the manifest unfairness of estimating his philosophy by the theories of Plato.

Again, in reference to the manner of Socrates, both in teaching and conversing, and, generally, in social intercourse, we must remember that if Plato was a veritable Ionian, easy, flowing, graceful, sensitive, imaginative and full of discourse,—Xenophon, on the other hand, was, not indeed a veritable Dorian, but certainly much more than an affecter, even in the best sense of the expression, of the simplicity and brevity, of the practicalness and common sense, of the Doric character. But if the calmness of Xenophon's nature, the simplicity of his tastes, the coldness of his imagination, and the watchfulness of his prudence, (especially when viewing with reverence his master in virtue, gone to his tomb, and become an object almost of heroic worship,) may have caused him to fall short of the joyous *abandon* and free *excursus* of a bolder mind and a warmer heart than his own, (and we believe there never was a bolder mind nor a warmer heart, united to a sounder prudence and a keener sagacity, and a more entire absence of all sentiment and affectation, than that of Socrates,) yet even these very defects fitted him to be a check upon the copiousness, imaginativeness and freedom, not to say license, of Plato; especially when it is farther remembered that Plato's report of Socrates is evidently, from beginning to end, not only a beau ideal, but Plato's beau ideal, if not of the philosophic character, at least of the character, manners and principles of Socrates. We therefore again repeat, that in estimating his character and philosophy, and even his manner of teaching, we must check each of his biographers by the other; and that, for the reasons we have assigned, Xenophon himself a disciple, and not the founder of a school, must be considered the higher authority whenever their witnesses disagree, unless there be some especial reason for making an exception to this rule; lastly, when their evidence agrees, the genius of Plato may be admitted to give spirit and effect to what Xenophon more coldly, even when more correctly, represents.

The Memorabilia of Xenophon is a possession for all time; for the noble simpli-

city of the style is worthy of the purity and soundness of the principles. Indeed, who can mark without admiration the strong sense, the good feeling, the high principles and the right practices of this book? It bears the same ratio to the Dialogues of Plato, that the practical teaching of the Gospels does to the doctrinal teaching of the Epistles. He who runs may read. It was a great service which Socrates rendered his countrymen. He cleared the foundations of religion and morals from whatever was obscuring and undermining them. He exhibited these foundations in all their strength, and showed that principles and conduct may be safely rested upon them. The very characteristic of Socrates' philosophy is the grand simplicity of a Doric temple. He states the great principles of religion and morals, and politics, so clearly and convincingly, that every one must understand, and no one can deny. The sincerity of the manner is equal to the truth of the matter. And to all this must be added a genial warmth of feeling, whether it be shown in deep reverence for God, or in hearty love to man, which it is impossible to resist; for whilst Socrates states truth so convincingly as to compel assent, he urges it so kindly as to win conviction.

It is obvious that the first two chapters of the Memorabilia contain Xenophon's "Apology for Socrates," and that the Apologia commonly attributed to Xenophon, should be rejected as superfluous, even if it were less manifestly an awkward compilation from the pages of the Memorabilia. We may compare the Apology which Xenophon *writes* in defence of his master's fame after his death, with the Apology which Plato makes him *speak* at his trial; the plain earnestness of Xenophon's manner when writing in his master's defence with the playful irony (in Socrates perfectly and admirably and wonderfully compatible with the clearest manifestation of an earnest sincerity of purpose) which Plato makes Socrates use when compelled to speak in his own defence. Each composition has the reality which befits it. But for the pseudo-Apology attributed to Xenophon, even if Socrates could have stolen it from pages not then written, (for it is obvious which is the original,) he could not have had the assurance to praise himself so flatly, not even if he had complicated the blunder, by attributing these platitudes to the oracle of Apollo.

Observe the simple earnestness of the opening sentence of the Memorabilia. "I

have often wondered by what arguments the accusers of Socrates could persuade the Athenians that he had behaved in such a manner as to deserve death; for the accusation preferred against him was to this effect:—Socrates is criminal, inasmuch as he acknowledgeth not the Gods whom the republic holds sacred, but introduceth other and new deities: he is likewise criminal, because he corrupteth the youth.”

Such a charge, grave at all times, was a capital accusation then. Led into the Peloponnesian war by the deep designs of the philosophical and innovating Pericles; hurried into the disastrous war with Sicily by the vast ambition of the irreligious and profligate Alcibiades; drawn forward by the train of events this new policy had set in motion to the fatal defeat of *Ægos Potami*, and the consequent ruin of the constitution under Critias and the Thirty Tyrants, no wonder that the people of Athens, when they had freed themselves from that tyrannic oligarchy, felt sick of the innovating policy which had caused such a series of disasters, and longed to return from the philosophy of Pericles, the impiety of Alcibiades, and the injustice of Critias, into the old paths of religion and morality. Under such circumstances the accusation we have recorded was brought against Socrates. Was he, or had he been, in fault? Could the progress of innovation, impiety, and profligacy, be fairly charged upon him? It is impossible to answer this question without glancing at the state of religion in Greece.

On what did the popular religion of Greece rest? On the noble images of Homer, supported by solemn mysteries. We must remember (however difficult it may be for us to realize the fact to our minds) that Homer was the Old Testament of Greece; and that the belief and rites set forth in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were in fact the faith and worship, under two modes of acceptance, of Greece and of her colonies. Indeed whoever will read Homer in a simple and earnest spirit (and if he do *not* read in that spirit, his admiration will be affected, and only his weariness will be real,) will find no difficulty in clearly distinguishing the popular belief from the secret wisdom contained, for example, in the first book of the *Iliad*. He will feel that in the godlike forms of Jupiter and Apollo, Juno and Minerva, was found all that the idolatrous worship of a simple age required; whilst Agamemnon, and Nestor, and Achilles were adequate models for human imitation of an excellence considered half divine.

He will perceive that knowledge short of initiation would suggest vague ideas of the secret meaning of this hieroglyphic writing; exhibiting Jupiter the supreme god of air, the lord of life and intellect, united to Juno, the principle of matter, the recipient of forms, in no very harmonious or dignified bonds, the perfect with the imperfect. Respecting secondary causes and ministering spirits, why the goddess of wisdom should be the daughter of intellect, why the god of war should be the son of matter, or why the god of fire and its arts should be the imperfect offspring of both parents, will be perceived to be myths of no very difficult solution. Nor would it require any very deep knowledge of the application of metaphorical language to physics and metaphysics, to understand the rationale of uniting in the character of Apollo physical light with intellectual illumination; or to explain why the god of light and heat should, in calling forth droughts and pestilence, be set forth as more favorable to the native than to the crusading foreigner. Here, then, was a system of idolatrous worship and mysterious wisdom, sufficient for the childhood of civilization; for it is not difficult to conceive that the idolater might prostrate his body before the form, and the mystic might bow his intellect before the meaning, and both might unite in a worship of rites and ceremonies, in which the statesman, poet, priest, and diviner, would each find his fitting place, and would exercise an influence more or less in accordance with the designs of the legislator.

But it was impossible that the end of these things should not come. To such a system, half truth and half falsehood, half piety and half superstition, half expedient and half mischievous, half belief and half scepticism, the poet himself was a dangerous ally; and we pass rapidly from the pious reverence of Homer to the free strictures of Pindar, from the bold censures of *Æschylus* to the serious indignation of *Euripides*, from the audacious ridicule of *Aristophanes* (with the open impiety of *Alcibiades* as a practical commentary) to the philosophic contempt of *Lucian* and of the world. What a different picture of belief and worship, of faith and practice, do Homer and *Aristophanes* exhibit! For we may be assured that the religious farces of *Aristophanes* were as destructive of all serious religious impression in their day, as if our own theatres should present our ancient mysteries in the guise of wild and ludicrous pantomimes. Let any one turn from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* to

the Frogs of Aristophanes, or pass onward from the Jove of Homer, sitting in lonely majesty and shaking Olympus with his nod, to the Jupiter of Aristophanes, as approached, not by the glancing Iris, or the winged Mercury, but by Trygæus mounted upon a beetle; or let him contemplate the gods of Olympus cheated out of the fumes of their sacrifices by the Birds, and he will see that such bold farces* prepared the way for the contemptuous wit of Lucian, by turning the gods of Homer into the Punch and Judy of a classical show-box. And yet Mr. Mitchell and his German authorities would have us receive Aristophanes as a genuine Puseyite of the olden time, earnestly bent, good man, on restoring the primitive belief, and pure worship and strict discipline of Homer. But more of this anon.

Under these circumstances of daily increasing scepticism, irreligion and impiety, what was the conduct of Socrates? Listen to the indignant answer Xenophon makes to the accusation he records; and say if there is not sincerity and truth in every word of it.

"Now as to the first of these accusations,—that he acknowledged not the gods whom the republic held sacred,—what proof could they bring of this, since it was manifest that he often sacrificed, both at home and on the common altars? Neither was it in secret that he made use of divination; it being a thing well known among the people, that Socrates should declare that his *genius* gave him frequent intimations of the future; whence, principally, as it seems to me, his accusers imputed to him the crime of introducing new deities. But surely herein Socrates introduced nothing newer or more strange than any other, who, placing confidence in divination, made use of auguries, and omens, and symbols, and sacrifices. For these men suppose not that the birds, or persons they meet unexpectedly, know what is good for them; but that the gods, by their means, give certain intimations of the future to those who apply themselves to divination. And the same also was his opinion, only with this difference, that whilst the greatest part say they are persuaded or dissuaded by the flights of birds, or some accidental occurrence, Socrates, on the contrary, so asserted concerning these matters, as he knew them from an internal consciousness; declaring it was his *genius* from whom he received his information. And, in consequence of these significations, (communicated, as he said, by his *genius*,) Socrates

* Even Mr. Mitchell allows that "the character of the heathen divinities is generally treated with sufficient freedom by Aristophanes" (p. 121); and in another passage speaks of Aristophanes as holding "all the superstitious ceremonies of the heathen religion in contempt" (p. 64); yet in the whole tone of his criticisms he praises his Aristophanes for "imputing atheistical opinions in common to Socrates and Diagoras" (p. 93). *Dat veniam corvis—vexat censura columbas.*

would frequently forewarn his friends what might be well for them to do, and what to forbear; and such as were guided by his advice, found their advantage in so doing, while those who neglected it had no small cause for repentance."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 1.

Respecting that part of the above answer which speaks of Socrates sacrificing on the public altars, it is plain that he employed the rites of his country, in public and in private, as an outward expression of his own deep and rational piety, which, as it could "see God in storms and hear him in the wind," with the barbarian, and could worship Him in the classic rites and ceremonies of the Greek, so he recognized the Divine Voice most distinctly in the clear inferences of a sound reason, and in the warning accents of a healthful conscience. And so great was the prudence he derived from that sound reason, and so right was the conduct he practiced at the suggestion of that healthful conscience, that "such as were guided by his advice found their advantage in so doing;" or, in other words, they found that what is reasonable and conscientious, what is true and sincere, is ever, in the long run, expedient also.

In complying with the rites of his country, Socrates avoided her superstitions. The rite of sacrifice, so simple and natural that it harmonises with all and any religious truth, required to be guarded against a great abuse, and against this he warned his countrymen.

"When he sacrificed, he feared not his offering would fail of acceptance in that he was poor; but giving according to his ability, he doubted not, but, in the sight of the gods, he equalled those men whose gifts and sacrifices overspread the whole altar. For Socrates always reckoned upon it as a most indubitable truth, that the service paid the Deity by the pure and pious soul was the most grateful service.

"When he prayed his petition was only this,—that the gods would give to him those things that were good. And this he did, so far as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one who should pray for the opportunity to fight, or game, or any thing of the like nature; the consequence whereof being altogether doubtful, might turn, for aught he knew, not a little to his disadvantage."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

It was more difficult for the philosopher either innocently to comply with, or safely to oppose that part of the popular religion which related to oracles and omens. Socrates appears to have done what was possible, and what therefore was best, towards ultimately correcting this great evil.

"He likewise asserted, that the science of divination was necessary for all such as would

govern, successfully, either cities or private families; for although he thought every one might choose his own way of life, and afterwards, by his industry, excel therein, (whether architecture, mechanics, agriculture, superintending the laborer, managing the finances, or practising the art of war,) yet even here, the gods, he would say, thought proper to reserve to themselves, in all these things, the knowledge of that part of them which was of the most importance, since he who was the most careful to cultivate his field, could not know, of a certainty, who should reap the fruit of it.

"Socrates, therefore, esteemed all those as no other than madmen, who, excluding the Deity, referred the success of their designs to nothing higher than human prudence. He likewise thought those not much better who had recourse to divination on every occasion, as if a man was to consult the oracle whether he should give the reins of his chariot into the hands of one ignorant or well versed in the art of driving, or place at the helm of his ship a skilful or unskilful pilot.

"He also thought it a kind of impiety to importune the gods with our inquiries concerning things of which we may gain the knowledge by number, weight, or measure; it being, as it seemed to him, incumbent on man to make himself acquainted with whatever the gods had placed within his power: as for such things as were beyond his comprehension, for these he ought always to apply to the oracle; the gods being ever ready to communicate knowledge to those whose care had been to render them propitious."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 1.

When we recollect the sagacity of those who directed the oracles, we shall understand the prudence of consulting them in such cases.

Respecting the system of belief, which we call the Heathen Mythology, the legislators of Greece had the wisdom and the charity not to require open and definite professions, but left every one free to interpret the letter of Homer in the spirit in which he could most conscientiously accept it, so long as he neither attacked the popular belief, nor divulged the solemn mysteries. Socrates not being called upon for a public declaration of opinion on these points, appears to have acted with a prudence which let no man call timidity; remembering that not his life only, but his usefulness, depended on his discretion. Between the rites of his country, which might be made the outward signs of a pure piety, and the belief of his more superstitious countrymen, against which reason and conscience could not but protest, Socrates appears to have made a clear distinction, and to have acted reverently towards the Rites, and cautiously towards the Belief of his country.

"And first, with respect to sacred rites and institutions. In these things it was ever his

practice to approve himself a strict observer of the answer the Pythian priestess gives to all who inquire the proper manner of sacrificing to the gods, or paying honors to deceased ancestors. 'Follow,' saith the god, 'the custom of your country:' and therefore Socrates, in all those exercises of his devotion and piety, confined himself altogether to what he saw practised by the republic; and to his friends he constantly advised the same thing, saying it only savored of vanity and superstition in all those who did otherwise."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

Such was the reverence with which Socrates regarded the Rites of his country; let us now consider the caution with which he spoke of her Belief. The "*Memorabilia*" supplies us with a passage, the full force of which may be gathered from an oft-quoted dictum in the "*Phædrus*" of Plato.

"It was frequent with him to say, between jest and earnest, that he doubted not its being with charms like these (temptations to intemperance) that Circe turned the companions of Ulysses into swine; while the hero himself, being admonished by Mercury, and from his accustomed temperance refusing to taste the enchanting cup, happily escaped the shameful transformation."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

"But for my own part, Phædrus," (Socrates is speaking in the Dialogue of that name,) "I consider interpretations of this kind as pleasant enough, but at the same time, as the province of a man vehemently curious and laborious, and not entirely happy; and this for no other reason than because, after such an explanation, it is necessary for him to correct the shape of the Centaurus, and Chimæra. And, besides this, a crowd of Gorgons and Pegasus will pour upon him for an exposition of this kind, and of certain other prodigious natures, immense both in multitude and novelty; all of which, if any one, not believing in their literal meaning, should draw to a probable sense, employing for this purpose a certain rustic wisdom, he will stand in need of a most abundant leisure. With respect to myself indeed, I have not leisure for such an undertaking; and this because I am not yet able, according to the Delphic precept, to know myself. But it appears to me to be ridiculous, while I am yet ignorant of this, to speculate on things foreign from the knowledge of myself. Hence, bidding farewell to these, and being persuaded in the opinion I have just now mentioned respecting them, I do not contemplate these but myself, considering whether I am not a wild beast, possessing more folds than Typhon, and far more raging and fierce, or whether I am a more mild and simple animal, naturally participating of a certain divine and modest condition."—*Plato's Phædrus: Taylor's Translation*.

If it was dangerous at all times to meddle with such questions in an inquiring spirit, it was hopeless at that time to attempt any canon of criticism on which all might agree, and by which truth might be attained. The first would have ended in banishment or death; the other would have led to

endless disputations. Yet it cannot be doubted that Socrates was aware that a philosopher had to reform, as well to comply with, both the creed and the rites of his country, if he desired to promote the religious, moral and political welfare of his countrymen. For whether Socrates did or did not give public utterance to the bold opinions on these subjects which Plato puts into his mouth, both in the seventh book of the "Republic," and in the convincing and amusing dialogue entitled "Euthyphron," it is obvious that all the remarks there made, on the demoralizing tendencies and manifest absurdities of the superstitions of Greece, are true to the very letter, and must have been well known to Socrates. Indeed, had Socrates done nothing more than conform to the rites and submit to the creed of his country, we should have felt little respect for the purity of his piety or for the soundness of his religion. But we have already seen the wholesome restrictions and limitations he attempted to introduce respecting sacrifice, divination and prayer; and the passage in Plato's "Phædrus," taken in connexion with incidental remarks in the "Memorabilia," is sufficiently intelligible respecting his real estimate of the mythological fables of Greece. But waving such discussions, as at that time more dangerous than profitable, (Plato, we shall find, afterwards entered boldly upon this discussion, and that not in the best spirit, either of doubting or of believing, and put both his skepticisms and his mysticisms into the mouth of Socrates,) the Socrates of Xenophon is described as laboring most earnestly and conscientiously to establish principles of religious belief, untainted either by superstition or skepticism, which might become rallying-points for the reformation of religion, not in Greece only nor in those times alone, but throughout the whole world to the end of all time.

Let us first examine his opinions on the great question which separates Atheism from Theism, Materialism from Religion; and let us then ask, Is this the philosopher accused by Aristophanes of superseding primitive piety by atheistic speculations, and introducing a physical vortex in the place of an intelligent Creator? Happily we have so clear an account, not only of

* Mr. Mitchell tells us (p. 93) that Aristophanes' "imputing atheistical opinions," or "contempt for the religious rites of his country," to Socrates, was "unquestionably one of the heaviest blows the poet has dealt him;" because "how far it was deserved must now be a matter of uncertainty." This is discharging the duty of an editor to his author most unscrupulously.

Socrates' latter opinions, but of his earlier speculations on this great question, that we can repel at once the accusations of Aristophanes and the hints and hesitations of Mr. Mitchell.

As the dialogue with Aristodemus is one of the most precious remains of antiquity, whether we consider the importance of the subject-matter, the admirable manner of treating it, or the authority of the teacher, we are unwilling to detract from its full effect by the least curtailment. If the reader will compare the argument with the celebrated opening chapter of Paley's "Natural Theology," he will see how solid and broad a foundation Socrates supplied to the Christian teacher. He will also see what little fairness is shown by the clever author of the "Dontology," when he speaks upon this subject.

"Two things," says Dr. Bowring, "are there (viz. as component parts of the *summum bonum*), two separate things, and these separate things are synonymous with 'the idea of good,' the sight of God and the enjoyment of God. The God of Christianity, the God of the Bible—this cannot be, for he is not to be seen—he is invisible. What can, indeed, be meant by the God of the Platonists and Academics? which of their gods, as they were all heathens and had gods by thousands—which of them did they ever enjoy?"—*Dontology*, vol. i. p. 43.

As the god of Plato was the god of Socrates, and as Dr. Bowring has confounded Socrates and Plato together, 'as talking nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom,' we will show him, in the very words of Socrates, what was meant.

"I will now relate the manner in which I once heard Socrates discoursing with Aristodemus surnamed *the Little*, concerning the Deity. For observing that he neither prayed nor sacrificed to the gods, but, on the contrary, ridiculed and laughed at those who did, he said to him,—

"Tell me Aristodemus, is there any whom you admire on account of his merit? Aristodemus having answered 'Many,'—Name some of them, I pray you. I admire, said Aristodemus, Homer for his Epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambs, Sophocles for tragedy, Polyctetes for statuary, and Xeuxia for painting.

"But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus;—the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence; or one who hath the skill to produce animals that are endued not only with activity but understanding?—The latter, there can be no doubt, replied Aristodemus, provided the production was not the effect of chance, but of wisdom and contrivance.—But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the use of, while we cannot say of others to what purpose they were produced, which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?—It should seem

the most reasonable to affirm it of those, whose fitness and utility are so evidently apparent.

“But it is evidently apparent that He who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes wherewith to behold whatever was visible; and ears to hear whatever was to be heard. For say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odors be prepared, if the sense of smelling had been denied? or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? Is not that Providence, Aristodemus, in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contecture hath therefore prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to secure it; which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches? Are not these eyelids provided as it were with a fence on the edge of them, to keep off the wind and guard the eye? Even the eyebrow itself is not without its office, but, as a penthouse, is prepared to turn off the sweat, which falling from the forehead might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us. Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet are not too much filled by them? That the fore-teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as is evidently best suited for the cutting of its food, as those on the side for grinding it to pieces? That the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose and eyes as to prevent the passing unnoticed whatever is unfit for nourishment; while nature, on the contrary, hath set at a distance, and concealed from the senses, all that might disgust or any way offend them? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like this should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance? I have no longer any doubt, replied Aristodemus; and, indeed, the more I consider it, the more evident it appears to me, that man must be the masterpiece of some great artificer; carrying along with it infinite marks of the love and favor of Him who hath thus formed it.

“And what thinkest thou, Aristodemus, of that desire in the individual which leads to the continuance of the species? Of that tenderness and affection in the female towards her young, so necessary for its preservation? Of that unremitted love of life, and dread of dissolution, which take such strong possession of us from the moment we begin to be? I think of them, answered Aristodemus, as so many regular operations of the same great and wise Artist, deliberately determining to preserve what he hath made.

“But, farther (unless thou desirest to ask me questions), seeing, Aristodemus, thou thyself art conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou there is no intelligence elsewhere? Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that wide extended earth, which thou every where beholdest: the moisture contained in it, thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters, whereof seas themselves are but a part, while the rest of the elements

contribute out of their abundance to thy formation. It is the soul then alone, that intellectual part of us, which is to come to thee by some lucky chance, from I know not where. If so be, there is indeed no intelligence elsewhere: and we must be forced to confess, that this stupendous universe, with all the various bodies contained therein—equally amazing, whether we consider their magnitude or number, whatever their use, whatever their order,—all have been produced, not by intelligence, but by chance!—It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise, returned Aristodemus; for I behold none of those gods whom you speak of as making and governing all things; whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us.—Neither yet seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly governs thy body; although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking, that it is chance, and not reason, which governs thee.

“I do not despise the gods, said Aristodemus; on the contrary, I conceive so highly of their excellence, as to suppose they stand in no need either of me or of my services.—Thou mistakest the matter, Aristodemus; the greater magnificence they have shown in their care of thee, so much the more honor and service thou owest them.—Be assured, said Aristodemus, if I once could be persuaded the gods take care of man, I should want no monitor to remind me of my duty.—And canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, if the gods take care of man? Hath not the glorious privilege of walking upright been alone bestowed on him, whereby he may, with the better advantage, survey what is around him, contemplate with more ease those splendid objects which are above, and avoid the numerous ills and inconveniences which would otherwise befall him? Other animals, indeed, they have provided with feet, by which they may remove from one place to another; but to man they have also given hands, with which he can form many things for his use, and make himself happier than creatures of any other kind. A tongue hath been bestowed on every other animal; but what animal, except man, hath the power of forming words with it, whereby to explain his thoughts, and make them intelligible to others?

“But it is not with respect to the body alone that the gods have shown themselves thus bountiful to man. Their most excellent gift is that soul they have infused into him, which so far surpasses what is elsewhere to be found. For by what animal, except man, is even the existence of those gods discovered, who have produced and still uphold, in such regular order, this beautiful and stupendous frame of the universe? What other species of creature is to be found that can serve, that can adore them? What other animal is able, like man, to provide against the assaults of heat and cold, of thirst and hunger? That can lay up remedies for the time of sickness, and improve the strength nature has given by a well-proportioned exercise? That can receive like him information or instruction; or so happily keep in memory what he hath seen, and heard, and learnt? These things being so, who seeth not that man is, as it were, a god in the midst of this visible creation? so far doth he

surpass, whether in the endowments of soul or body, all animals whatsoever that have been produced therein. For if the body of the ox had been joined to the mind of man, the acuteness of the latter would have stood him in small stead, while unable to execute the well designed plan; nor would the human form have been of more use to the brute, so long as it remained destitute of understanding! But in thee, Aristodemus, hath been joined to a wonderful soul a body no less wonderful; and sayest thou, after this, the gods take no thought for me? What wouldst thou then more to convince thee of their care?

"I would they should send and inform me, said Aristodemus, what things I ought or ought not to do, in like manner as thou sayest they frequently do to thee.—And what then, Aristodemus? supposest thou, that when the gods, give out some oracle to all the Athenians they mean it not for thee? If by their prodigies they declare aloud to all Greece—to all mankind—the things which shall befall them, are they dumb to thee alone? And art thou the only person whom they have placed beyond their care? Believeest thou they would have wrought into the mind of man a persuasion of their being able to make him happy or miserable, if so be they had no such power? or would not even man himself, long ere this, have seen through the gross delusion? How is it, Aristodemus, thou rememberest or remarkest not, that the kingdoms and commonwealths most renowned as well for their wisdom as antiquity, are those whose piety and devotion hath been the most observable? and that even man himself is never so well disposed to serve the Deity as in that part of life when reason bears the greatest sway, and his judgment is supposed in its full strength and maturity? Consider, my Aristodemus, that the soul which resides in thy body can govern it at pleasure; why then may not the soul of the universe, which pervades and animates every part of it, govern it in like manner? If thine eye hath the power to take in many objects, and these placed at no small distance from it, marvel not if the eye of the Deity can at one glance comprehend the whole. And as thou perceivest it not beyond thy ability to extend thy care, at the same time, to the concerns of Athens, Egypt, Sicily, why thinkest thou, my Aristodemus, that the Providence of God may not easily extend itself through the whole universe?

"As therefore, among men, we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbor by showing him kindness, and discover his wisdom by consulting him in his distress, do thou in like manner behave towards the gods; and if thou wouldst experience what their wisdom and what their love, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets which may not be penetrated by man, and are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore, who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus, understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth throughout all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound; extended to all places, extending through all time; and whose bounty and care can know no other bound than those fixed by his own creation.

"By this discourse, and others of the like nature, Socrates taught his friends that they were not only to forbear whatever was impious, unjust, or unbecoming before man; but even, when alone, they ought to have a regard to all their actions, since the gods have their eyes continually upon us, and none of our designs can be concealed from them."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 4.

The arguments urged in this admirable dialogue are repeated with some variations in a dialogue* with Euthydemus; one portion of which is both more effective than that with Aristodemus, and more decidedly distinguishes the Deity from those ministering spirits, which the creed of his country compelled Socrates to speak of in the terms he did.

"Even among all those deities who so liberally bestow on us good things, not one of them maketh himself an object of our sight. And He who raised this whole universe, and still upholds the mighty frame, who perfected every part of it in beauty and in goodness, suffering none of these parts to decay through age, but renewing them daily with unfading vigor, whereby they are able to execute whatever he ordains with that readiness and precision which surpass man's imagination; even he, the supreme God, who performeth all these wonders, still holds himself invisible, and it is only in his works that we are capable of admiring him. For consider, my Euthydemus, the sun which seemeth, as it were, set forth to the view of all men, yet suffereth not itself to be too curiously examined; punishing those with blindness who too rashly venture so to do; and those ministers of the gods, whom they employ to execute their bidding, remain to us invisible; for though the thunderbolt is shot from on high, and breaketh in pieces whatever it findeth in its way, yet no one seeth it when it falls, when it strikes, or when it retires; neither are the winds discoverable to our sight, though we plainly behold the ravages they everywhere make, and with ease perceive what time they are rising. And if there be any thing in man, my Euthydemus, partaking of the divine nature, it must surely be the soul which governs and directs him; yet no one considers this as an object of his sight. Learn, therefore, not to despise those things which you cannot see; judge of the greatness of the power by the effects which are produced, and reverence the Deity."—*Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 3.

The last dialogue we have quoted commences with these remarkable and characteristic words:—

"Yet was not Socrates ever in haste to make orators, artists, or able statesmen. The first business, as he thought, was to implant in the minds of his followers virtuous principles (since, these wanting, every other talent only added to the capacity of doing greater harm), and more especially to inspire them with piety towards the gods."

* Book iv. chap. 3.

No one could have witnessed greater or more mischievous perversions of what Dr. Bowring calls "the religious sanction" than Socrates; but he did not infer from those perversions that *abusus tollit usum*, nor has he consented to put "the moral sanction" (as Dr. Bowring defines it, it should be called "the popular sanction") in the place of religion. But we shall return to this subject presently. In the meantime, Dr. Bowring's questions, "what can, indeed, be meant by the god of the Platonists?"—"was he one of the thousand gods of the heathens?"—"was he supposed to be visible?" have been answered; and it has been shown that Socrates was not employed with Plato "in talking nonsense under pretence of teaching wisdom," nor in "the denial of matters known to every man's experience, and the assertion of other matters opposed to every man's experience." On the contrary, the voice of Socrates is in this instance that *vox populi*, that universal voice of all mankind in all ages, which is indeed *vox Dei*. And never was the voice of the whole human race expressed in simpler or nobler accents.

We have next to show how Socrates had been led by a sound reason and a clear conscience, working on the materials of mind and matter, to lay this solid foundation for principle and practice, to build up this Doric temple, in all its simple grandeur, for the edification, not of Greece only, but of the whole world to the end of time. The passage in the "Phædon" of Plato which gives an account of Socrates' earlier speculations is too long to be quoted, and will be understood better by analysis than translation.

Socrates in the "Phædon" is made to say himself, "that being dissatisfied with the prevalent opinions about generation and dissolution, and not being able to invent a more satisfactory system of causation for himself, and having, under these circumstances, heard that Anaxagoras had set forth intellect as the cause of all things, he was delighted with this hypothesis; conceiving that it implied that all things are arranged in the best way of which they are capable, and so that the object of inquiry is, to find out what is the best way, (therein implying a knowledge of the worst way,) and that this knowledge constitutes science. But," he continues, "I was disappointed on finding that Anaxagoras did not employ himself on these better reasons for each phenomenon, but, like others, was hunting after the immediate

physical cause, referring all things to that as if it were the ultimate cause; for example, he would attempt to account for my sitting here bidding my fate, by referring it to the physical causation of the mutual action of bones and muscles, etc., not by referring to an intellectual causation, viz. the opinion of the Athenians about law, and my (Socrates) opinion about justice. I, on the other hand," continues Socrates "am quite ready to admit the agency of secondary, or physical causation, as a means of effecting; but contend that we must ultimately refer every thing to primary, or intellectual causation, as the causation which employs those means for its own ends. I could not, for example, acquiesce in a theory, either of revolving motion or of balanced rest, as a sufficient account for the phenomena of the world; but contended that there is a Divine power which has arranged things according to what is good and fitting, and so keeps them bound and held together. Of this power men think but little, but of this power I would willingly hear."—*Phædon*, section 106.

Here we get upon the verge of Plato's celebrated hypothesis, which would require too much space and time to enter upon at present. But, comparing the above passage from the "Phædon" with other passages from the "Memorabilia," we infer (what from the whole tone of his mind we should *à priori* have supposed) that Socrates had always been opposed to that atheistic or material philosophy with which the natural philosophy, or to speak more correctly, the cosmogony of Greece was too much identified. Under these circumstances, he had desisted altogether from physics and had turned to morals; or, as it is expressed in the "Memorabilia,"

"Neither did he amuse himself, like others, with making curious researches into the works of nature, and finding out how this, which sophists called the world, had its beginning; but, as for himself, man, and what related to man, were the only subjects on which he chose to employ himself. To this purpose, all his inquiries and conversation turned upon what was pious, what impious; what honorable, what base; what just, what unjust; what wisdom, what folly."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 1.

It was because the physics of the day were merely speculative, and too commonly atheistic, (being neither practically available nor theoretically sound,) that Socrates turned from the schools of physical speculation to that of moral observation; thereby preparing the way for a philosophy of facts, in physics as well as in

ethics. For it was impossible that a philosophy of facts should be established in morals, without sooner or later causing the downfall of unreal physics. This important evidence respecting the philosophical claims of Socrates ought to be more insisted on than it has been.

We will quote a few passages from the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, which prove that the practical piety of Socrates was in accordance with his sound speculative theology:—

"He was persuaded the gods watched over the actions and affairs of men in a way altogether different from what the vulgar imagined; for while these limited their knowledge to some particulars only, Socrates, on the contrary, extended it to all; firmly persuaded, that every word, every action, nay, even our most retired deliberations were open to their view; that they were every where present and communicated to mankind all such knowledge as related to the conduct of human life."—*Memorabilia, book i. chap. 2.*

"Farther, whenever he supposed any intimations had been given him by the Deity concerning what ought or ought not to be done, it was no more possible to bring Socrates to act otherwise, than to make him quit the guide, clear-sighted and well-instructed in the road he was to go, in favor of one not only ignorant but blind. And to this purpose, he always condemned the extreme folly of those, who, to avoid the ill opinion and reproach of men, acted not according to the direction of the gods."—*Ibid., book i. chap. 3.*

"Have you never heard, continued Socrates, of certain laws that are not written?—You mean such as are in force every where?—True. Did all mankind concur in making them?—Impossible; since all mankind could not assemble in one place, neither would all have spoken the same language.—Whence then do you suppose we had them?—From the gods I should imagine; for the first command every where is, to adore the gods.—Assuredly these things are of the gods; for when I consider every breach of these laws as carrying along with it the punishment of the transgressor, I cannot but allow them to proceed from a more excellent legislator than is to be found among the sons of men."—*Ibid., book iv. chap. 4.*

"He in whom nothing was ever observed unbecoming that reverence so justly due to the gods; but, on the contrary, so behaved towards them, both in regard to his words and his actions, that whoever shall hereafter demean himself in such a manner, must be, in fact, and ought to be esteemed, a man of the truest and most exemplary piety."—*Ibid., book i. chap. 1.*

Let the religion of Socrates, as exhibited in the above unquestionable evidence respecting his earlier studies, his later opinions, and the deep and broad characteristics of that moral and intellectual nature which must have led to such sound studies

in earlier, and such settled principles in later life, be compared with the sceptic and sophistic mystagogue, whom Aristophanes has so cleverly painted, and then let any one say what excuse can be made for the man of wit.* It is thus that he speaks of Socrates and his school:—

STREPSIADES.

"Blasphemers! why did you insult the gods?
Dash, drive, demolish them! Their crimes are many;
But their contemptuous treatment of the gods,
Their impious blasphemies exceed them all."
Mitchell's translation of the Clouds. Scene viii.

STREPSIADES.

"Insufferable blockhead that I was!
What ail'd me thus to court this Socrates,
Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?
O Mercury, forgive me; be not angry,
Dear tutelary god, but spare me still."
Ibid.

Let it be remembered that this Mercury was the god of rogues and bargain-makers, and that the worship for which the comedian is so zealous, is happily described by himself in another part of this very play:—

"The deities, who find themselves
Bilk'd of their dues, and supperless for lack
Of their accustom'd sacrifices, rail
At her, poor Moon, and vent their hungry spite."
Ibid., Scene 2.

It is for such deities and such a worship that Aristophanes is zealous even to slaying; and it was for such impiety, or rather by such accusations, that Socrates was at last persecuted to the death—and it is to varnish the man of wit at the expense of the philosopher, that Mr. Mitchell has employed his good scholarship and his clever pen. But what excuse can be made for the man of wit? Facts?—they are all against him. Misconception and mistake?—it was not possible. Over-suspicious dread of impiety?—an hypocritical pretence. An anxious desire to restore primitive discipline?—absurd in the method proposed, and ridiculous in the person proposing it. How then do we account for the attacks upon Socrates contained in the "Clouds"? Sim-

* See the whole of the second act of the "Clouds," and the conclusion of the last act. Whatever was the object of the "Clouds," its general tendency is to confound Socrates with Diogenes for impiety, and with the Sophists for trickery. On the other hand, Aristophanes plays the champion

"Of manners primitive, and that good old time,
Which I have seen, when discipline prevail'd—
they were taught

A loftier key, whether to chant the name
Of Pallas—"
Scene iv.

Now all this, on the part of Aristophanes, is the very sophistry which he attacks; for it is to pretend to teach others that of which he himself has no belief. Bad for me but good for you! Do you take it really, and I will pretend to take it. Such was the reasoning.

ply that Aristophanes wanted a butt for his satire, and that the face, person and habits of Socrates, his custom of free discussion, bold opposition and honest exposures of empty pretences, pointed him out to the reckless wit. We have small respect for a dislike of irreligion and sophistry which caused Aristophanes to identify their most conscientious and successful opponent with Atheists and Sophists. Whether there was malice we pretend not to decide; but we think little is gained in a moral point of view by proving it to have been a case of pure unprovoked mischief. As to the parties having lived on fair terms afterwards, and that Plato thought and spoke highly of the ability and taste of Aristophanes, and that he did not take vengeance on him for his base attack upon Socrates, even if all this were much more true than it is (begging Schleiermacher's and Mr. Mitchell's pardon for altogether differing from them on this point), surely it would establish, not the innocence of the comedian, but the wisdom and goodness of the philosopher. The whole defence of Aristophanes is, indeed, more worthy of a sophistical advocate or flattering panegyrist than of a sound and learned critic. Of the sense and humor with which Aristophanes assailed the Sophists and Rhetoricians, probably with as much party spirit as sound judgment, there can be but one opinion. There must have been great defects in the motives and character of the satirist, which deprived his satire of half its force, and caused it to do as much harm as good to the cause he so cleverly supported.

We feel great obligation to Mr. Mitchell for the tone which his writings have given to English scholarship, leading it from verbal questions to the realities of literature, morals and history. But we cannot think that the *ecclesiastical spirit*, with which he acknowledges (see Preliminary Discourse, page 129) that he sat down to examine the character and philosophy of Socrates, was favorable to sincerity, truth and justice. Nor do we think that the *political bias*, which makes him attribute so much of Xenophon's moral worth to his early intimacy with Cyrus, and to "the knowledge thereby acquired of the sentiments of chivalry and honor inherent in monarchies," (see page 154) much mends the matter. He may, indeed, be right in attributing the death of Socrates to the base prejudices and passions of a demoralized people (see p. 150); but then, who helped to demoralize the people of Athens? We cannot admit that the Euthyphron of Plato "refutes

and removes opinions quite sufficient for the good conduct of ordinary life" (see p. 126), nor that Aristophanes was the man, nor that he took the right way, to restore the Homeric belief and discipline. We smile at the statement that "we owe to the ridicule of this comedy the philosopher, whose name (with certain deductions) no man mentions without feeling himself exalted for a time" (see p. 139); we laugh at the absurd idea of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes having taught religion and morals to Socrates; and we regret the insinuation of "certain deductions" (see p. 90 to 102) from the character and philosophy of Socrates, which this wild hypothesis, together with *that* ecclesiastical spirit and *that* political bias, required the editor of Aristophanes to elaborate. That Socrates could afford to treat with contempt an unsuccessful play, for the people of Athens had the sense and feeling to damn the "Clouds" of Aristophanes—(not for its serious tone,—for it is a most brilliant farce; not from ignorance of who this Socrates was, for that hypothesis Mr. Mitchell himself disproves; but because there was some virtue yet left in them) we can well believe; indeed it was wise in Socrates to take it in that manner. But the plain fact is, that the "Clouds" of Aristophanes charges Socrates directly with teaching irreligion, immorality and sophistry; and it is a most editor-like hypothesis to believe that Aristophanes was conscientiously earnest in his wish to expose the Sophists, and that he innocently employed Socrates as a vehicle for his satire. The persevering enmity with which he followed up Euripides, and the contempt in which Plato held and exhibited his moral character (see the "Banquet" of Plato), are, together with Socrates' contemptuous mention of the comedian in his "Defence," a sufficient proof that the mischief intended and the wit displayed were the essence of the "Clouds," whilst the virtuous indignation against the Sophists was, at best, matter of taste rather than principle. Happily Time is an excellent scavenger; and we agree with Mr. Mitchell "that the wit of the 'Clouds' may be relished without diminishing any of the respect justly due to Socrates." But this enjoyment will be secured to us, not by frittering away the character and philosophy of Socrates, in order to make out a case for the comedian, but by acknowledging that the virtue of Socrates defies the wit and malice even of Aristophanes. What does Mr. Mitchell mean by saying, "if, as Ælian relates, So-

crates stood up in the theatre to gratify the curiosity thus excited, it will be no uncharitable remark to impute it, partly, to his sense of the opportunity thus offered for gaining a name in society; an advantage, which, to a person of his pursuits in life, was of incalculable importance? We think it a *very* uncharitable remark. And what does Mr. Mitchell mean by saying, Upon whom the guilt rests (he is speaking of the hypothesis of a community of women, and the exposure of children), upon the teacher or the scholar (*i. e.* Socrates or Plato), it is not now possible to say." How is it, we beg to ask, that we hear nothing of this abomination from Xenophon? Does Mr. Mitchell really believe that there are no theories of his own in Plato's Dialogues? What is more likely or more certain to be his own than the theory of a community of women, which he appears to have imported from that land of monstrous births, Egypt? Indeed we are sick of defending Socrates from such attacks, and return once more to his pure piety and practical religion, which the attacks of Aristophanes and the insinuations of Mr. Mitchell have only rendered more conspicuous.

The plain and simple truth, which Mr. Mitchell's ecclesiastical and political bias, aided by his hypothesis, would hide from us, is that Socrates appeared at one of those great periods of the world's history, when religion, morality and policy are shaken to their foundations, when the very grounds of truth and justice are rigorously examined for the purpose of discovering whether they rest only on the priest's fable and the legislator's dictum, or whether they have imperishable foundations in man's nature and God's will. It is at these crises in the world's history that the veil is drawn or torn aside, and according as principle or unprinciple, wisdom or folly prevail, the period is marked by national judgments or national blessings of no ordinary character. That such periods do recur in the great cycles of time, but with a constant progression towards purer principles and nobler ends, may be the foundation of that ancient mysticism, which held that the souls of the departed, after the purification of suffering, return to higher duties in the world:—

"Ergo exercenter pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendant—
Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem—
Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,

* See the *Timæus*, sect. 5, 6, 7.

Lethæum ad fluvium Deus evocat ordine magno,
Scilicet immemores supra ad convexa revisant."

Believing that the lessons of antiquity, whether shrouded in the mystic language of Pythagoras* and Plato, or expressed plainly in the common-sense and common-life language of Socrates and Xenophon, deserve neither to be rejected with scorn, nor to be received with blind submission, we are well content to borrow what appears to us the true commentary on the above important text from the wise and learned pages of a great and a good man:

"We may learn also a more sensible division of history than that which is commonly adopted, of ancient and modern. We shall see that there is in fact an ancient and modern period in the history of every people; the ancient differing, and the modern in many essential points agreeing with that in which we now live. Thus the largest portion of that history which we commonly call ancient is practically modern, as it describes society in a stage analogous to that in which it now is; while, on the other hand, much of which is called modern history is practically ancient, as it relates to a state of things which has passed away. Thucydides and Xenophon, the orators of Athens, and the philosophers, speak a wisdom more applicable to us politically, than the wisdom of even our own countrymen, who lived in the middle ages; and their position, both intellectual and political, more nearly resembles our own."†

No lesson can be found in the historians, orators and philosophers of Athens, more applicable to our own period than what may be extracted from the Comedies of Aristophanes if we will only read the text fairly. Then shall we understand, not that Socrates' early errors (his *assumed* mysticism and *pretended* scepticism) had provoked and warranted the attacks of the comedian, and that the merits of the philosopher are altogether attributable to that wholesome and timely castigation which he received from

* In his Greek edition of the 'Clouds' Mr. Mitchell has contrived to make Pythagoras a middle term between Socrates and Mysticism! To be sure he (Mr. Mitchell) speaks of Socrates in his earlier days, and gets at him through the well-known Pythagorism and mysticism of Plato. This is more ingenious than ingenuous. Socrates, with that matter-of-fact face of his, would have made a strange sort of a mystic. We are told that he had the front and bearing of a bull—bold, honest, and straightforward. Begging Mr. Mitchell's pardon, Socrates amongst mystics would have been, to use a vulgar expression, a bull in a china-shop.

† See Arnold's 'Thucydides,' vol. i. Appendix 1. The English reader will be well repaid by reading a few pages, written in the very spirit of Thucydides—crebrior sententiis quam verbis.

As the Notes to Mr. Mitchell's edition of the 'Clouds' are in English, the English reader may consult them without being alarmed at the Greek text.

his severe but friendly monitor,—not that the sound-minded comedian succeeded, where the philosopher had failed, in discovering the true remedy for the religious and moral, the political and intellectual evils of his times, and that we must resort to the pages of Aristophanes for lessons on religion and morality, politics and education,—to no such estimate of the comedian and the philosopher will the clever and entertaining writings of Mr. Mitchell persuade us, unless we are content to sacrifice truth and justice, a sound understanding of the past, a sound application of the lesson to the present, and all sound hopes for the future. It is this that we shall understand from the pages of Aristophanes, which Mr. Mitchell has so agreeably laid open to the English reader, to wit, that foremost amongst the fearful dangers of the times of Aristophanes was the spirit of insincere profession, reckless scepticism and fierce bigotry, of all which he has exhibited perfect specimens in the very work in which he attacks Socrates; whilst, on the other hand, the sincerest piety, the heartiest benevolence and the deepest convictions of truth are the great characteristics of the philosophy he attacks. And we contend further, that it is in the philosophy of Socrates that we must seek remedies, *mutatis mutandis*, for the dangers of insincerity, scepticism and bigotry, in one word, of that anarchy, religious and political, intellectual and moral, of which the writings of Aristophanes pretend to be the censor, but are really the example.

Fearful was the period in which the wit, impiety and profligacy of Aristophanes may be said, in the language of mysticism, to have returned to take a leading part in a drama of more extended interests. It matters little that what was insincere professions in Athens became open scepticism in France, that what had been oligarchic became democratical, and the enemy of Cleon became the herald of Danton. When motives and consequences are fairly considered, these are found to be superficial differences, especially when they are compared with the great characteristics, in which the men and their times, Aristophanes and Voltaire, were all but identified. Miserable periods! unhappy people! given up to fierce and selfish contests between an innovation which respects nothing, and a bigotry which reverences every thing. How unlike the philosophy of Socrates both in motive, in object and in consequence! that *sound* philosophy, which mediating between the past, the present and the future; between what

we hope, what we have, and what we dread; in a word, between the actual and the ideal, the imperfect and the perfect,—is not more characterized by proving all things, (ever a work of danger) than by a conscientious and reverential and pious determination to hold fast that which is good. It is from this sound philosophy, and not from the principles or practices of the professing sceptic, that any sound lessons, religious, moral or political, can be drawn. For amongst the unprincipled sceptics, sophists and rhetoricians, whom Socrates and Xenophon, Plato and Aristotle, effectually exposed, there was no false teacher more dangerous than the insincere professor, whose affected zeal will not separate what is true from what is false, what is good from what is evil, but clings with a fierce obstinacy to that which is unsound, and by so doing brings that which is sound into undeserved discredit. Such was not the religion of Socrates which Aristophanes so attacks, and Mr. Mitchell so defends:—the chattering philosopher, of whom Bacon and his reviewer, Bentham and his editor, speak so slightly;—the blinded heathen philosopher, whom we have often heard sneered at by well-meaning religionists;—the philosopher, of whom the Aristotelians of Oxford and the Dramatists of Cambridge say so little. Yet is Socrates a philosopher, who, if any man will strive earnestly and sincerely to live up to his principles, will teach him to be holy, just and good.

We will now proceed from an examination of his Religion to consider whether the Morals he taught were worthy of the foundations on which he rested them; whether his Morality was worthy of his religion; or whether, as we have been told, there were indeed fair leaves and blossoms, but little or no fruit.

To doubt the morality of Socrates is as unjust as to doubt his piety; and Xenophon brings this question at once to a clear issue by referring to his bold and keen censure of the profligacy of Critias, and to the happy influence he exercised on the earlier years of Alcibiades. It was indeed impossible that any lessons of virtue could long resist the wild passions, fierce temptations, and unprincipled levity of the young and wealthy patrician, urged on by a base populace and baser parasites. It is not possible to resist the earthquake and the deluge; nor was Socrates answerable for the vices and crimes of Alcibiades. The wonder is that he ever acquired over this person the beneficial influence he at one time exercised, not that he found it impossible to re-

tain it, when innumerable temptations assailed the passions of his wild youth and dark manhood.

Turning then from religion to morals, what a noble temperance,—how free from all asceticism and pride, fanaticism and vanity, was the temperance of Socrates! On this point Xenophon is an unquestionable authority, as well able to exhibit a clear and full conception of the temperance of Socrates, as to follow with firm and steady tread in his master's steps. For well did Socrates know, and well also could he practise, and well could he teach, that temperance, continence, or self-command, the command over our rebellious passions, is as surely the corner-stone of all good practice, as religion, piety, or reverence for God, is the corner-stone of all sound principle. Well did Socrates teach his followers that self-command is the virtue to be learnt the first, and to be practised to the last; that it is the foundation of the other virtues, and the bond that holds them all together, for that without self-command, virtue can neither become nor be, neither begin nor continue.

"Hence, therefore," says Socrates, "we may see how necessary it is to make temperance our chief study, since without this, as its basis, what other virtue can we attain? How can we learn what is profitable, or practise what is praiseworthy? Neither can we conceive a state more pitiable, whether in respect to body or mind, than that of the voluptuary given up to all the drudgery of intemperance.—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 5.

"I am persuaded that no virtue can subsist that is not diligently and duly exercised, and temperance more especially; because our sensual desires, being seated with our minds in the same body, are continually soliciting us to a compliance with the appetites which Nature hath implanted, though at the expense of virtue and all things virtuous.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 2.

These are Xenophon's own remarks, but as they were probably not borrowed from the younger Cyrus, we will venture to set them down to the account, not of Cyrus, but of Socrates.

"Such was his moderation, that I question whether there ever was any man, if able to work at all, but might have earned sufficient to have supported Socrates. His custom was to eat as long as it gave him pleasure; and a good appetite was to him what delicious fare is to another: and as he only drank when thirst compelled him, whatever served to allay it could not fail of being grateful. So that it was easy for him when present at their feasts to refrain from excess, which other men find so much difficulty in doing. And as to such persons as gave proof how very little they could command themselves, to these he would counsel even the not tasting of those

delicacies which might allure them to eat when they were not hungry.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 3.

"It should seem your opinion, Antipho, that happiness consisted in luxury and profusion: whereas, in truth, I consider it a perfection in the gods that they want nothing; and consequently he cometh nearest to the divine nature who standeth in want of the fewest things.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 6.

"Nor do my votaries (says Virtue, in Socrates' version of the Choice of Hercules) ever fail to find pleasure in their repasts, though small cost is wanted to furnish out their table; for hunger, not art, prepares it for them; while their sleep, which follows the labor of the day, is far more sweet than whatever expense can procure for idleness; yet sweet as it is, they quit it unreluctantly when called by their duty. The young enjoy the applause of the aged, the aged are revered by the young. Equally delighted with reflecting on the past, or contemplating the present, their attachment to me renders them favored of the gods, dear to their friends, and honored by their country.—*Ibid.*, book ii. chap. 1.

"Furthermore," continued Socrates, "it is this virtue alone which places both the body and the mind in their utmost degree of perfection; qualifying the man for the study, the knowledge, and the practice of his duty.—*Ibid.*, book iv. chap. 5.

"The consciousness of being thus employed (in his duty) must yield perpetual complacency and satisfaction; but it is complacency and satisfaction which belongeth not to the voluptuous; indeed, whom do we find at a greater distance from these, than the man whose every faculty is so entirely engaged in the pursuit of present pleasure as to leave no liberty for the performance of what is commendable?"—*Ibid.*

"It is the temperate alone who are able to inquire into the nature of things, and find out their difference; and carefully consulting both reason and experience can select what is good, reject what is evil, and become by that means both wise and happy.—*Ibid.*

"With regard to love, his counsel always was to keep at a distance from beautiful persons, saying it was difficult to approach any such and not be ensnared. As for himself, his great continence was known to every one, and it was more easy for him to avoid the most beautiful objects, than for others those who were the most disgusting.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 3.

"When he succeeded not in his private remonstrances, Critias still persisting in his unwarrantable designs, Socrates, it is said, reproached him in the presence of many, resembling him to a swine, the most filthy and disgusting of all animals. For this cause Critias hated him ever after.—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 2.

"Could he be a cooper of youth, whose only employment was to root out of the mind of man every vicious inclination, and plant in their stead a love of that virtue which is so amiable in itself, and so becoming us as men, and which alone hath the power to make, whether cities or private families, flourishing and happy.—*Ibid.*

"When death draweth nigh, and no thought remaineth but for the welfare of your children,

do you then inquire for the debauched unto whom to intrust them? Is it he who must direct the virtuous education of your sons, and guard the chastity of your daughters, or secure to them their inheritance from the hand of the oppressor? Do you ever intrust your flocks or your herds to the conduct of him who is overcharged with drunkenness? or expect from such an one despatch to your affairs?—*Ibid.*, book i. chap. 5.

Did this preacher of continence, temperance, or self-command, as the very cornerstone of all sound practice, appear in a primitive age of spare diet, and so become merely a recorder of the austere virtues of his time?—Not so. We need only name Pericles and Aspasia, Alcibiades, Aristophanes and Aristippus; and refer our readers to Plato's splendid dialogue the 'Banquet,'* in order to recall ideas of Asiatic luxury, vice and crime. If Europe owes a debt of gratitude to Pausanias and Themistocles for having defended her institutions from a deluge of Asiatic tyranny, it is just as certainly to Socrates and his followers that Europe is indebted for defending her morals against Eastern vice,—*sedum inceptu, sedum exitu*. It was an ever-memorable contest which Socrates commenced, and which his pupils carried on, with the darkest vice and the lowest debasement.—The very gods of Greece were in league against them, and Jupiter with his Ganymede led the van. The fearful picture which St. Paul draws of the vices of Rome at a later period was then realised in Greece; but with a wild wit, and an intoxicating beauty, which Rome could only attempt to imitate. No one conversant with the comedies of Aristophanes will accuse us of exaggerating the picture of Athenian profligacy in order to amplify the claims of Socrates as a moral reformer. Nor does it require serious arguments to prove that earnest principle, not reckless humor, was needed for such a service. Even the folly of our own times has stopped short of making a comedy of "The Reformed House-breaker," and has despaired of "putting the subject in so ridiculous a light, that bolts and bars will be entirely useless by the end of the season,"—even our Newgate-Calendar novelists have had the wisdom to bring

* Putting together Socrates' sharp censure of Critias, which, had it been possible would certainly have provoked a retort (*Memorabilia*, b. i. c. 2), and the strange account of himself, which Plato puts into the mouth of Alcibiades, which, had there been no foundation for it, would not have been ventured (see the 'Banquet' of Plato, adding also to these many others of the like kind, and the passages in which Socrates is exhibited as an *iparrhs* will require no other explanation than that which is given in the *Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 1.

forward the modern Captain Macheath as the hero of a tragedy. It has been left to christian scholars to argue that a religious and moral purification could result to Athens from those passages of Aristophanes in which the mirth is fast and furious; and it was left for christian teachers to prove that they approve such scholarship, by venturing the practical commentary of setting their pupils (*quibus maxima debetur reverentia*) to enact the prurient scenes of the Eunuclus. Would it not be more edifying and more decent to enact (if acting there must be) the nobler dramas of Euripides, the friend and pupil of Socrates, the woman-hater, as he is represented by Aristophanes,* but, next to Homer, the champion of all that is lovely and noble in the female character,—the author of the *Bacchæ*, the *Ion* and the *Alcestis*,—the only classic author who has conceived the passion of Love as at once intense and pure, and who can speak of the beauty of woman with the admiration and the delicacy of our own Shakspeare, of Milton and of Scott? Let mothers, wives and sisters bless the philosophy of Socrates and his school. If it be said that Socrates has not given us remarks on the duties of women, we answer—in the deep depravity and wild licentiousness of Greece, so nearly bordering on Asiatic vices, the philosopher had enough to do in building up manly virtue. But we cannot doubt that he moved Euripides to undertake that important service, which he discharged so ably, so unsuccessfully, and with such danger to himself.

As the religion of Socrates was distinct from superstition, and his temperance from asceticism, they did not end in a monkish rule, but became the solid and firm foundations on which he built up a well-proportioned and beautiful edifice of domestic, social and political usefulness. Indeed it is a most strange and unaccountable mistake in the reviewer of Bacon and the editor of Bentham that they refuse to admit usefulness, private and public usefulness, to have been the very characteristic of the philosophy of Socrates; for, if it were not that he founded his usefulness on a higher and a nobler principle, but which in no way interferes with the matter-of-fact utility of every duty he enjoins, we should have said that usefulness, real downright every-day usefulness, is the most striking and all-perva-

* "A most splanetic hatred of Euripides (says Mr. Mitchell), derived (he continues, *on the other lack*) from deeper views than people have generally given the comedian credit for." (See Preliminary Dissertation, p. 29.)

ding characteristic of Socrates' philosophy. The reviewer of Bacon has some plausible declamation against the abstract and unpractical view which Plato takes of the sciences, for example of figure and number;* but if this opinion were much more sound than it is even as applied to the philosophy of Plato, it requires only a quotation from the 'Memorabilia' to show that it is not merely inapplicable to the philosophy of Socrates, but that the very opposite of the fault imputed (the opposite virtue, not the opposite fault,) is one of the most striking characteristics of the philosophy of Socrates.

"Socrates also recommended the study of arithmetic to his friends, and assisted them, as was his custom, in tracing out the several parts of it, as far as might be useful; but here, as elsewhere, fixed bounds to their inquiries, never suffering them to run out into vain and trifling disquisitions which could be of no advantage either to themselves or others."—*Memorabilia*, book iv. chap. 7.

We have already seen temperance insisted on for its usefulness, and for no ascetic, fanatic, or stoic reasons. And it is in the same spirit that Socrates proceeds to develop the theory and practice of usefulness, on its true principles and in its right order. Beginning with the connection, yet insisting on the clear distinction, of usefulness and duty, he proceeds to point out what usefulness is, and what duty requires, in the case of parent and child (b. ii. c. 2); brothers and sisters (b. ii. c. 3); friend and friend (b. ii. c. 4, 5, 6). All these chapters contain admirable remarks. Then he proceeds to develop the usefulness and duty of a head of a family and its different members, under pressure of poverty (b. ii. c. 7); the usefulness and duty of the poor man to the rich man (b. ii. c. 8), and of the rich man to the poor man (b. ii. c. 9). Then he points out the usefulness and duty of a commander and his soldiers (b. iii. c. 1, 3, 5, 6, 7); of a statesman and the people (b. iii. c. 7). Each of these subjects is treated with a steady regard to usefulness and happiness, which might be characterized by terms exactly the reverse of those which Dr. Bowring has thought fit to use when speaking of the philosophy of Socrates.

"The summum bonum—the sovereign good—what is it? The philosopher's stone, the balm Hygeian that cures all manner of diseases. It is this thing, and the other thing,—it is any thing but pleasure—it is the Irishman's apple-pie made of nothing but quinces.

"While Xenophon was writing history, and Euclid giving instructions in geometry, Socrates

and Plato were talking nonsense, under pretence of teaching wisdom. This morality of their's consisted in words—this wisdom of their's was the denial of matters known to every man's experience, and the assertion of other matters opposed to every man's experience." etc. etc.

"While they were all of them chattering about the summum bonum, each was amusing himself with the gross enjoyments of sense." etc. etc.—*Bowring's Deontology*, vol. p. i. 40.

"A new ground is put forward here (i. e. in the 'Deontology'). The ground of approbation will be the tendency of an act to increase happiness." etc. etc.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 140.

In page 24 of the same work, Dr. Bowring says,—

—"That *the public sanction* will, in as far as the subject is understood, be given to that line of conduct which most promotes the public happiness, is a corollary requiring no arguments for its establishment."

We will say a little on this subject when we examine the politics of Socrates; at present we will take leave to observe, that we are much more sure that *the divine sanction* is given to every thing useful, than that the public sanction will be so given. We prefer to confine our attention to another matter, and not to enter at present on a consideration of the politics of Socrates; but we shall have much to say on that subject presently.

Our space reminds us that for the remainder of our article we must be content to use analysis and not quotation.

The attentive reader of 'Memorabilia' will not fail to remark, that the virtues which are treated *each by itself* in the second and third books, (as submission to authority and obedience to parents, love of brothers and love of friends, useful employment and preservation of property, etc. etc., all of which virtues come under the head of private duty, and are treated of principally in the second book—and in like manner, the several virtues, military and civil, which together constitute public duty, and are treated of principally in the third book—all these separate virtues, private and public, being set forth as authorized by expediency or usefulness to man, and sanctioned by religion or duty to God) are all summed up in the third book, under the one common title Justice. Nor will he fail to remark that this great comprehensive virtue, Justice, is placed in the fourth book of the 'Memorabilia,' immediately after Religion, whereas the separate virtues which together make up Justice are placed in the second book immediately after Self-command. The meaning of this change will be obvious to the intelligent reader of the

* See the Edinburgh Review, No. 132, p. 74.

'Memorabilia.' Self-command is placed in the second book at the head of all the separate virtues, because not one of them can exist without the practice of that instrumental virtue. Justice is placed in the fourth book immediately after Religion, in order to intimate that Justice is the practice of religion, and that Religion without justice is theory without practice, not wisdom but folly, not virtue but vice, not religion but hypocrisy. As we have seen Self-command distinguished clearly from asceticism, here we see Religion distinguished as clearly from fanaticism. In the former case no value whatever was attached to corporeal mortifications; in the latter no worth is ascribed to spiritual ecstasies. In both the *mens sana in corpore sano* is the right view of this sound-minded philosopher.

It will also be observed that Socrates' definition of Justice proceeds *pari passu* with his definition of Religion, which adds another proof of the correctness of our estimate of his opinions on the greater of these two great questions. For Socrates commences by identifying Justice with Law, seeing that there is no hope of justice, but peril of anarchy, violence and wrong, if laws are not obeyed. Secondly, Socrates identifies Human Law, in so far as it is *communis sensus hominum*, the general agreement of mankind (not for the few nor yet of the many, not of the selfish nor yet of the violent, but the unanimous voice of all sound-minded men) with Divine law; so that what is useful, expedient and just manward, is holy, pious and religious Godward. In agreement with the above view, it was the practice of Socrates, whilst he set an example of hearty and conscientious obedience to human laws, to use his utmost endeavors to correct and perfect them; using for this purpose all rational arguments and constitutional powers, in order that Human Law may be more and more identified with that usefulness which is in itself an expression of Divine Law. For Socrates argued that laws enacted by king, nobles or people, when passed by force or fraud contrary to usefulness or expediency, want the highest characteristic of justice, God's approval, and usurp the second characteristic, man's approval; but that nevertheless they must be obeyed until they are repealed, in order to avoid greater evils—utter ruin of Law and utter hopelessness of Justice.

Socrates held that Politics must be founded on justice, and that as it is no easy matter to decide what is just in every case, Politics are not the slight thing which

many make them; that knowledge of what is true must precede practice of what is right; that the first step towards a knowledge of justice is self-knowledge—knowledge of ourselves, knowledge of human nature, in order that we may understand what is good and useful and beautiful, for that these qualities are always relative and proportionate to the nature of man; that the second step towards a knowledge of justice is to attend to the *communis sensus hominum*, for that when really ascertained it indicates to us the divine command that the third step towards a knowledge of justice is to attend to the consequences of actions, whether useful or mischievous, as the former are just and the latter unjust; that in order to obtain knowledge of justice and skill as a politician, there must be learning from a master of this great science, and free discussion with him and in his presence, or that mere empirical dexterity will be picked up at the expense of the community by means of foolish and mischievous and wicked experiments; that as justice is the means by which the real politician produces happiness, so rulers are appointed for the good of the community, not to gratify their own passions and desires; that men who are fit for this high and noble service should undertake it, whilst those who are unfit for it should decline it, that not the vote of the many or the few can confer just authority when the party is incapable of using power for a good purpose. In a word, that politics are the carrying out on a large scale of the wisdom and virtue of private life, and that he who is a foolish or bad man cannot be a wise and good citizen.

The above analysis of Socrates' view of justice or usefulness, collected from the "Memorabilia," has been made with as conscientious an accuracy in comparing passage with passage as we could employ in such a service. It has left upon our minds a conviction that Socrates' views of practical virtue, private and public, were as full and clear as his views of religious principle, and that both are worthy of that noble Self-command which he insists on as the foundation of intellectual and moral and political excellence.

Should any one affect to make no distinction between pleasure and happiness, expediency and duty, he may see that the facts which have been set forth somewhat pompously as modern discoveries were known long ago,* and that the nomenclature

* "But although this was the manner, in which Socrates lived, yet could he not be persuaded that

ture he desires to introduce was long ago deliberately rejected* on the ground, that practically it was more dangerous to virtue, than theoretically valuable for science. Socrates was well acquainted with all the leading facts on which such theories and nomenclature have been founded by the utilitarian schools of Aristippus, Epicurus and Aristotle; but whilst he states or admits his knowledge of these facts to Aristippus and to others, he insists upon a nomenclature which shall more clearly distinguish virtuous happiness from vicious pleasure. And he was right, right as a practical moralist, to insist upon reforming the phraseology of a corrupt and sophistical generation, as the first step towards teaching them sound principles and a virtuous practice. Aristippus had neither the prudence of Aristotle nor the sentiment of Epicurus, and so could not fight the battle of utilitarianism, as they could and did; but such armor, however forged and wielded, could not resist the divine temper of the weapons of Socrates. He contended that there must be a consciousness of duty to God in order that there may be man's reasonable service and appropriate virtue; for that no prudent choice of the more pleasurable pleasure in preference to the less pleasurable pleasure can constitute the service which the Deity requires from man, the service which a rational and conscientious, yet passion-tempted creature owes to an Intelligent Creator. A virtue useful to nobody was no virtue at all in the opinion of Socrates; but he did not therefore infer that the *utile quidlibet* (not even the eternal utility of Paley) is the ultimate end of man. If we might borrow for an instant the bold humor of Rowland Hill, in a matter which calls for his strong good-sense, we would say that Socrates did not

he enjoyed less of the pleasures of life than the voluptuous man, who employed all his thoughts in the pursuit of them."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 3.

"If I am observed to be not over-delicate in my diet, if I sleep little, nor once taste of those infamous delights which others indulge in, assign no other cause than my being possessed of pleasures in themselves far more eligible, which delight not alone for the moment in which they are enjoyed, but gladden with the hope of yielding perpetual satisfaction."—*Memorabilia*, book i. chap. 6.

* "Nor do my votaries (Virtue is supposed to be speaking) fail to find pleasure in their repasts, though small cost is wanted to furnish out their table; for hunger, not art, prepares it for them; while their sleep, which follows the labors of the day, is far more sweet than whatever expense can procure for idleness; yet, sweet as it is, they quit it unreluctant when called by their duty, whether to the gods or men."—*Memorabilia*, book ii. chap. 1.—See all the quotations about the religion of Socrates.

make the Deity so merely a *chip in porridge*, as to consider pleasure, happiness, or expediency, word it how you will, the ultimate end and aim of man's actions and desires. He saw indeed that human happiness (thoroughly, not partially understood,) affords the true measure of God's will to his rational creatures; yet *per hoc*, *non propter hoc*, was his fixed estimate of utility, or in other words, that usefulness is the rule or measure of action, but not the end or motive of action. Let me, he argued, be only sure that I have discovered what promotes human happiness, and I am sure that I have discovered what is God's will; but then, he contended, it immediately becomes our duty,* and not merely our interest, to do that will. Duty to God, man's reasonable service, has also this superiority, that it carries his moral capabilities to their highest point, giving him the consciousness of God's approval. Socrates did not begin by assuming, whether from prejudice or fanaticism, that a certain mode of conduct had the divine sanction, and then infer that such conduct *must* promote human happiness; but he first ascertained what *will* promote human happiness, and then inferred that this conduct has the sanction of God's approval. That this is a fair estimate of the usefulness, the temperance and the religion of Socrates, has already been proved by numerous quotations, and might be proved by many more. In a word, the great principles of conduct, as set forth by his philosophy, are—piety as the motive, usefulness as the measure, and self-command as the means. The order and connection of these principles, as they are exhibited in the "Memorabilia" of Xenophon, might be likened to the parts of a Doric column, and so presented to the sight. The base of the pedestal should be reverence for God. The die, or body of the pedestal, squared to a line, should be self-command. On this pedestal the shaft of the column should be usefulness to man, in all the relations of human life; and the capital, of perfect Doric Simplicity, should be moral beauty.

In the visible metaphor by which we

* Dr. Bowring tells us that "it is in fact very idle to talk about *duties*; the word itself has in it something *disagreeable and repulsive*; and talk about it as we may, the word will not become a rule of conduct." But will the more agreeable word *pleasure* become a rule of conduct? Can we cheat men into a discharging of their duties, by telling them they are pleasures? In the first place it is not possible; in the second place it is not desirable. Socrates took other means to prepare his pupils for the steep ascent; yet he told them also of the pleasures of a noble energy.

have illustrated the philosophy of Socrates, beauty, it will be observed, is made the capital. As we shall have a much better opportunity of treating this most sound, as it is most Grecian, principle, when we come to speak of the Socrates of Plato as compared with the Socrates of Xenophon, we will only add a picture of moral beauty, which must command admiration, respect and love for the character and philosophy of Socrates, from every man that studies them *intelligently and fairly*, to the end of time; requiring that irreverent hands be withdrawn from that divine head, on which Xenophon has placed this simple and graceful wreath of a well-earned praise.

“As to myself, knowing him of a truth to be such a man as I have described; so pious towards the gods, as never to undertake any thing without first consulting them; so just towards men, as never to do an injury, even the very slightest, to any one, whilst many and great were the benefits he conferred on all with whom he had any dealings; so temperate and chaste, as not to indulge any appetite or inclination at the expense of whatever was modest and becoming; so prudent, as never to err in judging of good and evil, nor wanting the assistance of others to discriminate rightly concerning them; so able to discourse upon, and define with the greatest accuracy, not only those points of which we have been speaking, but likewise every other, and, looking as it were, into the minds of men, discover the very moment for reprehending vice, or stimulating to the love of virtue: experiencing, as I have done, all these excellencies in Socrates, I can never cease considering him as the most virtuous and the most happy of all mankind. But if there is any one who is disposed to think otherwise, let him go and compare Socrates with any other, and afterwards let him determine.”—*Memorabilia, book iv. chap. 7.*

There is something revolting to our sense of moral beauty, in turning from this picture of the philosopher of ancient times to the picture of the man of science, with which the reviewer of Bacon ends his work. We do not wish to dwell upon the contrast. That Bacon *was a man of science*, not, we think, *the man of science*, Socrates would have been the last person to dispute; nay, he would have been the first to yield him a title to which he had the fullest claim. Why then did Bacon condescend to deny, or even to dispute, Socrates' claim to the title of *philosopher*? May we not say that Socrates is the philosopher, not of antiquity only, but of all time? As a moral philosopher, estimated by the difficulties he had to encounter, the means he possessed and the effects he produced, we do not consider ourselves presumptuous in claiming the highest place for him. For his philosophy

was a philosophy, not of flowers only, nor even of flowers and fruits, but it was a philosophy of seeds and plants, of buds, of flowers and of fruits; yea, of future harvests.

We are sure that the reviewer of Bacon will not take an unfair advantage over us by replying that the philosophy of Socrates blossomed and fruited indeed in his own principles and conduct, and in the wisdom and goodness of many of his friends and followers, but that it has had little practical effect on the world at large, and so may be called a philosophy of flowers. Such an assertion may be made by thousands with perfect sincerity, but assuredly not by any sound scholar; and by whomsoever it is made, and with whatever degree of sincerity, it certainly is not true. Socrates did *not* live in vain, neither did he die in vain, in so far as the world's principles and practices are concerned. That his philosophy did not bear and has not borne *all* the fruit that might have been expected from the blossoms, are faults or defects for which neither he nor his philosophy is answerable.

Is it urged that these lessons were not found sufficient for the world? Of course they were not sufficient, if they were not sufficiently applied. If the statesmen and the priests of Greece would not do what was necessary to bring the lessons of Socrates and his school home to the minds of the people, of course the teaching of Socrates was insufficient,—insufficient, that is, to arrest religious, moral and political anarchy,—insufficient, that is, to establish in men's minds the religious, the moral and the political obligations, which alone could have saved Greece. If the statesman and the priest did not apply the remedy, of course the disease was not cured. It was contended by Aristophanes, and doubtless by Melitus, that the established religion and the established discipline were sufficient to correct the evils of the times, or, at least, if they were insufficient, it was only because they had been relaxed, and all that was required was to urge them on the public mind more intensely. So Aristophanes and Melitus contended, when they accused Socrates of impiety, innovation and anarchy. But the true question was, (and the answer is plain in the present time,) whether the religion of Greece could continue to be a sufficient foundation for principles and conduct, under any other mode of reception than that which Socrates has suggested in his explanation of the myths of Homer, and of which he has given so beautiful an example in his version of the

'Choice of Hercules.' His views tend indeed to the reformation of all religions; but it is by a method very different from that of the iconoclast. The reformation he proposed would break down nothing with which piety and obligation are associated. All he requires is to give a sounder interpretation to the letter, and not to persist too long, and till it is too late, in giving a real sense to that which ought to be received as mystic. We leave to phrenologists to explain the action of the brain, but we believe that it becomes *physically impossible* at advanced periods to believe what at earlier periods is perfectly credible. Statesmen may keep men's heads as cool as they can by fetters for the body and dogmas for the mind; but the progress of events, accelerating intellectual development with a velocity at once fearful and hopeful, must convince *the real statesman* (O that he would arise!) that one mode of conduct is alone safe, as it alone is reasonable and conscientious, at least in a man of sound knowledge; in a man, for example, who knows all that may be known and will be known of the religion and philosophy of Greece. That philosophy, the philosophy of Socrates, we further contend, has not been in vain, in so far as the world at large has received it in various forms; though, alas! it was not allowed by her priests and statesmen to save Greece.

Shall we be told that now at least the philosophy of Socrates has done all its allotted work, and therefore is cast aside by scholars and universities, religionists, philosophers and statesmen? Shall we be told this in an age which still echoes the fearful words—"Mortels! cessez de trembler devant les foudres impuissans d'un Dieu créé par vos terreurs,"—in an age which has seen the certain commentary on such a text, "Ce ne sont pas seulement les sciences, les arts consolateurs, les arts utiles qui vont périr; ce sont les premiers liens de la société, les plus saintes affections qui sont rompus avec fureur. L'imagination ne peut concevoir une plus affreuse pensée qu'un tel peuple exerçant ses fureurs au centres de l'Europe?"

In an age which *re-echoes* those fearful words, and which has its own debt, deficit and droits de Seigneur, even if it had no other resemblance to the *age of reason*, are we to be told that the philosophy of Socrates has done its work? We look for

* See Lacretelle's History of the Revolution. But see, above all, Carlyle's masterly History. We speak not of its style, which is not to our taste, but of its large grasp of the subject?

some great statesman to arise who may be aware that *all* our powers for good are wanted to resist evil. We Protestants censure the Church of Rome for silencing, or attempting to silence Galileo, being ourselves convinced that all physical truth ought to be known. Is moral truth then so unimportant, that Protestants may silence the testimony of Socrates, hide the facts of his life, and neglect his convincing reasonings?—nay, may misrepresent them at their pleasure? Does the history of the world so abound in unquestionable and irresistible evidence and testimony of the great truths which are demonstrated and testified, both in his life and by his death, that we may neglect his testimony?

Bacon may be a good witness of physical usefulness, and Bentham a still better witness of political usefulness; we would neither dispute their claim, nor derogate from its value; but we ask, where shall we find such a witness as Socrates of moral including religious principle? Has the world's history three such connected witnesses, such a body of evidence, as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle supply? Why are they hidden, or made known to comparatively a few; and even that with no deeper sincerity, no larger truth, than some of the criticisms of our fatherland supply? If Dr. Arnold thought rightly, that the history of Thucydides is of the deepest importance and closest applicability to our own times and interests and circumstances, is there no sound parallelism in the reasoning which would prove that the philosophy of Socrates comes home to our business and bosoms?

The claim of Socrates to our admiration, respect and love forms a great body of evidence in itself, and is perfectly compatible with other evidence, in whatever form it be received; but certainly is most compatible with the acceptance of other evidence in the form in which it is most true, and in which ultimately it can be received with most sincerity. Here is something sounder in principle, feeling and conduct, than that cry of weakness and despair—"La nation reconnaît l'existence de l'Être Suprême et l'immortalité de l'âme"—that cry which came too late.*

We turn to the philosophy of Bacon, as set forth by his reviewer, and we ask whether *the fruits* of Bacon's physical science,

* On what view of Christianity taken by the French church *can* such a system of Education, Piety and Policy be founded, as may be a guarantee for the peace of Europe and the world against the passions of that most excitable people?

which we would in no wise deny or undervalue, are fitted to be the moral and the spiritual food of man? Man does not live by bread alone. We admit, or rather we contend, that the Creator of man wills that he be fed better physically than he has been or now is: and towards this end Bacon did much, and Bentham did more, though not all; for, we repeat, man does not live by bread alone. He not only has higher and nobler desires, but these higher and nobler desires must be gratified, before he can eat his daily bread in peace and safety,—ay, before he can *have* a full and assured supply of daily bread to eat. For what is more obvious than that the moral principles on which Bacon *acted* would, if they prevailed, render of no effect the physical principles he desired to establish?

Not so with Socrates. In his life, and by his death, he exemplified the principles which he taught; principles which make individuals, families and states most happy; principles not to be taken upon trust, but requiring God's *rational* creatures to examine them, whether they are useful, pure and holy; and when this *has* been ascertained, requiring God's *moral* creatures to practise them, conscientiously, sincerely, truly. For Socrates points out distinctly that knowledge without practice is not knowledge*; and that the philosopher is, not he who knows, but he who *knows and does*.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Be kind to each other!
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone!
 Then 'midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness—*returned!*
 When day hath departed,
 And Memory keeps
 Her watch, broken hearted,
 Where all she loved sleeps!

Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove—
 Let trifles prevail not
 Against those ye love!
 Nor change with to-morrow,
 Should fortune take wing,
 But the deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling!
 Oh, be kind to each other,
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone!
North of England Magazine.

* See Memorabilia, book iv. chap. 6.

LADY SALE'S JOURNAL.

A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan,
 1841-2. By Lady Sale. Murray.

From the Court Journal.

THE excitement which has been caused by the announcement of this book, has been very great. The certainty felt by all who know any thing of the character of the writer, that she would speak *out*, has occasioned a singular sensation. The heroine, for such Lady Sale (despite her disclaimer of the title) has proved herself to be, *has* spoken out, and the demand for this volume will be proportioned to the freedom of her revelations and comments. The courtesy of Mr. Murray has put us in possession of the journal at a period, late indeed for perusal,—and too late for remark, were it desirable—but early enough to enable us to lay before our readers a series of extracts which will stimulate rather than satiate their curiosity.

Lady Sale writes (we speak *ex cathedra*, for we have read the volume from beginning to end) with simplicity and spirit. Had sound vigorous sense like hers been found in other heads, this journal would never have been written. She details the fight, the watch, the storm, the skirmish, the massacre, and the march, without a word of affectation, and, indeed, without a word to shew that she thinks she is telling any thing out of the common way. She narrates the energetic executions, and the melancholy fate of her gallant son-in-law, Captain Sturt, in a tone of admiring affection, but without a word of undue praise. The horrors of the dreadful retreat, told in Lady Sale's straightforward, unaffected style, exceed all ideas which have been formed from other recitals. But it is to the melancholy vacillation, the disgraceful ignorance, which led to all these scenes, that the attention of the English public—of English statesmen, will be drawn.

We will not, by further remark, detain the reader from our extracts. Lady Sale states, in the "introduction" to her "Journal,"

* * * I have not only daily noted down events as they occurred, but often have done so hourly. I have also given the reports of the day, the only information we possessed; also such news as was telegraphed from the Bala Hissar, or sent in by the King or by Capt. Conolly to the Envoy; and many other reports brought by Affghan gentlemen of Capt. Sturt's acquaintance, and by others of lower degree, who having had dealings with him in the engineer department and public works, and having received kindness from him, gave him such in-

telligence and warning as was in their power ; all of which he communicated [to his superior officers] at different times ; but the warnings were not attended to ; and as when he gave his advice it was seldom adhered to, he became disgusted, and contented himself with zealously performing his duties and making himself generally useful, acting the part of an artillery officer as well as that of an engineer. Had poor Sturt's life been spared, it was his intention to have worked up my Rough Notes, and to have added much valuable information ; he was too much overworked to afford leisure to give me assistance at the time. His plans, drawings, &c., with his public and private papers, were lost, except a note or two that were, just a few days before we left Cabul, put with my Journal. I believe several people kept an account of these proceedings, but all except myself lost all they had written ; and had recourse to memory afterwards. I lost every thing except the clothes I wore ; and therefore it may appear strange that I should have saved these papers. The mystery is, however, easily solved. After every thing was packed on the night before we left Cabul, I sat up to add a few lines to the events of the day, and the next morning, I put them in a small bag and tied them round my waist.

This is her account of the commencement of the revolt :—

In former times, under the feudal system, when the sovereign of Cabul required troops, each bold chieftain came forward with his retainers ; but these vassals had been taken from them, and were embodied in corps commanded by British officers, to whom they owed no affection, and only paid a forced obedience, whilst their hearts were with their national religion ; their chief's power was now greatly limited, and the chook guaranteed to them was withheld on the plea that the Company had commanded retrenchments. But the saving required by Government was a curtailment of those expenses which were defrayed by its own rupees, whereas the 40,000 rupees now the subject of dispute were, in fact, no saving at all to us, as that money was never paid by the Company, but was the chook or money excused to the chiefs out of the revenue or dues owing to the King, on condition of their enforcing the submission of the petty chiefs, and the payment of their rents. This sum, whether paid to Shah Shoojah or not, would never have replenished the Hon. Company's coffers ; and by upholding the Shah in such an act of aggression we compromised our faith, and caused pretty general insurrection, said to be headed by Meer Musjude.

The Envoy is thus spoken of :—

Last year, when Sir Willoughby Cotton commanded, and during the disturbances in the Kohistan, every despatch from Sale, who commanded the troops there, was promulgated in orders, and the present system of keeping information close is disgusting ; there can be no secrets regarding what passes in action in the field. The general impression is that the Envoy is trying to deceive himself into an assurance that the country is in a quiescent state. He has a diffi-

cult part to play, without sufficient moral courage to stem the current singly. About two months since, Sir William wrote to Lord Auckland, explaining to him the present state of Afghanistan, and requesting that five additional regiments should be sent to this country, two of them to be European. To these statements a written war succeeded between the Envoy and the Supreme Government of Bengal. Letter after letter came, calling for retrenchment. Sir William had been appointed from home Governor of Bombay, and was particularly chosen for the office from his being a moderator, and a man unlikely to push any violent measures. He hoped affairs might take a turn for the better, and was evidently anxious to leave Cabul, and assume his new appointment. In an evil hour, he acceded to the entreaties of Sir Alexander Burnes, (who appears to have been blinded on the subject,) and wrote to Lord Auckland to nullify his former request for additional troops, and to say that part of those now in the country might be withdrawn. The 1st brigade, under Sale, was accordingly ordered to be in readiness to move down ; and it was generally understood that all would be withdrawn as soon as the Shah had raised five more regiments of his own. The letter of recall, as we may term Sir William's, was sent off only two days before the breaking out of the Zoomut affair.

Again—

The state of supineness and fancied security of those in power in cantonments is the result of deference to the opinions of Lord Auckland, whose sovereign will and pleasure it is that tranquillity do reign in Afghanistan ; in fact, it is reported at Government House, Calcutta, that the lawless Affghans are as peaceable as London citizens ; and this being decided by the powers that be, why should we be on the alert ?

Most dutifully do we appear to shut our eyes on our probable fate. The Shah is, however, to be protected, whatever may be the fate of the English in the city ; and Brig. Shelton is sent with the Shah's 6th, some of the 44th Queen's, and three horse artillery guns, under Capt. Nicholl, to the Bala Hissar. The King, as he well may be, is in great consternation.

More to the same effect :—

No military steps have been taken to suppress the insurrection, nor even to protect our only means of subsistence (the Godowns), in the event of a siege. The King, Envoy, and General, appear perfectly paralyzed by this sudden outbreak : the former is deserted by all his courtiers, and by even his most confidential servants, except the Wuzeer, who is strongly suspected of having instigated the conspiracy ; and suspicion attaches to his majesty again. It is here necessary to observe, that several months ago letters calling on all true Mussulmans to rise against the Kaffirs (English unbelievers) were widely disseminated : they bore the King's signature ; but Sir William Macnaghten always insisted that they were forgeries of a very peculiar description, that papers bearing the veracious signature had had their contents washed out, and these seditious writings inserted. The

Shah of course said—"An enemy has done this;" and as dead men tell no tales, much of the obloquy was allowed to rest on Moollah Shekoor, who had paid the penalty of other state crimes.

In Afghanistan, the English act as they do in all other countries, they visit—keep to themselves, and even (generally) employ only servants brought with them. The envoy kept but few Afghans in his employ. He had a news-reporter, at 150 rupees a month, who had the credit of concocting splendid untruths; an old moolah, picked up at Kandahar, who, I believe, receives 200—a man greatly in Sir William's confidence; there is also an old *cossid*. These people adhere to the Envoy, and flatter him into the belief that the tumult is *bash* (nothing), and will shortly subside.

A word too late—

It is more than shocking, it is shameful, to hear the way that officers go on croaking before the men; it is sufficient to dispirit them, and prevent their fighting for us.

And—

There is much reprehensible croaking going on; talk of retreat, and consequent desertion of our Mussulman troops, and the confusion likely to take place consequent thereon. All this makes a bad impression on the men. Our soldiery like to see the officers bear their part in privation; it makes them more cheerful; but in going the rounds at night, officers are seldom found with the men. There are those that always stay at their posts on the ramparts, and the men appreciate them as they deserve. To particularize them would be too openly marking the rest; but their names will, I trust, be remembered to their honor and advantage hereafter.

The great carnage—

The troops continued their fearful march; the remnant of the camp followers, with several wounded officers, went ahead: for five miles they saw no enemy; all who could not walk were necessarily left behind. They descended a long steep descent to the bed of the Têzeen Nullah. At this dip, the scene was horrible; the ground was covered with dead and dying, amongst whom were several officers; they had been suddenly attacked and overpowered. The enemy here crowded from the tops of the hills in all directions down the bed of the Nullah, through which the route lay for three miles; and our men continued their progress through an incessant fire from the heights on both sides, until their arrival in the Têzeen valley, at about half-past four p. m.

The descent from the Huft Kohtal was about 2000 feet; and here they lost the snow.

About 12,000 persons have perished.

Her Ladyship shows that she has good soldierly feeling:—

The Mirza has returned; he and the Nazir promise to send a box, which I have no means of carrying, as also our servants, who are unable to go with us, to Jellallahad, to Sale; however,

as they crammed the box into their own go-down, I strongly suspect they mean to keep it themselves. My chest of drawers they took possession of with great glee—I left some rubbish in them, and some small bottles, that were useless to me. I hope the Afghans will try their contents as medicine, and find them efficacious; one bottle contained nitric acid, another a strong solution of lunar caustic?

And, better still—

The citizens are ruined by the perfect stagnation of trade, and would probably side with us were we to show in force. Now is the time to strike the blow, but I much dread dilly-dallying just because a handful of us are in Akbar's power. What are our lives when compared with the honour of our country? Not that I am at all inclined to have my throat cut; on the contrary, I hope that I shall live to see the British flag once more triumphant in Afghanistan; and then I have no objection to the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan being reinstated: only let us first show them that we can conquer them, and humble their treacherous chiefs in the dust.

This is the last for which we can find room:

The late newspapers have not a little amused me. They show that the editors catch at every expression used in any letters they have read, or on any comments they hear on news from Afghanistan. A regular controversy has arisen between one, who asserts that Lady Sale in her letters evinces a strong prepossession in favor of Mahomed Akbar Khan, and another, who thinks Lady Sale wrote, as she did, because she was a prisoner: to which the first rejoins, that he does not think Lady S. would, under any circumstances, write that which was false.—*There he is right:* but I would not have written on the subject at all, unless I wrote as I thought: if people misunderstand, it is their fault and not mine. Again, they say it were better I had never written at all. Perhaps so: but it seems that details were wanting; my letters to Sale gave those; and he thought them of sufficient consequence to send them to the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. They were afterwards sent to England by the former; and, if the papers tell truth, excited some attention in the highest circles. As to my "great prepossession" in favor of Akbar, my greatest wish is, that Gen. Nott's force should march up to Ghuznee; release the prisoners there; and then that a simultaneous movement should take place of Nott's and Pollock's forces upon Cabul. Once again in power, here, I would place Akbar Mahomed Shah, and Sultan Jan *hors de combat*; befriend those who befriended us, and let the Afghans have the Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan back, if they like. He and his family are only an expense to us in India; we can restore them, and make friends with him. Let us first show the Afghans that we can both conquer them and revenge the foul murder of our troops; but do not let us dishonor the British name by sneaking out of the country like whipped Pariah dogs. Afghanistan will become a byword amongst the nations. Had we retreated, as

poor Sturt proposed, without baggage, with celerity, (forced marches to get through the snow,) and had the men stood by us, (a doubtful point, they were so worn out and dispirited,) we might have figured in history, and have cut out Xenophon's account of the retreat of the ten thousand.

As to the justice of dethroning the Ameer Dost Mahommed, and setting up Shah Shoojah, I have nothing to say regarding it, nor regarding our policy in attempting to keep possession of a country of uncivilized people, so far from our own, whence all supplies of ammunition, money, &c., must be obtained. Let our Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief look to that, whilst I knit socks for my grandchildren.

We shall endeavor to give a second notice of this journal; in the meantime, we think we have earned the thanks of our readers.

• THE PLAGUE AND THE FIRE.

SUGGESTED BY THE ROMANCE OF "OLD ST. PAUL'S."

BY MISS SKELTON.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

A MIGHTY city lay in sleep, 'neath the dusk of a moonless night,
But the starlight touch'd its thousand spires each with a gleaming light;
The starlight show'd its countless homes, its halls of pomp and pride,
And its marble, peopled terraces, and its river rolling wide.

And I saw, betwixt the heavens and earth, two ghastly shapes arise,
Shadowing the city's silent depths, clouding the starry skies—
Angels of death, denouncing doom—visions of wrath, they came;
One, formless in its utter gloom—one, bright with blinding flame.

The Spirits of the Plague and Fire!—I knew them as they rose,
And I listen'd for the awful words that would tell of coming woes.
No eye save mine that sight might see, no ear save mine might hear,
As o'er the guilty city pass'd that sound of grief and fear.

First, from the darker phantom broke a loud and wailing cry,
"I summon ye,—oh! fated ones,—I summon ye to die!
Long have your crimes for vengeance call'd—the word is given on high,
And vengeance comes—to-night is yours, to-morrow ye shall die!

"Death is already at your gates, his dart is raised to strike,
And young and old, and rich and poor, I summon ye alike;
And fair, and proud, and great, and brave, as autumn leaves ye fall—
The grave is dug, the pit is deep—I summon one and all.

"Nought shall avail; virtue and truth shall die, with lust and pride;
I claim the parent from the child, the bridegroom from the bride;

I claim the old man's snow-white hairs—the babe's unsullied breath,
And the love whose passionate excess might conquer all—save death.

"I summon all—all these are mine!"—thus the dark phantom cried,
While peals like thunder growling round in sullen echoes died.
Then spoke the Angel, bright with flame—"Oh, city proud and gay,
My brother claims your guilty sons, and you shall be my prey!

"I your polluted streets and halls will cleanse with living fires—
I will scorch your temples into dust, I will strike your stately spires;
Thy mighty ones shall bite the earth, thy lofty shall lie low—
We bring the mandate from on high—we doom thee wrath and wo!"

I saw the signs—I heard the words—then day was slowly born,
And the bright Angel, girt with flame, fled from the light of morn;
But in thick mist the dark shape sank, o'er streets and river down,
And with the morrow came the Plague to that devoted town.

POLAND AND SERVIA.—We have to record another act of insulting oppression perpetrated upon unhappy Poland by the "Northern Condor." We find, from the official gazette of the kingdom of Poland, that the administrative council of the kingdom has determined that the existing district in the Government of Kielce (formerly a circuit), named Krakowski, deriving its name from the city of Cracow, shall henceforth be called Proszowicki, from its chief town, Proszowice. Comment upon this ordinance may well be spared; it speaks plainly enough to all Europe that Russia adheres, with stern purpose, to her plan for extinguishing whatever remains of nationality may yet linger among the beaten-down Sarmatians. The name of Cracow is to be blotted out from history. To this system of brutal tyranny, England, the Smiter of Tyrants, has been content to hand over a nation of brave men, whom, in ordinary policy, she should have upheld as the deadliest enemies of her own deadliest enemy. In Servia, Russian intrigues and Russian despotism are again at work, and, with the Protean dexterity which belongs to the wily savage, the autocrat has taken up the cause of democracy. Russia demands of the Porte that Servia be allowed to exercise the right of popular election. But Austria is awakened and alarmed, and has thrown her weight into the opposite scale. The Sultan, assured of the support of the European powers against Russia, will most probably resist the mandate, and adhere to the line he has taken, *this time* fearing

"No Russian cannon's heavy hail,
In vengeance smiting the Serail."

This perpetual interference on the part of Russia in the affairs of other nations must, ere long, bring on an indignant rebuke from one or other of the powers whose threats are not a mere *brutum fulmen*. France forgets much, but forgives nothing; and England must, by this time, have learned the folly, of her practice of forgetting nothing and forgetting every thing.—*Court Journal*.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

From the London Examiner.

Mr. H. Fretwell, the captain of the *Barbadoes* brig, which some months ago left the port of London with emigrants for Prince Edward's Island, and Mr. D. Campbell, the owner of the vessel, were summoned before the lord Mayor to answer the complaints of several of the unfortunate persons who had broken up their establishments in this country and engaged to go to that remote region in the *Barbadoes*, under the sanction of the British North American Association. Captain Fretwell said that he had been engaged at Gravesend to take the command of the vessel to Prince Edward's Island, and he sailed from the Downs on the 1st of November, 1842, with 50 passengers (men, women, and children). When the vessel reached 42° west longitude she encountered heavy winds and seas, and was so dreadfully battered as to be obliged to put back to the nearest eligible port, which was Cork, a distance of about 1,300 miles. On the 22nd of December she reached Cork, where she remained until the 9th of April, when she sailed for London, leaving behind her in Cork some of the emigrants, but bringing to London about 30 of them, who were at the present moment boarding and lodging in her in the London Docks. He had not received a farthing from any passenger, nor had he received a farthing of pay since he had joined the vessel. He had caused all the repairs to be done to her in Cork. No reasonable complaint could be made as to the provisions, which were abundant and unexceptionable. The repairs, however, went on very slowly, for the agents in Cork began to suspect that they would not easily procure remuneration for their outlay. The British American Association, in the mean time, sent to him to state that the vessel must sail on the 20th of March, and he made every preparation in his power, when he received an intimation that she was not to proceed. The emigrants felt and expressed bitter disappointment at the manner in which they had been treated by the association and those who acted for that body.—Mr. Campbell stated, in answer to his Lordship, that he was sole owner of the *Barbadoes*, subject to a mortgage.—The Lord Mayor: Who were the persons who engaged to take out the emigrants?—Mr. Campbell: The principal managers of the British American Association, Sir R. Brown, Sir W. Ogilvie, and Dr. Rolfe. The ship was chartered by me to these three commissioners to take out emigrants to Prince Edward's Island—all most respectable men, but not very rich, of course. (A laugh.) They engaged him to provide the emigrants at £8 per man, and half price for children, with food and passage out. He provided the ship by a contract with Messrs. Leslie and Smith, the extensive provision merchants, with meat, bread, flour, &c., at £2. 10s. per head. Every thing that was requisite for the voyage was, accordingly to the act of Parliament, most abundantly supplied. The cargo, which was very valuable, was bought upon credit; but now the association is broken up altogether, and I have never received a

farthing. I have lost the ship and every thing else.—The Lord Mayor: I find in this printed paper a number of great names, the appearance of which was calculated to induce people to believe that the association was a *bona fide* one. There are attached the names of a duke, 15 lords, and nearly 40 baronets.—Mr. Campbell: The association is completely broken up. There have been several executions put into the house in Bridge street. There are actions at this moment going on against the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Downshire, and Sir James Colborne.—The Lord Mayor: This paper contains a list of first-rate names. Are all these shareholders?—No: they are only the vice-president and consulting council.—How much of the million capital has been paid up?—None at all. Nobody paid up at all.—Let me know what the plan was with respect to those emigrants if you had got them out to Prince Edward's Island! How were they to be subsisted!—There was a month's extra provision going out, so that they would be provided for a month after landing.—And then take their chance of starvation.—Mr. George Henley and Mr. Taylor, two of the emigrants, and very intelligent men, here stood forward.—Mr. Taylor said that he had paid £50 for himself and his family of eight children to Mr. Buckenfield, the secretary of the association.—Mr. Henley stated that he was introduced by the British Association to Mr. Halden, whom they acknowledged as their agent, and he engaged to pay 30 guineas for his passage, &c., by instalments in the island.—The Lord Mayor: What dreadful mischief arises from the use of high names in cases of this kind!—It was here stated that the duke of Argyll took the lead at all the public meetings, and made no secret of attaching his high name to the acts of the association, and that his Grace's correspondence with the late Lord Mayor clearly proved that fact. The Duke of Argyll and Sir James Colborne were the only two out of the whole list who signed their names for shares. They signed for shares to the amount of £500 each.—The Lord Mayor: And with this £1,000 you start the association.—Mr. Henley requested that the Lord Mayor would postpone the case for a few days.—The Lord Mayor: I shall postpone the case certainly, and I hope that some satisfaction may be obtained. I am decidedly of opinion that you have a claim upon the ship, and that she is bound to leave you at the place of your original destination. I suppose you would still go to Prince Edward's Island, Mr. Taylor?—Mr. Taylor: I should not wish to go without coming to a more clear understanding as to the power of the association. I understand they have not an acre of land in Prince Edward's Island.—The Lord Mayor: What, no land there?—Mr. Campbell: Not a single acre, my Lord. (Laughter.)—Mr. Henley: They bargained to sell me 150 acres.—The Lord Mayor: It is a most decided and heartless fraud. I would send the concoctors of it to Prince Edward's Island with a month's provisions. I consider the emigrants the dupes of a double conspiracy.—He then directed that all the parties should appear in a few days.

THE PLEA OF INSANITY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

From the British and Foreign Review.

1. *The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases.* By Forbes Winslow, Esq., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London: 1843.
2. *On the different forms of Insanity in relation to Jurisprudence, designed for the use of persons concerned in legal questions regarding unsoundness of mind.* By Jas. Cowles Prichard, M. D. Baillière: London, 1842.

THE author of the first of these little books was examined as a medical witness on M'Naughten's trial, and if his evidence had any weight at all with the Jury, it could only derive that influence from the circumstance of his being the man who had written a book on the subject. It is to be regretted that the jury had not some opportunity of forming an opinion of the inaccuracies and fallacies with which this very book abounds, in common with most of the leading works on medical jurisprudence, especially those written by medical men, though Dr. Prichard's Essay forms a very honorable exception to this remark. Of all the imperfections which the late trial disclosed in the mode of treating in our courts the intricate questions of insane criminality, none strike us as more gross, or more contrary to the cautious spirit of English procedure, than the wholesale and indiscriminating admission of medical evidence; and in the case of the author before us, this was particularly remarkable. We quote from the report of the trial:—

"Mr. Forbes Winslow, examined by Mr. Clarkson:—'I am a surgeon, residing in Guildford street. I am the author of a work called 'The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases considered.' I have heard all the evidence in this case; but I have not been summoned on either side. My opinion is, that the prisoner is laboring under a morbid delusion, and was incapable, at the time of committing the act in question, of controlling his actions.'"

It is undoubtedly true, that in cases where medical men have not seen the patient, but have heard the symptoms and particulars of his state detailed by other witnesses at the trial, their opinion on the nature of such symptoms is admissible.* But although they may be admitted to give their opinion whether certain symptoms are symptoms of insanity, it seems they are not competent to give an opinion whether an act for which a prisoner is tried was an act of insanity.†

* Amos and Phillips on Evidence, p. 899.

† Wright's case. Russ. and Ry. Cr. Ca. 456.

Yet Mr. Winslow's evidence did go to that length. If Mr. Winslow's evidence was to be received, the Solicitor-general ought at least to have been allowed to call one or more reviewers (the humblest of the craft might have sufficed) to prove what the authority of such a witness was worth. Those reviewers might have shown that great confidence was not to be placed in the accuracy of a writer who supposes that Lord Mansfield tried Bellingham, whereas it was Sir James Mansfield who at that time filled the office of Chief-justice of the Common Pleas, and delivered the very excellent charge which led to the conviction of Bellingham. Nor would they attribute any great knowledge of medical jurisprudence to a man who asserts (p. 74) that "the law draws a most absurd distinction between civil and criminal insanity. A person who exhibits the slightest aberration of mind is considered to be incapable of discharging his duties as a citizen, is not allowed to have the management of his affairs, cannot make a will, and is safely shut up in a mad-house; but should the same individual, pronounced by the Commissioners of Lunacy to be of unsound mind, commit in a moment of frenzy a criminal act, he is considered amenable to the law.

It is quite true that the law does draw a distinction between civil and criminal insanity, which we shall shortly examine; but the effect of that distinction is precisely the opposite of the result pointed out by Mr. Winslow. A slight aberration of mind is not unfrequently admitted as a plea in criminal proceedings, when it is duly commented upon by mad doctors and crude psychologists; but we defy Mr. Winslow or his authority to produce a single instance of an individual, pronounced by the Commissioners of Lunacy to be of unsound mind, and safely shut up in a mad-house, who was ever made amenable to the law, or even put upon his trial for a criminal act committed in a moment of frenzy under such circumstances.

The question of insanity may be raised in three different forms of proceeding under the laws of this country:

I. Upon an inquisition under a commission out of Chancery as to the alleged idiocy or lunacy of the party. The question is always tried by a jury, and the effect of their verdict is to pronounce the lunatic *generally* incompetent to manage his affairs.

II. Questions arising as to the validity of any particular instrument, and especially of testamentary instruments, which are tried by the Ecclesiastical Courts, according to

the rules and principles of their own jurisdiction.

III. Upon criminal charges, in which the plea of insanity is submitted to the appreciation of a jury.

It is notorious that the difficulty of proving insanity is very great in the first of these cases; less by the second; and least of all under the third. Many are the lunatics whose state has long been a cause of painful apprehension to those about them—whose habits are irregular—whose delusions are intense—whose will is infirm, but on whose state no jury would return a general verdict of unsound mind or incompetency; yet if the same party terminate his own life by his own hand, the same jury will forthwith adopt the least scintilla of evidence which can be construed into a suggestion of insanity.

Or if he leave behind him a will so absurd and unjust in its provisions; that it furnishes indisputable evidence of the hold which his morbid aversions or insane predilections had gained upon his mind, in such a case the Court of Probate will take into its consideration the character of the testator at various periods of his life, and will set aside such a will, although the state of mind of the testator was not such as to enable his relations to pray for a commission of lunacy. Almost all the wills which are set aside upon this ground are exemplifications of this fact. If it were as easy to make a person a lunatic during his life as it is to set aside wills after death, it is clear that heirs-at-law and next of kin would be inclined to interpose at an earlier period to place their expectations under the protection of the Court of Chancery.

Lastly, when a crime has been committed, and insanity is pleaded on behalf of the prisoner, the proofs of insanity are submitted to a jury, who decide upon them, or ought to decide upon them, not as affecting the general sanity of the person, (as in the case of an inquisition of lunacy,) but in relation to the particular act with which he is charged.

The most obvious reason which renders it less easy to obtain a verdict of lunacy in the first of these cases than to set aside a will or to obtain the acquittal of a murderer, is that the absurdity of the will or the enormity of the murder act very powerfully on the minds of the court or the jury in support of the alleged insanity. It cannot be otherwise. A presumption of insanity may of course be drawn from the previous eccentricities, aberrations or delusions of the criminal's life. But the facts which will

always have most weight with a jury are those connected with the act for which he is tried. A man who had given unequivocal symptoms of lunacy on various occasions might commit a murder under such circumstances of provocation and deliberation, that no jury would hesitate to decide that he was perfectly conscious of the nature and consequences of the act he was committing, and therefore responsible for them. Again, another man who had given no previous indications of insanity might commit a crime, accompanied by such evident marks of frenzy and unconsciousness, that no jury would convict him of a heinous moral offence. Hence the jury are drawn into a position of extreme difficulty. The more monstrous the offence, the less probability is there that it will be punished. If M'Naughten had received from his amiable and unfortunate victim the most cruel injuries and affronts, he would infallibly have been hung, for no man would then have doubted that in committing the murder he was obeying the dictates of an atrocious but not insane or incoherent revenge; but the circumstance of his having murdered a man whom he had never seen or heard of, and who was known only by his virtues, furnished in itself a strong ground of presumption that he was insane. That is to say, it furnished in itself conclusive evidence of the delusion of the motive: and in our view of this case, and of the delicate shades of legal and psychological analysis connected with it, the main error is in confounding this delusion as to the MOTIVE, with delusion as to the ACT. We find this confusion running through all the medical evidence on the subject; we trace it in the observations of counsel on either side; and even in the luminous observations which the late deplorable occurrence has elicited from the highest legal authorities in the House of Lords, we do not find that this distinction has been taken.

Dr. Prichard differs from the majority of writers on insane criminality by admitting and exemplifying in a very striking manner the distinction between hallucinations of the mental faculties and unsoundness of the active powers. Georget, one of the most able French writers on disorders of the brain, had already observed, "Il est des malades qui ne déraisonnent point du tout, et chez lesquels on n'observe qu'une perversion plus ou moins, profonde des sentimens et des affections, sans agitation marquée ni fureur, ou bien un état habituel d'agitation, de colère, d'emportement et quelquefois même de fureur *mais sans*

lésion du jugement, sans déraison." Dr. Hitch, superintendent of the County Asylum at Gloucester, speaks of some of his patients as "insane in conduct but not in ideas." In short, the more the phenomena of madness have been studied, the less does it appear that the definition and test laid down by Locke, and adopted by many great lawyers and medical writers, will hold good in all cases. According to that proposition, mental delusion, or the belief of some unreal and merely imaginary fact, is the invariable concomitant and criterion of insanity. "Delusion," said Lord Erskine, "is the true character of insanity." "The belief of facts which no rational person would have believed," said Sir John Nicholl, "is insane delusion, and where there is delusion of mind there is insanity." Thus mental delusions have been made the necessary test of moral madness. We may refer the reader to Dr. Prichard's excellent work for a large collection of cases and very ingenious and acute argument by which he demonstrates the fallacy of this notion, and establishes the fact that what he terms moral insanity may exist without any indications of mental aberration at all, either because those aberrations are very deeply concealed, or because the logical powers of the understanding are not affected by the disease. But although some writers have taken this view of the case, and have held that mental delusion is not invariably necessary to prove moral insanity (thus admitting the distinction which we have adopted between the *motive* and the *act*), yet even Georget appears disposed to assume, as we think too easily, that "partial insanity or monomania excludes the idea of criminality or culpability, and takes away from the patient all responsibility of his actions, whatever may be the nature and extent of the illusions under which he may labor." To a proposition thus broadly stated we presume that no lawyer would yield an unqualified assent. But it is not a little remarkable that this sweeping assertion proceeds from a writer who has distinctly admitted in a former part of his work that errors of the will do not invariably imply errors of the judgment. This was precisely the language of the medical witnesses on M'Naughten's trial. Dr. Prichard observes with more caution, that "partial illusion of the understanding or monomania is generally accompanied by the state which constitutes moral insanity." Such is undoubtedly the case; but in order to rely implicitly on the rule which has been so peremptorily laid down, it

must be shown that it is necessarily and invariably so; otherwise such delusions as existed in the mind of M'Naughten, accompanied as they were by no symptoms of moral insanity, anterior to the offence for which he was tried, are not more conclusive proofs of irresponsible insanity than the visions of Swedenborg, or the apparitions which have haunted men of unquestionable sanity. Dr. Prichard adds, and we fully concur in the remark, that "all that has been said upon this subject will tend to confirm the general observation, that the attention of those who have hitherto investigated cases of insanity has been too much directed to the particular error which clouds the understanding, or to the disordered state of the intellect or judging and reasoning powers, whereas in reality it is of the moral state, the disposition, and habits of the individual concerned that the principal account ought to be taken . . . The existence of hallucination or illusion is a very important part of legal investigation in cases of insanity; but is chiefly important in indicating a *great probability* that with such a phenomenon moral perversion co-exists."

We contend that it is a fatal and a very mischievous fallacy to expand delusion of motive into unconscious and irresponsible insanity. In the first place, the motives of crime are not admissible at all, under any other circumstances, as a palliation of an offence. Our feelings may be very different towards a man who has lain in wait to assassinate his benefactor, or another man who has lain in wait to take a sanguinary revenge for the most cruel wrongs; but the act is the same. We loathe the former criminal; we may possibly pity the latter; for the one has given way to the worst passions of our nature, and the other to an impulse which the best might share: but both have yielded to the suggestions of crime and to the shedding of blood; both have violated the fundamental law of God and society; both have incurred the law's severest penalty. No jury of Englishmen would so elude the dictates of their own consciences as to acquit a murderer, because they could not but feel that he had received extreme provocation. If the provocation was extreme, the greater was the patience and resistance required of him. But the same jury will acquit him, it is supposed, if the criminal has acted under the influence of imaginary provocation; if he has been so deluded by aberration of mind as to suppose that an innocent individual whom he never saw before was the

head of a conspiracy against him ; if, in short, the motive of the crime be an insane delusion.

Into the appreciation of such motives it is most dangerous for juries to enter. No real evidence can be given on the subject. Vague surmises must take the place of facts ; and if deluded motives or insane objects are to be received as grounds of acquittal, there is scarcely one crime in ten which is not committed with such a strange neglect of all ordinary precautions and such an absence of motives as might suggest the incoherence of lunacy. In most cases crimes (confining our remark to crimes against the person) are the effect of criminal impulse. That such impulses exist in the heart of man is in itself sufficiently strange, when we remember how contrary they are to all the happier and higher emotions and sympathies of his heart. But they do exist ; and not in the insane alone. Nay, it cannot be contended that their presence amounts even to an indication of insanity, until they have assumed some very monstrous and extravagant character, implying a total unconsciousness of or disbelief in the most palpable physical truths. At that point only should we be disposed to admit that morbid delusions imply moral irresponsibility. The medical witnesses on the late trial appear unanimously to have given it as their opinion, that as it was proved without difficulty that M'Naughten was a prey to certain delusions, *therefore* "any act growing out of these delusions was quite irresistible ;" for that "whatever act the delusion compels him to is quite beyond his moral control." We might fill a page with repetitions of this proposition uttered by numerous witnesses in nearly the same words ; but we do not the less contest the logic, the law, and indeed the common sense of their concurrent assertion. So also Mr. Winslow, in speaking of what is termed moral insanity :—

"With reference to the moral culpability and responsibility of persons affected by this form of insanity, much, *pro* and *con*, has been said. Many have questioned the existence of a state of derangement, confined solely to the moral perceptions and powers. There is no doubt of the occurrence of this form of insanity, and when its presence is clearly established, the person so unhappily afflicted ought not to be considered as a responsible agent. In most cases, he has no power over the train of thought ; his will is diseased ; he has no motive for the crime ; he struggles for a considerable time against the diseased impulse, till at last it overpowers him, and he rushes upon a fellow creature and takes away his life. When such an exculpatory plea

is urged, the causes should be particularly inquired into ; the evidence in support of the presence of moral insanity ought to be clear and convincing."

Yet in this passage no attempt is made to show what necessary relation (if any) subsists between the delusions of the mind and the perversity or infirmity of the will ; nor was any such attempt made by any one of the witnesses on M'Naughten's trial. It was shown that he entertained certain morbid notions that things existed which had no real existence at all ; but not a single attempt was made to prove that he labored under any infirmity of the will whatsoever. The medical men contend that the presence of these morbid notions in the mind places all the actions of the unfortunate person who entertains them "quite beyond his moral control." In other words, every crime that was ever committed *suadente diabolo* is to go unpunished, provided the devil has but made himself sufficiently heard. And upon this mere assertion of the prevailing doctrine in the Scotch medical schools, it was admitted that this delusion was at once irresistible, and with equal cogency of reasoning, that it impelled M'Naughten, because he conceived himself to be persecuted by somebody, to take some other body's life.

The whole point at issue was thus assumed. The real question was, whether, entertaining as he did this delusion, M'Naughten was so incapable of exercising discrimination and self-restraint, that this murder was committed by him under a fatal impulse, without even the consciousness that he was violating the law and doing what exposed him to its severest penalties. Be it observed, that the act for which he was tried had no necessary or even apparent connexion whatever with the alleged delusion. There is no conceivable act of folly or wickedness which he might not have committed with impunity on the same ground. Did then this delusion impel him to any or every act indiscriminately ? Was he equally unable to resist every temptation ? Was his moral control gone ? Far from it : on all other matters he showed a great deal more prudence and discretion than we are wont to find south of the Tweed ; and it would be ridiculous to suppose, from the evidence produced at the Old Bailey, that any jury, empanelled under a commission *de lunatico*, would have deprived him of the management of his affairs.

Whether men yield to the temptations of ordinary life, the delusions of a disordered mind, or the frenzy of criminal pas-

sion, it is clear that the acts which ensue are the result of a certain infirmity of the will, unless it be supposed that they are committed in total ignorance or forgetfulness, not only of the laws of duty and conscience, but of the positive laws of this and all other countries. But even in cases of sanguinary monomania, several of which are collected in the volumes before us, nothing is more common or more affecting than the efforts of the enfeebled will to resist the suggestions of the distempered mind.

"Dr. Zimmerman relates the case of a peasant born at Krumbach, in Swabia, who was often attacked with an irresistible inclination to commit murder. He felt the approach of the fit many hours, and sometimes a whole day, before its invasion, and, from the commencement of this presentiment, he begged to be secured and chained, that he might not commit some dreadful crime. 'When the fit comes on,' he says, 'I feel under the necessity to kill, even were it a child.' His parent, whom he tenderly loved, he declared would be the first victim of this murderous propensity. 'My mother,' he cried out, with a frightful voice, 'save yourself, or I must kill you.' Before the fit he complains of being exceedingly sleepy; without being able to sleep, he feels depressed, and experiences slight twitchings in the limbs. During the fit he preserves his consciousness, and knows perfectly well, that in committing a murder, he would be guilty of an atrocious crime. When he is disabled from doing injury, he makes the most frightful contortions and grimaces, singing or talking in rhyme. The fits last from one to two days. When they are over, he cries out, 'Now unbind me. Alas! I have suffered cruelly, but I rejoice that I have killed nobody.'

"The narrative is published of a lady, who, on returning home one afternoon, found her favorite female servant in tears. On questioning her, she flung herself upon her knees, and begged her mistress with earnestness to dismiss her from her service, in order to prevent the commission of a horrid deed. On being pressed to explain what she meant, she said that for some weeks back, every night as she undressed her mistress's child, the whiteness of its skin inspired her with an almost overwhelming impulse to deprive it of life. She suffered unutterable torture in resisting the tendency, and every day she found her resolution growing weaker. Andral relates the case of a man of considerable scientific reputation, who became the subject of these horrid impulses. He was seized with an intense desire to deprive some human being of life. Frightened by a consciousness of his state, he voluntarily deprived himself of liberty. He prayed incessantly before the altar, that God would assist him in his struggle. When he felt the inclination arising (for it assumed an intermittent character) he had his thumbs tied together, and this slight physical obstacle for a time prevented him from gratifying the horrid propensity. Notwithstanding all his exertions, his malady increased, and he at length made an attempt at homicide; after which the monomania

verged into general insanity, still marked with this predominant character. He eventually died raving-mad.

"Dr. Michu knew a country-woman of a bilious, sanguine temperament, of simple and regular habits, but reserved and sullen in her manners. She had been ten days confined with her first child, when suddenly, having fixed her eyes upon it, she was seized with a desire of strangling it. The idea made her shudder; she carried the infant to the cradle, and went out, in order to get rid of so horrid a thought. The cries of the baby, who required nourishment, recalled her to the house, when she experienced a still more ardent impulse to destroy it. She hastened away again, haunted by the idea of committing so horrible a crime. She raised her eyes to heaven, went to church, and offered up a fervent prayer for divine assistance. The whole day was passed by this unhappy mother in a constant struggle between the desire of taking away the life of her infant, and the dread of yielding to the impulse. She concealed her agitation until evening, when her confessor, a respectable old man, was the first to receive her confidence. He soothed her feelings and recommended her to take medical advice. 'When we arrived at her house,' adds Dr. Michu, 'she appeared gloomy and depressed, and ashamed of her situation. Being reminded of the tenderness due by a mother to her child, she replied, 'I know how much a mother ought to love her child; but if I do not love mine it does not depend upon me.' She soon after recovered, the infant having, in the mean time, been removed from her sight.'

"Gall states, that he knew a woman who experienced, especially at certain periods, inexpressible torture, and the fearful temptation to destroy herself, and to kill her husband and children, who were exceedingly dear to her. She shuddered with terror as she described the struggle that took place within her, between her sense of duty and religion, and the impulse that urged her to this atrocious act. For a long time she dared not bathe her youngest child, because an internal voice said to her constantly, '*Drop him in; let him slip.*' Frequently she had hardly the strength and time to throw away a knife, which she was tempted to plunge in her own and in her children's breasts. Whenever she entered the chamber of her children or husband, and found them asleep, she was instantly possessed of the desire of killing them. Sometimes she precipitately shut behind her the door of their chamber, and threw away the key, to remove the possibility of returning to them during the night, if she should fail to resist the infernal temptation."

The commission of any given act is determined by motives, whether sound or unsound, passionate or rational, real or imaginary, which influence the will; but it is impossible to affirm that in any particular case one motive preeminates exclusively over all others. On the contrary, in almost every imaginable human action there is a conflict of motives; and the supreme will,

the energy which has been finely termed "the great inmate" of man, is not a passive instrument, but an active power. It does not imply insanity if the better motive is set aside by the worst, or if the stronger sense of duty is impaired by the solicitations of crime. The conflict, whatever be its result, is the proof of sanity. But if no such struggle takes place, if the conscience is altogether dark and duty-dumb, if the unfortunate man goes about his work of blood with as much confidence in his own rectitude of purpose as if he were engaging in a deed of mercy—if he neglects all precautions, discards all apprehensions, and glories in the murder he has committed, then, indeed, it may be affirmed that the controlling power itself is gone, and that he has ceased to be a moral agent. The guilt of Adam and Eve was shown by their hiding themselves in the garden; for from the moment they had committed their offence, they knew what was good and what was evil. The same test of discernment was admitted not long ago on the continent upon the trial of a very young offender, who hid himself after he had perpetrated some heinous action. But the real question of moral responsibility consists, not in the presence or absence of certain motives, but in the presence or absence of the power of controlling them.

Those even who, with Lord Erskine in his defence of Hadfield, are inclined to give the largest extension to the influence which mental delusions exert upon the will, are compelled to reason upon the question as if some necessary connexion existed between the delusion and the act. The madman of Athens, who thought that all the ships which entered the Piræus were his own, was perfectly capable of reasoning and acting like other men. Nor would a judge have acquitted as an irresponsible lunatic that pleasant visionary described by Horace, who was ever smiling at a fancy stage or excited by the terrors of imaginary tragedy. Even such extravagances as these are not altogether incompatible with the rule quoted by d'Aguesseau in his admirable remarks on the subject, that it is a sufficient test of sanity "*Mediocritatem officiorum tueri, et vitæ cultum communem et usitatum.*"

This brings us to the more practical part of the whole discussion—that, namely, which concerns the impunity of persons of unsound mind. Nobody would venture to contend in terms, that because A was possessed by an insane delusion, therefore A was not punishable for having yielded

to it. In order to give an air of reason and coherency to these two propositions, they are united by a third proposition to the effect that A being possessed by an insane delusion, had no moral control over his actions, and therefore was no fit object of punishment."

"In the instance of instinctive insanity or insane impulse to commit acts of violence and atrocity, to play the incendiary, or to violate the good order and decency of social life, it is obvious that the only thing requiring much consideration is the real existence of the disease, and its distinction from ordinary and real criminality. So soon as it is proved to exist, there can be no doubt that the person who is visited by this deplorable misfortune ought to be effectually separated from society, to prevent mischief to himself and others. Whether he ought in any case to undergo other punishment than this is a question which I do not feel disposed to discuss. As we have seen that a struggle often has taken place between the desire to commit any violent act, and the conscientious feelings of the unfortunate person who is thus tempted, it is probable that some have yielded to temptation, though convinced that they ought to have resisted it. Such persons must be admitted to be morally guilty and to deserve to suffer."—*Prichard, p. 177.*

Criminal acts, whether in the insane or the sane, may proceed either from error of judgment or of the will; nor is a consciousness that an act ought not to be committed an infallible test of moral guilt. The murderer of Cardinal Beaton—the assassins of Cæsar—or the republican fanatics who attempted the lives of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, would acknowledge no moral consciousness which ought to have restrained them. Though sane, their judgment of right and wrong was altogether confused, because they failed to bring it to the test of the law.

But for one crime which is dictated by an error of the judgment, a thousand are committed from depravity of the will. Yet here again the law interposes a salutary moral influence. If a man possessed with an insane delusion, or (to take a more common case of the same import) animated by some violent passion for any given act or object, is at the same time so infirm in will that he is likely to yield to temptation, what is to check him? What does check a large portion of mankind from committing acts of a criminal nature? The answer is obvious—it is the fear of punishment. Punishment supplies a motive sufficiently strong to counteract a vast variety of motives which would otherwise make incessant inroads in society; and the sanction of punishment cannot be omitted or re-

moved even in relation to the most obvious moral duties in the most civilized and rational communities in the world. If, then, the idea of punishment and penal consequences is indispensably necessary to check the aberrations of the will, even in those of sound mind, can it be admitted that impunity is to be secured to the aberrations of those who have least the power of self-control—the insane?

The fact is perfectly well known to all those who have paid attention to the treatment of the insane, that those unfortunate persons are quite as accessible to the fear of punishment as any other men. No lunatic asylum could be conducted, no lunatic could be restored to health, without salutary rules of discipline based on some kind of penal sanction. We do not, of course, mean those harsh corporal punishments which were the inhuman expedients of a less enlightened age, but certain privations or restraints, or even the application of heavy douches of cold water, have been employed as punishments in some of the French mad-houses with great effect. In France, too, we have seen sanguinary monomaniacs who were perpetually handcuffed, as a mark of criminal degradation.

The fear of punishment acts with sufficient intensity on the insane, except of course idiots or maniacs, who are incapable of any fears, and not susceptible of any moral influence at all. The acquittal of certain criminals, on more than one recent occasion, on the ground of insanity, has unquestionably encouraged other persons to attempt similar crimes under the shelter of the same plea. Each verdict has been followed by a recrudescence of such offences. This striking fact is in itself a sufficient proof, that however such delinquents may be affected in their minds, they are sufficiently sane to reason, and to act upon the state of the law and the decisions of juries, by which they conceive it to be demonstrated that they are exempt from the operation of the law. How, then, can it be maintained that the same persons would have been incapable of reasoning upon the effect of the law, if it had been applied in all its rigor, or of conforming to its injunctions, if they had no hope of eluding its penalties? The assurance of impunity not only acts upon insane minds as a direct incentive to crime, since they know themselves to be legally relieved from the consequences of their actions, but it acts upon minds in a state of incipient unsoundness as an encouragement of the disease by which they are affected.

The will is itself the guardian of the will. In very many cases of mental disease, we have no doubt that the necessity of adhering to a stricter discipline, aided by the fear of penal consequences, might check the progress of the complaint. A mind is seldom overthrown until it is relaxed.

The great progress which has been made of late years in the treatment of insanity arises mainly from judicious endeavors to rouse the voluntary powers of the patient. In former times the mad were regarded as passive victims of insurmountable disorders. They are now treated, in spite of the delusions which haunt them, as men, still preserving some share at least of the responsibilities of men.

Inclined as we are to uphold the necessity of punishing even the insane for such criminal acts as may have been committed by them, unless their state was such as to exclude all consciousness of the nature of what they were doing, we confess that it is neither probable nor desirable that capital punishment should be applied in such cases. But we see no reason whatever for not subjecting men like Oxford or M'Naughten to the hardships, labors, and privations of a penal colony, and the infamy of a felon's banishment, though perhaps a more satisfactory mode of treatment would be a strict system of prison discipline in this country.

We have already observed, that the discipline of those establishments which are devoted to the reception and cure of the insane could not be maintained if the principle of irresponsibility was rigorously adhered to. Punishments adapted to the condition of the unhappy inmates of those asylums are habitually and very properly employed in them. Favors or privations, an increase of liberty or of restraint, praise or humiliation, are found to be scarcely less effectual means of encouragement or repression amongst the insane than amongst any other class of human beings. But it needs no demonstration to show that such rewards and punishments must be circumscribed within certain limits; and those limits are determined by the state of the patient. It is clear that where insanity exists, the common feeling of humanity and justice, of which the law is and ought to be the expression and the instrument, will recoil from the application of that fearful mode of punishment which leaves no room for mitigation or change. No one will contend that dangerous madmen deserve no more clemency at the hands of the officers of justice than any of the lower animals in a state of mischievous fury; but

neither is it strictly correct to assert, that as dogs which have worried sheep are not beaten or hung as an example to dogs, so neither can madmen be punished as an example to madmen. Nothing can be more opposed to all experience in the treatment of mental diseases, than the supposition that they are impervious to the force of example, or the fear of consequences, except indeed in the most advanced stages of furious mania.

The great evil and danger which would appear to result from the present state of the law, as it was applied at the late trial, consist in the extension to cases where the absence of moral control is by no means fully established, of all the precautions and immunities which the humanity of our criminal jurisprudence has invented or allowed. That absence of control was not established, as we have already seen, but assumed as the certain and inevitable consequence of that amount of mental delusion under which a man like M'Naughten apparently labored.

To borrow the motto of our northern contemporary, "*Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.*" In this case, the eminent judge who decided the cause and stopped the trial before it had reached its natural termination, stands fortunately above all animadversion. Nor can we refrain from paying our humble tribute of respect to that exalted and unbending dignity of our principal ministers of justice which raises them in such questions above the reach of the censures and influences of the day. But the obvious fact that "*nocens absolvitur,*"—the felon is acquitted,—provokes some sort of inquiry into the state of the law which has led to such a result.

Nothing is more embarrassing than to suggest even an experimental remedy in a case of difficulty arising out of the most mysterious and complicated symptoms which can distract the mind of man, and one which is so closely connected with the deepest springs of human infirmity. The subject is tangled and abstruse, but in the course of the administration of justice in this country, it is brought before a tribunal which has less of legal acuteness and severity than of human sympathy. Hence arises the discrepancy we have already pointed out between the verdict of a jury on a question of insanity, in a civil and in a criminal case. In the former, it seems charitable to the subject of the inquiry to defend his liberty of action, and to give him credit for sanity, until absolute demonstration of his malady is produced. In the

latter, the compassion of the jury, enlisted with equal or greater intensity on behalf of the prisoner, accepts and adopts the plea of insanity on very slender grounds. In either case a jury is called upon to examine facts of the most perplexing kind, and to weigh evidence frequently of the loosest character which can be tendered in a court of justice; the singular, diversity of the result at which a jury so placed will arrive, in the one case or in the other, is a sufficient proof of the absence of fixed rules or principles to guide its decision.

By the old law of France, great care was taken that the plea of insanity should be tried as a distinct question from the main question of the guilt of the prisoner, and always before other Judges. By the penal code of modern France it is laid down as a general principle, that where there is insanity (*démence*) there is no crime or delinquency; consequently, whenever insanity can be successfully pleaded, the imputed criminality of the prisoner falls at once to the ground. To a certain extent this may be said to be the case in England; at least the more celebrated cases of insane criminality are of such a nature that the whole defence and acquittal of the culprit turned upon the unsoundness of his mind. The criminal act itself was patent and overt; and the more openly it was committed, the greater reason is there to believe that such an act was insanely committed. Perhaps there would be some advantage in separating the two questions which are thus simultaneously brought before the jury, instead of allowing the main interest of the trial to turn at once upon the circumstances and evidence indicative of insanity. This might be effected by allowing insanity to be pleaded at a later period of the proceedings, as in arrest of judgment; and the inquiry arising upon this plea might then be conducted without so direct and especial a reference to the crime set forth in the indictment, and it might be brought before a special jury better qualified to enter into an investigation of so peculiar a character.

With regard to the test of insanity, or to speak more accurately, the test of moral responsibility, it does not appear to us that the mere proof of the presence or absence of the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong, is the safest that can be adopted. The number of persons of insane mind who are utterly unconscious of what is right and what is wrong, is comparatively small, yet they are not fit objects of punishment, at least not of capital punishment,

when their impulses are so extravagant, and their power of self-control so enfeebled that they are the victims of merciless and absurd delusions which they obey though they believe them not. On the other hand, where every circumstance in his life tends to warrant the inference that a man does habitually exercise the control of free volition over all his ordinary actions, we should be most unwilling to exempt him from punishment on the ground of a mere mental delusion, because the fear of punishment is quite as likely to restrain such a man from a crime as the delusion, under which he labors, is calculated to impel him to commit it. In a word, the only test which a court of criminal justice can safely allow itself to adopt, and the only inquiry upon which it ought to enter, is, whether the criminal had sufficient intelligence to know that the act he has committed, is punishable by law, and sufficient control over his actions not to be the mere victim of blind impulse or frenzy.

THE ISLAND OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

AN island lay upon the placid sea,
Calm, in its glowing beauty, as the dream
Of a fair child, who sees in ecstasy
Some heavenly vision on its slumbers beam;
Where all that's beautiful in hue and form,
Bright flowers, and birds whose plumage seems of
gems,
And golden fruits, and regions ever warm
With life and joy; and plants, whose giant stems
Are crown'd with blossoms like the amethyst;
And silver streams making sweet melody,
As with the air they keep their gentle tryst;
And all things fair seem blent harmoniously.
Thus calm and beautiful that Island lay,
And many the soft silent morn did bless,
Who, at the fading of the star of day,
Were hopeless, wretched, homeless, fatherless!
One moment, and a low convulsive moan
Came from the heaving bosom of the earth;
It trembled—palm-groves, cities, towers, are gone—
Yon mass of ruins tell where they had birth!
A weeping mother came to seek her child,
Now cradled in its grave; reproachfully
A beauteous boy besought, in accents wild,
The hollow earth to set his parents free—
Alas! his only answer was the sigh
Of the night-wind, the frown of the dark sky.
Yet there were some who knelt in grateful prayer—
The loved beyond all other earthly prize,
Heaven, in its pitying love, did gently spare;
Still in that Island songs of praise arise,
Echoed by angel-voices in the skies!

M. E. M. G.

Roman Antiquities.—Beneath an ancient castra, on the hill of Knockie in Glentanner, has been found a very interesting treasure of bronze vessels, celts, spear-heads, bracelets, armlets, rings, and other relics of remote antiquity.

TROJAN, THE SERVIAN KING.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[Servian legends are not, I believe, commonly known. The following, which is a very curious one, is taken from the introduction to a collection of Polish traditions, by M. Woycicki. The poetical prose in which it is written, and the dash of puerility, seem to me very effective.—J. O.]

I.

"QUICKLY give me my horse! quickly bring it hither! The sun has long vanished. The moon and stars are already shining, and the dew already glistens on the meadows. The south wind blows no more, and if it does, 'tis no more heating, but cooling. So quickly to horse! Every moment's delay is time lost. With beating heart has the black-eyed virgin already long awaited me. With the speed of the hurricane or of the eagle do I fly on my swift-footed steed, because the night is so short and the day is so long, and I can only live at night-time."

Thus spake Trojan, king of the valiant Servians, who could not endure the rays of the sun. Never had he seen the light of beaming day. For if a single ray had shone on the head of Trojan, he would have passed away as a cloud, and his corpse would have been dew.

II.

The obedient squire brings the horse from the stable. Trojan flings himself on it, and will away. His faithful servant follows him.

"So fresh and cool! 'Tis the right time for me!" cries Trojan, joyfully. "The stars, indeed, are shining, and so is the moon; yet their pale beams are without warmth. The pearly dew, like white coral, covers the green meadow, and in every drop can I see the form of the stars and the face of the moon. What a stillness prevails! Nothing disturbs my mind, scarcely when the hoarse voice of the owl sounds from the dark wood."

"Oh! my sovereign," replied the squire, "I prefer the sun and the hot day, even though its beams do glow and give warmth, to the gloomy shades of night. Then am I quite blind, and the most lovely colors become black—the violet, the rose, and the scented elder-blossom. And at night every thing slumbers—the birds, the beasts, and man. Only to the wanderer does a solitary light beam from the village by the roadside; only the faithful guardian of the house awakens the echo with his barking, when he sees a wolf or something strange. As the billows of the sea, as the waving corn-field when stirred by the wind, so does the echo move and incline itself on all sides. No bird interrupts the silence of night, for the minstrel of the spring—the lark, flies merrily over the green meadow, when awakened by the beams of morning, and greets the shining day with the sun. At night she sleeps, like every other creature, to refresh her strength. But we, O king, pursue our way in the shades of night."

III.

A fair mansion was shining in the distance—a light glistened in every window. There did the beloved of Trojan await his embrace. Tro-

jan lashed his steed with increased severity, and flew along with the swiftness of a dart. Quickly does he go over the bridge of lindenwood, and over the paved court. Now he springs from his horse, and enters the well-known halls.

Long stood the squire, holding his horse by the bridle, till sleep oppressed his eyelids. At last he sprang up, and said, "The cock is already crowing! I must awake my king. Far is the way to the castle, and the day will soon dawn."

He approaches the door of the chamber, and knocks with all his strength: "Awake, my lord! Awake, my king! It will soon be day. Let us quickly mount our steeds, and return to the castle."

"Disturb me not in my sleep," cried Trojan, angrily; "I know better when the day dawns—when the signal of my death—when the sun sends down its first beams. Wait without with the horses."

The obedient squire answered not a word, but waited a long time. He gazed before him, and with horror he saw the first breaking of the dawn. He again ran in hastily, and still more loudly knocked at the door of the dark chamber.

"Awake, my sovereign!" cried he, in despair. "I have already seen the dawn of morning. If thou stayest a moment longer, the rays of the sun will kill thee."

"Yet wait a moment; I will at once hasten hence. If I can but mount my steed before the dawn is awake, and the clear sun shines, I shall be soon in my castle."

The obedient squire waited long. At last Trojan came; he mounted his steed, and fled with the speed of an arrow.

IV.

He had scarcely crossed the paved court and the bridge of lindenwood, when the clear light came towards him from beyond the mountain.

"That is the sun!" cried the squire, with terror.

"Then the moment of my death is near!" replied Trojan, with suppressed rage. "I will alight from my horse, and press my poor body close to the damp earth. Do thou cast thy mantle over me, and about sunset fetch me with my courser." And he sprang trembling from his horse, and sunk exhausted on the damp earth, while the faithful squire carefully spread the mantle over the poor king. He then hastened to the castle, and knocked at the iron gates.

"Open, porters—open, quickly!" cried he, trembling with alarm. Down fell the draw-bridge, the squire entered the gate, and summoned all the servants. "Where is the king? Where is Trojan?" they all ask; and he points with tears to the courser. "The king lies in the field, on the damp earth; his body is covered with a mantle, and at sunset I shall fetch him with the courser."

V.

It was a sultry day; not a breeze was stirring, and the sun scorched like fire. Trojan trembled beneath his mantle with heat and fear, and he swore, that if he escaped, he would never again wait the approach of dawn.

The shepherds went to tend their flocks, and

they came up to Trojan. They looked, and they saw a mantle; they raised it, and they saw a man; and then they pulled it away entirely. Trojan shrieked, and entreated them by all that was dear to them—"Cover me again with the mantle; let me not burn in fire!"

In vain does he entreat them, for the sun is shining brightly, and its rays fall straight upon Trojan's face. Suddenly he is silent; his eyes are turned to two drops of liquid; head, neck, and breast have flowed away, and soon the whole body appears changed to tears. The corpse of Trojan shines for a moment like dew, but even these drops are soon dried up by the melting beams of the day.

VI.

At sunset the faithful squire hastens into the field, with the servants of the castle; but Trojan is not there. He only sees the mantle, and he wrings his hands, and weeps bitterly. Vain are thy tears! They will not awaken the king.

Of Trojan's castle nought is now left but ruins, and in his dark hall, where the sun once never shone, it now beams brightly on the nests of the swallows, and dries the damp walls.

TO THE SPRING.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Welcome, gentle Stripling,
Nature's darling, thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome now!
Aha!—and thou returnest,
Heartily we greet thee—
The loving and the fair one,
Merrily we meet thee!
Think'st thou of my Maiden
In thy heart of glee?
I love her yet the Maiden—
And the Maiden yet loves me!
For the Maiden, many a blossom
I begg'd—and not in vain;
I came again, a-begging,
And thou—thou giv'st again:
Welcome, gentle Stripling,
Nature's darling thou—
With thy basket full of blossoms,
A happy welcome, now!

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—The first attempt at flying in the air occurred early in the 16th century, when an Italian adventurer paid a visit to Scotland. He was very favorably received by King James IV., who presented him with the abbacy of Tunland; and, having promised to gratify the court with the exhibition of a plan which could enable any person to reach the most elevated region in a few hours, he had an apparatus made, consisting of huge wings, to be propelled by cords. Thus equipped, he leaped from the battlements of Stirling Castle, and, as might be expected, speedily reached the ground. His reasoning on this unlucky event is worthy of being preserved. "My wings," said the Italian, "were composed of various feathers of a dunghill fowl, and they, by sympathy, were attracted to the dunghill on which I fell; whereas, had my wings been composed of eagle's feathers alone, as I proposed, the same sympathy would have attracted my machine to the highest regions of the air."

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS,

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DE LAMARTINE.

WHEN first I saw the kind-hearted and gentlemanly De Lamartine, he had returned from his travels in the East, oppressed by grief, and weighed down with domestic calamity. He had lost his *only* daughter. Far, far away from the scenes of her infancy and childhood, from her father's own beautiful dwelling, from the trees and the moss, the vineyards and the fields, she loved so well; beneath another sky, and surrounded with many faces unfamiliar to her heart, she breathed her last sigh in the arms of her parents in the Holy Land, and her soul winged its happy flight to the heaven of her Saviour and her God. At the Chateau de St. Point, near Macon, in the centre of France, she had received her earliest and dearest impressions; and its solitary and romantic scenery was not forgotten by her, even when her light foot pressed the sward of holier and lovelier lands. "*La terre natale*" was beautifully sung by her father, in one of his delicious "harmonies;" and her young heart expanded under the genial influence of the kindly and noble sentiments which he possessed. With a passion for all that was beautiful, good, just, and wise, that father had impregnated her character: and she was the reflected image of himself. But Julia died! She had traversed with him the regions of the East. She had beheld his fine heart bound with joy at the pious traditions of the scenes of our salvation. She had visited the shores of Malta, the coasts of Greece, the ruins of Athens, the plains and the mountains of Syria, and that Palestine so dear to the heart of every Christian. But Gethsemane was doubly hallowed to his soul,—for death snatched from him the being in whose existence and happiness the dearest hopes of himself and his wife were centered; so that he sang in pathetic and mournful strains the following deep and precious thoughts, descriptive of the state of his mind:—

"Maintenant tout est mort dans ma maison aride,
Deux yeux toujours pleurant sont toujours devant moi ;

Je vais sans savoir ou, j'attends sans savoir quoi,
Mes bras s'ouvrent à rien, et se ferment à vide,
Tous mes jours and mes nuits sont de même couleur,

La prière en mon sein avec l'espoir est morte,
Mais c'est Dieu qui t'écrase, ô mon âme soit forte,
Baise sa main sous la douleur !"

Nothing could better describe the feelings of De Lamartine when I first saw him than those stanzas of his own; and those

who knew him best often predicted that the occupations of his future life would be simply

"Aimer, prier, et chanter !"

De Lamartine had returned to Paris, but his travels had preceded him. His grief had excited the love and the sympathy of multitudes of beings in all quarters of the globe. His tale of wo had been told, if not in every cottage, at least in many a dwelling of the poor, as well as of the rich; and the fact that he was a royalist, and opposed to the new order of things in France, was wholly lost sight of, and he was regarded as the travelled Thane and the Christian poet. His fine active mind had been subdued by the loss he had sustained to a degree of humility and submission which was truly sublime; and those who are not well acquainted with the power of a cultivated and moral nature to throw off its grief and to gird itself with strength and decision, would have imagined that De Lamartine could never again sing of beauty, of nature, and of love, but would become in principle a recluse. His wife, an English lady of good family, of benevolent and gentle disposition, and of well-informed and highly cultivated mind, had shared with him in the East all his sorrows, as well as all his enjoyments, and had returned to Paris bereft of the idol of their heart's affection. To them the world had no charms. Tears and sighs, remembrances clad in mourning, and grief which knew of no mitigation, were their constant companions; and their friends looked on them as we are wont to do on objects blasted by lightning, and on trees riven by the storm. The sun appeared to shine in vain for them,—for she who loved the first golden rays of the morning now slept in her grave. True, her remains had been brought to France, but they were *only* the remains—the body without the spirit. The moon, that fairest companion of the night, disclosed in vain her charms for them; since she who delighted to wander in sylvan scenery, or on the bare and cold mountain, with her father as her guide and her teacher, could no longer ask his aid, or his counsels, and no longer applaud with her smiles or her tears the sweetest efforts of his muse. The landscape, with its varied scenery and multiplied attractions; society, with its excitement and its distractions; solitude, with its pensive thoughts and its self-examination; all appeared before them monotonous and sad,—for she was no longer the admirer of the landscape, the charm of society, or the companion of the lonely hour. Books had

no delights for them. Pictures, the representations of the past, the present and the future, were without beauty in their eyes; statues and marbles were but dull and lifeless blocks to them, since she who admired and appreciated them all, was now silent and cold as the marbles themselves. Public affairs they would not or could not converse about. They had scarcely a tear to spare for others—they had so many to shed for themselves; and though dynasties had been changed, old institutions of the first revolution revived, and a new state of things both moral, political, and religious, had come to life, De Lamartine and his admirable wife were evidently unaffected by the changes, and viewed them all as events with which they had nothing to do—and to which they were indeed bound to remain strangers. He had still in his absence been elected a deputy, and he hoped to perform the duties of his office, but with sorrow and with tears.

How unearthly is the human mind, how pure its breathings, and how bright, or rather, spiritual, are its soarings, when thus brought by calamity, disappointment, and the ravages which death has made on those the soul loves, to view this world as a mere sojourn, life as a rapid journey, a fitful dream, and a day of sunshine and of cloud too speedy in its flight to be remembered; and when God alone seems capable of filling the vast desires of the soul, and the demands of a care-worn, a bereaved, and an empty heart! Then it is that life's chequered day is viewed in its true coloring; that the cavils and the reproaches, the calumnies and the misrepresentations of the world, excite only pity and commiseration—not amounting to scorn or to anger; and the pursuits of life are estimated by their real, not by their imagined worth. Then it is that the high destinies of our future being press themselves upon us in all their vastness and grandeur; and that we feel all the truthfulness of the declaration, "So God created man in his *own image*, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." This is not the period of false sensibility, of affected sentiment, of artificial or of feigned emotion. But such moments as those I have thus referred to in the life of De Lamartine are, when not indulged to such an extent as to become prejudicial to our mind's vigor, usefulness, and future efforts for the good of society, the great halting places in our lives; the summits from which we take a large and expansive view of the world about and around us, and they are the

epochs most favorable to our moral, intellectual, and religious improvement. It is undoubtedly true that some thought the grief of De Lamartine excessive, whilst the vulgar and the worldly-minded stigmatized it as affected. But his friends only feared that its sincerity and intensity might have such an effect on his future efforts, as to render his poetry morbid or fretful, his character repining and discontented, and thus to withdraw him from those busy scenes of daily life where the force of his eloquence, the strength of his judgment, and the excellence of his example, might improve and bless mankind.

The publication of the *Travels of De Lamartine in the East*, was a sort of epoch in French modern literature. It seemed like the restoration of Christianity after years of reproach, calumny, and persecution. For the Revolution of 1830 proclaimed "war against the priests;" and that, also, meant "war against the altar," at which they ministered. The palace of the archbishop had been pillaged; the literature of centuries was thrown into the waters of the Seine as too bad to be preserved, because it was the literature of the church, multitudes of priests had been attacked, insulted, and beaten. The remnant of the old republican party of the last century now hoped to wreak its vengeance on the men and the clergy of the restoration. And, in one word, the goddess of Reason was again spoken of by the followers of Voltaire and Rousseau. But the book of De Lamartine came as a voice from the tomb; like fresh waters rushing to an arid desert; like the overflowing of the Nile; like flowers on graves; and beauty, fertility, and verdure, where rankness, poison, and death had prevailed. Some read his book from a love for the wonderful, some for its poetry, others for its apparent romance, and multitudes became enamored once more with a religion, with which were connected the glowing recollections of the Holy Land.

I know it will be replied that these were not the stern and strong characteristics of a truly religious state of public mind and feeling, and that there was much of poetry and imagination bound up with these emotions. This I grant very readily; but it was surely something to give a new direction to minds which were unoccupied with good, and which were busily set on doing evil. It was surely something to assist in checking the blind and mad fury of many for attacking churches, for destroying the ornaments and paintings of the cathedrals, and for razing to the ground all that re-

mained of pious recollections of past ages. I feel certain that all the dragoons of Louis Philippe, and all the national guards of Lafayette, and all the active police force of Casimir Perier or M. Thiers, and all the reproaches of enlightened foreigners against the rioting and pillaging propensities of the modern plunderers of the Romish churches in France, would never even combinedly have effected so much of restraining and beneficial influence as did the work of De Lamartine on the East. The clergy once more showed themselves in the streets. The churches were re-opened, many of which had been closed; the Christian temples were, as it were, re-adorned and re-consecrated; and every one said, "Why we, also, are believers in this same Jesus, and we know and love these scenes of Bethany and Jerusalem."

The success of the work of De Lamartine in France may be partly ascribed to his previous reputation as a poet, to his noble and generous nature, to his ardent and imaginative spirit, and to the depth and intensity of his sorrows. All this I am prepared to admit; but it was an act of courage as well as of virtue, and of patriotism as well as of religion, to come forth with a book full of prayer and praise, of Christianity and of piety, when those to whom he addressed it were either joining the Abbé de la Mennais in his republican Romanist system, or the Père Enfantin and Michel Chevalier in their restoration of St. Simonianism; or were rushing to the "*Eglise Française*," where French was substituted for Latin and where orations were delivered on all descriptions of subjects, similar to those which now form the matter of debate at Fox's Finsbury chapel, London. The voice of the poet, the traveller, the historian, was at this time apparently too musical, too soft, too gentle to be heard. Oh, no! it penetrated the hearts of the obdurate; it descended like gentle dew; it fructified, vivified, subdued; and a better state of mind followed, which ended not, indeed, in such a religious movement as we who are of the Church of England could have desired, but in one of freedom from hostility to Christianity, of respect for its authorized teachers, and of toleration to all who professed it.

It has been objected to these travels of De Lamartine that they entered into the minute details of an individual life, which could only be interesting to the immediate circle of the author's friends and acquaintances. But in this I do not concur. It was not his friends and acquaintances only who,

day by day, and week after week, carried off edition after edition, until almost every library in Europe as well as every cottage library in France, was supplied with a copy. I was present at the period. I witnessed the effect it produced,—pure, calming, holy; and how it, at least for a time, changed the politically hostile character of all private society, and gave a wholly new topic for conversation and reflection. The mass of mankind take a deeper interest in the personal adventures of an individual, in his private thoughts, feelings, and attachments, in his diet, his walks, his thoughts, his family, his associations, than some men are willing to concede. And the reason for this is obvious. There are but few minds capable of comprehending the vast, the mysterious, the awful, whilst all can sympathize with the every-day scenery of ordinary being. This is the great secret of the success of Miss Mitford in her delineations of the veriest every-day occupations and doings of a work-a-day world. And, indeed, the happiest efforts of our greatest writers are not those which describe a tyrant, a despot, a slave, a conqueror, or a reformer, but those which depict man, as he is in his mingled character of good and evil, as we meet him at our own doors and by our own firesides.

That which is personal, individual, and minute, is always more interesting to the mass of mankind than ideal personages, heroes, and goddesses; and the rapid sale of some of the earlier efforts of Charles Dickens also confirms the accuracy of my statement.

But De Lamartine was a DEPUTY! A small though fortified town, named BERGUES, quite in the north of France, had during his absence in the Holy Land, elected him their representative. It was at the period that all men were mad in France respecting what was quaintly called "ELECTORAL CAPACITIES." Talent, not property; mind, not wealth, rank, or influence, were to take the lead in the new Chamber of Deputies; and actors, physicians, poets, historians, newspaper editors, and "*Feuilletonists*," too, were to contribute of their intellectual riches, to the repository of national talent, and of popular declamation. The electors of Bergues were determined not to be outdone; and, ignorant that though De Lamartine was a poet and an author, he was also a landed proprietor and a wine-grower, they determined that they would not be outstripped on the score of "intellectual capacity" in their representative.

The next time I saw De Lamartine he was pleading for the abolition of the pun-

ishment of death at the tribune of the Chamber. "I am aware," he said, "that you are not prepared to abolish the punishment of death by a prompt and decisive resolution; but this supplies no argument against my pleading for its abrogation. It is the duty of those who plead for great principles to originate, as well as to conduct, a discussion. The real philosophical legislator is patient. He neither deceives himself nor others. He does not expect, that because he sees with clearness a principle, which all mankind have hitherto rejected, that his convictions are to be followed by the instantaneous conversion of others to his views. He knows, also, that although a principle may be good in itself, its application to large masses of society will not always be equally desirable. A nation might be sacrificed by the enforcement of abstract principles. In bringing forward, then, this question of the abolition of capital punishment, I am not about to set at nought the usages, customs, or even prejudices of a great nation. Society itself is a traditional work, and we must not touch the edifice with other feelings than those of respect and deference. We must think of the millions of lives, of properties, of rights, which repose in the shade of this vast and this secular edifice; and we must remember that even one stone rashly and inopportunately removed may crush whole generations by the fall which will ensue. Our duty is not to curse, but to enlighten society. He who curses what he does not approve, does not feel what is his real duty, and shews that he does not comprehend society. The sublimest of all social theories which should teach insubordination, or revolt against the laws, would be, in the end, far less beneficial to the world than that respect and obedience which the citizen owes even to that which the philosopher condemns." These were hard and difficult sayings for a chamber of deputies principally composed of the men of the Revolution. Those men were for deciding the excellence of a system, and the morality of a theory, by the test of how many white and how many black balls were placed for it in the balloting-box! and would test truth, not by truth, but by numbers!

The next time I saw De Lamartine he had received from his own native town an invitation to represent it in the new parliament. This was indeed flattering; not that the electors of Macon were more enlightened, or royalist, or patriotic than those of Bergues, but as it is true that, generally speaking, a prophet hath no honor amongst

his own people, it was complimentary to him, that those who knew him best were most anxious to be represented by him.—The family of De Lamartine, indeed, is one of noble and honorable antiquity. In the *memorial* of the states of Burgundy his family was registered. The old château and estate of Monceaux have descended from generation to generation. At the very Macon which now De Lamartine represents, his relations were imprisoned for their faithful adherence to the cause of Louis XVI.; and the mother of the subject of this sketch, hired a house near the prison that she might, from a window which looked over its gate, shew daily to his father their beloved child Alphonso through the bars of the gaol. Faithful to the old Bourbon race, the De Lamartines would have all suffered for that fidelity at the close of the last century had not Robespierre expired. How true it is that *time* is the great revealer of mysteries, the mighty magician which reconciles all contradictions, clears up all doubts, and removes all obstacles; for here is De Lamartine, once the puling infant smiling at its imprisoned father through the prison gates of Macon gaol, now representing, in the French Chamber of Deputies, the very same principles for which his father was incarcerated, and returned by the electors of that self-same Macon!

When, for the second time, the little old town of Bergues, so cold and so uninteresting, entreated De Lamartine to represent it in the Chamber of Deputies, he caused not only its electors, but the whole of France to resound with his political profession of faith; and to this document I invite attention, because the very same line of conduct he therein condemned with so much of truth and eloquence, he has unhappily pursued himself; and has of late, attacked with vehemence the government of M. Guizot, not with distinct and precise charges, but with vague and most uncertain inuendoes. Such creatures we are, the very best of us, of momentary influences and of transient impressions; so exposed, by our passions or our follies, to do that to-day which our reason has beforehand condemned!

"I am no party man. I am neither an out-and-out ministerialist on the one hand, nor a systematic oppositionist on the other hand. Parties rise, have their little day of life, vehemence, and strife, and then expire. Cabinets are called into being, perpetuate vast errors, and are systematically opposed. The opposition ceases to be regarded with respect because it is systematic, and it dies with the ministry it opposes."

How singular it is that this self-same De Lamartine has declared, within the last month, against the ministry of M. Guizot, a systematic and untiring opposition, and in terms so precisely opposite to those which he formerly made use of, that it would be easy to believe that he had taken the speech which I am now referring to, as a model, not to imitate, but to deny and oppose. When he addressed the electors of Burgues, he said,—

"I endeavor to act on higher principles, I seek to rise to the elevation of truth, of impartiality, of political morality. I look above and beyond party, to the *social* good of my fellow-citizens. I know that the party men who care for themselves and their faction, and not for the whole commonwealth, will inquire, 'And pray what is a *social* man?' Is he a man of the *droit*, or is he one of the *gauche*? What is his journal? What his coterie? Does he vote with one of the four great parties in the Chamber; and if so, with what party does he act? And what is the answer to these, and to like inquiries?—It is this:—A man of the Social party knows political parties too well to serve them; refuses to degrade himself to their trival personalities, leaves to egotistical men the rivalry of name, and will not consent to become the mere partisan of the hour, but seeks to be the man of his age."

This was noble language, and its philosophy was high and attractive. But this same De Lamartine, whose eloquent and patriotic language I love to transcribe, and whose bright example at the time it was uttered produced so beneficial an effect on the whole of France, has recently joined the ranks of a democratic faction against M. Guizot; and, forgetting all his previous declarations, has become a party man to the extent of entirely setting aside the rules he had himself so well defined, for the conduct of an honest and well-principled opposition. Alas! from such facts as these we learn to distrust all men, and finally to distrust ourselves. How is it, we ask, that the De Lamartine of January 1832 to 1842, should renounce his oft repeated declarations, and join the general yell against M. Guizot, for his "Protestantism," for his "English prejudices," and for his attachment to the cause "of peace without dishonor," and of "liberty without licentiousness?"

"A man of the Social party," exclaimed De Lamartine, "is one who takes for the basis of his policy, not a shifting and changeable sort of passion, of hate, of prejudice, of affection for dynasties and for princes, but the prominent soil of justice,

and of the real and solid interests of the country. This man does not attach undue importance to forms of government. He values them for their true merit; he looks upon the race of man not by isolated examples, but as a race, and he sees every where improvement and progression. The real Social man believes that true liberty can be enjoyed under opposing forms of government; that all governments may fall; and that we should regard them as instruments of civilization, of which it is necessary to make use, that the happiness of society may be forwarded. Such a man seeks to bend, not to break governments; and whilst he loves liberty, it is the liberty of the law, and social power, because that power is the mighty lever which God hath given man to enable human associations to act upon themselves, and to raise them eventually to Him."

How happens it, then, that this self-same De Lamartine, within the last month, has seceded not only from the royalist party, for that he did long ago, but now from the conservative party of the present dynasty, and has vowed perpetual hostility to all ministries and parties which shall have for their policy that system of peace, order, and rational liberty, which Louis Philippe has so long sought to found, and to perpetuate in France? This is one of those enigmas which the biography of otherwise great men sometimes presents for the consideration of philosophers, statesmen, and sages; but generally so presents in vain. There is something not merely contradictory, but almost chaotic, in these opposing systems in the same character and man; and we shall seek in vain, in secondary causes, for their explanation.

De Lamartine is one of the most zealous supporters of *La Société de la Morale Chrétienne* at Paris. It professes to amend the condition of the human species by the influence of Christian morals; and to reduce the number and character of the evils which spring out of the present condition of human society. This institution is one of the glories of France, and it has contributed more to her moral regeneration than all other associations combined. To its energetic and patriotic efforts France is indebted for the abolition of lotteries. The evils which lotteries engendered were as countless as they were demoralizing. The smallness of the sums which could be deposited, and the large and tempting bribes which were held out by the government to the working classes as temptations to gambling, were of the most enticing character. In

England lotteries were bad enough, and the cause of public morals demanded their abrogation; but in France the evils were quite of another class. In England the price of sixteenths was not low enough to be reached by the lowest of the working classes. There must have been some saving up, and no small portion of care and providence, even in war times, on the part of the working man in England, to spare the sum necessary for one-sixteenth in a lottery prize at Cornhill or in Lombard Street. But at Paris, so great were the temptations offered to the working classes to put into the government lotteries, that they might purchase a "simple extrait" on four out of ninety numbers for as low a sum as twopence-halfpenny; and the ticket for two francs, an "extrait," yielding (if only one number came up) fifteen times the sum deposited. Then if an *ambe*, or two of the numbers, came up, on which they staked their money, they received several thousand times more than their little investment. A "terme," or three lucky numbers offered them 37,500 times more than the sum they risked; and if the whole four numbers made their appearance, 75,000 times more than the amount paid in, was given to the fortunate winner. But how rare was such an occurrence when contrasted with the millions of failures? Persons might deposite on one, two, three, four, five, or any number from one to ninety, and small sums of one penny or twopence on each; and the lotteries at Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, Strasbourg, Paris, followed with such rapidity, that the working classes had no sooner got over the excitement, success, or defeat of one lottery, than others in the very same week attracted new attention, and raised new curiosity, anxiety, and sorrow, or joy. It was at once curious and painful to watch the physiognomies of the parties surrounding the almost innumerable small lottery-offices at Paris, on the days of the various drawings of the provincial lotteries. When the weather was clear, and the telegraphs could work with effect and rapidity, the gamblers in lotteries knew well within a few minutes when the news would arrive, and they waited round the offices in question in the respective districts of the metropolis in which they might happen to be for the moment, watching with the most breathless anxiety for the arrival of the messenger from the central office, with the numbers which had been just drawn. There they would stand with their tickets in their hands, and as the numbers appeared, their countenances would become dejected and

mournful, or lighted up and joyous. When it is remembered that these lotteries were a source of the most positive and certain revenue to the government, it may well be imagined how seldom were the features of the wretched and uncertain watchers for good luck to be seen beaming with joy. But how many tens of thousands of disappointed, dejected, wretched countenances were to be beheld on the mornings of these lottery drawings, calculating one moment how they would expend their anticipated prizes; and a few seconds afterwards wholly ignorant where they should procure even their next meal of bread!

This is no ideal case, or one of but rare occurrence. Hundreds—nay, thousands—of such occurred every week, and so great was the infatuation of the provincial as well as the Parisian working classes for this species of excitement, that they would pawn all their smaller articles of finery and jewelery in order "to try their luck once more," in the Strasbourg or some other lottery. The dearest heir-loom of a poor man's family, the jewel round which were centered a thousand dear and interesting associations; the new dress, or the new coat, which was purchased out of the savings arising from hour after hour of extra work and bondage; all—all would be taken to some *commissionarie* of the "*mont de piété*," or the great national pawning bank, in order to raise money enough to purchase "one more ticket," which could be effected at as low a price as one shilling and eight pence!! Oh! the families that were ruined, and the hearts that were broken, and the peace that was disturbed, by these wretched lotteries! They led to family quarrels, to domestic misery, to separation of man and wife, to want of providence in family expenditure, to inattention to the comforts of husband, wife, and children; to intoxication; desertion of family, and very often, indeed, to assassination and suicide. It would be impossible to record the number of suicides to which the fatal loss of the last two or three francs by lotteries led to in France! The working classes in that country, easily and cheaply excited by the "*vin ordinaire*," deteriorated by intoxicating drugs, having no principles to guide or to restrain them, and soon affected by the loss of their idol—money, had no object to pursue, no real and rational hope to sustain them, and having no religion to influence them, they resorted to suicide as to their *only* resource, and terminated (as they thought) with a pistol, or in the *Seine*, their sorrows and forebod-

ings. I have witnessed some of these scenes of cheap gambling, of cruel disappointments, and of heartless and wretched suicide, or I should not dwell upon them.

When considering abroad, and when reflecting at home, on these evils and their causes, men like De Lamartine turned their attention to the best means of putting a stop to the vices which were generally admitted and deplored. Was it to be endured that a positive and regular portion of the revenue of the French Government should be dependent on the success of such lotteries as these? Was the government of France to be allowed to be permanently dependent, even for one centime, (the fifth part of a halfpenny) for its stated income on such sources of revenue as these? Then what was to be done? Some said, "Tax the gambling-houses to a greater amount." Others said, "Make the amount to be deposited for each separate lottery-ticket higher!" And, finally, the mass of those who loved gambling, urged that this "innocent game of the people" should not be taken away from them. Not so reasoned De Lamartine, and it is not because I blame his recent conduct with regard to M. Guizot, that, therefore, I am to refuse to the great Christian poet and legislator of France the merit of having most powerfully contributed to put an end to the gambling lotteries of his native land.

But De Lamartine addressed the powers of his mind and the energies of his heart to the removal of another evil;—it was to the overthrow of Parisian GAMBLING HOUSES! It is quite impossible for any one who has not witnessed in all the length and the breadth of its hideousness the demoralizing character of this national evil, to judge of the immense—nay, even incomprehensible good effected by De Lamartine and his friends, when they likewise procured the closing of the Paris gambling-houses. They were the scenes of such awful woes, of such certain and extensive ruin, of such excitement to the display of the very worst passions, and of so many and such awful deaths, that the closing of the Paris gambling-houses was an immense national good. I have visited expressly those receptacles of needy and unprincipled gamblers, that I might watch the effects of the lowest and most degrading of passions upon them, viz. that of the love of wealth. I have seen the boy, sent on his errand of business, enter with the five-franc piece of his master, risk two francs of the same; double, treble, and more than decuple the amount; but not satisfied with his successes, he has remain-

ed behind in the hope of further multiplying his gains. What has been the result? All his first gains have been lost, all his hopes extinguished, his small and stolen capital has vanished, and he has rushed from the Palais Royal so incompetent to decide what should be his fate, that very—very often the next few minutes have found such an one a wretched and a miserable suicide. I have always watched, when I have entered these dungeons of misery for that purpose, with the most intense interest, alarm, and concern, my own countrymen, and especially those whose youth and inexperience rendered them doubly the objects of vigilance and anxiety. Many of them were medical students. They were sent to Paris with limited means to complete their anatomical studies. With prudence and good conduct, those means were ample; but extravagance or gambling was quite out of the question. The first time they entered these establishments of "*rouge et noir*," they themselves often became "*rouge*" enough as they placed their first five-franc piece on the fatal board. But, as success attended their exploits, they became flushed with victory, and looked bold and daring. If, perchance, good luck crowned their efforts during the first portion of the sitting, they sometimes retired with their booty, in order to convince others as well as themselves "that *they* knew when to leave off." But the first visit was soon followed by the second, and the second by the third, until not only all their money had been consumed, but until all their books, anatomical instruments, watches, and every disposable article, had been sacrificed to gratify that appetite which grows on what it feeds. Then anxiety, misery, debt, disgrace, have followed, and arrest for rent or board and lodging has ensued. It is useless to follow up the subject. Thank God, these GAMBLING-HOUSES have been forever closed, and the municipality of Paris, and the government, no longer derive a portion of their revenues from the vices and disorders of society! But it must not be forgotten that it was greatly to the untiring efforts of De Lamartine, and his noble coadjutors, that this result is to be ascribed.

The position which De Lamartine first took on his entrance into public life he has not been able to maintain. He set out with the resolution not to become a party man, *i. e.*, in the ordinary acceptation of the word party; and to be the chief of those who looked to the social evils of France, and sought to remedy them. Education, the condition of the poor, "agiotage," and its

influence on society, the foundling asylums, illegitimate children, the condition of unfortunate females; these, and a variety of other subjects, together with the penal code, slavery, and the slave-trade, were to engross his time, and absorb his energies. But this is the case no longer. I do not find fault with the change which has taken place, because in France it is really very difficult, if not impossible, to steer clear of party politics, and of political partizanship. But yet the fact is the same. De Lamartine has become in his turn a colleague of Berryer, a supporter of Guizot, an approver of Count Molé politics, and, finally, ("tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Ascalon,") the most forward, bold, decisive opponent of that Conservative policy which himself and his party often pronounced to be the only one compatible with peace on the one hand, and with the honor and happiness of France on the other. Is De Lamartine no longer satisfied that England and France may be good allies, and yet honorable and enlightened rivals? Or has he also joined the "Anglo-phobia" faction, which sees in Great Britain an immense obstacle to French aggrandizement, and to French power? I fear the latter is the case; and that he is now pledged to oppose all governments which are not constructed on the basis of "ultra French politics and views. Now, what is meant by this expression is this:—that France shall refuse the right of search; that France shall claim to take precedence in regulating, at all times, the affairs of the East; that France shall exercise authority in the affairs of Spain; that France shall extend her frontiers to the limits claimed by the republican party of the last century; that France shall be permitted to dictate to the rest of Europe on the fate of smaller states; that France shall become the most formidable military and naval power in the west of Europe; that France shall extend her conquests in the north of Africa, establish settlements in the continent of America, especially of South America, and form colonies and governments in the Pacific Ocean. And, I regret to state, that the Legitimist party in France will lend itself to these demands, not because it regards them as politically sound or wise, but in order to extend the influence of the Romish church throughout the nations of the earth. This is the policy of Abbé de Genoude, the able and eloquent proprietor and editor of the *Gazette de France*. This is the policy of all who are under the influence of the court of Rome, and none are more so than

De Lamartine. It is Protestantism they oppose. It is Protestantism they abhor. I have watched with attention their proceedings with reference to Polynesia, and I know that they are more anxious to expel from those islands the Protestant missionaries of Great Britain, Germany, and America, than they are to convert the heathen to the Christian faith. Alas! alas! they believe, and they act on that belief, that it would be better, spiritually speaking, for the Pagans to remain so, than to be converted to Christianity by Protestant missionaries, and to remain Protestants.

De Lamartine, as a poet, is the boast and admiration of his country; and he most unquestionably merits all the fame and popularity he enjoys. But his poetical attributes render him a fluctuating and indifferent statesman. To-day, he pleads the cause of Poland with fire and energy. To-morrow, he proclaims at the tribune the advantages of a close alliance between France and Russia. To-day, he pleads for the abolition of slavery, and, as the magical words drop from his lips, he rivets the attention and secures the suffrages of even an unwilling audience. To-morrow, he indignantly rejects the right of search, and tells the best and most honest minister France has known for a century, "You are unfit to govern. You are repugnant to the glory, interests, and nationality of France!" And why? Because that minister, M. Guizot, will not violate the treaties which were deliberately signed with Great Britain for putting an end to that very slavery of which he complains. He would arrive at the end without making use of the means. He would put down the slave-trade by visiting other vessels, and by seizing the lawless pirates; but he would not allow of similar searches being made on board French vessels.

Again: to-day he pleads with incomparable eloquence on the subject of the affairs of the East, and places before you "Turkey," a mere corpse, a body without a soul, a form without animation. He tells you that this is as it ought to be, that prophecy requires it, that the march of events will have it so, that Mahomedanism must be supplanted by Christianity, and the Crescent by the Cross; and then, in his own poetic strain, he presents before you that cross, triumphing over all prejudices, and subduing eventually all things to itself. But, to-morrow, he pleads for French influence in Turkey, for French influence at Constantinople; and talks of the advantages of the Turkish alliance and the

revival of olden times; and is angry with Sir Stratford Canning because he does not consent to be outwitted by the French ambassador; and the corpse of yesterday has been suddenly transformed into a valuable, living, acting, formidable ally.

Louis Philippe said, some few months ago, when De Lamartine still remained faithful to the moderate Conservative party of the new dynasty, and when threatened by the chiefs of the Anglo-phobia factions with a union against his government, "I suppose, then, I shall be compelled to apply to M. De Lamartine to become my minister; and I may reckon myself very fortunate to have so honest and able a man to apply to." But Louis Philippe can say this no longer. After the late harangue of the poet in the Chamber of Deputies, he can no longer be regarded as a Conservative, but as one of the chiefs of a systematic opposition. Louis Philippe cannot confide in such a man. He might do well enough to run in the same political vehicle, neck by neck, along-side of M. Thiers, and they might together hurl the national car with themselves over some fearful precipice; but De Lamartine has demonstrated that he is no statesman, and that he is without a clear, distinct, and accomplishable political system. He either knows not, or does not feel, that politics cannot be made a matter of imagination and feeling, but that the *great* interest of a *great* nation must be treated without passion, prejudice, or poetry. Louis Philippe has very naturally some sentiments of affection for De Lamartine. Mademoiselle des Roys was the mother of the poet, and she was as good as she was charming. Her mother was governess to the royal princes, and brought up her daughter with the now King of the French, and with Madame Adelaide, his sister. The King of the French never forgets the associates of his earlier years, and the family of De Lamartine, at least on the maternal side, is regarded by him with respect and interest. Yet De Lamartine can never now become his minister.

Whoever desires to see this extraordinary man to advantage, should make a journey to Macon with a letter of introduction. There, in the neighboring *Château de St. Point*, the author of the *Harmonies*, the *Meditations*, and the *Souvenirs*, will be seen as the man who has never made a personal enemy and never lost a friend. Gentle, noble, pure, serene, generous, kind, he will welcome the stranger to his interesting and antique dwelling, and amuse, delight, and improve him. His

visitor will find him a glorious host, and an inimitable companion. His large heart admits within it all who are entitled to esteem and admiration, and he is ever ready to sympathise with human suffering, and to seek to provide a remedy for every wo. As a man and a friend he cannot be surpassed; as a poet he is unrivalled in France; as a statesman and politician he is most defective. Some would style him a "*girouette*."

And thus it is with the best of men! They mistake so often their own qualifications, and are in favor of their weaker points. For myself I can only admire and love De Lamartine, and wish him years of happiness and a life of delight, for his happiness is virtue, and his delight is to do good, and render others joyful.

MARBLES OF XANTHUS.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Acts of public interest are often attended by circumstances of private sorrow: thus the removal of these memorials of ancient art has been marked by the loss of a young, promising, and dear relative, whose premature death is the subject of the following lines from the pen of a sweet and gifted female poet:—

Marbles of Xanthus! vanish'd from that shore,
Rich in remembrance of heart-stirring lore,
Scene of heroic deeds, of arts refined,
Proofs indestructible of mightier mind,
Would Heaven ye still, from artist's gaze conceal'd,
Stood in your deep retirement unreveal'd!
Treasures of ancient glory though ye be,
Records of death ye only are to me!

Marbles of Xanthus! why, with poisonous toil,
Have ye been dragg'd to grace a stranger soil?
Why scorn'd the passionate appeal of love,
The curse denounced on him who dared remove
Tombs to departed spirits consecrate,
Making the grieved heart yet more desolate?*

The curse *has* fallen—speak, Marbles, for the dead,
Not on th' offending, but the innocent head.
Marbles of Xanthus! on the Lycian strand
Better had ye been spoil'd by Moslem hand!
Could ye not scape the traveller's hungry eye,
Dooming the loving and the loved to die?
Could ye not spare the sapling, when the oak
Had fall'n, all verdant, by the lightning's stroke?
Was it for you a widow'd mother gave
Her dear first-born to fill a Grecian grave?

Marbles of Xanthus! monuments of fame,
Henceforth ye bear indelible his name!
Nor his alone—others there are who fell
In the same reckless toil, whose doom ye tell.
Can kindred hearts abjure fond nature's tie,
And feel no anguish when their loved ones die?
Ask the reft father and the sorrowing wife,
Are ye not bought with waste of human life?

* Vide Mr. Fellowes' work.

† Lieut. Alfred Burton (son of the lamented Captain A. B.), Major Much (leaving an aged father), and eight privates of the Royal Marines of the crew of H.M.S. *Monarch*, fell victims to the malaria in this ill-fated expedition.

STEPHENS'S INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN.

From the Spectator.

It may be remembered, that on the return of Mr. Stephens from his mission to Central America, he passed through Yucatan, visiting some of the ruined cities of the aboriginal inhabitants, and hearing of many more. Circumstances prevented him from then pursuing his researches, or bringing away any considerable relics; but he left Yucatan with the full intention of returning to make a more thorough exploration, and to form an American museum: a purpose which he carried into effect in about a year after his first visit; and these volumes contain a narrative of his travels, and the result of his researches.

Mr. Stephens was accompanied on this, as on the former occasion, by Mr. Catherwood, an artist, to survey the sites and copy the ruins. Dr. Cabot, a physician and ornithologist, also volunteered to accompany the present expedition; but his presence contributes little to the story beyond an occasional account of the effects produced by his medical skill. With a few trifling exceptions, the explorations of the party were limited to two degrees of longitude (88-90), and little more than one of latitude, (20-21): further progress was checked by the scantily-inhabited and primeval condition of the country; and Mr. Stephens, as it seems to us, was not amply provided in funds or appliances proportioned to the object, but trusted, American-like, to the chance of good-natured help. A further difficulty was the nature of the climate, which induced fever and ague when exposed at certain places in certain seasons. In despite of all such drawbacks, Mr. Stephens visited upwards of forty ruins of cities, nearly forty of which are within the limits before mentioned. The most perfect displayed remains of extensive and elaborate buildings erected on artificial mounds, and for the most part rising above each other in a succession of triple terraces; the others exhibited ruins more analogous to those of Babylon, the ground being thickly strewn with fragments, but no building remaining sufficiently perfect to enable the spectator to determine its character from that particular ruin. Startling as these results are, Mr. Stephens thinks that a more accurate survey, or, properly speaking, a thorough clearing of the Tropical forest, would discover greater wonders; for some of his most successful feats were the result of accident—a haphazard line through a

forest which happened to strike a building, or the local knowledge elicited from some particular Indian, after the man had seen, with wonder, the interest the foreigners attached to what the natives term "old walls." In the use of the word cities, however, some limitation should perhaps be placed upon the modern European notions of the term. It seems probable that the greater number of these buildings were devoted to religious purposes, the mass of the people remaining in a state of abject slavery or degradation of caste. The mere power of erecting them would augur considerable scientific knowledge in the superintendents, a high degree of mechanical dexterity in the workmen, and a thickly-peopled country. It would, however, be going too far to conclude that the cities or sites of these buildings were inhabited by an active and industrious population, bearing a proportion, as in modern Europe, to the character of the public buildings of the place. They were the works of superstition: it is probable that such knowledge as existed was confined to the priestly caste, and that while these gorgeous but barbaric piles were erected for them, the builders were in a state of abject ignorance and poverty, differing little from that in which they are now found. The religious piles erected by the same people under the arts and influence of the Romish missionaries, afford an analogous example of what we mean,—a splendid church and convent; a congregation of Indians in the lowest condition both material and mental.

These researches more than confirm the assertion, as to the *number* of ruins to be found within a small space, hazarded by Mr. Norman in his touch-and-go tour, from the information of the natives, or probably from Mr. Stephens himself. The descriptions also exhibit considerable diversity of style in the details, amidst a considerable uniformity of building. In other respects, no new discoveries have been made respecting the advancement or the character of this mysterious people; perhaps they are rather lowered than raised. If they equal in mechanical execution the builders of Palenque, and approach them in design for (perhaps symbolical) ornaments, they fall far below them in imitation of the human figure. To us, who profess no minute knowledge of American antiquities, the points of novelty which Mr. Stephens has elicited appear to be these. The arch was known to this people. The mounds and terraces which support the upper buildings appear at first sight to be solid masses

of heaped-up earth ; but on exploring what was traditionally said to be a cave, it was discovered, and a systematic examination confirmed the fact, that in many cases these mounds contained chambers, sometimes square, sometimes in the shape of a small hay-rick, and once connected by passages. They were all, however, empty, and their uses could not be ascertained. Both pillars and columns have been discovered ; the latter, in their most perfect form, approaching a bald Greek Doric. At Kabah, one of the cities till now unvisited, greater variety in the arrangement of the apartments was seen : in one city an internal staircase was found leading to the top of the building ; in another, the interior rooms were built up with solid masonry, evidently as the work proceeded, the ceiling being finished last. At the ruins of Tuloom, on the sea-coast, the entire wall of a city was traceable, the perpendicular cliff forming the defence on the sea-side : and we may remark that the remains on the coast and the island of Cosumel often appear to be of a superior character to those in the interior—less elaborate in ornament, but more simple and useful-looking in design. The only exception to this opinion is a gateway and connected ruins at Labna, which Mr. Stephens pronounces equal to any Egyptian remains ; and the plate confirms this opinion. It may be observed that the serpent is constantly found among the ornaments ; and there is a representation of a Death's head and cross-bones which would do honor to any English church-yard. Mr. Stephens attaches great importance to some carved wooden lintels ; but carving on wood is by no means rare—the paddle of the veriest savage is often carved. A paved causeway, perfect for a short space, has been discovered ; and it is said by Indian tradition to have led from one of the principal ruins to the present capital.

The zeal, energy, and perseverance of Mr. Stephens in exploring these ruins, is worthy of high praise ; and, with the exception of Uxmal, whither Waldeck had been before him, all that he has done is clear accession, and which no one else seems likely to have attempted. Allowance must also be made for the difficulties Mr. Stephens had to contend with, in limited means, listless laborers, indifference, and ignorance in the native whites, (except here and there a padre,) as well as the labor of clearing in a tropical country, and the effects of fever, which sometimes prostrated the travellers amid the ruins they

were exploring. The discoveries, however, might have been presented in a more specific and satisfactory form. Aiming at a popular narrative, the author's plan of composition is too particular for a general view and yet not sufficiently detailed for an antiquarian exposition. Large and elaborate drawings, with the drily technical account of a mere surveyor, were not desirable : but we think a better effect would have been produced and a more distinct impression left of the ruins of Yucatan, had he entirely separated the architectural accounts from the narrative of his travels, presented each ruin successively, and accompanied the more important ones with fuller details. The story might have been shorter, but its effects would have been more telling.

In such parts of the work as belong more immediately to travels, Mr. Stephens exhibits his wonted spirits and animation. In the account of his contrivances at the ruins, there is often a Robinson Crusoe-like character ; and in their exploration of the caves and subterranean wells, from which in the dry season the inhabitants laboriously draw their supplies of water, there is often considerable interest. Wandering in the remoter parts of the country, the author saw the people—Indians, Whites, and mixed breeds—in their genuine and undisguised character ; and his pictures of this primitive society have a curious novelty. But as a whole, there is something of the tediousness of a twice-told tale about these mere "incidents of travel." The probability of this Mr. Stephens seems to have felt ; but, instead of shortening his book, he has labored his descriptions.

It is the confirmed opinion of Mr. Stephens, that the cities whose ruins he has investigated were not the work of an extinct people, but of the race which Cortes found in Mexico, and which still inhabits the country. His arguments for this view are entitled to attention ; and one of the most cogent is the general destruction of the Indian priesthood and nobility by the policy and religion of the Spaniards. But if the people were the same, they were in their decline : they might have the mechanical skill to practise arts which had descended to them, just as the Roman warlike machines in the decline of the Empire were equal or superior to those of their ancestors ; but the spirit of their ancestors was gone. To the mere argument of their antiquity Mr. Stephens opposes the effects of tropical vegetation and rains in hastening ruin ; and this not altogether as a mat-

ter of reasoning, but of experience. On his first arrival he saw

THE EFFECT OF A YEAR'S VEGETATION IN THE TROPICS.

On the fifteenth at eleven o'clock, we reached the hacienda of Uxmal. It stood in its suit of sombre gray, with cattle-yard, large trees, and tanks, the same as when we left it; but there were no friends of old to welcome us: the Delmonico major domo had gone to Tobasco, and the other had been obliged to leave on account of illness. The Mayoral remembered us, but we did not know him; and we determined to pass on and take up our abode immediately in the ruins. Stopping but a few minutes to give directions about the luggage, we mounted again, and in ten minutes, emerging from the woods, came out upon the open field; in which, grand and lofty as when we saw it before, stood the House of the Dwarf: but the first glance showed us that a year had made great changes. The sides of the lofty structure, then bare and naked, were now covered with high grass, bushes, and weeds, and on the top were bushes and young trees twenty feet high. The House of the Nuns was almost smothered; and the whole field was covered with a rank growth of grass and weeds, over which we could barely look as we rode through. The foundations, terraces, and tops of the buildings, were overgrown; weeds and vines were rioting and creeping on the façades; and mounds, terraces, and ruins, were a mass of destroying verdure. A strong and vigorous nature was struggling for mastery over art, wrapping the city in its suffocating embraces, and burying it from sight. It seemed as if the grave was closing over a friend, and we had arrived barely in time to take our farewell.

Amid this mass of desolation, grand and stateful as when we left it, stood the Casa del Gobernador, but with all its terraces covered, and separated from us by a mass of impenetrable verdure.

On the left of the field was an overgrown milpa, along the edge of which a path led in front of this building. Following this path, we turned the corner of the terrace, and on the farthest side dismounted, and tied our horses. The grass and weeds were above our heads, and we could see nothing. The Mayoral broke a way through them, and we reached the foot of the terrace, Working our way over the stones with much toil, we reached the top of the highest terrace. Here, too, the grass and weeds were of the same rank growth. We moved directly to the wall at the East end, and entered the first open door. Here the Mayoral wished us to take up our abode; but we knew the localities better than he did, and, creeping along the front as close to the wall as possible, cutting some of the bushes and tearing apart and trampling down others, we reached the centre apartment. Here we stopped. Swarms of bats, roused by our approach, fluttered and flew through the long chamber, and passed out at the doors.

The want of Yucatan is water. On the large plantations it is preserved in immense

cisterns; and the neighboring Indians, though nominally free, are in reality slaves of the tank. In the remoter villages, when the natural or artificial ponds are exhausted in the dry season, they have to draw a supply from subterranean wells, which, if water were expended in the English manner, would occupy the whole time of everybody in procuring this necessary fluid. Before the civilization of the country had declined, this natural want was supplied by a great number of ponds, with wells or immense jars at the bottom, artificially paved by two layers of stones, the upper covering the joints of the lower layer, and the interstices carefully closed with cement. Neglected, and half filled with mud, the discovery of these artificial reservoirs, like most discoveries in Yucatan, was only made by the accident of some speculative Spaniard clearing out his pond. Still Mr. Stephens thinks the country could not have watered the population it formerly contained, according to English modes of drinking; and he offers this ingenious solution.

“Among the wonders unfolded by the discovery of these ruined cities, what made the strongest impression on our minds was the fact that their immense population existed in a region so scantily supplied with water. Throughout the whole country there is no stream, or spring, or living fountain; and, but for the extraordinary caves and hollows in the rocks from which the inhabitants at this day drink, they must have been entirely dependent upon artificial fountains, and literally upon the rain that came down from heaven. But on this point there is one important consideration. The aborigines of this country had no horses or cattle or large domestic animals, and the supply required for the use of man only was comparatively small. Perhaps at this day, with different wants and habits, the same country would not support the same amount of population. And besides, the Indian now inhabiting that dry and thirsty region illustrates the effect of continual scarcity, habit, and training, in subduing the appetites. Water is to him as to the Arab of the desert, a scarce and precious commodity. When he puts down the load from his back, his body streaming with perspiration, a few sips of water dipped up in the palm of his hand from a hollow rock suffice to quench his thirst. Still, under any circumstances, the sources of supply present one of the most interesting features connected with the discovery of these ruined cities, and go to confirm belief in the vast numbers and power as well as the laborious industry of the ancient inhabitants.”

From the nature of the subject, and the necessity of plans and engravings to illustrate it with effect, we must refer to the volumes for any specific account of the discoveries of Mr. Stephens; but an extract will convey a notion of the difficul-

ties he had to encounter from the character of his laborers, and give a specimen of his style.

INGLESSES AT KABAH.

Late in the afternoon we returned to the village, and in the evening had a levee of visitors. The sensation we had created in the village had gone on increasing, and the Indians were really indisposed to work for us at all. The arrival of a stranger even from Merida or Campeachy was an extraordinary event, and no Ingleses had ever been seen there before. The circumstance that we had come to work among the ruins was wonderful, incomprehensible. Within the memory of the oldest Indians these remains had never been disturbed. The account of the digging up of the bones in San Francisco had reached them, and they had much conversation with each other and with the padrecito about us. It was a strange thing, they said, that men with strange faces, and a language they could not understand, had come among them to disinter their ruined cities; and, simple as their ancestors when the Spaniards first came among them, they said that the end of the world was nigh.

It was late the next day when we reached the ruins. We could not set out before the Indians, for they might disappoint us altogether, and we could do nothing until they came; but, once on the ground, we soon had them at work. On both sides we watched each other closely, though from somewhat different motives; they from utter inability to comprehend our plans and purposes, and we from the fear that we should get no work out of them. If one of us spoke, they all stopped to listen; if we moved, they stopped to gaze upon us. Mr. Catherwood's drawing-materials, tripod, sextant, and compass, were very suspicious; and occasionally Doctor Cabot filled up the measure of their astonishment by bringing down a bird as it flew through the air. By the time they were fairly broken in to know what they had to do, it was necessary to return to the village.

The same labor was repeated the next day with a new set of men; but, by continual supervision, and urging, we managed to get considerable work done. Albino was a valuable auxiliary; indeed, without him I could hardly have got on at all. We had not fairly discovered his intelligence until we left Uxmal. There all had a beaten track to move in: but on the road little things were constantly occurring in which he showed an ingenuity and a fertility of resource that saved us from many annoyances. He had been a soldier; and at the siege of Campeachy had received a sabre-cut in a fleshy part of the body, which rather intimated that he was moving in an opposite direction when the sabre overtook him. Having received neither pay for his services nor pension for his wound, he was a little disgusted with patriotism and fighting for his country. He was by trade a blacksmith; which business, on the recommendation of Donna Joaquina Peon, he had given up to enter our service. His usefulness and capacity were first clearly brought out at Kabah. Knowing the character of the Indians, speaking their language, and being but a few degrees remov-

ed from them by blood, he could get out of them twice as much work as I could. Him, too, they could ask questions about us, and lighten labor by the indulgence of social humor; and very soon I had only to give instructions as to what work was to be done, and leave the whole management of it to him.

Turning from the past to the present, here is a lively sketch of

ELECTIONS IN YUCATAN.

Though practically enduring, in some respects, the appendage of an aristocratic government, the Indians, who carried us on their shoulders and our loads on their backs, have as good votes as their masters; and it was painful to have lost the opportunity of seeing the Democratic principle in operation among the only true and real native American party; the spectacle being, as we were told, in the case of the hacienda Indians, one of exceeding impressiveness, not to say sublimity. These, being criados, or servants, in debt to their masters and their bodies mortgaged, go up to the village unanimous in opinion and purpose, without partiality or prejudice either in favor of or against particular men or measures: they have no bank questions, nor questions of internal improvement, to consider; no angry discussions about the talents, private characters, or public services of candidates; and, above all, they are free from the degrading imputation of man-worship, for in general they have not the least idea for whom they are voting. All they have to do is to put into a box a little piece of paper given to them by the master or major-domo, for which they are to have a holiday. The only danger is, that, in the confusion of greeting acquaintances, they may get their papers changed; and when this happens, they are almost invariably found soon after committing some offence against hacienda discipline, for which these independent electors are pretty sure to get flogged by the major-domo.

In the villages, the indifference to political distinctions, and the discrimination of the public in rewarding obnoxy merit, are no less worthy of admiration; for Indian alcaldes are frequently elected without being aware that they have been held up for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens; they pass the day of election on the ground, and go home without knowing any thing about it. The night before their term is to commence, the retiring functionaries go round the village and catch these unconscious favorites of the people, put them into the cabildo, and keep them together all night, that they may be at hand in the morning to receive the staves and take the oath of office.

These little peculiarities were told to us as facts; and of such a population I can believe them to be true. At all events, the term of the incumbent officers was just expiring: the next morning the grand ceremony of the inauguration was to take place; and the Indians going out of office were actively engaged in hunting up their successors and bringing them together in the cabildo. Before retiring, we went in with the Padrecito to look at them. Most of them had been brought in, but some were still wanting.

They were sitting round a large table, on which lay the record of their election; and, to beguile the tediousness of their honorable imprisonment, they had instruments by them, called musical, which kept up a terrible noise all night. Whatever were the circumstances of their election, their confinement for the night was, no doubt, a wise precaution, to insure their being sober in the morning.

The Mestiza ball will give an idea of Yucatan society in the interior. It must be understood that it is altogether the fancy-ball of a sort of saturnalia; the supposed Mestizas being White ladies in masquerade dress, but without a mask.

THE BALL.

The *bàyle de dia* was intended to give a picture of life at a hacienda: and there were two prominent personages, who did not appear the evening before, called *fiscales*, being the officers attendant upon the ancient *caciques*, and representing them in their authority over the Indians. * * * These were the managers and masters of ceremonies, with absolute and unlimited authority over the whole company; and, as they boasted, they had a right to whip the Mestizas if they pleased.

As each Mestiza arrived, they quietly put aside the gentleman escorting her and conducted the lady to her seat. If the gentleman did not give way readily, they took him by the shoulders and walked him to the other end of the floor. A crowd followed wherever they moved; and all the time the company was assembling, they threw every thing into laughter and confusion by their whimsical efforts to preserve order.

At length they undertook to clear a space for dancing; backing the company in a summary way as far as they could go, and then taking the men and boys by the shoulder and jamming them down upon the floor. While they were thus engaged, a stout gentleman, of respectable appearance, holding some high office in the village, appeared in the doorway, quietly lighting another straw cigar; and as soon as they saw him they desisted from the work they had in hand, and in the capricious and wanton exercise of their arbitrary power, rushed across, seized him, dragged him to the centre of the floor, hoisted him upon the shoulders of a vaquero and pulling apart the skirts of his coat, belabored him with a mock vigor and earnestness that convulsed the whole company with laughter. The sides of the elevated dignitary shook, the vaquero shook under him, and they were near coming down together.

This over, the rogues came directly upon me. El Ingles had not long escaped their eye. I had with difficulty avoided a scene, and my time seemed now to have come. The one with the *cacique's* mantle led the way with long strides, *lash* raised in the air, a loud voice, and his eyes, sparkling with frolic and mischief, fastened upon mine. The crowd followed, and I was a little afraid of an attempt to hoist me too on the shoulders of a vaquero; but all at once he stopped short, and, unexpectedly changing his language, opened upon me with a loud harangue in Maya.

All knew that I did not understand a word he said, and the laugh was strong against me. I was a little annoyed at being made such a mark; but, recollecting the achievement of our vernacular at Nohcacab, I answered him with an English oration. The effect was instantaneous. He had never before heard a language that he could not understand; bent his ear earnestly, as if by close attention he could catch the meaning; and looked up with an air of real perplexity, that turned the laugh completely against him. He began again; and I answered with a stanza of Greek poetry, which had hung by me in some unaccountable way. This again completely silenced him; and he dropped the title Ingles, put his arms around my neck, called me "amigo," and made a covenant not to speak in any language but Castilian.

This over, he ordered the music to commence, planted a vaquero on the floor, and led out a Mestiza to dance, again threw all the bystanders into confusion, and sat down quietly on the floor at my feet. All the Mestizas were again called out in order, presenting the same pretty spectacle I had seen the evening before. And there was one whom I had noticed then, not more than fifteen, delicate and fragile, with eyes so soft and dovelike that it was impossible to look upon them without a feeling of tenderness. She seemed sent into the world to be cherished and cared for, and closeted like the finest china, the very emblem of purity, innocence and loveliness; and, as I had learned, she was the child of shame, being the *crianza* or natural daughter of a gentleman of the village. Perhaps it was that she seemed so ill fitted to buffet with contumely and reproach that gave such an indescribable interest to her appearance; but fortunately brought up in her father's house, she may go through life without meeting an averted face or feeling that a stain rests upon her name.

As may be supposed, the presence of this *senorita* on the floor did not escape the keen eyes of the mercurial fiscal. All at once he became excited and restless; and, starting to his feet, gazed at her for a moment as if entranced by a vision; and then, as if carried away by his excitement, and utterly unconscious of what he was about, he pushed aside the vaquero who was dancing with her, and flinging his *sombrero* on the ground, cried out in a tone of ecstasy, "Voy baylar con vd, mi corazon." I am going to dance with you, my heart." As he danced, his excitement seemed to increase: forgetting every thing around him, the expression of his face became rapt, fixed, intense; he tore off his *cacique's* mantle, and, dancing toward her, spread it at the lady's feet. This seemed only to excite him more; and, as if forgetful of every thing else, he seized the collar of his *camisa*, and dancing violently all the time, with a nervous grasp, tugged as if he meant to pull it over his head, and throw all that he was worth at her feet. Failing in this, for a moment he seemed to give up in despair; but all at once, he thrust his hands under the long garment, seized the sash around his waist, and, still dancing with all his might, unwound it, and, moving up to her with mingled grace, gallantry, and desperation, dropped it at her feet, and danced back to his place. By this time his *calzoncillos*, kept up by the sash, were giving way Grasping them furiously, and hold

ing them up with both hands as if by a great effort, he went on dancing with a desperate expression of face that was irresistibly ludicrous.

During all this time, the company was convulsed with laughter; and I could not help remarking the extreme modesty and propriety of the young lady, who never even smiled or looked at him, but when the dance was ended, bowed and returned to her seat. The poor fiscal stood gazing at the vacant place where she had stood, as if the sun of his existence had set. At length he turned his head, and calling out "amigo," asked if there were any such Mestizas in my country? if I would like to take her home with me? then said that he could not spare this one, but I might take my choice of the others; insisting loudly upon my making a selection, and promising to deliver any one I liked to me at the convent.

At first I supposed that these fiscales were, like the vaqueros, the principal young men of the village, who for that day gave themselves up to frolic and fun; but I learned that these were not willing to assume such a character, but employed others known to them for wit and humor, and at the same time for propriety and respectability of behavior. This was a matador de cochinos, or pig-butcher, of excellent character, and *muy vivo*—by which may be understood "a fellow of infinite wit and humor." The people of the village seemed to think that the power given him to whip the Mestizas was the extremity of license; but they did not consider that, even for the day, they put him on equal terms with those who, in his daily walks, were to him as beings of another sphere: for the time he might pour out his tribute of feeling to beauty and attraction; but it was all to be regarded as a piece of extravagance, to be forgotten by all who heard it, and particularly by her to whom it was addressed. Alas, poor matador de cochinos!

It may be desirable to add, that many specimens of these ancient cities were brought safely to the States by Mr. STEPHENS, but a considerable portion of them were lost in the great fire at New-York.

SONNET,

By the Author of the Life of Burke, of Goldsmith, &c.,

ON VIEWING MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

How warms the heart when dwelling on that face.

Those lips that mine a thousand times have prest,

The swelling source that nurture gav'st her race,

Where found my infant head its downiest rest!

How in those features aim to trace my own,

Cast in a softer mould my being see;

Recall the voice that sooth'd my helpless moan,

The thoughts that sprang for scarcely aught save me;

That shaped and formed me; gave me to the day,

Bade in her breast absorbing love arise;

O'er me a ceaseless tender care display,

For weak all else to thee maternal ties!

This debt of love but One may claim; no other

Such self-devotion boasts, save thee, my Mother!

FATHER OSWALD.

Father Oswald; a Genuine Catholic Story.
8vo. London: 1843.

From the Edinburgh Review.

It was anciently usual, when opinions differed upon any point of importance, to discuss the question according to the forms of logic—each party stating his own argument, and refuting that of his opponent with all the dexterity in his power. But this custom, however rational in itself, has proved so inconvenient to many controversial writers, that it is now very sparingly resorted to. It has been found that unskilful combatants in these intellectual conflicts cannot always escape serious injury to their vanity and their reputation; and therefore a new mode of discussion has been adopted, in which victory, if not quite so honorable, is far more secure. The challenger now excludes the party assailed from all share in the dispute. He takes both sides of the argument under his own management, and arranges the attack, defence, and victory, with the secure precision of a general directing a mock fight at a review. Political and theological controversies are now decided by fictitious narrations, in which the various characters discuss the question; and the conversion of the hero or heroine to the author's own opinion forms the catastrophe. We have abandoned the ancient judicial combat, in which arms and horses, sun and wind, were divided with scrupulous impartiality; and we have begun to imitate the adroit duellists of Brantôme, who not only exerted their own skill to the utmost, but took care to supply their antagonists with unserviceable weapons.

We have selected the Novel* before us

* The number of Novels of a far different, and far more eligible description, daily issued from the Press—two or three sometimes appearing in one day—makes it impossible for any Quarterly Journal to overtake even those that rise greatly above mediocrity. It is with some regret, certainly, that we have felt ourselves obliged to omit all notice of such publications as "The Last of the Barons"—a work of great power and brilliancy; the charming tales of Swedish Life by Frederika Bremer, lately translated; "Widows and Widowers," the *chef d'œuvre*, in fictitious narrative, of its highly respectable authoress; and the "Adventures of Susan Hopley;"—published previously to the other works just named, but now again brought under our observation by its reappearance in the unusual form of weekly Numbers. With some blemishes, it has merits altogether peculiar, and well-fitted to recommend it to readers of all classes, were it not for an impression which has somehow arisen that it is addressed chiefly, if not solely, to maid-servants—than which no supposition can be more wide of the fact, or more likely to circumscribe the attraction, and limit the utility, of what we feel it to be a duty

as the occasion, rather than the principal subject, of a few observations upon this point, for these reasons: It is the latest controversial novel with which we have happened to meet; it combines in itself many of the most unpleasing peculiarities of its class: and it proposes to decide a question of the utmost importance—the authority of the Church of Rome as opposed to the doctrines of the Reformation, and the Right of Private Judgment.

We need scarcely stop to point out to our readers how useless in all respects, and how much worse than useless in many, such a work upon such a subject must always be. It is obviously impossible to make it at once conclusive and impartial. The author's grand object is of course to give a decisive victory to his own side of the question. But he cannot be sure of doing this to the satisfaction of his readers, if he argues as real Protestants would argue with real Catholics. If he conducts the dispute by fairly matching the arguments of Luther and Chillingworth against those of Erasmus and Bossuet, he will have their comparative force as undivided in fiction as in reality. He must therefore either run the risk of making converts the wrong way, or betray, by a pious fraud, the cause which he thinks in error. However skilfully his article is performed, it can seldom escape detection. The simplest reader, when he observes that the writer never allows an attack which he cannot parry, and never notices an objection which he cannot solve, will ask himself whether questions, upon which the wisest men have differed for centuries, could, if they were fairly stated, be unanswerably solved by an indifferent novel. The more skilful critic will at once contrast the feeble sophisms of the mock disputant, set up merely to be defeated, with the forcible reasoning of those advocates who have elsewhere espoused the same cause in truth and sincerity. Those who already agree with the work will not be benefited by it. Those who think otherwise, will throw it aside with the incredulous contempt of a Frenchman witnessing a puppet-show of the battle of Waterloo: or of an Englishman reading, in Mr. Fenimore Cooper's Romances, the defeat of the British regiments by Captain Lawton, and the capture of British cruisers by Tom Coffin.

Where the deception is successful, the case is much worse. It is certainly possible, by artful misrepresentation, to per- to pronounce a highly meritorious and widely-interesting story.

suade an ignorant Catholic that all Protestants are skeptics, or an ignorant Protestant that all Catholics are idolaters; but it is impossible to prevent such an opinion from being dispelled by correct information on the subject; and thus a delusion, which certainly will not promote Christian charity while it lasts, may bring on a dangerous reaction when it is removed. Intolerance is no security whatever for consistency. The poise of the mind, like that of the body, is safest when it stands upright—not when it exerts its force in one particular direction. And we see by experience that no man is in general so ready to abandon the substance of his opinions, as the bigot who has become ashamed of their superfluous bitterness.

Some of our readers may recollect that a little tale, entitled "Father Clement, a Roman Catholic Story," was published about twenty years ago. Though intended to present a contrast between the Roman Catholic and Calvinistic creeds, to the decided advantage of the latter, it was preserved, by the good taste of its author, from many of the worst faults common in controversial novels. But in spite of this, and in spite of much that is both striking and pleasing in the fictitious part of the story, it is a work whose spirit, we think, no liberal-minded Protestant can approve. The author, though not expressly denying the possible existence of a truly religious Roman Catholic, has taken care to represent every member of that Church but one, in whom the reader takes any interest, as a knave, a fool, or a Protestant convert. The single exception is the character of an interesting Jesuit, who, after a life of religious doubt and distress, is worn out by mental suffering and corporeal austerities, and dies in peace, unconsciously abandoning, though not openly abjuring, the opinions of his church. A sincere Catholic must strongly resent the injustice of such a picture of his creed; but this is the very reason why, if he were a man of sense and feeling, he would scorn to retaliate by a similar attack upon Protestantism. "Father Oswald" is intended as "an antidote to the baneful production of 'Father Clement.'" It is the history of an English Protestant whose wife has become a convert to the Church of Rome. The husband, after treating the unfortunate proselyte with the most inhuman harshness, goes to the Continent to escape from her society. At every stage of his tour he is silenced by the reasoning, or edified by the piety, of saintly priests, simple peasants, and blue-eyed sisters of

charity. He receives a severe wound during the Revolution of 1830—which is represented as the causeless persecution of a pious Catholic by fanatical Deists—and is shocked by the neglect of all his liberal friends. At length, after resisting proofs of Catholic virtue and Protestant depravity which might have converted John Knox himself, he visits Italy, when his apparently insane incredulity is finally dispelled by witnessing the miracle of the blood of St. Januarius.

The spirit of the work is as uncharitable as its plan is unskilful. The author of "Father Clement," though frequently displaying the gloomy prejudices sometimes attributed to extreme Calvinism, has at least the sense to refrain from coarse abuse and pointless ridicule. But the present writer, though in his dedication he expresses great anxiety for the welfare of the "many noble and generous individuals in the British isles" who have the misfortune to be Protestants, is perfectly unable to keep his hatred of those whom he courteously styles "madcap biblicals" within decent bounds. It is not too much to say, that he does not appear to believe in the existence of a virtuous or rational Protestant. His hero, whom he represents as a strict and exemplary member of the Church of England, is a domestic tyrant, a political Jacobin, and, until he becomes a Roman Catholic, little better than a religious infidel. But it is upon the clergy of the Established Church that the full measure of the author's insolence is poured forth. He introduces the characters of several, and never without doing his utmost to ridicule and degrade them. They are all depicted in the coarsest strain of dull malignity—as ignorant, indolent, corpulent priests, encumbered with tawdry wives and innumerable children, and devoted to the sports of the field and the pleasures of the table. The Catholic divines, on the other hand, are all upon the model of Sterne's sentimental Friar, and are endowed with every imposing quality of mind and body which the author's imagination can furnish. We shall not allow such absurd misrepresentations to lead us into a discussion of the general character borne by the Protestant and Catholic clergy; but we must say that charges of pride, luxury and ambition, come but ungracefully from the advocates of a Church which placed Wolsey and Dubois among its Cardinals, and still retains Dunstan and Becket among its Saints.

After this, we need scarcely describe the plan on which the controversial part of the

work is carried on. A man who will not believe that Protestants can be decent members of society, is not likely to represent them as rational Christians. Accordingly, we find that the author of "Father Oswald" has carefully abstained from placing in the mouth of any of his Protestant characters a single sentence bearing even the semblance of an argument. Vague assertion and angry abuse are the sole weapons allowed to these devoted champions; and they are seldom permitted to employ even these, without being interrupted by the facetious remarks of the writer upon the absurdity of their manners and gestures. It is impossible to witness the author's complaisant triumph over the discomfiture of the senseless puppets whom he has conjured up, without being reminded of the duellist in the "Tatler," who practises the art of fence by making passes at figures chalked upon the wall, and boasts that he seldom fails to hit them in a mortal part.

"Father Oswald" caricatures the unfairness which may generally be detected in controversial tales. In a fictitious dispute upon such a controversy as that between the Catholic and Reformed Churches, a decisive victory is at best a suspicious event. But a rapid, easy, unresisted victory, is too much for the credulity of the most careless reader. Surely, he will reflect, there must be *some* plausible arguments for a creed which satisfied Newton and Locke. Surely there must be *some* excuse for doubts which did not shock Hooker or Tillotson. These eminent men may have been mistaken; but they must have had something to say in their defence. The triumph of "Father Oswald" resembles that of the English at Agincourt, or of the Americans at New Orleans—it loses its chief glory by the very ease and impunity with which it is achieved. Every one knows that no victory worth having is gained without hard fighting and severe loss; and therefore, when the conquerors are found to have sustained no injury at all, it is impossible to believe that the vanquished have had fair play.

The author of "Father Clement" does not escape. We have said that we cannot consider the plan of that work as at all satisfactory to a candid mind; and, therefore, we do not intend to undertake its defence. There is much in it which a well-instructed Catholic could no doubt refute. There is therefore the less excuse for an ignorant Catholic, who wilfully misrepresents its arguments. But the author of "Father Oswald" is perpetually misquoting passages

from his antagonist, in order the more effectually to refute them. We will give a single instance out of many. In "Father Clement," a Presbyterian clergyman is made to cite a text of scripture as opposed to the Roman Catholic custom of bestowing the paternal title on priests. This is perfectly consistent with the known doctrine and practice of the Scottish Church. But the author of "Father Oswald" has the folly to place the same sentence in the mouth of an Episcopalian Dean; purely in order that his Catholic opponent may triumphantly remind him, that the Bishops of the Anglican Church are styled "Right Reverend Fathers in God."

It is not, as may be supposed, our intention to discuss in this place the theological opinions of the Catholic church. If it were, we certainly should have taken the pains to select some more responsible opponent than the author of the slight and feeble work before us. There would be little credit, and less real utility, in exposing the blunders of a writer who believes that the Sovereign of Great Britain is head of the Scottish Church;* who advocates the worship of Saints without an attempt to explain the express prohibition of Scripture;† who argues the question of clerical celibacy without noticing the advice of St. Paul, that a Bishop should be "the husband of one wife;"‡ and who endeavors to prove that St. Peter possessed supreme authority over the primitive Church, in apparent ignorance of the remarkable passage, in which another Apostle speaks of "having withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."§

The only subject mentioned in the work before us, upon which we intend to permit ourselves a few remarks, is the doctrine of Ecclesiastical Infallibility—a doctrine which has caused an intolerant spirit, the shame and scandal of every other Christian sect, to become a necessary article of the Roman Catholic creed. It is on this account, and not merely because we think it a theological error, that we desire to notice it; and we shall discuss it in the character, not of polemical disputants, but of advocates for universal peace and goodwill—in the hope, not of making Protestant converts, but of making candid and charitable Catholics.

The strictest Catholic will scarcely maintain that the passages of Scripture which refer to an Infallible Church are either very numerous or wholly unequivocal. They

* P. 261. † Col. ii. 18. ‡ 1 Tim. iii. 2.
§ Gal. ii. 11.

consist chiefly of general promises of Divine support and consolation, or of injunctions to obey the Church; most of which, as appears by the context, allude solely to the maintenance of the *moral* discipline, so necessary in a community of Christians living under a heathen government. There is only one text which we remember to have heard cited as absolutely decisive upon the point. This is the express promise made to St. Peter, that the gates of hell should not prevail against the Christian Church. To us these words appear a simple prediction of final triumph to the Christian religion. We are perfectly satisfied with their fulfilment, when we find that religion, after a lapse of eighteen centuries, still flourishing, and likely to flourish. We are unable to comprehend by what subtle process a Catholic can extract from them an assurance of the uninterrupted existence of a Church holding an entirely pure faith. Nor can we conceive how the gross practical abuses which are admitted to have abounded during the dark ages, can be thought consistent with a prophecy which excludes the most trifling and transitory theoretical error. A Pope might profess himself an Atheist—he might commit parricide, and incest, and sacrilege—he might encourage crime by the open sale of Indulgences—he might destroy the souls of unborn generations, by disgusting whole nations of good Catholics into incurable heresy. All these abominations gave no triumph to the powers of darkness. But that a Pope who hated and despised Christianity should misrepresent the least of its doctrines—that a Pope who had poisoned his father should consecrate an unworthy Saint—this was a scandal precluded by the express promise of Scripture. We certainly cannot understand why the bad advice of a Pope should be more pernicious to the Church, or more gratifying to its enemies, than his bad example; and we own, that a victory over the gates of hell, which was maintained by Alexander Borgia and would have been lost by Melancthon, appears to us very far from unequivocal.

Our limits will not permit us to discuss the evidence of the various modern miracles upon which most Catholics place such strong reliance. We shall but remark that the facts, supposing them proved, are mere exceptions from the ordinary laws of matter, occurring spontaneously, and without any perceptible cause or object. When S. Paul healed the sickness of a believer, or struck blind a blaspheming fanatic, it was easy to see the connexion between his

miraculous powers and the truth of the doctrines he preached. But we cannot perceive any such connexion between a supernatural phenomenon and the religious belief of the nation in whose country it appears. Take, for instance, the miracle which converts the hero of the present tale. Suppose that, fifteen hundred years ago, Providence was pleased, for some mysterious purpose, to endow a phial of blood with certain miraculous properties—can any one presume to say, that the relic must necessarily lose those qualities while in the custody of persons holding an erroneous faith? Can any one prove that it would not retain them, though transferred to Westminster Abbey or the mosque of St. Sophia? Every one has heard of the extraordinary stories which several intelligent travellers have related respecting the feats of certain Egyptian necromancers. They are as well attested, and appear as inexplicable, as any miracle of the Romish Church. But would it have been reasonable in Lord Prudhoe to turn Mahomedan, because he could neither doubt nor explain what he has told us? Or was a devout Jew bound to accept the miraculous qualities of the pool of Bethesda, as a Divine confirmation of all the absurd subtleties taught by the Rabbinical schools?

We have thought it necessary to touch upon these subjects, because we are unwilling to test the pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church by human rules of reason, without at least stating our opinion on her claims to the support of revelation. It is not for us to doubt the inspired writings on grounds of expedience or of probability. But if—as we think will be agreed by most persons who minutely examine the well-known arguments, at which we have merely hinted—it is more than doubtful whether this supreme authority interferes with the question, we have then less scruple in giving our own opinion. To us, indeed, the mere existence of a reasonable doubt upon the point we have noticed, appears almost conclusive. How strange that a book like the Bible, written for the express purpose of being expounded by an infallible human tribunal, and of a nature to prove most pernicious to those who reject that assistance, should not be full of references to the auxiliary guidance which can alone make it a blessing to mankind! How strange that it should nowhere inform the reader in what precise quarter all his doubts may be resolved! How strange that the Catholic should be unable to discover in its pages a single distinct recognition of the Church

as an infallible authority in matters of doctrine! And how much more strange that it should contain two or three passages, apparently, if not indisputably, recommending the inspired writings as a rule of Christian faith!

Before we proceed to mention a few of the most plausible arguments against the Right of Private Judgment,* we must briefly notice a misapprehension which very commonly prevails on the subject. Catholics are accustomed to speak with astonishment of the presumption which Protestants display in rejecting the authority of the Church. They are apt to talk as if they could conceive no possible motive for doubting it, except a desire to exercise the intellect upon forbidden subjects. To us, we confess, implicit submission on such a subject appears no such safe or innocent measure. We can easily conceive the consolation which fancied relief from responsibility bestows on those minds which mistake indolence and indifference for faith and humility. But to a conscientious Christian we think that the admission of a guide pretending to infallibility, must appear a most serious and anxious step—a step to be taken with the calmest deliberation and the deepest solicitude. This is the feeling of a religious Protestant. He would gladly shelter himself under the authority of an infallible Church, if he could satisfy himself that any such Church existed. But he is unable to feel this conviction. He knows that Providence has given him faculties which enable him, in some measure, to weigh the evidences, and understand the nature of revelation; and he dares not abandon this security until he is confident that it will be replaced by a better. He may be wrong; but we are sure that his error is one which a candid mind would rather pity than blame. It is the error of over-scrupulous timidity rather than of presumptuous self-conceit.

We shall not meddle with the arguments, addressed rather to the imagination than the understanding, which Catholics found upon the venerable antiquity of their Church. We shall leave them to discuss their chronological priority with the Ghebir and the Brahmin; and their claims to primitive immutability with the Anglican high-churchman and the Greek schismatic. Nor shall we dispute their boasts of the affecting and consoling nature of their peculiar doctrines. We know that every

* We have discussed this subject at sufficient length, and in a different fashion, in an article devoted to it, in our preceding Number.

thing is captivating to human weakness which tends to substitute the excitement of the imagination for the devotion of the heart. We have no doubt that the minds of the Israelites were deeply impressed by the sight of the golden calf, and by the rites of Moloch or Ashtaroth. The history of religion, in short, is but a series of divine revelations, each in its turn defaced and corrupted by the inveterate repugnance of mankind for the pure and rational worship of a spiritual being.

The great argument against the expediency of private judgment is, of course, the variety of dissensions and errors to which it leads. Catholics ask, whether it is not incredible that this should be the will of Providence—whether it is not certain that there must be somewhere a constantly accessible oracle, able to solve each new doubt, and detect each new heresy as it arises. We shall not pause to discuss the abstract question. We shall not decide whether an infallible Church, possessing such sanctions that no rational being could at once profess Christianity and doubt her authority, would have been a benefit to mankind. One thing is certain: the Church of Rome does not possess such sanctions. Thousands of the best and wisest men that ever existed, have lived happily, and died peacefully, in open dissent from her doctrines. Whether they were right or wrong, their example is amply sufficient to show that the most patient and unprejudiced inquirer will frequently be unable to convince himself of the existence of an infallible Church. Even if we go no further, the difficulty is clearly unresolved. Incredible as it may be, that Providence has appointed no certain guide to salvation, it is far more incredible that Providence has made the attempt and failed.

But we may go much further. What we have said of Ecclesiastical Infallibility is far from applying to those great doctrines which are common to Catholics and Protestants. It is certain that there are sectarians who profess to draw opinions from the Bible, which would reduce Christianity to the level of Deism. We do not wish to judge such persons harshly or hastily. But it cannot be denied that they form a very small minority; and that few eminent names are to be found among them. This is a distinction which no Catholic can deny. No Catholic can deny that, where one Christian has doubted the great truths of the Gospel, fifty have doubted the authority of the Church of Rome. Of those who have professed Christianity during the last three

centuries, a very large minority have refused to believe in the existence of an infallible Church. Of the same body, how many have denied the doctrines comprised in the Apostles' Creed? Probably not one in a hundred. And if we subtract the prejudiced, and the careless, from this comparatively small number, we shall really find reason to doubt whether the Bible ever leads a candid and sincere inquirer into dangerous error. But be this as it may, the facts are undeniable; and the conclusion, reason as we will, is irresistible. Difficult as it may be to interpret the Scriptures, to ascertain the existence of an inspired interpreter is more difficult still.

The weight of this consideration is increased tenfold when we find that, according to the Roman Catholic, Ecclesiastical Infallibility is, to many well-meaning men, not merely a doubtful support, but a new and formidable danger. The Church of Rome has determined, that submission to her authority is an essential, as well as an assistance, to happiness in a future state. It is thus that the most trifling misconception becomes a fatal heresy, by infusing distrust of the Church. It is thus the most faultless orthodoxy ceases to be a security, if it is not the consequence of implicit belief in her infallibility. Surely we must pause before we admit the monstrous conclusion, that an institution, which has narrowed and limited the path of safety, was intended by Divine goodness to smooth and secure it.

Even if we acknowledge the Church of Rome to be in theory an infallible guide, this does not make her so in practice. It is one thing to possess unerring means of discovering the truth, and another to possess unerring means of communicating it. Catholics indeed, are apt to speak as if their oracular Church were continually at their elbow. They seem to imagine that an Irish peasant, or a South American guacho, or a Paria convert at Goa, can put himself in communication with the Pope whenever he wants advice or consolation. But we know, and they know, that the truth is far otherwise. The uneducated Catholic is compelled to receive all the doctrines of his Church upon the bare word of his Confessor. It is not pretended that a Priest is supernaturally inspired in instructing his flock, or supernaturally restrained from betraying them. Instances of public scandal have proved that all Jesuits are not so learned or high-minded as "Father Oswald." Hence nine Catholics in ten must submit to have their faith dictated, not by an infallible

Church, but by a mortal like themselves—an instructor always fallible, often ignorant, and sometimes interested or malevolent. One such instance is enough to show that a Catholic is not safe from error merely because his church is infallible; for he can never be sure that he has received her true and genuine decisions.

Catholics, we are aware, will contend that, when a layman acts in good faith upon the advice of his Confessor, the guilt of his errors will rest upon the Priest who misleads him. We might retort, that when a Protestant does his best to understand his Bible, he cannot be held answerable for the weakness of his intellect. But this is not the point in dispute. In both cases mischief is done, let who will be answerable for it. The question is, which is the more common and the more probable mischief?

There is no doubt that an ignorant layman is as likely to blunder as an ignorant Confessor; but, if he is a conscientious man, he will at least do his best to be right. He will not go astray from indolence, or recklessness, or wilful obstinacy. Every motive which can mislead a sincere man in judging for himself, may mislead him in judging for another. But there are a thousand motives which might induce a man to deceive another, which would not influence him in deciding for himself. Our meaning will be best illustrated by examples. Neither Catholics nor Protestants can deny that many may be cited on both sides. If Cromwell thought it right to sack Drogheda because Joshua sacked Ai, did not Sixtus V. offer public thanksgivings for the massacre of St. Bartholomew? If Balfour justified the murder of an Archbishop because Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, did not Clement and Ravaiiac commit regicide at the instigation of their spiritual advisers? Now, we leave it to any impartial reader to decide which error is the more natural, and the more consistent with sincerity—the blind credulity which follows evil counsel, or the impious sophistry which is its own deceiver? The ignorant bigotry of Charles IX. or Philip II. is surely a thousand times more likely to find imitators than the perverse fanaticism of Knipperdoling or Hugh Peters. We therefore think it clear that where one well-meaning Protestant is misled by his Bible, ten well-meaning Catholics are likely to be misled by a wicked Confessor. The inference is obvious.—The wiser system of discipline is that which guards against the more probable danger—which protects the simple Christian from being deluded by others, and

leaves Providence to protect him from deluding himself.

But even when the decrees of the Church are correctly received, we do not see why they are less liable to misconstruction than the Bible. The wisest Catholic, when he has ascertained what they are, must use his own understanding to expound and apply them. This is what Protestants do when they consult the Scriptures; and what Catholics think so absurd and so perilous. But, it will be replied, the Commentary of the Church gives us the meaning of the Bible in less ambiguous language. On points of real importance we deny that this is possible. No language can be less ambiguous than that in which the Bible states those religious truths which practically concern mankind. If there are men who persist in explaining away those truths when declared by an inspired book, we cannot see why they might not explain them away when declared by an infallible Church. If there are men who will not believe that St. Paul means what he says, we do not know what is to make them believe that the Council of Trent meant what they said. If a Socinian cannot understand the assertion, that the Author of Christianity “thought it no robbery to be equal with God,” we know no language by which the Church could make him credit her belief in the Trinity. If the command “Do this in remembrance of me,” is not explicit enough for the Quaker, we cannot perceive by what form of words the Church can convince him that she thinks it his duty to attend the sacrament. An angel from heaven could not persuade men who will not comprehend what is plainly told them; and we know that inspiration has declared, that when conscience and common sense are silenced, an angel from heaven would plead in vain.

The truth is, that Popes, Councils, and Confessors, are all insufficient to insure true, or detect erroneous belief. The more we examine their nature, the more convinced we shall be, that they are the expedients of human weakness, ever anxious to interpose some visible interpreter between itself and the spiritual world. The more we examine their effects, the more convinced we shall be, that they are the expedients are. There is a point at which language ceases to communicate the workings of the mind; and beyond that point there is an infinite field for wandering or for discovery. Let casuists define and distinguish as they will, the subtle infidelity of the human heart will extract doubt and

heresy from their most skilful definitions. Let Confessors probe the consciences of their penitents as they may, there are recesses which their penetration cannot explore, nor their counsels enlighten. It is, in short, impossible for one man to embrace another's belief in its full perfection, or comprehend another's error in its full peril.

But let us suppose these preliminary difficulties surmounted, and the authority of the Roman Catholic Church admitted: still it may well strike the proselyte as strange, that the difference in faith, or rather the additional articles of faith, which she teaches, should be thought to justify such high pretensions and such rigid intolerance. He will be surprised to find that the hopes and the duties of the true believer, and the heretic, are practically the same; and that the exclusive-privileges of the Church consist in pronouncing upon mysteries which no human being is called on to explain, and in ordaining ceremonies which, whether beneficial or not, are certainly but of secondary importance. Catholic ingenuity has provided an answer, such as it is, to these complaints. It is not, we are told, because he is authorized to recognise a miracle in the Eucharist, or to worship saints, or to pray for the souls of the departed, that the Catholic is superior to the Protestant. It is from the nature of his belief. His faith is grounded upon the authority of an infallible Church, not upon his own uncertain views of Scripture, and therefore it is firm and undoubting to a degree which no other Christian can imagine. Catholics "deny entirely that Protestants have any *faith* at all; they have nothing but *opinion*.

... Opinion is the persuasion of man's mind grounded upon probable, though not certain motives. . . Divine faith, on the contrary, is founded on the certain and infallible word of God, which can never suffer change. Protestants often change their opinions, as they see more or less of probability in their interpretation of the Bible; hence they have opinion, not faith."—(Father Oswald, p. 225.)

We need not detain our readers by metaphysical definitions of opinion, faith, and certainty. Any man of common sense can perceive the situation of each party. The Protestant possesses a book which he believes to be the genuine work of inspiration. Much of it, as any reasonable student might expect, is obscure; but he finds there the great outlines of revealed religion defined with all the clearness of which language is capable. He knows that few per-

sons, not grossly ignorant or bitterly prejudiced, have ever denied the authority of the Bible; and that fewer still have doubted its obvious interpretation upon any material point. The Catholic, on the other hand, receives the same great truths from a Church which he believes infallible. Be it so, but why does he believe in her infallibility? Has he no better reason than that he happened to be born and educated within her pale? There is but one answer. He believes because his reason is satisfied. He believes because he has applied to the evidence of Papal authority the same test which the Protestant is so severely blamed for applying to the text of the Bible. His faith, like that of the Protestant, is more or less firm according to the strength of his rational conviction. Like the Protestant, he may be firm, or wavering, or lukewarm, in his religious opinions; and, like the Protestant, he may be betrayed into unbelief by fear, interest, or delusion.

Let us see how the attempted distinction looks when applied to the ordinary exercises of the understanding. One mathematical student believes that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the sides inclosing the right angle, because he has read Euclid's forty-seventh proposition. Another, wholly ignorant of geometry, believes the same upon the statement of his tutor. Both are perfectly reasonable, and may be equally firm, in their conviction. But how absurd to say, that one believes by opinion and the other by faith! Nothing can be clearer than that the same effect takes place in the mind of each, though produced by different processes. One has mastered a demonstration in Euclid, the other has been instructed by a skilful mathematician who has no motive for deceiving him. In both cases, reason may undo what reason has done. The geometrician will abandon his conclusions if he is shown a flaw in his theorem. The tyro is of course inaccessible to such reasoning as this; but prove that his informant knows nothing of geometry, or has an interest in misleading his pupils, and his belief is shaken at once.

So far we have reasoned as if Catholics and Protestants stood on the same ground. But we might easily insist upon giving the superiority to the latter. We might easily argue that a chain of historical evidence, almost every link of which has been questioned by learned and disinterested judges, cannot produce the same effect upon the understanding with a few plain words, written in a Book which almost

every man of worth and sense, during eighteen centuries, has admitted to possess divine authority. A reasonable man may be brought to believe that he has given too much weight to the testimony of such a Father, or too little to the arguments of such a Reformer; but he can scarcely be persuaded that he does not comprehend his own native language.

Still there is no great and undoubted difference between the belief of the Protestant and that of the Catholic; The former holds fast such doctrines as are distinctly and uniformly laid down in Scripture; but does not think himself bound to explain all obscurities or reconcile all conflicting passages. The latter clings as scrupulously to the use of holy water, and the sign of the cross, as to the most solemn truths of religion. But we cannot see the merit or the advantage of this. Suppose that Protestants cannot agree about Church government, or that they differ in interpreting the Book of Revelation—what have such doubts to do with the religious or moral duties of a Christian? To us, we acknowledge, nothing appears more irrational than the anxious craving after *certainty*, upon all religious subjects alike, which Catholics appear to encourage. We are wholly unable to comprehend their compassion for the miserable vacillation of persons who are content to hold different opinions, or no opinion at all, upon the expediency of liturgies, and surplices, or the mysteries of election, assurance, and final perseverance. They seem utter strangers to a state of contented doubt upon speculative questions—to that disposition of mind, which, even when musing with the deepest interest upon the secrets of religion, resigns the hope of completely resolving them. But this is what a Protestant feels—and feels without a touch of uneasiness or repining—upon most of the points so dogmatically decided by the Church of Rome.

Catholics are accustomed to interpret the assertion of the Right of Private Judgment into a refusal to believe any doctrine which appears mysterious or unintelligible. No error can be more unreasonable. Evidence may establish a fact, without explaining its nature. It would be easy to multiply cases in which no man of sense would hesitate to believe the truth of a proposition which he is unable to comprehend. May not a third man be convinced of the existence of light? May not a man believe, upon the assurance of Sir John Herschel, that the earth describes an ellipse round the sun, though he does not know what an ellipse

is? This is peculiarly the case in religion. A rational mind will expect, and even require, some obscurity in a revelation of the secrets of a future state. There is nothing which more distinctly exposes the human origin of false faiths, than their clumsy attempts to influence the imagination by attributing corporal pains and pleasures to spiritual beings. The whips and chains of Tartarus, the *houris* of Mahomet, and the inexhaustible ale-cups of Valhalla, are rejected by men of sense, principally because they are *too* familiar and intelligible. And, therefore, religious Protestants do not think themselves justified in denying doctrines otherwise well supported, because they cannot pretend fully to understand them.

If Catholics require any thing more than this, we are certainly unable to comprehend their reasons. We know they are fond of contrasting their own simplicity and humility with the intellectual pride of the Protestant. But we presume that they scarcely mean to commend the habit of belief without examination. We own we cannot discern the merit of a lucky guess upon religious subjects. We always believed that the ready faith, so much commended by Scripture was the triumph of reason in a candid and humble mind, unresisted by pride, or prejudice, or the delusions of the fancy. We are persuaded that the keenest, the calmest, and the most purely rational intellect is precisely that which is likely to be most strongly impressed by the evidences of the Christian religion. We think, in short, that the believer in the Bible ought to feel a stronger conviction that he is right, than the believer in the Koran or the Shastra; and we cannot perceive how he can effect this, while he shrinks from the presumption of exercising his natural faculties on the subject.

Still, it does not follow, from what we have said, that no man is responsible for his belief. It is true that the natural infirmity of the mind is no more a crime than that of the body. A man that is an infidel purely from the obliquity of his understanding, is as blameless as a Hindoo or a Mussulman; for intellectual inability to comprehend religious truth, is as involuntary as physical inability to hear it. But mental, like bodily infirmity, may be produced by the neglect or the vices of the individual; and in that case he is responsible for the consequences of his own fault and folly. Though belief itself is not an act of the will, yet the acts of the will may directly influence it; and when this is knowingly done, it ceases to be irresponsible. There

is the greatest difference between a belief dictated by the unbiased decision of the reason, and a belief arising from pampered prejudices, suppressed scruples, and neglected means of information.

The misapprehension upon which we have just animadverted, has naturally led Catholics to believe that infidelity is the consequence of Protestant principles; and that, if all Protestants are not infidels, it is only because they shrink from following up their own reasoning. This opinion is expressed, in the work before us, by a French Deist. "No sooner," says this philosopher, "do we take leave of Notre-Dame, than we seek refuge in the temple of reason and universal philosophy. No half-way house can for a moment detain us in our ardent career. In one word, we see intuitively the final conclusions of your admirable principles; for, to do you justice, we cannot but allow that the true principles of philosophy—independence of thought, and freedom from the trammels of authority—passed from Britain into France."—(P. 187.) This is no doubt the true language of a bigot-minded infidel—of a weak man, who is ashamed of having believed too much, and is therefore determined to believe nothing at all. But, does not the writer perceive that such a man's "intuitive" views of Protestantism are not to be relied upon? It is perfectly natural that an apostate Catholic should think he is carrying out the principles of the Reformation by becoming an atheist; just as Cloots and Marat thought they were carrying out the principles of British liberty, by instituting "Feasts of Reason" and "Revolutionary Tribunals." But a man who has never lived but at the Pole or the Equator, is no judge of the merits of a temperate climate. Before we settle that "independence of thought, and freedom from the trammels of authority," are inconsistent with Christianity, let us look at their practical consequences. Before we condemn the Protestant religion, let us inquire its effect upon those who are acquainted with it, not, like this Deist, by intuition, but by long and happy experience.

Undoubtedly, Protestantism is, in sober earnest, what he calls it in silly irony—a "half-way house." It is a half-way house between Popery and Deism—between superstition and infidelity—between the weak enthusiasm which accepts without proof, and the weak prejudice which rejects without examination. We never heard of a sober, rational belief on any disputed subject, which was not a half-way house between

some two extreme opinions. Nicknames for moderation have always been common among zealots. But the assertion that Protestantism is the usual or natural road to skepticism, is contradicted by every principle of human nature, and every page of ecclesiastical history.

Every one has seen instances of the principle of excessive reaction—of the tendency which leads men to mistake reverse of wrong for right. It is the nature of weak and passionate minds to fly from one error into that which is diametrically opposed to it. But who ever saw such a change take place gradually, or by measured intervals? We know that there is no rebel so desperate as a slave outwearied by tyranny; and no loyalist so submissive as a Jacobin scared by a Reign of Terror. But we never heard that the subjects of Louis XIV. became moderate Whigs before they became Anarchists: or that the colleagues of Robespierre began by turning liberal Conservatives, and ended by crowning Napoleon. We can understand the feelings which change a despot into an ascetic recluse, or a voluptuary into a cynical misanthrope; but we should have been surprised indeed if Charles had prepared for his Convent by becoming a private noble, or Timon for his Cave by settling in retired lodgings.

The history of Christianity, in all ages, offers the strongest proof of the comparative safety of moderate opinions from sudden and violent change. In religion, as in politics, slavery has always been the surest precursor of anarchy. Whether we look at the epicurean skepticism of Italy under Leo, or at the fanatical infidelity of France before the Revolution, we constantly observe the same process—unreasoning faith converted, by a short and easy metamorphosis, into unreasoning disbelief. We know of no such change in any community familiar with the exercise of Private Judgment.

The truth is, that in the great majority of Protestants, St. Dominic himself could discover no heresy, except that they scruple to profess any decided faith on points which are neither distinctly revealed nor essential to religious practice. They differ from the Catholic, not so much by positively denying what he believes, as by not presuming to enforce it as undoubted truth. They do not condemn the faith of the Papal Church, even on most points where they consider it most improbable. They condemn the presumption with which, on her own authority alone, she has declared that

faith infallible, and has taken it for granted in her most solemn forms of worship.

A Protestant, for example, may speculate as he pleases upon the precise nature of a future state, or upon the intercourse of departed spirits with mankind. But he does not venture to act upon his speculations. He does not intercede for souls in purgatory, or offer prayer to Saints, because he thinks it presumption to take for granted any opinions, or to offer up any devotions, not directly warranted by Scripture. The same reasoning may be applied without irreverence to the most solemn rite known among Christians. A Protestant finds himself expressly commanded to perform a certain ceremony in commemoration of the Founder of his religion. This command he scrupulously obeys; and his obedience is enough to satisfy his conscience. He has no certain means of comprehending, nor is he called upon to comprehend, the precise nature and consequence of the act in which he partakes. His own senses compel himself to believe that the only inspired words which explain this mysterious subject must be in some degree figurative; because their literal meaning points to a material transformation, which, by the admission of Catholics themselves, is never perceptible. How far those words are figurative, he cannot contrive positively to decide. He may form what opinion he will, or he may decline to form any at all; but he must recollect that his conjectures are unsupported by revelation. If he considers the Eucharist to be a symbolical rite, it is not because he doubts the power of heaven to work a miracle, or because he rejects the benefit of such a supernatural interference. If he considers it a miraculous solemnity, it is without venturing to adore a Presence, the precise nature of which is not intelligibly defined by inspiration.

Let any wise and liberal Catholic consider the arguments we have been using. Let him look upon his Protestant fellow Christians, not as malignant enemies to his Church, but as prevented, by their involuntary doubts, from staking their souls upon her infallibility—not as insolently despising her peculiar doctrines, but as fearing to be guilty of presumption, by making them matter of religious obligation. Let him look upon them as men warmly attached to the great truths of Christianity, but excluded, by acquired prejudice or natural weakness, from the enjoyment of those auxiliary benefits in which Catholics profess to find so much consolation. Surely

the Church of Rome, if she were indeed the indulgent mother which her children esteem her, could not denounce such bewildered wanderers as exiles from her pale, and strangers to her hope! Surely the Christian who believes himself to possess an infallible guide to heaven, should look with hope and interest, not with scorn and abhorrence, upon the unassisted exertions of those whose conscientious scruples compel them to attempt the arduous path alone!

EDUCATION.—Lord J. Russell, in the British House of Commons, Monday, April 10, said, that he was ready to-day to lay on the table of the house the resolutions which he should propose on the subject of education. It was not his intention to bring them on before Easter. It might be desirable that he gave some explanation of them, but as that was not the regular course, he should only say that he had framed them, not to meet all the objections, but with a view to make arrangements which appeared to be reasonable. They were as follows:—1. That in any bill for the promotion of education in Great Britain, by which a board shall be authorized to levy or cause to be levied parochial rates for the erection and maintenance of schools, provision ought to be made for the adequate representation of the rate-payers in such boards.—2. That the chairman of such board ought to be elected by the board itself.—3. That the Holy Scriptures, in the authorized version, should be taught in all schools established by any such school.—4. That special provision should be made for cases in which Roman Catholic priests may object to the instruction of their children in the Holy Scriptures, in such schools.—5. That no other books of religious instruction should be used in such schools unless with the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the concurrence of the Committee of Privy Council for Education.—6. That in order to prevent the disqualification of competent schoolmasters, books of religious instruction other than the Holy Bible introduced into the schools should be taught by the clergyman of the parish, or some person appointed by him, to the children of parents who belong to the established church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed.—7. That all children taught in such schools should have free liberty to resort to any second schools, or any place of religious worship which their parents may approve.—8. That any school connected with the National Society, or the British and Foreign School Society, or any Protestant dissenters' school, or any Roman Catholic school which shall be found, upon inspection, to be efficiently conducted, should be entitled, by license of the Privy Council, to grant certificates of school attendance for the purpose of the employment in factories of children and young persons.—9. That, in the opinion of this house, the Committee of Privy Council for Education ought to be furnished with the means to enable them to establish and maintain a sufficient number of training and model schools in Great Britain.—10. That the said committee ought, likewise, to be enabled to grant gratuities to deserving schoolmasters, and to afford such aid to schools established by voluntary contributions as may tend to the more complete instruction of the people in religious and secular knowledge, while, at the same time, the rights of conscience may be respected."

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.

From "Le Semeur." Paris, 5th April, 1843.

Translated for the Eclectic Museum.

THE invasion of Tahiti by Admiral du Petit-Thouars has produced in England the precise effect which we anticipated: The indifference of statesmen has been as profound, as the grief and astonishment of the friends of religion has been vivid. Lord Aberdeen declared, in the House of Lords, "That he was not among those who look with so much apprehension on our relations with the Society Islands, but that he rather had reason to look upon them in a favorable light." Sir Robert Peel made use of nearly the same language in the lower House. There is, therefore, not the least political jar existing between the two Governments on this head. There are circumstances even, which induce us to believe that a friendly understanding has obtained between them for above a year, and before the French Admiral had received the orders which have guided his subsequent proceedings. No sort of rivalry can find room here between the French and English Cabinets; national pride is out of the question; and we have already made it appear that national interest is equally quiescent.

Political considerations being thus set aside, there remains surely none but those of a religious character; and here the object of the French Government to push the interests of the Propaganda of Rome among the islands of the Pacific, becomes sufficiently manifest. The odium of this proselyting crusade cannot fairly be attached to Monsieur du Petit-Thouars, though some persons think that he acted entirely by his own counsel. It is quite certain, however, that be the well-known antipathy of this Commander of the "Venus" and of "la Reine Blanche" (as he is at present) against all Protestant missions, whatever it may, he once leaned towards the opinion that Roman Catholic missions could not be ingrafted *per vi et armis* upon these simple-hearted Islanders. In 1837, or the year preceding his ungallant demeanor towards Queen Pomare, in compelling her to disburse the sum of two thousand dollars, in consequence of her refusal to suffer two priests who came to inculcate the tenets of Rome, Mons. du Petit-Thouars had found the king and chiefs of the Sandwich Islands quite as determined not to suffer two other priests to reside on their territory—one, a Frenchman, Monsieur Bachelot, and the other an Englishman, named Short, who had once, some years before, been sent out

of the Islands, but returned "merely to stop en passant on their tour," as they alleged, but not forgetting to add, "that they were quite willing to change their plans, provided they had met with religious toleration on their arrival." At this period Monsieur du Petit-Thouars recognized the inalienable right of the insular governments to permit or to prohibit the exercise of any particular mode of worship; and while lamenting the troubles encountered by the two Catholic ecclesiastics, ascribing them solely to the machinations of the American Missionaries who had brought the Gospel to these islands as early as the year 1820; he contented himself with extending his protecting ægis over Monsieur Bachelot, on account of his being a countryman, but without claiming for him the privilege of preaching. Having an interview with the King, this sovereign replied to his remarks, that "he conceived having done nothing but his duty in stopping Monsieur Bachelot's teaching his Roman Catholic tenets." Kaukui, the Governor of Hawaii, rose after him, and said: "The American Missionaries were the first that came into these Islands; to them we are indebted for the very first advances which we have made in civilization, and from a feeling of gratitude we will suffer none but these missionaries to teach religion among us." Monsieur du Petit-Thouars, in recording these answers, adds in his journal: "Having no desire to interfere with the interior regulations of this country, and being without instructions to guide me in this delicate and sudden affair, I informed the King that I should submit this whole business about religion to the decision of my own Sovereign, as I had no authority to interfere in the matter." All he did at this time, was to look upon Mons. Bachelot as a Frenchman, whom necessity had compelled to resort to Honolulu, to find a passage from thence to his native country, besides obtaining from the King the following declaration, under date of 21st July, 1837:

"We, Tamehameha III., King of the Sandwich Islands, give our consent for Monsieur Bachelot to reside in the island of Oahu, unmolested and undisturbed, until he may find a favorable opportunity to leave the country, and to proceed either to Manilla, Lima, Valparaiso, or any other part of the civilized world."

Mons. du Petit-Thouars on his part signed on the same day the following agreement: "The undersigned, Post-captain and Commander of the frigate *Venus*, does hereby promise on behalf of Mons. Bachelot,

that this foreigner shall embrace the first favorable opportunity to quit these islands, in order to proceed to Manilla, Lima, Valparaiso, or to any other civilized country; and that in case no such opportunity should present itself, he shall be put on board the first man-of-war visiting the islands, and that in the mean time, he shall not preach."

Captain Belcher, commanding the British frigate *Sulphur*, who found the *Venus* at Honolulu, took the other missionary, Mr. Short, under his protection, obtaining from the King in his behalf a similar permit to reside in the island, and signed an engagement couched in the same terms as that just quoted from Monsr. du Petit-Thouars for Mons. Bachelot. These reciprocal engagements become the more worthy of notice from the fact that a treaty had recently been formed between the King of the Sandwich Islands and Lord Russell, commanding the *Acteon*, authorizing Englishmen to reside in the islands while conforming to their laws, and that Mons. du Petit-Thouars was negotiating for the same purpose, a treaty being actually concluded and signed three days afterwards, or on the 24th July, 1837, in one of the clauses of which, it is stipulated

"That the French can come and leave at pleasure in all the dominions of the Sandwich Islands, and that they shall be received and protected in the enjoyment of the same privileges conceded to the subjects of the most favored nation."

At this juncture then, neither the French nor the English commander considered himself warranted to impose the creed of Rome on the islands of the Pacific, not even where a free sojourn had been granted to their respective countrymen; as religious tolerance did not prevail in the Sandwich Islands any more than it did in the Society Islands, they thought it even incumbent on them to pass their word that their respective missionaries should refrain from preaching during the remainder of their stay. The two priests, in pursuance of the conventions referred to, quitted Oahu a few months afterwards, and repaired to the island of Ascension in the Archipelago of western Polynesia.

We have dwelt on this point so emphatically, because it goes to prove the manner in which Mons. du Petit-Thouars confronted this question at that time. If his conduct at Tahiti in 1838 has been at variance with that at the Sandwich Islands in 1837, something must have occurred since then to produce the change. More than a year, in fact, had elapsed; the *Venus* had been at

Kamtschatka and in Mexico, while the report of her commander, touching the difficulties attending the Roman Catholic Missions in the Pacific, was finding its way to Paris; on his return to Valparaiso, he received despatches from his government instructing him to set these things in order. "It is this," the despatch went on to say, "which is the main object of sending out the *Venus* to Tahiti; you must therefore compel Queen Pomaré to render proper satisfaction, and demand payment of damages and interest thereon, on behalf of Messrs. Laval and Carret, who were so flagrantly abused and obliged by such high-handed oppression to take passage back to the place whence they had come." The result of this was, that Mons. du Petit-Thouars, who had recognized the inherent right of the government of the Sandwich Islands to prohibit the teaching of the Roman faith, did not acknowledge the same right with regard to the government of the Society Islands, simply because the new instructions he had received forbid his doing so. We have said above how he executed his orders. He demanded from the queen, within twenty-four hours' time, a letter to the king of the French, written both in the Polynesian and in the French languages; the sum of \$2000 to indemnify the Messrs. Laval and Carret, and finally a salute of twenty-one guns to be given the French flag; declaring, that in default of compliance with these conditions within the stipulated time, "he would instantly commence hostilities against all the states under her sway, and that these hostilities would be carried on by all the ships of war which might successively approach these islands, until France should have obtained satisfactory restitution." Resistance was vain, compliance inevitable, and Queen Pomaré wrote to the king a letter worded thus:

TAHITI, 31st August, 1838.

TO THE KING:

Peace be with you. This is what I wish to make known to you. I did wrong to hinder the two French citizens from taking up their abode here. I hope that your Majesty may not be incensed against me for what I did with regard to them; may peace be restored. I am the sovereign of nothing but a small and insignificant country. May wisdom, glory and power abide with your Majesty; let your anger be appeased, and pardon the error which I have committed.

"Peace be with your Majesty,

"POMARÉ."

The other conditions were more difficult to comply with. The queen succeeded in

borrowing the requisite sum, and paid over to the commander 125 ounces of gold as an indemnity for the compulsory departure of Messrs. Laval and Carret; as respects the salute, the queen having no powder, she was obliged to beg a supply of that sine qua non of modern warfare from Mons. du Petit-Thouars, in order to render him this token of humiliation. A few days afterwards, on the 4th September, a treaty with the queen was concluded, nearly similar to the one already ratified by the king of the Sandwich Islands. One of its principal articles runs thus:

"The French, of whatever profession they may be, shall have full liberty to come and to leave as they please, and to establish themselves for the purposes of trade in any of the islands under the government of Tahiti; they shall be received and protected equally with the most favored foreign nations."

The words given here in italics, are of immense importance; they sanction and authorize by solemn treaty, without expressly saying so, the sojourning of Priests, and the enterprise of proselyting, for the futherance of which aims this expedition, as has been shown, was undertaken.

It will be remembered that the *Astrolabe* and *la Zélée* arrived at Tahiti about the same time as the *Venus*, Captain Dumont d'Urville, commanding these Corvettes, enlightens us how the controversy originated. "In 1835," he says, "the Messrs. Laval and Carret, emboldened by the advantages obtained at Manga-Reva, and being apprised of the favorable disposition entertained towards them by several chiefs of Tahiti, believed the hour had come to introduce the principles of the church of Rome and expunge the doctrines of the Reformation; and consequently repaired to Tahiti in an English vessel." Eluding the law which forbid their landing without leave, they disembarked on the south side of the island, at a great distance from the seat of government, and from thence turned their steps toward Pape-Iti, where the course to be pursued was canvassed in a meeting held with the Chiefs. Captain Dumont d'Urville, opines that if a public discussion had been brought about at this time, between the Missionaries of the two opposing sects, it would have caused the immediate downfall of Protestantism among these islanders. "The ritual of the Roman Church," says he, "with its fascinating splendor, if exhibited before the eyes of the natives, would speedily have led them to despise the dry and insipid forms of the Protest-

ants." But Messrs. Laval and Carret had deliberately trespassed on the requirements of the law; and were therefore solicited to retire; but having obtained a footing on the island by stratagem, they hoped, by gaining time, to find means of remaining there; they set up their tabernacle in a house placed at their disposal by a Mr. Moërenhout, and here by celebrating the mass, &c., they commenced the precise work for which they had made their appearance at Tahiti, taking no notice of the prohibition enjoined upon them, and which even Mons. Dumont d'Urville admits to have been perfectly in order—"the native inhabitants," he says, "certainly being their own masters." Refusing to depart, they were finally made to do so by compulsion. Mons. Laval returned to Manga-Reva, while Mr. Carret found his way back to France, to invoke the help and the avenging thunder-bolts of his government. Thus we learn, how this whole series of exactions and violence, in which Mons. du Petit-Thouars figures as the principal actor, have sprung up. These two priests, we have seen, "wished to substitute the dogmas of their Church in place of the doctrines of the Reformation," and for this they conveyed themselves by stealth into the island of Tahiti; they were sent away; and France, on their complaints and in support of interests exclusively of a religious nature, commences war.

The object contemplated by sending out the *Venus*, had already been accomplished before Mons. Dumont d'Urville's arrival. The Protestant Missionaries conceived the idea that the Commander of the *Astrolabe* and *la Zélée* might peradventure disclaim the doings of Mons. du Petit-Thouars; and feeling themselves aggrieved by his encroachment on their rights, as well as on those of the Queen, they intended presenting an appeal to the former, as being the senior in point of rank; but they soon perceived that such a step could effect no good. The Queen received the two Commanders; Mons. Dumont d'Urville told her, that he had gone out of his regular course, because he had been informed of the treatment the Catholic Missionaries had experienced; to which the Queen simply replied, that the existing state of things in her dominions had made it necessary to effect their removal. A scene then ensued, in which the behavior of Mons. du Petit-Thouars can hardly be credited, were we not assured of its reality by the testimony of his colleague Mons. Dumont d'Urville. "I merely replied," he says, "that un-

doubtedly the Queen is free in her own States, and no person in the world, not even the King of the French excepted, can demand of her to change her religion; she would have been perfectly right, had she restricted herself to simply denying the French Missionaries all exhibition of their rites in public; but the severe treatment manifested toward two citizens of France (we were speaking of their expulsion from the island, where they had assayed to introduce the controversy) was of such a nature, that we could not let it pass without some sort of satisfaction. I moreover said that the Queen Pomaré-Vahiné ought to esteem herself very fortunate in having been able to extricate herself from her embarrassing position with the French Empire, at so small a cost. These words, rather severe as they were, I observe the interpreter has faithfully transmitted, for I see Pomaré is sensibly affected, and the tears begin to course from her eyes, which she fixes on me with an expression of anger sufficiently apparent. At the same instant I observe also that Captain du Petit-Thouars seems to use his efforts to dissipate her displeasure by means of several amicable little tricks, such as to pull her gently by the hair, or tapping her on the cheek; he even adds in an affectionate tone that it is wrong for her to take on so."

Here we behold with what degree of becoming dignity the orders of the French Government are executed, and what mockery is practised upon a Princess threatened with fire and sword! the *Artemise* has finished the work begun by the *Venus*. Captain Laplace, her Commander, has in due form extorted the grant of unobstructed ingress for the Roman Catholic Missionaries to propagate their doctrines; and having secured these privileges at Tahiti, he has been to the Sandwich-Islands to extort the same concessions there. The French government, has then, it seems, taken upon itself the ungracious task of establishing the right of diffusing Popery among the islanders of the Pacific, in defiance of their Kings, their Chiefs and their laws.

We have drawn the particulars now presented to our readers, relating to the expedition of the two Commanders du Petit-Thouars and Dumont d'Urville, from the most authentic sources accessible in such matters, viz., their own published Journals, and these particulars furnish a key to subsequent events; they certainly suffice, to justify that burst of indignation which this last act of the French government has called forth from the entire Protestant popula-

tion of this country, and which has found vent in those energetic paragraphs which may be seen in every publication without exception, claiming to be an organ of Protestant principles. It is an iniquitous act, and notwithstanding the disclaimer put forth in the *Moniteur*, there is besides room for strong surmises that all moral obligations have been outraged in the most base and brutal manner by our seamen. Mons. du Petit-Thouars has, it is true, paid some homage to the British Navy, by saying that they have taught the natives to regard all vessels as *taboués* or *inaccessible*; but we do not forget the answer given by Monsr. Dumont d'Urville to father Jean-Chrysoptome, when entreated by him to use his power to prohibit the sailors under his command from destroying the fruits of the labors of the Roman Catholic Missionaries at Manga-Reva, by their odious vices. He told the holy father, in terms not proper to be used in this place, "that he positively could not make himself responsible for the conduct of his men; and that all he could do to put a stop to the scandal, was to put out to sea the very day similar offences should again occur." These well grounded fears of the Roman Catholic Missionaries, amply justify the measures taken by those of the Protestant faith, in order to keep off these corrupters of the native population; to save one Mission the anchor is instantly hove—to destroy another it is suffered to rest in its bed. But this is not all; this same Mr. Moërenhout, who for seven or eight years has been the principal and most virulent enemy of the Protestant Missions in those islands, and who by his slanders, has made the French sailors believe that the Missionaries were "the most oppressive vampires of the natives," as Mons. Dumont d'Urville expresses it, has been appointed to fill the station of Royal Commissary. This is the man, who has persecuted the Protestant Missions with inveterate hatred, and labored with all his might to promote the interests of the Roman Catholics, and is now made, as it were, the sole and sovereign arbiter of the fate of those institutions which have raised the Tahitians to some degree of christian civilization, as well as of the fate of those men who founded these institutions, inasmuch as there is no appeal from his decisions but to the King of France, which, it is well known, can at best afford no redress for a whole year. It will be appreciated from these data, how illusory are the hopes founded on that kind of guarantee which has been extended to the English Mission-

aries now actually on the spot. They are not liable to be expelled; granted—this would be too bold a procedure; but their work will be undermined and ultimately destroyed. The past throws abundant light on the future, on this point.

Politicians in England, as we have said, evince the utmost apathy in view of these events; but we are informed, on the other hand, that the religious community, which in that country is so large and influential, feel the same with regard to these things as Protestants do in France; we have been assured that the Ministry of Peace have by this act of intolerant bigotry, drawn down upon their head as much odium from the most respectable classes in England, as the agitation of the question concerning the right of search has done in France. It seems strange that while professing to labor for the closer approximation of the two nations, they have made themselves so active in meriting the execrations of so large a portion of both.* We are unable to explain this paradox, unless by admitting the hypothesis that there exists more latent motives for making these concessions to a party already too highly favored to be easily managed.

* The London Missionary Society have just published a work called "A brief statement of the aggression of the French on the island of Tahiti," which we have received, and which is now in the hands of the translator. The Missionary Society of Paris have likewise published a kind of protest, and spread a great number of copies over the land.

I ASK THEE TO FORGET ME.

From the Court Journal.

Not while my form is still before thine eyes—
 Not while my voice is ringing in thine ears—
 Not while my sigh still breathes upon thy lips—
 Not while thy cheek is moistened with my tears;
 But when in calmer, brighter, happier hours,
 Our love appears but as a passing dream,
 Half-veiled in mystery; for the heart soon finds
 Its transient passions are not what they seem.
 Let not my fading image haunt thy soul,—
 Remember not the one whose aching heart
 Hath dwelt within thy bosom, till its griefs,
 Its joys, its woes with thine have taken part!

And yet, I ask thee to forget my name,
 My very being, and the hours we passed
 In all-confiding love, e'en when we knew
 Its saddened sweetness could not, must not last.
 Oh! drink the offered cup from Lethe's spring,
 Life's rugged path leads to the mountain's brow
 We might have climb'd together, but our lot
 Is cast in utter desolation now.
 I ask thee to forget me! and when time
 Hath darkened with his wing our fleeting years,
 This grief-fraught hour upon thy memory's page
 Shall be effaced, and blotted out with tears.

DRUID.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLOCKS.

THE PAVING QUESTION.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE subject of greatest metropolitan interest which has occurred for many years, is the introduction of wood paving. As the main battle has been fought in London, and nothing but a confused report of the great object in dispute may have penetrated beyond the sound of Bow bells, we think it will not be amiss to put on record, in the imperishable brass and marble of our pages, an account of the mighty struggle—of the doughty champions who couched the lance and drew the sword in the opposing ranks—and, finally, to what side victory seems to incline on this beautiful 1st of May in the year 1843.

Come, then, to our aid, oh ye heavenly Muses! who enabled Homer to sing in such persuasive words the fates of Troy and of its wooden horse; for surely a subject which is so deeply connected both with wood and horses, is not beneath your notice; but perhaps, as poetry is gone out of fashion at the present time, you will depute one of your humbler sisters, rejoicing in the name of Prose, to give us a few hints in the composition of our great history. The name of the first pavier, we fear, is unknown, unless we could identify him with Triptolemus, who was a great improver of Rhodes; but it is the fate of all the greatest benefactors of their kind to be neglected, and in time forgotten. The first regularly defined paths were probably footways—the first carriages broad-wheeled. No record remains of what materials were used for filling up the ruts; so it is likely, in those simple times when enclosure acts were unknown, that the cart was seldom taken in the same track. As houses were built, and something in the shape of streets began to be established, the access to them must have been more attended to. A mere smoothing of the inequalities of the surface over which the oxen had to be driven, that brought the grain home on the enormous *plaustra* of the husbandman, was the first idea of a street, whose very name is derived from *stratum*, levelled. As experience advanced, steps would be taken to prevent the softness of the road from interrupting the draught. A narrow rim of stone, just wide enough to sustain the wheel, would, in all probability, be the next improvement; and only when the gentle operations of the farm were exchanged for war, and the charger had to be hurried to the fight, with all the equipments necessary for an army, great

roads were laid open, and covered with hard materials to sustain the wear and tear of men and animals. Roads were found to be no less necessary to retain a conquest than to make it; and the first true proof of the greatness of Rome was found in the long lines of military ways, by which she maintained her hold upon the provinces. You may depend on it, that no expense was spared in keeping the glorious street that led up her Triumphs to the Capitol in excellent repair. All the nations of the *Orbis Antiquus* ought to have trembled when they saw the beginning of the Appian road. It led to Britain and Persia, to Carthage and the White Sea. The Britons, however, in ancient days, seem to have been about the stupidest and least enterprising of all the savages hitherto discovered. After an intercourse of four hundred years with the most polished people in the world, they continued so miserably benighted, that they had not even acquired masonic knowledge enough to repair a wall. The rampart raised by their Roman protectors between them and the Picts and Scots, became in some places dilapidated. The unfortunate natives had no idea how to mend the breach, and had to send once more for their auxiliaries. If such their state in regard to masonry, we cannot suppose that their skill in road-making was very great; and yet we are told that, even on Cæsar's invasion, the Britons careered about in war-chariots, which implies both good roads and some mechanical skill; but we think it a little too much in historians to ask us to believe BOTH these views of the condition of our predecessors in the tight little island; for it is quite clear that a people who had arrived at the art of coach-making, could not be so very ignorant as not to know how to build a wall. If it were not for the letters of Cicero, we should not believe a syllable about the war-chariots that carried amazement into the hearts of the Romans, even in Kent or Surrey. But we here boldly declare, that if twenty Ciceros were to make their affidavits to the fact of a set of outer barbarians, like Galgacus and his troops, "sweeping their fiery lines on rattling wheels" up and down the Grampians—where, at a later period, a celebrated shepherd fed his flocks—we should not believe a word of their declaration. Tacitus, in the same manner, we should prosecute for perjury.

The Saxons were a superior race, and when the eightsome-reel of the heptarchy became the *pas-seul* of the kingdom of England, we doubt not that Watling Street

was kept in passable condition, and that Alfred, amidst his other noble institutions, invented a highway rate. The fortresses and vassal towns of the barons, after the Conquest, must have covered the country with tolerable cross-roads; and even the petty wars of those steel-clad marauders must have had a good effect in opening new communications. For how could Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, or Sir Hildebrand Bras-de-Fer, carry off the booty of their discomfited rival to their own granaries without loaded tumbrils, and roads fit to pass over?

Nor would it have been wise in rich abbots and fat monks to leave their monasteries and abbeys inaccessible to pious pilgrims, who came to admire thigh-bones of martyred virgins and skulls of beatified saints, and paid very handsomely for the exhibition. Finally, trade began, and paviers flourished. The first persons of that illustrious profession appear, from the sound of the name, to have been French, unless we take the derivation of a cockney friend of ours, who maintains that the origin of the word is not the French *pavé*, but the indigenous English pathway. However that may be, we are pretty sure that paving was known as one of the fine arts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for, not to mention the anecdote of Raleigh and his cloak—which could only happen where puddles formed the exception and not the rule—we read of Essex's horse stumbling on a paving-stone in his mad ride to his house in the Strand. We also prove, from Shakspeare's line—

"The very stones would rise in mutiny"—

the fact of stones forming the main body of the streets in his time; for it is absurd to suppose that he was so rigid an observer of the unities as to pay the slightest respect to the state of paving in the time of Julius Cæsar at Rome.

Gradually London took the lead in improving its ways. It was no longer necessary for the fair and young to be carried through the mud upon costly pillions, on the backs of high-stepping Flanders mares. Beauty rolled over the stones in four-wheeled carriages, and it did not need more than half a dozen running footmen—the stoutest that could be found—to put their shoulders occasionally to the wheel, and help the eight black horses to drag the ponderous vehicle through the heavier parts of the road. Science came to the aid of beauty in these distressing circumstances. Springs were invented that yielded to every

jolt ; and, with the aid of cushions, rendered a visit to Highgate not much more fatiguing than we now find the journey to Edinburgh. Luxury went on—wealth flowed in—paviers were encouraged—coach-makers grew great men—and London, which our ancestors had left mud, was now stone. Year after year the granite quarries of Aberdeen poured themselves out on the streets of the great city, and a million and a half of people drove, and rode, and bustled, and bargained, and cheated, and throve, in the midst of a din that would have silenced the artillery of Trafalgar, and a mud which, if turned into bricks, would have built the tower of Babel. The citizens were now in possession of the “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*,” but some of the more quietly disposed, though submitting patiently to the “*fumum*,” and by no means displeased with the “*opes*,” thought the “*strepitumque*” could be dispensed with ; and plans of all kinds were proposed for obviating the noise and other inconveniences of granite blocks. Some proposed straw, rushes, sawdust ; ingenuity was at a stand-still ; and London appeared to be condemned to a perpetual atmosphere of smoke and sound. It is pleasant to look back on difficulties when overcome—the best illustration of which is Columbus’s egg ; for, after convincing the skeptic, there can be no manner of doubt that he swallowed the yolk and white, leaving the shell to the pugnacious disputant. In the same way we look with a pleasing kind of pity on the quandaries of those whom we shall call—with no belief whatever in the pre-Adamite theory—the pre-Macadamites.

A man of talent and enterprise, Mr. Macadam, proposed a means of getting quit of one of the objections to the granite causeways. By breaking them up into small pieces, and spreading them in sufficient quantity, he proved that a continuous hard surface would be formed, by which the uneasy jerks from stone to stone would be avoided, and the expense, if not diminished, at all events not materially increased. When the proposition was fairly brought before the public, it met the fate of all innovations. Timid people—the very persons, by the by, who had been the loudest in their exclamations against the ancient causeways—became alarmed the moment they saw a chance of getting quit of them. As we never know the value of a thing till we have lost it, their attachment to stone and noise became more intense in proportion as the certainty of being deprived of them be-

came greater. It was proved to the satisfaction of all rational men, if Mr. Macadam’s experiment succeeded, and a level surface were furnished to the streets, that, besides noise, many other disadvantages of the rougher mode of paving would be avoided. Among these the most prominent was slipperiness : and it was impossible to be denied, that at many seasons of the year, not only in frost, when every terrestrial pathway must be unsafe ; but in the dry months of summer, the smooth surfaces of the blocks of granite, polished and rounded by so many wheels, were each like a convex mass of ice, and caused unnumbered falls to the less adroit of the equestrian portion of the king’s subjects. One of the most zealous advocates of the improvement was the present Sir Peter Laurie, not then elevated to a seat among the Equites, but imbued probably with a foreknowledge of his knighthood, and therefore anxious for the safety of his horse. Sir Peter was determined, in all senses of the word, to *leave no stone unturned* ; and a very small mind, when directed to one object with all its force, has more effect than a large mind unacted by the same zeal—as a needle takes a sharper point than a sword. Thanks, therefore, are due, in a great measure, to the activity and eloquence of the worthy alderman for the introduction of Macadam’s system of road-making into the city.

Many evils were certainly got rid of by this alteration—the jolting motion from stone to stone—the slipperiness and unevenness of the road—and the chance, in case of an accident, of contesting the hardness of your skull with a mass of stone, which seemed as if it were made on purpose for knocking out people’s brains. For some time contentment sat smiling over the city. But, as “*man never is, but always to be, blest*,” perfect happiness appeared not to be secured even by Macadam. Ruts began to be formed—rain fell, and mud was generated at a prodigious rate ; repairs were needed, and the road for a while was rough and almost impassable. Then it was found out that the change had only led to a different *kind* of noise, instead of destroying it altogether ; and the perpetual grinding of wheels, sawing their way through the loose stones at the top, or ploughing through the wet foundation, was hardly an improvement on the music arising from the jolts and jerks along the causeway. Men’s minds got confused in the immensity of the uproar, and deafness became epidemic. In winter, the surface of Macadam formed a series of little lakes, resembling on a small

scale those of Canada; in summer, it formed a Sahara of dust, prodigiously like the great desert. Acres of the finest alluvial clay floated past the shops in autumn; in spring, clouds of the finest sand were wafted among the goods, and penetrated to every drawer and wareroom. And high over all, throughout all the main highways of commerce—the Strand—Fleet-Street—Oxford-Street—Holborn—raged a storm of sound, that made conversation a matter of extreme difficulty without such stentorian an effort as no ordinary lungs could make. As the inhabitants of Abdera went about sighing from morning to night, "Love! love!" so the persecuted dwellers in the great thoroughfares wished incessantly for cleanliness! smoothness! silence!

"Abra was present when they named her name," and, after a few gropings after truth—a few experiments that ended in nothing—a voice was heard in the city, that streets could be paved with wood. This was by no means a discovery in itself; for in many parts of the country ingenious individuals had laid down wooden floors upon their farm-yards; and, in other lands, it was a very common practice to use no other material for their public streets. But, in London, it was new; and all that was wanted, was science to use the material (at first sight so little calculated to bear the wear and tear of an enormous traffic) in the most eligible manner. The first who commenced an actual piece of paving was a Mr. Skead—a perfectly simple and artificial system, which it was soon seen was doomed to be superseded. His blocks were nothing but pieces of wood of a hexagon shape—with no cohesion, and no foundation—so that they trusted each to its own resources to resist the pressure of a wheel, or the blow of a horse's hoof; and, as might have been foreseen, they became very uneven after a short use, and had no recommendation except their cheapness and their exemption from noise. The fibre was vertical, and at first no grooves were introduced; they, of course, became rounded by wearing away at the edge, and as slippery as the ancient granite. The Metropolitan Company took warning from the defects of their predecessor, and adopted the patent of a scientific French gentleman of the name of De Lisle. The combination of the blocks is as elaborate as the structure of a ship of war, and yet perfectly easy, being founded on correct mechanical principles, and attaining the great objects required—viz., smoothness, durability, and quiet. The blocks, which are shaped at

such an angle that they give the most perfect mutual support, are joined to each other by oaken dowels, and laid on a hard concrete foundation, presenting a level surface, over which the impact is so equally divided, that the whole mass resists the pressure on each particular block; and yet, from being formed in panels of about a yard square, they are laid down or lifted up with far greater ease than the causeway. Attention was immediately attracted to this invention, and all efforts have hitherto been vain to improve on it. Various projectors have appeared—some with concrete foundations, some with the blocks attached to each other, not by oaken dowels, but by being alternately concave and convex at the side; but this system has the incurable defect of wearing off at the edges, where the fibre of the wood, of course, is weakest, and presents a succession of bald-pated surfaces, extremely slippery, and incapable of being permanently grooved. A specimen of this will be often referred to in the course of this account, being that which has attained such an unenviable degree of notoriety in the Poultry. Other inventors have shown ingenuity and perseverance; but the great representative of wooden paving we take to be the Metropolitan Company, and we proceed to a narrative of the attacks it has sustained, and the struggles it has gone through.

So long ago as July, 1839, the inventor explained to a large public meeting of noblemen and men of science, presided over by the Duke of Sussex, the principle of his discovery. It consisted in a division of the cube, or, as he called it, the stereotomy of the cube. After observing that, "although the cube was the most regular of all solid bodies, and the most learned men amongst the Greeks and other nations had occupied themselves to ascertain and measure its proportions, he said it had never hitherto been regarded as a body, to be anatomized or explored in its internal parts. Some years ago, it had occurred to a French mathematician that the cube was divisible into six pyramidal forms; and it therefore had struck him, the inventor, that the natural formation of that figure was by a combination of those forms. Having detailed to his audience a number of experiments, and shown how the results thereby obtained accorded with mathematical principles, he proceeded to explain the various purposes to which diagonal portions of the cube might be applied. By cutting the body in half, and then dividing the half in a diagonal direction, he obtained a figure—

namely, a quarter of a cube—in which, he observed, the whole strength or power of resistance of the entire body resided; and he showed the application of these sections of the cube to the purposes of paving by wood." Such is the first meagre report of the broaching of a scientific system of paving; and, with the patronage of such men of rank and eminence as took an interest in the subject, the progress was sure and rapid.

In December, 1839, about 1100 square yards were laid down in Whitehall, and a triumph was never more complete; for since that period it has continued as smooth and level as when first it displaced the Macadam; it has never required repair, and has been a small basis of peace and quietness, amidst a desert of confusion and turmoil. Since that time, about sixty thousand yards in various parts of London, being about three-fourths of all the pavement hitherto introduced, attest the public appreciation of the Metropolitan Company's system. It may be interesting to those who watch the progress of great changes, to particularize the operations (amounting in the aggregate to forty thousand yards) that were carried on upon this system in 1842:—

St. Giles's, Holborn
 Foundling Estate
 Hammersmith Bridge
 St. Andrew's, Holborn
 Jermyn Street
 Old Bailey
 Piccadilly
 Newgate Street, eastern end
 Southampton Street
 Lombard Street
 Oxford Street
 Regent Street;

besides several noblemen's court-yards, such as the Dukes of Somerset and Sutherland's, and a great number of stables, for which it is found peculiarly adapted.

The other projectors have specimens principally in the Strand; that near the Golden Cross, being by Mr. Skead; that near Coutts's Bank, Mr. Saunders; at St. Giles's Church, in Holborn, Mr. Rankin; and in the city, at Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, and the Poultry, Mr. Carey. The Poultry is a short space lying between Cheapside and the Mansion-house, consisting altogether of only three hundred and seventy-eight square yards. It lies in a hollow, as if on purpose to receive the river of mud which rolls its majestic course from the causeway on each side. The traffic on it, though not fast, is perpetual, and the system from the first was faulty. In addi-

tion to these drawbacks, its cleansing was totally neglected; and on all these accounts, it offered an excellent point of attack to any person who determined to signalize himself by preaching a crusade against wood. Preachers, thank heaven! are seldom wanted; and on this occasion the part of Peter the Hermit was undertaken by Peter the Knight; for our old acquaintance, the opponent of causeways, the sworn enemy to granite, the favorer of Macadam, had worn the chain of office; had had his ears tickled for a whole year by the magic word, my lord; was as much of a knight as Sir Amadis de Gaul, and much more of an alderman; had been a great dispenser of justice, and sometimes a dispenser with law; had made himself a name, before which that of the Curtises and Waithmans grew pale; and, above all, was at that very moment in want of a grievance. Sir Peter Laurie gave notice of a motion on the subject of the Poultry. People began to think something had gone wrong with the chickens, or that Sir Robert had laid a high duty on foreign eggs. The alarm spread into Norfolk, and affected the price of turkeys. Bantams fell in value, and barn-door fowls were a drug. In the midst of all these fears, it began to be whispered about, that if any chickens were concerned in the motion, it was Cary's chickens; and that the attack, though nominally on the hen-roost, was in reality on the wood. It was now the depth of winter; snowy showers were succeeded by biting frosts; the very smoothness of the surface of the wooden pavement was against it; for as no steps were taken to prevent slipperiness, by cleansing or sanding the street—or better still, perhaps, by roughing the horses' shoes, many tumbles took place on this doomed little portion of the road; and some of the city police, having probably, in the present high state of English morals, little else to do, were employed to count the falls. Armed with a list of these accidents, which grew in exact proportion to the number of people who saw them—(for instance, if three people separately reported, "a gray horse down in the Poultry," it did duty for three gray horses)—Sir Peter opened the business of the day, at a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers for the City of London, on the 14th of February, 1843. Mr. Alderman Gibbs was in the chair. Sir Peter, on this occasion, transcended his usual efforts; he was inspired with the genius of his subject, and was as great a specimen of slip-slop as the streets themselves. He requested a petition to be

read, signed by a Mr. Gray, and a considerable number of other jobmasters and livery-stable keepers, against wood pavement; and, as it formed the text on which he spoke, we quote it entire:—

“To the Commissioners of Sewers—

“The humble memorial of your memorialists, humbly sheweth,—That in consequence of the introduction of wood pavements into the City of London, in lieu of granite, a very great number of accidents have occurred; and in drawing a comparison between the two from observations made, it is found where one accident happened on the granite pavement, that ten at least took place upon the wood. Your memorialists therefore pray, that, in consequence of the wood pavement being so extremely dangerous to travel over, you would be pleased to take the matter into your serious consideration, and cause, it to be removed; by doing which you will, in the first place, be removing a great and dangerous nuisance; and, secondly, you will be setting a beneficial and humane example to other metropolitan districts.”

Mr. Gray, in addition to the memorial, begged fully to corroborate its statements, and said that he had himself twice been thrown out by the falling of his horse on the wood, and had broken his shafts both times. As he did not allude to his legs and arms, we conclude they escaped uninjured; and the only effect created by his observation, seemed to be a belief that his horse was probably addicted to falling, and preferred the wood to the rough and hard angles of the granite. Immediately after the reading of the stablemen's memorial, a petition was introduced in favor of wood pavement from Cornhill, signed by all the inhabitants of that wealthy and flourishing district, and, on the principles of fair play, we transcribe it as a pendant to the other:—

“Your petitioners, the undersigned inhabitants of the ward of Cornhill and Birchen Lane, beg again to bring before you their earnest request, that that part of Cornhill which is still paved with granite, and also Birchen Lane, may now be paved with wood.

“Your petitioners are well aware that many complaints have been received of the wood paving in the Poultry; but they beg to submit to you that no reports which have been, or which may be made, of the accidents which have occurred on that small spot, should be considered as in any way illustrative of the merits of the general question. From its minuteness, and its slope at both extremities, it is constantly covered with slippery mud from the granite at each end; and that, together with the sudden transition from one sort of paving to another, causes the horses continually to stumble on that spot. Your petitioners therefore submit that no place could have been selected for experiment so ill adapted to show a fair result. Since your petitioners laid their former petition before you, they

have ascertained, by careful examination and inquiry, that in places where wood paving has been laid down continuously to a moderate extent—viz. in Regent Street, Jermyn Street, Holborn, Oxford Street, the Strand, Coventry Street, and Lombard Street—it has fully effected all that was expected from it; it has freed the streets from the distracting nuisance of incessant noise, has diminished mud, increased the value of property, and given full satisfaction to the inhabitants. Your petitioners, therefore, beg to urge upon you most strongly a compliance with their request, which they feel assured would be a further extension of a great public good.”

In addition to the petition, Mr. Fernie, who presented it, stated “that the inhabitants (whom he represented) had satisfied themselves of the advantages of wood paving before they wished its adoption at their own doors. That inquiries had been made of the inhabitants of streets in the enjoyment of wood paving, and they all approved of it; and said, that nothing would induce them to return to the old system of stone; that they were satisfied the number of accidents had not been greater on the wood than they had been on the granite; and that they were of a much less serious character and extent.”

Sir Peter on this applied a red silk handkerchief to his nose; wound three blasts on that wild horn, as if to inspire him for the charge; and rushed forth into the middle of the fight. His first blow was aimed at Mr. Prosser, the secretary of the Metropolitan Company, who had stated that in Russia, where wooden pavements were common, a sprinkling of pitch and strong sand had prevented the possibility of slipping. Orlando Furioso was a peaceful Quaker compared to the infuriate Laurie. “The admission of Mr. Prosser,” he said, “proves that, without pitch and sand, wood pavements are impassable;” and fearful was it to see the prodigious vigor with which the Prosser with two s's, was pressed and assaulted by the Proser with only one. Wonder took possession of the assemblage, at the catalogue of woes the impassioned orator had collected: as the results of this most dangerous and murderous contrivance. An old woman had been run over by an omnibus—all owing to wood; a boy had been killed by a cab—all owing to wood; and it seemed never to have occurred to the speaker, in his anti-silvan fury, that boys' legs are occasionally broken by unruly cabs, and poles of omnibuses run into the backs of unsuspecting elderly gentlemen on the roads which continue under the protecting influence of

granite or Macadam. He had seen horses fall on the wooden pavements in all directions; he had seen a troop of dragoons, in the midst of the frost, dismount and lead their un-roughed horses across Regent Street; the Recorder had gone round by the squares to avoid the wooden districts; one lady had ordered her coachman to stick constantly to stone; and another, when she required to go to Regent Street, dismissed her carriage and walked. The thanks he had received for his defence of granite were innumerable; an omnibus would not hold the compliments that had been paid him for his efforts against wood; and, as Lord Shaftsbury had expressed his obligations to him on the subject, he did not doubt that if the matter came before the House of Lords, he would bestow the degree of attention on it which his lordship bestowed on all matters of importance. Working himself up as he drew near his peroration, he broke out into a blaze of eloquence which put the Lord Mayor into some fear on account of the Thames, of which he is official conservator. "The thing cannot last!" he exclaimed; "and if you don't, in less than two years from this time, say I am a true prophet, put me on seven years' allowance." What the meaning of this latter expression may be, we cannot divine. It seems to us no very severe punishment to be forced to receive the allowance of seven years instead of one; the only explanation we can think of is, that it contains some delicate allusion to the dietary of gentlemen who are supposed to be visiting one of the colonies in New Holland, but in reality employ themselves in aquatic amusements in Portsmouth and Plymouth harbor "for the space of seven long years"—and are not supposed to fare in so sumptuous a manner as the aldermen of the city of London.

"The poor horses," he proceeded, "that are continually tumbling down on the wood pavement, cannot send their representatives, but I will represent them here whenever I have the opportunity"—(a horse laugh, as if from the orator's constituents, was excited by this sally.) "But, gentlemen, besides the danger of this atrocious system, we ought to pay a little attention to the expense. I maintain you have no right to make the inhabitants of those streets to which there is no idea of extending the wood paving, pay for the ease and comfort, as it is called, of persons residing in the larger thoroughfares, such as Newgate Street and Cheap-side. But the promoters say, 'Oh! but we will have the whole town paved with it'—(hear, hear.) What would this cost? A friend of mine has made some calculations on this point, and he finds that, to pave the whole town with

wood, an outlay of twenty-four millions of money must be incurred!"

It was generally supposed in the meeting that the friend here alluded to was either Mr. Joseph Hume or the ingenious gentleman who furnished Lord Stanley with the statistics of the wheat-growing districts of Tamboff. It was afterwards discovered to be a Mr. Cocker Munchausen.

Twenty-four millions of money! and all to be laid out on wood! The thought was so immense that it nearly choked the worthy orator, and he could not proceed for some time. When at last, by a great effort, he recovered the thread of his discourse, he became pathetic about the fate of one of the penny-post boys, (a relation—"we guess"—of the deceased H. Walker, Esq. of the Twopenny Post,)—who had broken his leg on the wooden pavement. The authorities had ordered the lads to avoid the wood in future. For all these reasons, Sir Peter concluded his speech with a motion, "That the wood pavement in the Poultry is dangerous and inconvenient to the public, and ought to be taken up and replaced with granite pavement."

"As in a Theatre the eyes of men,
After some well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him who enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,
Even so, or with more scorn, men's eyes
Were turned on—Mr. Deputy Godson!"

The benevolent reader may have observed that the second fiddle is generally a little louder and more sharp set than the first. On this occasion that instrument was played upon by the worthy deputy, to the amazement of all the connoisseurs in that species of music in which he and his leader are known to excel. From his speech it was gathered that he represented a district which has been immortalized by the genius of the author of Tom Thumb; and in the present unfortunate aspect of human affairs, when a comet is brandishing its tail in the heavens, and O'Connell seems to have been deprived of his upon earth—when poverty, distress, rebellion, and wooden pavements, are threatening the very existence of Great Britain, it is consolatory to reflect that under the guardianship of Deputy Godson, Little Britain is safe; for he is resolved to form a cordon of granite round it, and keep it free from the contamination of Norway pines or Scottish fir. "I have been urged by my constituents," he says, "to ask for wood pavement in Little Britain; but I am adverse to it, as I think wood paving is calculated to produce the greatest injury to the public."

"I have seen twenty horses down on the wood pavement together—(laughter.) I am here to state what I have seen. I have seen horses down on the wood pavement, twenty at a time—(renewed laughter.) I say, and with great deference, that we are in the habit of conferring favors when we ought to withhold them. I think gentlemen ought to pause before they burden the consolidated rate with those matters, and make the poor inhabitants of the City pay for the fancies of the wealthy members of Cornhill and the Poultry. We ought to deal even-handed justice, and not introduce into the City, and that at a great expense, a pavement that is dirty, stinking, and every thing that is bad."—(laughter.)

In Pope's Homer's Iliad, it is very distressing to the philanthropic mind to reflect on the feelings that must agitate the bosom of Mr Deputy Thersites when Ajax passes by. In the British Parliament it is a melancholy sight to see the countenance of some unfortunate orator when Sir Robert Peel rises to reply, with a smile of awful import on his lips, and a subdued cannibal expression of satisfaction in his eyes. Even so must it have been a harrowing spectacle to observe the effects of the answer of Mr. R. L. Jones, who rose for the purpose of moving the previous question. He said, "I thought the worthy alderman who introduced this question would have attempted to support himself by bringing some petitions from citizens against wood paving—(hear.) He has not done so, and I may observe, that from not one of the wards where wood pavement has been laid down has there been a petition to take any of the wood pavement up. What the mover of these resolutions has done, has been to travel from one end of the town to the other, to prove to you that wood paving is bad in principle. Has that been established?—(Cries of 'no, no.')

I venture to say they have not established any thing of the kind. All that has been done is this—it has been shown that wood pavement, which is comparatively a recent introduction, has not yet been brought to perfection—(hear, hear.) Now, every one knows that complaints have always been made against every new principle, till it has been brought to perfection. Look, for instance, at the steam-engine. How vastly different it now is, with the improvements which science has effected, from what it was when it was first introduced to the notice of the world! Wherever wood pavement has been laid down, it has been approved of. All who have enjoyed the advantages of its exten-

sion, acknowledge the comfort derived from it. Sir Peter Laurie asserts that he is continually receiving thanks for his agitation about wood paving, and that an omnibus would not hold the compliments he receives at the West End. Now, I can only say, that I find the contrary to be the case; and every body who meets me exclaims, 'Dear me! what can Sir Peter Laurie be thinking about, to try and get the wood paving taken up, and stone paving substituted?' So far from thanking Sir Peter, every body is astonished at him. The wood pavement has now been laid down nearly three years, and I say here, in the face of the Commission, that there have not been ten blocks taken up; but had granite been put down, I will venture to say that it would, during the same period, have been taken up six or seven times. Your books will prove it, that the portion of granite pavement in the Poultry was taken up six or seven times during a period of three years. When the wood paving becomes a little slippery, go to your granite heaps which belong to this commission, or to your fine sifted cinder heaps, and let that be strewed over the surface; that contains no earthy particles, and will, when it becomes imbedded in the wood, form such a surface that there cannot by any possibility be any slipperiness—(hear, hear!) Do we not pursue this course in frosty weather even with our own stone paving? There used to be, before this plan was adopted, not a day pass but you would in frosty weather see two, three, four, and even five or six horses down together on the stone paving—('Oh! oh!' from Mr. Deputy Godson.) My friend may cry 'oh! oh!' but I mean to say that this assertion is not so incongruous as the statement of my friend, that he saw twenty horses down at once on the wood pavement in Newgate Street, (laughter.) I may exclaim with my worthy friend the deputy on my left, who lives in Newgate Street, 'When the mischief did it happen? I never heard of it.' I stand forward in support of wood paving as a great public principle, because I believe it to be most useful and advantageous to the public; which is proved by the fact, that the public at large are in favor of it. If we had given notice that this court would be open to hear the opinions of the citizens of London on the subject of wood paving, I am convinced that the number of petitions in its favor would have been so great, that the doors would not have been sufficiently wide to have received them."

Mr. Jones next turned his attention to

the arithmetical statements of Sir Peter ; and a better specimen of what in the Scotch language is called a stramash, it has never been our good fortune to meet with :—

“ We have been told by the worthy knight who introduced this motion, that to pave London with wood would cost twenty-four millions of money. Now, it so happens that, some time since, I directed the city surveyor to obtain for me a return of the number of square yards of paving-stone there are throughout all the streets in this city. I hold that return in my hand ; and I find there are 400,000 yards, which, at fifteen shillings per yard, would not make the cost of wood paving come to twenty-four millions of money ; no, gentlemen, nor to four millions, nor to three, nor even to one million—why, the cost, gentlemen, dwindles down from Sir Peter’s twenty-four millions to £300,000—(hear, hear, and laughter.)

“ If I go into Fore Street I find every body admiring the wood pavement. If I go on Cornhill I find the same—and all the great bankers in Lombard Street say, ‘ What a delightful thing this wood paving is ! Sir Peter Laurie must be mad to endeavor to deprive us of it.’ I told them not to be alarmed, for they might depend on it the good sense of this court would not allow so great and useful an improvement in street paving to retrograde in the manner sought to be effected by this revolution. I shall content myself with moving the previous question”—(cheers.)

It is probable that Mr. Jones, in moving the previous question, contented himself a mighty deal more than he did Sir Peter ; and the triumph of the woodites was increased when Mr. Pewtress seconded the amendment :

“ If there is any time of the year when the wood pavement is more dangerous than another, probably the most dangerous is when the weather is of the damp, muggy, and foggy character which has been prevailing ; and when all pavements are remarkably slippery. The worthy knight has shown great tact in choosing his time for bringing this matter before the public. We have had three or four weeks weather of the most extraordinary description I ever remember ; not frosty nor wet, but damp and slippery ; so that the granite has been found so inconvenient to horses, that they have not been driven at the common and usual pace. And I am free to confess that, under the peculiar state of the atmosphere to which I have alluded, the wood pavement is more affected than the granite pavement. But in ordinary weather there is very little difference. I am satisfied that, if the danger and inconvenience were as great as the worthy knight has represented, we should have had applications against the pavement ; but all the applications we have had on the subject have been in favor of the extension of wood pavement.”

The speaker then takes up the ground, that as wood, as a material for paving, is only recently introduced, it is natural that

vested interests should be alarmed, and that great misapprehension should exist as to its nature and merits. On this subject he introduces an admirable illustration :—“ In the early part of my life I remember attending a lecture—when gas was first introduced—by Mr. Winson. The lecture was delivered in Pall-Mall, and the lecturer proposed to demonstrate that the introduction of gas would be destructive of life and property. I attended that lecture, and I never came away from a public lecture more fully convinced of any thing than I did that he had proved his position. He produced a quantity of gas, and placed a receiver on the table. He had with him some live birds, as well as some live mice and rabbits ; and, introducing some gas into the receiver, he put one of the animals in it. In a few minutes life was extinct, and in this way he deprived about half a dozen of these animals of their life. ‘ Now, gentlemen,’ said the lecturer, ‘ I have proved to you that gas is destructive to life ; I will now show you that it is destructive to property.’ He had a little pasteboard house, and said, ‘ I will suppose that it is lighted up with gas, and from the carelessness of the servant the stopcock of the burner has been so turned off as to allow an escape of gas, and that it has escaped and filled the house.’ Having let the gas into the card house, he introduced a light and blew it up. ‘ Now,’ said he, ‘ I think I have shown you that it is not only destructive to life and property ; but that, if it is introduced into the metropolis, it will be blown up by it.’”

We have now given a short analysis of the speeches of the proposers and seconders on each side in this great debate ; and after hearing Mr. Frodsham on the opposition, and the Common Sergeant—whose objection, however, to wood was confined to its unsuitableness at some seasons for horsemanship—granting that a strong feeling in its favor existed among the owners and inhabitants of houses where it has been laid down ; and on the other side, Sir Chapman Marshall—a strenuous woodite—who challenged Sir Peter Laurie to find fault with the pavement at Whitehall, “ which he had no hesitation in saying was the finest piece of paving of any description in London ;” Mr. King, who gave a home thrust to Sir Peter, which it was impossible to parry—“ We have heard a great deal about humanity and post-boys ; does the worthy gentleman know, that the Postmaster has only within the last few weeks sent a petition here, begging that you would, with all possible speed, put wood paving round the

Post-office?" and various other gentlemen *pro* and *con*—a division was taken, when Sir Peter was beaten by an immense majority.

Another meeting, of which no public notice was given, was held shortly after to further Sir Peter's object, by sundry stable-keepers and jobmasters, under the presidency of the same Mr. Gray, whose horse had acquired the malicious habit of breaking its knees on the poultry. As there was no opposition, there was no debate; and as no names of the parties attending were published, it fell dead-born, although advertised two or three times in the newspapers.

On Tuesday, the 4th of April, Sir Peter buckled on his armor once more, and led the embattled cherubim to war, on the modified question, "That wood-paving operations be suspended in the city for a year;" but after a repetition of the arguments on both sides, he was again defeated by the same overwhelming majority as before.

Such is the state of wood paving as a party question among the city authorities at the present date. The squabbles and struggles among the various projectors would form an amusing chapter in the history of street rows—for it is seen that it is a noble prize to strive for. If the experiment succeed, all London will be paved with wood, and fortunes will be secured by the successful candidates for employment. Every day some fresh claimant starts up and professes to have remedied every defect hitherto discovered in the systems of his predecessors. Still confidence seems unshaken in the system which has hitherto shown the best results; and since the introduction of the very ingenious invention of Mr. Whitworth of Manchester, of a cart, which by an adaptation of wheels and pulleys, and brooms and buckets, performs the work of thirty-six street-sweepers, the perfection of the work in Regent Street has been seen to such advantage, and the objections of slipperiness so clearly proved to arise, not from the nature of wood, but from the want of cleansing, that even the most timid are beginning to believe that the opposition to the further introduction of it is injudicious. Among these even Sir Peter promises to enrol himself, if the public favor continue as strong towards it for another year as he perceives it to be at the present time.

And now, dismissing these efforts at resisting a change which we may safely take to be at some period or other inevitable, let us cast a cursory glance at some of the results of the general introduction of wood pavement.

In the first place, the facility of cleansing will be greatly increased. A smooth surface, between which and the subsoil is interposed a thick concrete—which grows as hard and impermeable as iron—will not generate mud and filth to one-fiftieth of the extent of either granite roads or Macadam. It is probable that if there were no importations of dirt from the wheels of carriages coming off the stone streets, little scavenging would be needed. Certainly not more than could be supplied by one of Whitworth's machines. And it is equally evident that if wood were kept unpolluted by the liquid mud—into which the surface of the other causeways is converted in the driest weather by water carts—the slipperiness would be effectually cured.

In the second place, the saving of expense in cleansing and repairing would be prodigious. Let us take as our text a document submitted to the Marylebone Vestry in 1840, and acted on by them in the case of Oxford Street; and remember that the expenses of cleansing were calculated at the cost of the manual labor—a cost, we believe, reduced two thirds by the invention of Mr. Whitworth. The Report is dated 1837:—

"The cost of the last five years having been,	£16,881
The present expense for 1837, about	2,000
The required outlay	4,000
And the cleansing for 1837	900

Gives a total for six years of £23,781

"Or an annual expenditure averaging £3963; so that the future expenses of Oxford Street, maintained as a Macadamized carriage-way, would be about £4000, or 2s. 4d. per yard per annum.

"In contrast with this extract from the parochial documents, the results of which must have been greatly increased within the last three years, the Metropolitan Wood-Paving Company, who have already laid down above 4000 yards in Oxford Street, between Wells Street and Charles Street, are understood to be willing to complete the entire street in the best manner for 12s. per square yard, or about £14,000—for which they propose to take bonds bearing interest at the rate of four-and-a-half per cent per annum, whereby the parish will obtain ample time for ultimate payment; and further, to keep the whole in repair, inclusive of the cost of cleansing and watering, for one year gratuitously, and for twelve years following at £1900 per annum, being less than one-half the present outlay for these purposes."

Whether these were the terms finally agreed on we do not know; but we perceive by public tenders that the streets can be paved in the best possible manner for 13s. or 12s. 6d. a yard; and kept in repair for

6d. a yard additional. This is certainly much cheaper than Macadam, and we should think more economical than causeways. And, besides, it has the advantage—which one of the speakers suggested to Sir Peter Laurie—"that in case of an upset, it is far more satisfactory to contest the relative hardness of heads with a block of wood than a mass of granite."

We can only add in conclusion, that advertisements are published by the Commissioners of Sewers for contracts to pave with wood Cheapside, and Bishopsgate Street, and Whitechapel. Oh, Sir Peter!—how are the mighty fallen!

MISCELLANY.

FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TAHITI.—A numerous attended meeting of the friends of Protestant missions was held on Wednesday at Exeter-hall, for the purpose of considering what course it would be most advisable to pursue in consequence of the recent aggressions of the French at the island of Tahiti. C. Hindley, Esq., M. P., was in the chair. The chairman gave a brief history of the progress of Protestant missionary exertions in Tahiti, from which it appeared that after laboring for many years without any apparent good resulting from their exertions, the missionaries were cheered by the change which began to manifest itself. The King (Pomare,) was the first who embraced the Gospel; from that moment down to the present time the progress of the truth among the natives has been of the most gratifying nature—every vestige of idolatry being swept away, and the inhabitants, almost universally, exhibiting in their peaceful and industrious habits the power and purity of the Gospel of Christ. In 1836, two Roman Catholic priests landed clandestinely on the island. The proceeding, being contrary to the law, they were desired to leave, and on their refusing to comply, they were put on board the vessel in which they came, without any injury being inflicted upon them. For this alleged insult the Queen of Tahiti was compelled, in 1838, to apologize and pay a fine of 20,000 dollars, under threat of hostilities on the part of France. To save the island from the horrors of war, some of the foreign residents advanced the sum demanded. In 1839 a French frigate, having received some damage on a coral reef, put into the principal harbor of Tahiti to repair; the natives rendered every assistance in performing this work, and as an expression of his gratitude, the French commodore compelled the authorities to abrogate the law prohibiting the residence of Roman Catholic priests on the island, under the threat of landing 500 men, and establishing a new government. In consequence of the police of the island having put the captain of a French whaler into confinement for drunkenness and rioting, a third visit was paid by the French, who inflicted another set of humiliation upon the Queen in compelling her to disband her police force. The next and last aggression was that to which the public attention is now so strongly directed, and the circumstances connected with which have been fully detailed in our paper. The meeting was addressed by several ministers, and resolutions were passed, containing a solemn pro-

test against the acts of injustice above referred to and expressing a hope that the French government, when made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, would not confirm the acts of its admiral in his unwarranted aggression upon Tahiti. We fear that this hope is ill grounded, and that, having obtained a footing upon the Tahitian group, the French government will turn a deaf ear to any remonstrance which may be addressed to it.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY'S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.—From the extensive nature of the repairs and improvements which are to be commenced in the interior of St. George's Chapel immediately after Easter, it will be necessary to close that sacred edifice for a period, it is expected, of upwards of three weeks. Her Majesty has just been most graciously pleased to give permission, upon the application of the dean and canons of the Royal Chapel of St. George, for Cardinal Wolsey's Chapel to be used for the purpose of the performance of divine worship during the period which will be occupied by the workmen in the adjoining chapel. The last time public worship was celebrated in Wolsey's Chapel was in the reign of James II., (now upwards of 150 years ago,) who, upon his accession to the throne, in 1685, had this magnificent building converted into a chapel, where mass was performed with unusual pomp and splendor. Verrio (several of whose paintings still adorn the ceilings of many of the apartments at Windsor Castle,) was engaged by that monarch to execute a richly-embazoned and ornamented ceiling; but this, including the superb stained windows and all the internal decorations, was shortly afterwards wholly destroyed by a mob, during a popular commotion, which was occasioned in consequence of the sovereign having given a public entertainment at Windsor to the Nuncio of the Pope. It remained in the state in which it was thus left until the reign of George III., and that monarch having determined upon a royal cemetery being constructed underneath the building, an excavation to the depth of 15 feet was made in the chalk foundation, and of the length and width of the building. In the mausoleum are deposited the bodies of the following illustrious members of the royal family:—The Princess Amelia, the Princess Charlotte, Queen Charlotte, Duke of Kent, George III., Duke of York, George IV., and William IV.

FORGERY OF TASSO'S WORKS.—A recent trial at Rome has convicted the Count Mariano Alberti of wholesale forgery of works which he had professed to discover and publish as Tasso's. Some small portion of these works, which is considered to be genuine, he had interlarded with the rest, to leave the mass and give it the greater air of authenticity. In his lodging were found an immense collection of writing-tools, inks of different kinds and tints, old copybooks, blank paper torn out of old books, and innumerable exercises in imitation of the handwriting of more than fifty eminent individuals of Tasso's time. The Count's reply was not known on the 10th March.—*Spectator.*

HEAT AND LIGHT.—The *Emancipation* of Brussels announces that the directors of the Belgian railroads have made a discovery, and proved it by trial on the southern line, whereby the consumption of fuel may be reduced by 50 per cent. It is said to consist in the improvements of the drawers of the engine and in the steam-pipe. The *Presse* mentions that a trial of a mode of lighting by means of a new voltaic pile is about to be made, on the Boulevards. It is said that the light is ten times more brilliant than that of gas.—*Ibid.*

REVOLUTION AT HAYTI.—This noble island, which has been the scene of so many extraordinary changes of Government, has been lately disturbed by another political revolution, which, unlike those that have preceded it, has been accomplished without bloodshed. A letter published in the *Times* gives the following narrative of proceedings. It will be seen that both parties have appealed to the British force off the island—a testimony of the respect in which our name is held, and of the confidence reposed in our disinterestedness and sense of justice :—

Kingston, Jamaica, March 20.

The revolution which has for some time been impending in the neighboring island of St. Domingo has at length come to a crisis, and as yet, I am happy to say, a bloodless one. The ex-President, Jean Pierre Boyer, with thirty-two of his adherents, having sought shelter in one of her Majesty's ships, arrived here yesterday morning on board the *Scylla*. He had been driven to this step by the resistance which was offered to the means he had adopted to get rid of the opposition to the measures of his government in the national legislature. At the head of this opposition was the Senator Dumeille, the representative of the province of Aux Cayes, who on five different occasions had been forcibly expelled from the Senate Chamber at the point of the bayonet, and on each occasion had been triumphantly re-elected by his original constituents.

Under the apprehension of proceedings of a still more despotic and unconstitutional character, it appears that M. Dumeille had addressed himself to the regiment of artillery stationed at Aux Cayes, by the whole of whom he was readily joined; and the feelings of the people were so strongly engaged in his favor by what had previously taken place, that in the course of a very few days he found himself at the head of a force of 6,000 men, with which he was preparing to march on the capital. In the meantime, with the view of demonstrating to his fellow-citizens that he was not actuated by motives of personal ambition, he proposed to M. Beaugillard, the Governor of Aux Cayes, who has been very generally regarded for the last ten or twelve years as the probable successor of Boyer in the Presidency, to declare the office vacant, and to proclaim M. Beaugillard provisionally President until an opportunity could be taken to assemble the Senate and complete his election by the forms which the Haytian constitution prescribes. It appears that at the period in question, now some three weeks ago, M. Beaugillard declined to avail himself of this offer of M. Dumeille, but I believe it was perfectly understood that he did not look with disfavor on the armed resistance which was offered to the violent proceedings of the President, although he did not think that the time was yet come for his placing himself at the head of this revolutionary movement. In all probability, however, the embarkation of Boyer with his leading adherents will have proved the signal for his definitively declaring himself.

At the same time there is some reason to apprehend, as those portions of the population who speak the Spanish language have had but little intercourse with their fellow-citizens at the other end of the island, whose manners and habits are framed on the French model, that some attempt may now be made to re-establish the political separation which formerly existed between them. As yet there is no palpable indication of any such design, but, from what I know of the country personally, and of the views of many of its inhabitants, I incline to think that the tranquil and permanent establishment of its affairs will be exposed to more danger from this cause than perhaps from any other.

There is, fortunately, at this moment a respectable British force on this station, and, as both parties have appealed to us for protection, first those, with M. Espinasse at their head, who had been driven into exile by the arbitrary proceedings of the president, and now Boyer himself, with his immediate adherents, reduced to a similar condition, it is to be hoped that the peaceful portion of the community will not be reduced to the necessity of choosing between anarchy and slavery.—*The Britannia*.

BRUTE INTELLIGENCE.—A rather remarkable occurrence transpired a short distance from Dewsbury a few days ago. While two young men were taking a walk down the side of the river Calder, their master's warehouse dog, which was accompanying them, strayed into an adjoining field, and seeing an ass, suddenly fell upon it, worrying it in a most ferocious manner. A number of men being at a short distance, and seeing the dog likely in a short time to worry the poor ass to death, went and commenced a fierce attack upon the dog with hedge stakes, but without succeeding in getting him off the ass. A horse, belonging to Mr. G. Fell, of Earlsheaton, witnessed these proceedings, evidently under most agitated feelings, and as if conscious the poor ass must perish unless he interfered, made a rush through the hedge, cleared off the men who were trying to liberate the ass, and in a most ferocious manner seized the dog with his teeth and dragged him off, and aimed several blows with his fore and hind feet, and had not the dog made off, the horse would have dispatched him in a few minutes. When the horse had accomplished this feat, he, with his head and tail erect, scampered about the ass in a noble and most dignified manner, as if proud of having gained a mighty conquest, and manifested evident tokens of pleasure, as if sensibly feeling that he had effected an act of benevolence. All who beheld this wonderful deed of Mr. Fell's horse were powerfully struck with his evident intelligence and sympathy for his fellow brute.—*Wakefield Journal*.

DORSAZ, THE GUIDE OF BONAPARTE.—DORSAZ, the man who acquired considerable celebrity as the guide who saved the life of Napoleon, on the passage of St. Bernard, died a few days ago in the village of St. Pierre, in the Vallais, where he had been residing several years, and was known under the name of the guide of Bonaparte. Dorsaz, on the occasion which conferred this name upon him, was close to the mule on which Napoleon was riding, when it made a false step, and would have plunged its rider over a precipice, if the guide had not, at the hazard of his life, prevented the accident. In a little time afterwards, Dorsaz, ignorant of the rank of the person whose life he had saved, and fearing that he would be compelled to accompany the army as a guide farther than he wished to go, disappeared suddenly with his mule, which Napoleon was no longer riding, and it was not until six months after the battle of Marengo that he could be heard of. At this time the authorities were ordered to seek him out, and to present to him a sufficient sum of money to build a house for him to reside in, if he was not already in possession of one; or, in the latter case, to refund to him the amount which it had cost him. As Dorsaz had a house, this latter course was adopted. The guides of this part of the country, for many years after the event, raised ample contributions from travellers, by pretending to each that the mule upon which he rode was the identical mule crossed by Napoleon at the passage of the St. Bernard. The truth, however, is, that this mule was purchased by Napoleon, when he had discovered the residence of his preserver.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ASCENT OF THE SAP.—Experimental Inquiry into the cause of the Ascent and Continued Motion of the Sap; with a new method of preparing plants for physiological investigation, by George Rainey, Esq.—The ascent of the sap in vegetables has been generally ascribed to a vital contraction either of the vessels or of the cells of the plant; the circumstances of that ascent taking place chiefly at certain seasons of the year, and of the quantity of fluid, and the velocity of its motion being proportional to the development of those parts whose functions are obviously vital, as the leaves and flowers, have been regarded as conclusive against the truth of all theories which professed to explain the phenomenon on purely mechanical principles. The aim of the author, in the present paper, is to show that these objections are not valid, and to prove, by a series of experiments, that the motion of the sap is totally independent of any vital contractions, of the passages which transmit it; that it is wholly a mechanical process, resulting entirely from the operation of endosmose; and that it takes place even through those parts of a plant which have been totally deprived of their vitality. The lower extremity of a branch of *Valeriana rubra* was placed, soon after being gathered, in a solution of bichloride of mercury. In a few hours a considerable quantity of this solution was absorbed, and the whole plant, which had previously somewhat shrunk from the evaporation of its moisture, recovered its healthy appearance. On the next day, although the lower part of the branch had lost its vitality, the leaves and all the parts of the plant into which no bichloride had entered, but only the water of the solution, were perfectly healthy and filled with sap. On each of the following days additional portions of the stem became affected in succession; but the unaffected parts still preserved their healthy appearance, and the flowers and leaves developed themselves as if the plant had vegetated in pure water, and the whole stem had been in its natural healthy state. On a minute examination, it was found that calomel, in the form of a white substance, had been deposited on the internal surface of the cuticle; but no bichloride of mercury could be detected in those parts which had retained their vitality; thus showing that the solution of bichloride had been decomposed into chlorine, calomel, and water, and had destroyed the vitality of the parts where this action had taken place: after which, fresh portions of the solution had passed through the substance of the poisoned parts, as if they had been inorganic canals. Various experiments of a similar kind were made on other plants, and the same conclusions were deduced from them. As the addition of a solution of iodide of potassium converts the bichloride of mercury into an insoluble biniodide, the author was enabled by the application of this test to thin sections of the stems of plants into which the bichloride had been received by absorption, to ascertain, with the aid of the microscope, the particular portion of the structure into which the latter had penetrated. The result of his observation was, that the biniodide is found only in the intercellular and intervascular spaces, none appearing to be contained within the cavities of either cells or vessels. As the fluids contained in the vessels and in the cells hold in solution various vegetable compounds, their density is greater than the ascending sap, which is external to them, and from which they are separated by an intervening organized membrane. Such being the conditions requisite for the operation of the principle of endosmose, the author infers that such a principle is constantly in

action in living plants; and that it is the cause of the continual transmission of fluids from the intervascular and intercellular spaces into the interior of the vessels and cells, and also of the ascent of the sap.—*Athenaeum*.

THE NERVES.—"On the Nerves," by James Stark, M. D.—The author gives the results of his examinations, both microscopical and chemical, of the structure and composition of the nerves; and concludes that they consist, in their whole extent, of a congeries of membranous tubes, cylindrical in their form, placed parallel to one another, and united into fasciculi of various sizes; but that neither these fasciculi nor the individual tubes are enveloped by any filamentous tissue; that these tubular membranes are composed of extremely minute filaments, placed in a strictly longitudinal direction, in exact parallelism with each other, and consisting of granules of the same kind as those which form the basis of all the solid structures of the body; and that the matter which fills the tubes is of an oily nature, differing in no essential respect from butter, or soft fat; and remaining of a fluid consistency during the life of the animal, or while it retains its natural temperature, but becoming granular or solid when the animal dies, or its temperature is much reduced. As oily substances are well known to be non-conductors of electricity, and as the nerves have been shown by the experiments of Bischoff to be among the worst possible conductors of this agent, the author contends that the nervous agency can be neither electricity nor galvanism, nor any property related to those powers; and conceives that the phenomena are best explained on the hypothesis of undulations or vibrations propagated along the course of the tubes which compose the nerves, by the medium of the oily globules they contain. He traces the operation of the various causes which produce sensation, in giving rise to these undulations; and extends the same explanation to the phenomena of voluntary motion, as consisting in undulations, commencing in the brain, as determined by the will, and propagated to the muscles. He corroborates his views by ascribing the effects of cold in diminishing or destroying both sensibility and the power of voluntary motion, particularly as exemplified in the hibernation of animals, to its mechanical operation of diminishing the fluidity, or producing solidity, in the oily medium by which these powers are exercised.—*Ibid*.

LITHOTINT.—Mr. Rotch, V P., delivered a lecture on Mr. Hullmandel's Lithotint process, which was illustrated by a variety of specimens.—The art of lithography was invented in 1796, by Alois Senefelder. While one of his dramatic works was going through the press, he spent much time in the printing office, and made himself fully acquainted with the art of printing. Numerous plans occurred to him for producing a substitute for the ordinary printing process, in none of which, however, he succeeded till his attention was accidentally directed to a fine piece of Kelheim stone which he had purchased for the purpose of grinding his colors. It occurred to him, that, by covering the stone with ink composed of wax, soap, and lamp-black, he might use it for his exercises in writing backwards. One day, as he had just succeeded in polishing a stone which he intended to cover with etching-ground, his mother entered the room, and asked him to write for her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. Having no paper at hand, he wrote the required bill on the stone with his composition ink, which he intended to copy at his leisure; suddenly he thought of bit-

ing in the stone with aquafortis, applying printing-ink to it, as to wood engravings, and thus taking impressions from it. In this he succeeded. From Senefelder's time up to the present day, the art of Lithography has gone on gradually improving. The lithotint process of Mr. Hullmandel may be thus described.—The drawing having been sketched, tinted, and finished by the artist on the stone with lithographic ink, mixed with water to produce the various shades, is covered over with gum water, and weak nitric acid, to fix it; after waiting a sufficient time to dry, a solution of rosin and spirits of wine is poured over the stone, and as this ground contracts by drying, it cracks into millions of reticulations, which can only be discovered by the use of a microscope; very strong acid is then poured over the aquatint coating: which, entering all the fissures, produces the same effect on the stone as the granulations of the chalk by the ordinary process. The rosin protects the drawing everywhere but in the cracks, and having remained a sufficient time to act on the unprotected parts of the drawing, the ground is washed off, and all appearance of the subject on the stone vanishes, until, ink being applied by a roller in the ordinary way, it is reproduced, and ready for taking off the required number of impressions, which in some cases have extended to the number of 2,000.—*Athenaeum*.

ANCIENT COINS—From Brittany, we hear of a discovery which has been made in the fine old Cathedral of Saint Pol-de-Léon. The workmen engaged in repairing the vault, discovered a vase of baked clay, which being broken, was found to contain some thirty ancient coins, of the fourteenth century. They are all the coins of contemporary princes—placed there, no doubt, to indicate the date of the portion of the building in which they were discovered—the greater number of them being of the dukes of Brittany. Amongst these pieces there are—one of John, Count of Montfort, who died in 1345, the father of Duke John IV., and husband of the celebrated Jeanne de Montfort, the daughter of Louis Count of Flanders and Nevers, who died at Cressy, in 1346,—one of this latter prince,—one of Edward III., of England, who was John's ally in his wars against France, and the father of his first wife—one of David, King of Scotland,—one of Phillip of Valois,—and several of Charles V.—*Athenaeum*.

CHIMNEYS.—A plan has been proposed by Mr. J. Moon, architect, for a new construction of chimneys. It was stated that, as cleansing chimneys by boys was abolished, there is not the necessity for flues to be of the present large rectangular form, being ill adapted for the emission of smoke, and cleansing under the recent regulations. The flues are proposed to be circular, and of three sizes; viz. for kitchens, general rooms, chambers and minor rooms; they are to be formed of moulded bricks, to work in and bind with the general brickwork within the thickness of the walls; the gatherings at the openings to be contracted, and the shaft to terminate with a cap contrived to divert the wind. Every flue is perfect in itself, composed of few bricks, and so strong, that a wall is not diminished in strength by a series of these flues; their adaptation in party-walls was shown.—*Literary Gazette*.

CURIOSITY FROM CHINA.—The museum of the United Service Institution, has been enriched by the addition of the identical cage in which Mrs. Noble was for six weeks confined. It is roughly made of thick bars of wood, and is so small that the unfortunate captive must have remained during the whole time in a crouching position.

OBITUARY.

THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who expired at Kensington Palace at a quarter-past twelve yesterday afternoon. The fatal termination of his illness, though sudden, was not wholly unexpected. For the last few days the most serious fears were entertained that his Royal Highness could not survive many hours. The death of a prince of the blood royal must always be a painful event in a country so remarkable as England for the loyalty of its people; but in the case of the late Duke of Sussex there were many circumstances calculated to cause regret at his departure from among us. Independent altogether of the supposed coincidence of his views on general affairs with those of a particular political party, and the consequent especial and particular causes of lamentation which they may conceive themselves to have in the loss of one who from his station lent a sort of respectability to them, there were many personal qualities exhibited from time to time by him which excited the regard of a large portion of his countrymen. Of his position as a politician it is not intended here to speak, except merely to indicate what it was; but it may be well to record a few of those peculiarities which characterized him, and are identified with his name in the memories of the people.

It is true that his claims were rather of a negative than a positive character; but even negative virtues acquire an additional value when exhibited in the conduct of one occupying so high a place and exposed to so many temptations of rank and authority, and of the imagined license which attends the royal station.

It has not generally been the custom for princes of the blood royal of England to take an active part in political affairs. In some instances—especially in that of the present King of Hanover—they may have slightly overstepped the tacit rule; but their general practice has been to appear as seldom as possible in their public capacity as peers of Parliament, and then mainly to confine themselves to such questions as might be thought immediately or remotely to affect the stability of the throne, or the personal respectability of the reigning family. At the same time, however, either motives of policy, or those specific opinions on affairs which no native of a free country, however high his station, can be wholly without, have induced them to conciliate different classes of the country, by allowing themselves to be supposed to coincide with them in their general principles. Thus the present King of Hanover was looked on as more favorable to the views of one great party, while the late King, as Duke of Clarence, lent more preponderance to the other. The late Duke of Sussex, also, was generally known to be favorable to what have usually been designated as Liberal principles; and he was for a long period of time regarded by the Whigs as one of those who supported their general views. Indeed he did not withhold his countenance to the late earl of Leicester, who, while Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, so publicly attacked the character of the royal father of the illustrious duke, his late Majesty, George III.

Still in general accordance with the practice alluded to, the late Duke of Sussex did not frequently address the House, scarcely ever except when he felt that there was some paramount necessity. Like all his royal brothers, he never spoke at any length—avoiding argument and betrayals of political feeling more than were actually necessary to tions of nature, and during the last illness of George the Fourth a reconciliation took place.

the simple indication of opinion. His time and attention were in preference bestowed on more worthy and more dignified objects—on the study and the patronage of the arts and sciences, of which he was a liberal and ever ready supporter. His *conversazioni* while President of the Royal Society were distinguished for their brilliancy and the equality that was studiously maintained among the guests while assembled on the common ground of learning and science. They were attended by all the first men of the day; and intellectual endowments were a more sure passport to admission and to respect than rank or title. A marked preference of personal over adventitious qualities, in the choice of his associates, was indeed a striking feature in the character of the late illustrious duke—one which endeared him to many of those who disapproved of the tendency of his political predilections, but who respected in him this truly English virtue. From the affability and condescension of his manners, his general intelligence, and his disregard of useless ceremony when he desired to render himself agreeable, he was always a favorite as a chairman of public dinners of a charitable nature, or those bearing more or less on the welfare of the liberal arts. Many a reader will remember the admirable manner in which he performed the duties of president on these occasions—always seeming to be warmly and personally interested in the objects that had called the assembly together.

As a speaker in Parliament he was observable for facility of expression, and a straightforward simplicity and frankness in the expression of his opinions. His voice was clear, sonorous, and manly, and his delivery unembarrassed.

No one, who once saw him could possibly mistake him. Very tall, and physically well developed, he maintained in his youth and manhood the character of his family as one of the finest races of men in the kingdom. Not so handsome as George IV., he was, nevertheless, a man of marked and striking appearance, much resembling the late duke of York. Towards the close of his life, however, he grew infirm from the gout and other illnesses, so much so that it was with difficulty that he was able to rise and address the House. Sometimes he was requested to speak from his seat, as Lord Wynford invariably does. What in youth had been full muscular development became, as he grew old, portliness, and almost unwieldiness. Still it was not the bloated looseness which indicates a constitution over-taxed by excess, but the natural expansion and fulness in decay of originally fine organization. His costume was very singular. A blue or black coat (like a great coat), often with bright buttons, and with very long and ample skirts reaching almost to the feet, was buttoned closely over the breast, fitting tight to the fulness of the figure. Above this compact mass rose his large fine head, hoary with the snows of nearly seventy years—white, rather than gray, hair falling on either side from the bald and shining surface—beetling in a thick brow over the eyes, the very lashes of which were also white, and covering the cheeks even down to the chin in whiskers not less snowy. This gave to his general figure a venerable appearance, like some aged pastor. But more generally the late duke wore a close-fitting black velvet skull-cap, that contrasted in a marked way with the white hair, and gave to his contour the air one might attribute to a cardinal in undress. But although these attributes of feebleness and age were so prominent as to make it impossible to forget the duke's figure when once you saw it, yet when he claimed the attention of the House there was no want of intellectual vigor—no faltering of

utterance—no outward sign of any decay of the mental powers.

The public life of his late Royal Highness was not of a character to present much foundation for a biographical notice. As has been said, he did not frequently address the House of Lords, and his opinions and predilections were rather to be inferred from his associations than drawn from actual declarations. But in his private life there were some circumstances of a peculiar and even romantic nature.

The sixth son of his late Majesty, George III., he was born on the 27th of January, 1773. A great part of his early life was spent on the Continent, principally in Italy. When twenty years of age—that is to say, in April, 1793—he espoused at Rome, according to the forms of the Romish Church, the Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. On their arrival in England, in the following December, the marriage was again solemnized, according to the ritual of the Church of England, publicly, by banns, at St George's, Hanover square. These proceedings were, of course directly opposed to the Royal Marriage Act, which forbids the marriage of princes or princesses of the blood royal with subjects of the British Crown. The proceedings of his Royal Highness gave deep and lasting offence to his father, who would not hear of any attempts to legalize the union, although the duke, who preferred domestic happiness with the woman of his affection to all the splendors of royalty, offered to resign any claims to the throne which might accrue to him on condition of the marriage being allowed to remain in force. But all these remonstrances were ineffectual, the provisions of the statute were held to be not less necessary than peremptory, and the result was that the marriage was in August, 1794, declared by the Ecclesiastical Court to be null and void. Two children—the present Sir Augustus D'Este and Miss D'Este—were the issue of this marriage. On the decision of Court being made known, Lady Augusta felt it to be due to herself to separate from her husband, and she retired into an honorable seclusion.

The position of Sir Augustus D'Este and his sister is a most peculiar one. Recognized in society, and admitted to the royal circle as the children of the duke, they are not legitimized. Yet they are of royal blood by their mother's side as well as their father's. Lady Augusta's father was the Earl of Galloway; so that by both parents Sir Augustus descends from Henry the Seventh, James the Second of Scotland, and William the First of Orange. As the son of the Lady Augusta Murray, he stood towards his father in the relationship of seventh cousin. Sir Augustus is an officer in the army, and is deputy ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks. He has never married.

In 1801 the prince was created Duke of Sussex (the dukedom being created for him) and Earl of Inverness. He was also Baron of Arklow. £12,000 a year was awarded him by Parliament, and subsequently an additional sum of £9,000 a year.

Always of Liberal sentiments, the circumstances attending the dissolution of the marriage made him still more averse to the Court, and still more disposed to adopt the views of the Whigs. On the death of his father further differences arose from his wholly disapproving of the conduct of George the Fourth towards Queen Caroline. He was therefore absent from Court, and chose his associates elsewhere. The present Lord Dinorben, when Mr. Hughes, used frequently to be his host, together with Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, and other gentlemen. The estrangement between the royal brothers, however, could not hold out against the common affec-

On the accession of her Majesty there was some public talk of an attempt to legitimize the son and daughter of the late duke, but the political obstacles were deemed insurmountable. Meanwhile his Royal Highness had espoused (according to the form which had already been declared illegal) the Lady Cecilia Underwood. As some compensation for the former proceeding, the duke's influence with his royal niece obtained for the Lady Cecilia the title of Duchess of Inverness, and in the royal circle she was recognized as his wife. At the dinner given to her Majesty at Guildhall, the Duchess sat at the Queen's table.

Altogether the death of the illustrious duke will be sincerely lamented; yet it was in the course of nature at seventy years of age. There are now but two survivors of the sons of George the Third. Of those royal princes none has exhibited in private life to a greater degree than the Duke of Sussex qualities that tended to conciliate the personal regard even of those who deprecated his political opinions.—*Britannia*.

REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M. A.—Dec. 27. At his residence in Chester, aged 73, the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M. A., F. S. A., late Archdeacon of the East Riding of York, Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, Canon of York and Chester, and Rector of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, and of Dodleston, Cheshire. Mr. Wrangham was a member of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne clubs; and, as honorary adjunct, of several philosophical and literary societies.

We now proceed to give a list of his numerous publications.

He is said to have published anonymously, in 1792, an anti-radical parody on part of a comedy of Aristophanes, with critical notes, entitled, *Reform, a farce*, 8vo.

In 1794, he sent to the press, *The Restoration of the Jews*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1795, *The Destruction of Babylon*, a poem, 4to. And a volume of Poems, 8vo.

In 1798, *Rome is Fallen*, a Visitation Sermon preached at Scarborough, 4to.

In 1800, *The Holy Land*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1801, *Practical Sermons*, founded on Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. Another set, having for their basis, Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest, appeared for the first time in 1816; when a selection of his various fugitive pieces was published in three vols. 8vo.

In 1802, *Leslie's Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, and *The Truth of Christianity demonstrated*, with Four additional Marks, 8vo.

In 1803, *The Raising of Jairus's Daughter*, a poem, 8vo. And *The Advantages of Diffused Knowledge*, a Charity School Sermon, 4to.

In 1808, *A Dissertation on the best means of Civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India*, and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World, 4to.

And in the same year, *The Restoration of Learning in the East*, a poem, 4to. This was published at the express desire of the three judges appointed by the University of Cambridge to award Mr. Buchanan's prizes.

In 1809, *The corrected edition of Langhorne's Plutarch's Lives*, with many additional notes, 6 vols. 8vo. And two Assize Sermons, 4to.

In 1809, *A Sermon preached at Scarborough*, at the Primary Visitation of the Archbishop of York, 4to.

In 1811, *The Sufferings of the Primitive Martyrs*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1812, *Joseph made known to his Brethren*, a Seaton prize poem, 4to.

In 1813, *The Death of Saul and Jonathan*, a poem, 8vo.

In 1814, *Two Assize Sermons*, 4to.

In 1816, *The British Plutarch*, in six vols. 8vo.

In 1817, *Forty Sonnets from Petrarch*, printed (with every advantage of typography) by Sir S. Egerton Brydges, Bart., at his private press, Lee Priory, Kent.

In 1820, *Dr. Zouch's Works collected*, with a Prefatory Memoir, in two vols. 8vo., and a collection of Archbishop Markham's *Carmina Quadragesimalia*, &c., in 4to and 8vo. for private circulation.

In 1821, *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland*, 8vo.—And the *Lyrics of Horace*, being a translation of the first four Books of his Odes. 8vo. Second edition in 4to. and 8vo. for private distribution only, 1832.

In 1822, *A second Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland*, 8vo.

In 1823, *Two Assize Sermons*, 8vo.—And a third Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Cleveland, 8vo.

In 1824, *Sertum Cantabrigiense*; or the Cambridge Garland, 8vo.

In 1828, *Bp. Walton's Prolegomena to the Polyglot Bible*, with copious annotations, in 2 vols. 8vo. under the sanction of the University of Cambridge; which, with her accustomed munificence, defrayed the expense of the publication.

The Plead, or Evidence of Christianity, forming the twenty-sixth volume of *Constable's Miscellany*.

In 1829, *A Letter to the clergy of the Archdeaconry of the East Riding of Yorkshire*, on the Roman Catholic claims; of which Mr. Wrangham had, for upward of thirty years, been the firm but temperate advocate.

He occasionally employed his leisure by printing (for private circulation exclusively) *Centuria Mirabilis*, and *The Saving Bank*, 4to. *The Doom of the Wicked*, a Sermon founded upon Baxter, and *The Virtuous Woman*, a Funeral Discourse on the Death of the Rt. Hon. Lady Anne Hudson, 8vo. and a few copies of a Catalogue of the English portion of his voluminous library; which, with characters of the subjects, authors, or editions, forms 642 pages, 8vo. (See *Marton's Catalogue of Privately Printed Books*, p. 235.)

Psychæ, or *Songs of Butterflies*, by T. H. Bayly, Esq., attempted in Latin rhymes to the same airs, with a few additional trifles, 1828. (Privately printed.) And several of his elegant poetical translations have from time to time appeared in our own pages.

In 1842, Mr. Wrangham presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, his valuable collection of pamphlets, consisting of between 9 and 10,000 publications, bound in about 1000 volumes. As a literary man he was in an especial degree the *laudatus a laudatis*—as one whose scholarship received the homage of Parr, and whose poetry the still rarer eulogy of Byron. As a theological writer, his compositions were characterized by a sound orthodoxy and mild benevolence; while the gentleness and timidity of his nature in some measure disqualified him from bringing forward so earnestly and prominently, as is now generally done, those particular truths of the Gospel in which he was a firm believer through life, and to which he clung as his only ground of confidence in his later years of calm decay.

Mr. Wrangham was twice married. His first wife was Agnes, fifth daughter of Col. Ralph Creyke, of Marton, in Yorkshire, by whom he had only one daughter, late the wife of the Rev. Robert Isaac Wilberforce, Archdeacon of the East Riding of York, and son of the justly revered senator and philanthropist of that name.

His second wife, who survives to deplore his loss, was Dorothea, daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. Digby Cayley, of Thormanby, in the county of York.—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Inglis's Solitary Walks through Many Lands.—Third Edition. London: Whittaker & Co.—1843.

THE late lamented author of "Walks through Many Lands," was not one of those who travel from Dan to Beersheba, proclaiming that all is barrenness—on the contrary, there is no prospect, however sterile, but he invests, in some measure, with the line of his own poetical imagination:—

"Nothing is lost on him who sees,
With an eye that feeling gives,
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.

No adventure, however perplexing, that has power to ruffle his equanimity, or render him unjust or querulous in his judgments of his fellow men.

The present edition of his *Wanderings*, comes to us with a melancholy interest, since the ear is now deaf, alike to our praise or our blame. Yet we rejoice to welcome it in its present cheap form, which must render it accessible to a numerous class of readers, to whom economy is an object.

The period is now past for entering into any lengthened criticism on the devious journeyings of Mr. Inglis; but when the press groans with works of coarse humor, and some even of questionable morality, we conceive the public owe a debt of gratitude to the spirited publishers of the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," of which this forms a portion, and trust they may receive sufficient encouragement to warrant its continuance.

A. C. H.
Westminster Review.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence; a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro forma Invoices, Account-Sales, Bills of Lading, and Bills of Exchange. Also an explanation of the German Chain Rule, as applicable to the Calculation of Exchanges. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. By William Anderson.

We consider this little work as one of a most valuable kind, and the most valuable of its kind. The young novice in commerce will find it an able help, and a powerful auxiliary, smoothing down his difficulties, and making his way plain; whilst the foreigners who enter our merchants' counting-houses, either as volunteers, giving their services as a compensation for being placed where they may gain an insight into our modes of business, or the remunerated clerk, a body which collectively amount to many thousands, would find this volume the most important help in all those embarrassments which their want of familiarity with the idioms of our language necessarily occasion. The present contains invoices, account-sales, and correspondence with Australia, which is a new feature. There ought not to be either clerk or counting-house without this little volume.

Metropolitan.

Floral Fancies and Morals from Flowers. Embellished with Seventy Illustrations by the Author.

There is something pleasing to us in the fancifulness of these Fables. We like well to trace the operations of the mind starting from some given point, and wandering in fresh tracts of imagination, even though it be without chart or compass; but when these explorations have an end in view, unquestionably they receive an added value and importance. They who can look upon a flower, and see nothing beyond fair form and sweet coloring, possess no mental locomotive power; whilst

they, who gazing on its loveliness, find it impossible for thought to rest there, receiving from it but an impulse which sends them into the wide fields of rich imagination, there to luxuriate, are altogether of another race of beings.

The author of these "Floral Fancies" possesses this discursiveness of mind. Every flower seems to have suggested a fable. The world is full of parallels, had man but the wit to trace them out. They are in fact but evidences of similar origin from the same Almighty mind, and exist as much morally as physically. The various characters of man may to a certain degree be traced in the various flowers which bedeck his path, and surely he need not disdain to read the lesson written by the Divine hand. For ourselves, we love the graceful teaching, and see not why these beautiful denizens of our fields and gardens, so richly robed and garnished, may not preach as holy a sermon as any mitred prelate.

Our author then has drawn a moral from every flower, inculcating either a lesson against some vice or folly, or recommending the practice of some grace or moral good. Pretty fictions are woven into the matters of fact connected with the numerous floral families brought before our notice, all being made emblematical of some correspondent vice or virtue: these morals are all apposite and happy, full of pure precept and honest purpose. In another light the work may be looked upon as conveying a good deal of botanical instruction in a very agreeable manner, displaying to us much of the economy of the vegetable kingdom. The notes appended to each fable supply us with much useful and pleasing information; and thus, both morally and intellectually, may we well be taught "to look through Nature up to Nature's God."

We think that this tasteful little volume would form a very acceptable present to the young, and we offer the suggestion accordingly.

We must add a few words on the illustrations, which are numerous and fanciful in the extreme, and pretty—though it strikes us that the poor flowers must have suffered some torture to have been made to assume such strange fantastic shapes. A grave old rose with a matronly face nursing a young baby of a rosebud, must needs make even a critic smile; but we are not disposed to consider a little amusing extravagance as a fault, in a work which on the whole has pleased us much.—*Metropolitan.*

Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia. By Ebenezer Prout, of Halstead. 8vo. Snow, Paternoster Row.

This Memoir of the celebrated modern missionary is interesting as a mere record of the life of an energetic man passed in romantic and novel scenes, independently of any serious religious interest attached to it. The peculiar class of religionists to which Mr. Williams belonged are too apt to endeavor to strain human nature to a higher pitch in religious matters than it can maintain. Undoubtedly, a truly pious man makes religion the moving principle of all his actions; but it is also undoubtedly the fact, that no man, who has not become a fanatic or ascetic, is entirely free from that mental impetus that is a part of our nature, and which, when well regulated, is an incentive to many noble actions. The tone, therefore, of the book we cannot approve of, because, by making a system of religious impulses, it seems to generate a state that must occasionally be mere pretence. Leaving this consideration out of the question, we have been much delighted with the work.

Mr. Williams was a very excellent man, with a

great deal of talent and energy in his composition. He understood well the business in which he so praiseworthy engaged; and the adventures he encountered in the new and untrodden lands he visited, give almost an air of romance to his biography. The book needs no recommendation to ensure it purchasers, appealing as it does to a religious class, and to every one interested in new discoveries in Geography, or the still higher matter—the development of human character.

Monthly Magazine.

France.

De l'Aristocratie Anglaise, de la Democratie Americaine et de la libéralité des Institutions Francaise : par Charles Farey. Second Edition. Paris. 1843.

The author tells us, that this book has been much eulogized; that the first edition was soon exhausted; and that a noble British peer wrote a reply, controverting the author's claims for the superiority of French institutions over those of Great Britain; all which reasons combined, have led to the publication of the present edition. It is not our intention to come to the rescue of the noble lord, whoever he may be, for indeed we learn for the first time, and only through M. Farey's book, of the controversy to which the author alludes. We have no objection, not the least, that M. Farey should succeed in persuading his countrymen of the excellence of their institutions; nay, we should heartily lend him our assistance; but it must be on the condition that he will not misrepresent the state of English society. M. Farey thinks that the Feudal system still weighs heavily upon England, and that the middle classes are without political influence. His proofs are drawn from certain ceremonials, such for instance as that attending the coronation, upon which his reasoning is as just, as if he drew his notions of British laws from the judges' horsehair wigs. He denies in fact, the whole spirit of modern improvement, because a resemblance still exists to what is past; the boy has not become a man, because the boy still speaks with a human tongue, and sees through human eyes. He, in fact, makes the mistake which most Frenchmen do, who think that no political good can be effected, except through violent revolution; and he expects the coming of the crisis, which is to put an end to Feudality in England. Will it be credited in England, that this author, who vaunts the popularity of his book in France, advances as a grave proof of the existence of the Feudal system in England, that the Queen's ministers, when called upon to attend at Windsor, feel honor in putting on servants' livery coats, with livery buttons? We translate it literally from page 35.

"Those who would feel surprised to see free England in the 19th century thus adhere to feudal customs, will be still more surprised when they learn, that the Queen's ministers, called to Windsor at the Queen's accouchement, put on the uniform (in good French, the livery,) of Windsor palace, and that gentlemen, possessors of a million of revenue, felt honored at being allowed to carry upon their coat-buttons the initial letters of a prince of the royal blood; as in France, valets have upon their buttons the first letter of their master's name."

And a little further down, page 36, he asks, if after such instances "England has a right to be boasting of her *habeas corpus*." It may be confessed, however, that the *habeas corpus* is *not* dear at a button, n'en déplaît à Monsieur Farey.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A System of Logic, Ratiocination and Induction; being a connected view of the Principles of Evidence, and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill.

Moral and Intellectual Education. By Madame Bureau Riosfrey.

Elements of Universal History, on a new systematic plan, from the earliest times to the treaty of Vienna; for the use of schools and private students. By H. White, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Criminal Jurisprudence, considered in relation to Cerebral Organization. By M. B. Sampson.

The Columbiad: A Poem. By A. T. Ritchie.

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FRANCE.

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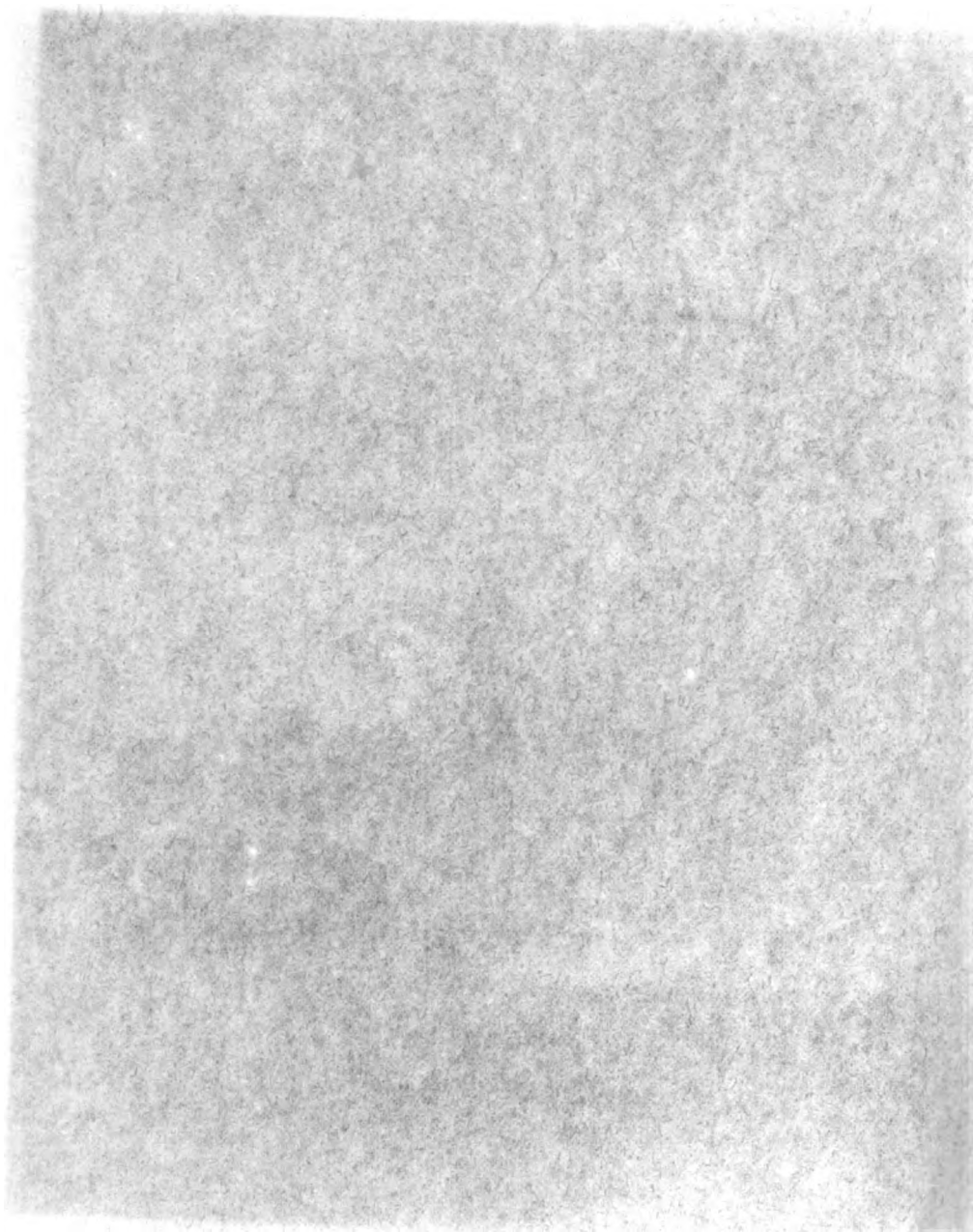
ILLUSTRATION BY W. T. WOOD

THE SAILING SHIP

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To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!
VOL. II. No. III. 19

...with every sincerity and earnestness, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself."
IRVING.



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THE
E C L E C T I C M U S E U M

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

J U L Y , 1 8 4 3 .

LAND DISCOVERED.

Engraved by Mr. Sartain, from a Painting by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

* * * * *
"WERE there no graves, none in our land?" they cry,
"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"
Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak
His face he muffled—then the hero spoke.
"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?
He can suspend the laws himself designed,
He walks the waters and the winged wind;
Himself your guide! and yours the high behest
To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!
And can you shrink? to you, to you consigned
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!
Oh! had I perished, when my failing frame
Clung to the shattered oar mid wrecks of flame!
—Was it for this I lingered life away,
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey?
Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?
—Yet in His name, whom only we should fear,
(’Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear.)
Grant but three days."—He spoke not uninspired;
And each in silence to his watch retired.

* * * * *
Twice in the zenith blazed the orb of light;
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright!
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves,
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves:—
And all on deck, kindling to life again,
Sent forth their anxious spirits o’er the main.
"Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense?
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,
Tinging with vermil light the billows blue?
And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,
The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide!)
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul?"

* * * * *
The sails were furled: with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening-anthem rose,
Rose to the Virgin. ’Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o’er summer-seas display
A path of glory, opening in the West,
To golden climes, and islands of the blest;
And human voices on the silent air,
Went o’er the waves in songs of gladness there!

Chosen of men! ’twas thine at noon of night
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul, and makes the darkness day!)
"Pedro! Rodrigo! there, methought, it shone!
There—in the west! And now, alas, ’tis gone!—
’Twas all a dream! We gaze, and gaze in vain!
—But mark, and speak not. There it comes again!
It moves! What form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions—say, how like our own?
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"
Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods.

Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred Cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.

ROGERS.

"As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

"They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land, now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

"The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself."

IRVING.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURTS OF ENGLAND.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.
2. *Memoirs of the Court of England, from the Revolution in 1688 to the Death of George the Second.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

SEVEN volumes *in toto*, in addition to recent works of a similar kind, and to fresh editions of older ones! Truly there is no end to the pleasure of reading about Courts. In vain the utilitarian asks the use of it, and the moralist questions the good, and the republican sneers at what he secretly admires. In vain an occasional Madame d'Arblay escapes from under a load of duties, to inform the world that it is possible for Courts to be tiresome and unhappy; nay, that it may even be difficult to get a cup of teathere when you want it. In vain a reader may know the whole real state of the case, agreeable and otherwise, or all that ever was written upon the subject from the time of Henry VIII. down to that of the estimable Court now flourishing. Every body waives his particular knowledge in favor of the general impression. It is true, the imaginations of the youngest modern readers cannot be quite of the opinion of the little boys in the country a hundred years ago, that a King and Queen were a couple of superhuman people, sitting all day on thrones, with crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands; eating, at the very least, (when they did eat,) bread and honey; and counting out gold as the smallest of their diversions. But nevertheless, to the great bulk of readers, there is always something splendid, and gay, and full-dressed and holiday-like, in the idea of a Court; something processional and gorgeous, graceful and powerful—always in selectest condition, waited upon by the noble, and living in an atmosphere of romance. Pains, and tediums, and defects of whatever sort, appear to be only exceptions to the general delightful fact. Henry VIII. himself does not make the peruser throw away the book in disgust, nor Charles II. with a sense of degradation, nor James II. with his very dulness, nor William III. with his dryness. He reads, for the hundredth time, of glorious Queen Bess with her juvenile airs at sixty, and her bright eyes and skinny lips, and knows not

which to do most—laugh at or respect her. He is told eternally, and is still willing to be told, of the ungainliness of James I., of the gravity of Charles, of the levities and grim looks of his successor, and the naughtiness of the “beauties,” and the squabbles of Anne with the vixen Marlborough; nay, of the suit of snuff-color in which George I. was beheld with awe by the staring infant eyes of Horace Walpole. And why? How is it that readers can turn and return to these everlasting histories of people generally no better than themselves, and sometimes worse? It is because a prince is one of themselves, in a state of splendor and importance. It is because, inasmuch as the readers merge themselves into his being, the readers are *himself*; gazed upon by the same multitudes, glittering and mighty with the same power and rank. It is because, though they are not immodest enough to equal their merits with those of the greatest princes, they feel a superiority to the worst, and a right of participation with the most prosperous. Thus the very vices as well as merits they read of, flatter their self-love; and this, for example, is one of the reasons why all of us, more or less, are so indulgent to the character of Charles II., positively base as he was in some respects, and admirable in none. Gayety on his part, and superiority on ours, make a combination that is irresistible.

Mr. Jesse, therefore, having industriously produced seven volumes on these all popular subjects, and being modest enough withal to claim no higher merit than that of a compiler, we feel bound to say, upon the whole, that his industry is creditable to him and amusing to the reader. He is as impartial as can well be expected of a gentleman with a special liking to such topics; and his feelings are quick and generous, and for the most part correct. The weakest things are what he says about Cromwell and Charles II., and the “undeviating rectitude” of Lord Strafford. What we chiefly miss is novelty of remark; though, as he professes himself to be only a compiler, we have no right perhaps to expect it. He is at all events not a man of “scissors and paste.” He has honestly rewritten his work; searched the originals themselves, without taking the copies for granted; and even added an occasional document found out by himself, though of little importance. A great failure of the work is in arrangement and some determinate plan. The first volume, we observe, is entitled

on the fly-leaf, "Reign of the Stuarts." The title "Courts" was perhaps an afterthought, in consequence of the biographical or personal nature of the chief part of the matter, in distinction from public and political. And in fact, the compilation, properly speaking, is neither a history of Courts, nor of Reigns, nor of any one thing more than another, except as far as regards a predominance of the courtly and biographical. Sometimes, for want of a Court, there is a Reign, as in the instance of William III.; and sometimes, accounts of people are given who had little or nothing to do either with Courts or Reigns—as Beau Fielding and Beau Wilson. On the other hand, he has left out the Court Poets in the time of James and Charles, the members of the Cabal in those of Charles II., Prior and Gay afterwards, Hanbury Williams, and many others. What Mr. Jesse ought to have done, in accordance with the title of his work, and in addition to the histories of the individuals composing or connected with the Courts, was to give us, not merely a heap of materials out of which to gather the particulars here and there for ourselves, (and he does not, as we see, completely do this,) but distinct and characteristic pictures of each Court in its aggregate or popular sense, after the manner of what the painters call a conversation-piece. We should thus have had a set of paintings or *Tableaux* before us, giving us impressions of the general differences of the Courts one from another; and these would have advantageously introduced, or concluded, the histories or enlarged characters of the chief persons composing them. It will not be expected of us to supply Mr. Jesse's deficiencies; and we undertake no such task. It would be attempting to crowd a picture-gallery into a closet. Still, we shall make such remarks as we can, after the fashion we think best; beginning with the Court of James, and regretting that Mr. Jesse has not preceded it with that of Elizabeth. To commence with James, is like entering London by the Isle of Dogs and Shore-ditch, instead of Windsor and Piccadilly.

If the morning is fine, his Majesty King James is, to a certainty, going out hunting; and a singular spectacle he is. Who would take him to be the son of the elegant Mary, Queen of Scots? He is a red-faced man, corpulent, and ill-set on his limbs, with a thin beard, large wandering eyes, and a tongue too big for his mouth: and he is trussed up in a huge bundle of clothes, the doublet stiletto-proof, and the pockets

as big as Hudibras's. Round his neck is a ruff. His hat is stuck on his head, with a feather in it; and he himself is, in a manner, stuck into the saddle, upon a beautiful horse trained not to stumble. Some lords are about him, chiefly of his own country; and, among the closest of his attendants, is a page with a basketful of wines and liqueurs. He takes a cupful of one of these, to keep the cold out of his stomach; the huntsman winds his horn; the hounds are in full cry; and away goes King James to his victory over the stag. His want of courage being a balk to his will, he is very fierce when the stag is taken; and bustles down from his horse, with a vindictive and hysterical delight, to cut him up; though, should a strange face happen to look on, his Majesty starts, and sidles back, and does not at all understand how his attendants could have allowed the approach of so trying a phenomenon.

On the other hand, if the weather is bad, King James is as surely in-doors—studying, say his friends; drinking and playing the fool, say his enemies. His Majesty, doubtless, has his books about him, including his *Basilicon Doron*, and his treatise in proof of *Witchcraft*; but he has also his wines and liqueurs, with plenty of other good things;—and if he is not reading some new folio, or disputing with some Bishop, or hearing some not very delicate story from Sir Edward Zouch, or writing some not very delicate letter to a favorite; or, lastly, if he is not giving Buckingham some lesson in morals or politics, accompanied with a new jewel, why then most probably Sir John Finett, and Sir George Goring, and the Court-Fool, Archie Armstrong, are of the party, and all four are playing antics and practical jokes to amuse him. Lady Compton (Buckingham's mother) has lately been installed as a kind of house-keeper at Whitehall, and is almost the only female visible in that place; his Majesty having long lived apart from the Queen—not out of ill-will, but from a love of elbow-room, and a wish that each should live at their ease. All day long therefore his Majesty is either hunting, or reading, or giving lectures, or reading and drinking, and laughing at some new jest or masquerade, got up by these facetious gentlemen of his chamber, generally in ridicule of some actual occurrence; and the more forbidden the joke the keener is the royal relish. But besides feasting and masques of a nobler sort, which we shall notice presently, and to which he invites his friends in general, the King is sometimes entertained in

like manner by the Queen; and in either of these cases, but especially the latter, a full and proper Court is beheld, consisting of ladies as well as gentlemen, and containing the flower of the beauty and genius of the nation. Thither comes, and there let us now behold, the beautiful Duchess as well as good Duke of Richmond; and Lady Suffolk, (wife to the Lord Treasurer,) with large emerald bribes in her ears; and the Countess of Rivers, contemplating the scene with her arms akimbo; and the Countess of Dorset, (Anne Clifford), with her large indignant eyes, bidding Daniel the poet take notice of her; and Lucy Harrington by her side, (the Countess of Bedford,) darling of all the poets; and Donne with his profound face, and Drayton smiling, and Ben Jonson pledging my Lord Pembroke in a cup of canary; and old Sir Fulke Greville, "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney," looking older than he is with a weight of retrospection; and the gallant Lord Sawley, (Carlisle,) with a flower in his ear, vying with Buckingham in splendor of apparel; and Buckingham himself, looking like a sort of angel of fashion, all over jewels; and Buckingham's mother, the Lady Compton aforesaid, who, being a Beaumont, is talking with the great Fletcher about his deceased friend, and, as she cares for nothing but ambition, is astonished to see the tears in his eyes; and there also is the chivalrous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, bowing to the Queen, whom he fancies in love with him; and on a dais a little elevated sits the Queen herself, plump and jovial, with a good skin and little beauty besides, proud, however, to see so glorious an evening at her house, and pledging the King a little too often in his beloved sweet wines. Lastly, the King himself sits next her, and is getting heartily tired, and longing to tear off his coat and shoes, and lie down. He is returning his wife's compliments, and swearing aside all the while to Sir John Finett, who will make him laugh in a minute with catching the eye of Lord Herbert, and returning him a burlesque of his pompous bow.

A palace nevertheless may be a painted sepulchre, thinks Dr. Donne. Underneath all this splendor there is a grossness of talk, and, in some respects, of manners. The hands of Majesty itself are not clean; and Sir Fulke Greville contrasts the noise and indecorum with the grace of the Court of Elizabeth, and doubts whether even the beauty of the masque has made up for it.

Assuredly the first thing that strikes one in the Court of James, is its excessive gross-

ness. It has been attempted to show that this was merely the reflection of similar want of refinement on the part of the English gentry; but that such was not the case, is manifest both from the pictures of the "fine old Queen Elizabeth's gentleman," given by the writers of the day as a model of grace and sentiment; and from the contrast undoubtedly furnished by James's Court to that of his predecessor. "The tastes and habits," observes the present writer, "which were introduced by James into the English Court, differed widely from the stately pastimes and chivalrous amusements of the past reign. There was no want of what may perhaps be called magnificence; indeed, the expense of supporting the royal pleasures occasionally amounted to extravagance; but at this period of his reign there was not only little elegance, but the taste of the Court, and especially of the King himself, appears constantly tinged with grossness and vulgarity. * * * The Scotch who accompanied James to his new dominions, are said to have brought with them their filth as well as their poverty. The Countess of Dorset informs us, that when she paid her visit of congratulation to the royal family at Theobald's, she was surprised at the great change which had taken place in regard to the want of cleanliness since the preceding reign. Soon after quitting the palace, she found herself infested with those insects, the name of which it is scarcely considered delicate to mention." (Vol. I. p. 47.)

It is not to be implied that there was nothing objectionable to be found in the Court of Elizabeth. Refinement itself is one of the sources of temptation; and most places in which leisure and luxury meet, undergo the hazard of standing in need of a generous allowance. But Elizabeth was not only a woman of taste, but of a judicious and masculine understanding. She had been surrounded by the Burleighs, the Raleighs, and the Sydneys. Shakspeare's refined plays had been her pastime; and, if gallantry gave itself more sentimental airs in her Court than are supposed to have been warranted, Comus and his drunkards never presided there as they did in that of her successor. Nor is the charge against the Scotch an illiberal one. The in-door habits of the English had been equally filthy in the time of Henry VIII., as is well known from a celebrated passage in Erasmus; but commerce, and poetry, and the intercourse with the countrymen of Raphael and Castiglione, had greatly refined them. Rizzio

and the good taste of Mary would perhaps have tended to do something of the same kind for the Scotch; but a fierce nobility and fiercer bigots interfered; and the young king, taught to despise the body for the good of his soul, and therefore tempted to degrade it, was but the more driven in secret upon the accumulation of those gross propensities which he afterwards exhibited in the golden sunshine of the English Court, to the astonishment of the friends of Elizabeth. Hence, both as a consequence and a reaction, a deterioration of the manners of the gentry, and a corruption of poetry itself in the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher; who, noble poets as they were, condescended to be the echoes of the new men of the day; and whose muse thus became the monstrous anomaly we see it—a being half angel, half *drab*. We really can find no fitter word to express the lamentable truth.

We shall not extract from Mr. Jesse's pages the very worst evidences of the degradation of the Court under James. They are bad enough in the context in which they are bound to appear, and far worse when dragged out of it. They are also very well known. The frightful case of Car, Earl of Somerset, and his wife, may be said to contain an epitome of it all. It must be allowed at the same time, that the case is unique as regards murder, and not unaccompanied with doubts as to the rest; and it is judicious, perhaps, in an historian, to avail himself as much as possible of doubts in all such cases. James is a very disagreeable character in his sottishness, and his vulgar jesting, and his disregard of appearances; but he was not a hard-hearted man; and he has a right to have as many of his actions as possible attributed to his love of peace and quietness. His notions of his prerogative were not greater than those of his predecessor; and Granger has well observed, that "if all restraints on it had been taken off, and he could have been in reality the abstracted king he had formed in his imagination, he possessed too much good-nature to have been a tyrant." To sum up the character of James in the most charitable manner, he was really after all, and notwithstanding a good deal of positive acuteness and scholarship, nothing but a "great lubberly boy" from first to last; and it should be added, that no human being, from his infancy, appears to have been more the creature of circumstances. In the murder of Rizzio before his mother's face, his constitution probably received a shock before he was born; his mother was of the same self-indulgent temperament, notwithstand-

ing her attainments; his father, Lord Darnley, was a foolish, dissolute lad; and the very wet-nurse of the future maudlin Solomon was a drunkard. Buchanan then took the child and flogged him into a pedant; the religious Reformers perplexed him with alternate homage and insult; and when Elizabeth died, this victim of birth, parentage, and education, with rickety limbs, a sensual temperament, and just talents enough to make him vain and self-satisfied, walked out of a poor kingdom into a rich one, half mad with his joy, and flattered into the most ridiculous notions on all points, by some of the greatest wits in Europe. Mr. Jesse considers it very singular that James should entertain, to the last, the most extravagant notions of his prerogative, "since his tutor, the illustrious Buchanan, endeavored by every means in his power to instil very different ideas into the mind of his sovereign pupil." But that was, perhaps, one of the reasons. The "sovereign pupil" did not choose to be flogged into a love for such unkingly notions. The more he feared and hated his tutor, the more he would fear and hate his republican doctrines. He had no such objections to the learning that enabled him to dogmatize, or to the more luxurious parts of Buchanan's poems—the *risus, et pocula, et illecebræ*—though he did not retain much love for Næra. Even points which are difficult to allude to in the history of this preposterous monarch, were not unprepared for him by perplexities in classical education, which exist at the present moment, but which were then far more perilous, owing to the recent diffusion of a taste for the ancient writers, and its identification with wisdom and refinement.

Of Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James, our opinion has perhaps been sufficiently intimated. She was a commonplace woman, who began with interference, and compounded for being let alone with insignificance. She was as fond of pleasure as the King, or more so; and led such a gay life at Somerset house and other places, as to bring her ladies into disrepute.

Prince Henry, the heir-apparent, who died at eighteen, is loaded by Mr. Jesse with the customary panegyrics for his grave tastes, and his martial aspirations. His Royal Highness, it seems, could not endure an oath; and presented in almost every respect, (or is said to have done so,) an excessive contrast to the idleness, levity, and pacific tendencies of his father. It is well known that every reigning prince is the "best of princes;" and that every prince

who is expected to reign, but does not, would have made a still better. We have no more faith, for our parts, in the perfections of Prince Henry, than in those of any other deified youth whose merits have had the luck to be untried. We grant, willingly, that he may have had talents and good qualities, and that his love of martial exercises may not have been entirely owing to a youth's natural fondness for playing at soldiers, and an heir-apparent's propensity to differ with his father. The best thing we know of him is the homage which he rendered to the great capacity and attainments of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his wonder at his father's keeping "such a bird in a cage:" the worst (which Mr. Jesse leaves to transpire in a subsequent article) is his taunting his brother Charles with his scholarship and his "bad legs." This was no evidence of a generous nature; and it increases our suspicion that the country was lucky in his not reigning.

James's daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, though heaped also with extravagant eulogies, we take to have been really a reasonable and gentle person, endeared not undeservedly to the nation by her misfortunes. The "Queen of Bohemia" is still the mystical sign of many a country alehouse, people wondering who she was.

The man of the best dispositions after all, about the Court of James, till injured by flattery and power, we suspect to have been Buckingham himself. His virtues were sincerity and zeal; sincerity in all things, and zeal to serve his master—a rare mixture anywhere—much more in a court. He openly professed to be a friend or enemy, as the case might happen; and he made good what he professed. His decision saved trouble to the indolence of James, and to the hesitation of Charles; and address and superiority of nature, rather than of talents, (especially in the article of truth, in which both were deficient,) combined to give him the mastery over both. We believe that what Charles said of him was true, with regard to his not being the dictator he was supposed to be; and that his greatest merit with them, was his making their convenience the rule of his actions. He might also have been in possession of important secrets, both of State and Household; yet nothing, in our opinion, could have given him the unshaken ascendancy which he obtained over two Kings in succession, and those father and son, except some quality of a superior description. Bassompierre, the French ambassador, was astonished (and truly he well might have

been) when Buckingham rushed one day between him and King Charles, crying out, "I am come to keep the peace between you two;" but no man could have dared to commit himself in that manner with a Prince so jealous of his power, had not the habit of ascendancy been kindly attempered. Ingenuousness was probably the crowning charm, even of Buckingham's countenance.

Bacon was one of the great glories of the time of James, but hardly belongs to his Court, though he flattered him like a courtier, and once assisted in getting up a masque. Mr. Jesse says he was a "poet." A poet he may be called, in as far as he was master of a great style of prose, largely impregnated with imaginative beauty; but in the sense in which Mr. Jesse uses the term, let the reader judge of his laurels by the following couplet:

With wine, man's spirit for to recreate;
And oil, man's face for to exhilarate.'

The masques of Ben Jonson are the chief ornaments and recommendations of the Court of King James, and should have made a greater figure in the work before us. Mr. Jesse ought to have gone to themselves for an account of them, and not been contented with repeating a few brief and incidental notices from others. He might easily have "compiled," in this instance, from the best originals. We will give a specimen or two of the machinery, as well as other features, of these enchanting entertainments, to show in what respect James's Court may boast of a true refinement. Inigo Jones was the worker-out of the poet's fancies; and the chief nobility of the Court, male and female, were his performers. They appeared in the most characteristic and most beautiful dresses, glittering with gold and jewels, with feathers and wings, and cloths of white and crimson. They paraded and danced to music, were drawn in chariots, descended and rose in clouds, and dawned over mountain-tops in likenesses of Phæbus and Aurora. It was an anticipation of all which machinery has since done on the stage, but with greater cost and elegance. What could be more poetically picturesque than the following opening scene of the masque called *Oberon, the Fairy Prince*?

"The first face of the scene appeared (says the poet) all obscure, and nothing but a dark rock with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented; till at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to show; and, rising, a satyr was seen by her light to put forth his head, and call."

In the *Masque of Hymen*, the upper part of a scene "which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks. Round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colors, making music. Above her, the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly; and Jupiter standing in the top, brandishing his thunder. Beneath her, the rainbow, Iris; and on the two sides, eight ladies, attired richly and alike in the most celestial colors, who represented her powers." In another scene of the same masque, these eight ladies descend in the clouds to a song, and then dance forth in pairs, "with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes." In the *Vision of Delight*, Fancy, with purple wings, breaks out of a cloud; an "Hour" descends "with golden hair," and the scene changes to the "bower of Zephyrus," a place full of flowers, and hung with convolvulus, honeysuckle, and jessamine: the bower then opens, and discovers the masquers as the "glories of the spring," in a landscape full of fields and woods, with rivers running, herds and flocks feeding, and larks singing in the air. When he published the *Masque of Hymen*, Ben Jonson could not conceal his transports at the recollection of the performance; but must needs run into a rapturous strain of prose at the end of it, from which we extract the following passages.

"Hitherto extended," says he, "the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution left not where to add unto it with wishing; I mean (nor do I court them) in those that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as, besides the pomp, splendor, or what may be called the apparelling of such presentiments, *that* alone, had all else been absent, was of power to surprise with delight, and to steal the spectators away from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture its complement, either in richness or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only the envy was, that it lasted not still; or, now that it is past, there cannot, by imagination, much less description, be recovered to us part of that spirit it had in the gliding by."

After describing the dresses of the men, he says, "the ladies' attire was wholly new for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure. The upper part, of white

cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits: a loose under-garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone; beneath, another flowing garment, of watchet (bluish) cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round and swelling, there yet appeared some truth of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich-set coronet, adorned with all variety and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil down to the ground, whose verge, returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament." "No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the machine or the spectacle from whence they came; the first part of which was a *microcosmos* or globe, filled with countries and then gilded; where the sea was expressed, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung, for no axle was seen to support it; and turning softly, discovered the first masque, which was of the men, sitting in fair composition within a mine of several metals; to which the lights were so placed [we do not exactly understand this] as no one was seen, but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendor of her crown, illumined the whole grove. On the sides of this (which began the other part) were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relieve, embossed, and translucent as natural. To these a curtain of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall, and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air, in the highest of which sat Juno in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest, where there was a rainbow," &c. The rest of the scene has been given already; but there is a concluding passage describing the action of it, which deserves quotation. "The midst," says the poet, "was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves, in nature of those *nimbi*, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend;

and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms, (Atlas and Hercules,) who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves, and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden; when, having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders." He then described the motion of the sphere of fire, with Jupiter above it; which, he says, was the thing that delighted the spectators most of all.

It need not be added, that the poetry of these masques was worthy of the machinery and embellishments. Mr. Jesse should have given us some specimens of it as a part of the Court elegance. A scene of a banquet in *Love's Welcome*, opens with the following beautiful mixture of sense and sentiment, in which the reader will admire the repetition of the word *Love*. It was sung by "two tenors and a bass."

"*Full Chorus*. If Love be call'd a lifting of the sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence
Wherein the soul hath rest and residence—

First Tenor. When were the senses in such order
placed?

Second Tenor. The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling,
Touching, Taste,

All at one banquet?

Bass. Would it ever last!

First Tenor. We wish the same. Who set it forth
thus?

Bass. Love!

Second Tenor. But to what end, or to what object?

Bass. Love!

First Tenor. Doth Love then feast itself?

Bass. Love will feast Love.

Second Tenor. You make of Love a riddle or a chain,
A circle, a mere knot. Untie't again.

Bass. Love is a circle; both the first and last
Of all our actions; and his knot's too fast.

First Tenor. A true-love knot will hardly be untied;
And, if it could, who would this pair divide?

Bass. God make them such, and Love."

In the *Masque of Queens* are the celebrated songs of the witches; part of which was afterwards so finely set to music by Purcell:—

"The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain," &c.

The lovers of vocal music will recognize another in the masque of the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*:—

"To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace;
And the foul, to be loved at leisure.

"To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors;
To the loving sprite
A secure delight;

To the jealous, their own false terrors."

There is plenty of flattery to the King; and alas! an occasional excess of coarse-

ness, astonishing to be met with amidst so many graces, and not to be conceived by the delicacy of the present day. The coarseness is assuredly to be laid to the account of the King and his circle; and yet they could as certainly enjoy the graces too: such anomalies are there in times and manners! The flattery was often made to contain some admirable lesson. A vindication, for instance, of the King's passion for the chase, ends with a very exalted moral. We shall repeat the whole chorus for the benefit of our modern Nimrods:—

"Hunting! it is the noblest exercise,
Makes man laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight;
It helps the hearing, and the sight;
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage and defence,
And chaseth all ill-habits thence.

"Turn hunters then again,
But not of men.

Follow his ample
And just example,

That hates all chase of malice and of blood,
And studies only ways of good,
To keep soft peace in breath.

Men should not hunt mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of man.

Kill vices if you can;
They are your wildest beasts,
And, when they thickest fall, you make the gods
true feasts."

The worst of these splendid entertainments was, that they were very expensive. "By a letter," says Mr. Jesse, "among the *Talbot Papers*, it is proved that one masque alone cost the Exchequer three thousand pounds. This taste (he adds) for lavishing immense sums on magnificent spectacles and social diversions, was not confined to the Court. To provide for a masque at Lord Haddington's marriage, twelve of the principal courtiers subscribed three thousand pounds a-piece. The King, however, was the principal sufferer; and so reduced were his finances about the fourth year of his reign, and so clamorous were the officers of his household for the payments of their salaries, that they actually stopped the coach of the Lord Treasurer, and prevented his proceeding further till he had given a solemn promise that their demands should be satisfied." It does not follow that the expenses of the masques themselves were always paid. In fact, Inigo Jones at one time performed the duties of surveyor of the works gratuitously, on purpose to clear off the debts of his predecessor; and there are some pleasant verses of Ben Jonson's, when he was laureate, in which he raises a

woful cry
To Sir Robert Pye

for the arrears of his salary—which Sir Robert Pye, by the way, was ancestor of one of the poets-laureate of King George the Third. Nor is the bard of the loves and graces of the masque, with all his loyalty, understood to have invariably waived the rougher part of his character in favor of the acknowledgments doled out on him. He is said to have exclaimed on one occasion, when the King made him some small payment or present—"He sends me this, because I live in an alley. Tell him, his soul lives in an alley!"

The Court of Charles I was decorum and virtue itself in comparison with that of James. Drunkenness disappeared; there were no scandalous favorites; Buckingham alone retained his ascendancy as the friend and assistant; and the King manifested his notions of the royal dignity by a stately reserve. Little remained externally of the old Court but its splendor; and to this a new lustre was given by a taste for painting, and the patronage of Rubens and Vandyke. Charles was a great collector of pictures. He was still fonder of poetry than his father, retained Ben Jonson as his Laureate, encouraged Sandys, and May, and Carew, and was a fond reader of Spenser and Shakspeare; the last of whom is styled by Milton (not in reproach, as Warton strangely supposed; for how could a poet reproach a King for loving a poet?) the "closet companion" of the royal "solitudes." Walpole, as Mr. Jesse observes, was of opinion that "the celebrated festivals of Louis XIV. were copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in its time the most polite court in Europe." Bassompierre, in mentioning his state introduction to Charles and Henrietta, says—"I found the King on a stage raised two steps, the Queen and he on two chairs, who rose on the first bow I made them on coming in. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite." "I never knew a duller Christmas than we have had this year," writes Mr. Gerrard to the Earl of Strafford: but one play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little infirmity, the bile or some such thing, which made her keep in; only on Twelfth Night she feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a play newly studied, the *Faithful Shepherdess*, (Fletcher's,) which the King's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship, that the dicing night, the King carried away in James Palmer's hat £1850. The Queen was his help, and

brought him that luck; she shared presently £900. There are two masques in hand; first, the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas day; the other, the King presents the Queen with on Shrove Tuesday, at night: high expenses; they speak of £20,000 that it will cost the men of the law."—(Jesse, Vol. II. p. 91.)

"Charles was not only well informed," says Mr. Jesse, "in all matters of court etiquette, and in the particular duties of each individual of his household, but enjoined their performance with remarkable strictness. Ferdinand Masham, one of the esquires of his body, has recorded a curious anecdote relative to the king's nice exaction of such observances. 'I remember,' he says, 'that coming to the king's bed-chamber door, which was bolted in the inside, the Earl of Bristol, then being in waiting and lying there, he unbolted the door upon my knocking, and asked me 'What news?'—I told him I had a letter for the king. The earl then demanded the letter of me, which I told him I could deliver to none but to the king himself; upon which the king said, 'The esquire is in the right: for he ought not to deliver any letter or message to any but myself, he being at this time the chief officer of my house; and if he had delivered the letter to any other, I should not have thought him fit for his place.' It seems, that after a certain hour, when the guard was set, and the 'all right' served up, the royal household was considered under the sole command of the esquire in waiting. 'The king,' says Lord Clarendon, 'kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen where he had no pretence to be.'"—(Jesse, II. 94.)

The truth is that both from greater virtue and a less jovial temperament, Charles carried his improvement upon the levity of his father's Court too far. Public opinion had long been quitting the old track of an undiscerning submission; and, though it was the King's interest to avoid scandal, it was not so to provoke dislike. It was on the side of manner in which he failed. His reformations, the more scandalous ones excepted, appear to have been rather external than otherwise. Mrs. Hutchison, while she speaks of them highly, intimates that there was still a good deal of private license; and, though it is asserted that Charles discountenanced swearing, perhaps even this was only by comparison. It is reported of Charles II., that in answer to a remonstrance made to him on the oaths in which he indulged, he exclaimed in a very irreverent

and unfilial manner, "Oaths! why, your Martyr was a greater swearer than I am." It has been questioned also, whether in other respects Charles's private conduct was so "immaculate," to use Mr. Jesse's phrase, as the solemnity of his latter years and his fate has led most people to conclude. Indeed, it is a little surprising how any body, partisans excepted, could have supposed, that a prince brought up as he was, and the friend of Buckingham, should be entirely free from the license of the time. His manners and speeches to women, though not gross for that age, (to say nothing of the letter, Vol. II. p. 88.) would be thought coarse now; and, at all events, were proofs of a habit of thinking quite in unison with custom. But the present age has been far stricter in its judgment on these points than any which preceded it—at least up to the time of George III. It was not the question of his gallantries, or of his freedom from them, that had any thing to do with Charles's unpopularity. The people will pardon a hundred gallantries sooner than one want of sympathy. Charles I. would not have been unpopular in the midst of Court elegancies, if he had not been stiff and repulsive in his manners. Unfortunately, he wanted address; he had a hesitation in his speech; and his consciousness of a delicate organization and of infirmity of purpose, with the addition of a good deal of the will common to most people, and particularly encouraged in Princes, made him afraid of being thought weak and easy. He therefore, in what he thought self-defence, took to an offensive coldness and dryness of behavior, and gradually became not unwilling even to wreak upon other people the irritability occasioned by it to himself. He got into unseemly passions with Ambassadors, and neither knew how to refuse a petition gracefully, nor to repel an undue assumption with real superiority. Even his troubles did not teach him wisdom in these respects till the very last. He was riding out one day during the wars, when a "Dr. Wykes, dean of Burian in Cornwall," says Mr. Jesse, "an inveterate punster, happened to be near him, extremely well mounted. 'Doctor,' said the King, 'you have a pretty nag under you; I pray, how old is he?' Wykes unable to repress, even in the presence of majesty, the indifferent conceit which presented itself, 'If it please your majesty,' he said, 'he is in the second year of his reign,' (rein.) Charles discovered some displeasure at this unlicensed ribaldry. 'Go,' he replied, 'you are a fool!' " Now that the Dean was a fool there

can be no doubt; but that this blunt, offensive, and never-to-be-forgotten word was the only one which a King in a state of war with his subjects could find, in order to discountenance his folly, shows a lamentable habit of subjecting the greater consideration to the less.

Unluckily for Charles's dignity in the eyes of his attendants, and for his ultimate welfare with the people, there was a contest of irritability too often going forward between him and his consort Henrietta; in which the latter, by dint perhaps of being really the weaker of the two, generally contrived to remain conqueror. Swift has recorded an extraordinary instance of her violence in his list of *Mean and Great Fortunes*. He says, that one day Charles made a present to his wife of a handsome brooch, and gallantly endeavoring to fix it in her bosom, happened unfortunately to wound the skin, upon which her Majesty in a fit of passion, and in the presence of the whole court, took the brooch out and dashed and trampled it on the floor. The trouble that Charles had to get rid of Henrietta's noisy and meddling French attendants, not long after his marriage, is well known; but not so, that, having contrived to turn the key upon her in order that she might not behold their departure, "she fell into a rage beyond all bounds, tore the hair from her head, and cut her hands severely by dashing them through the glass windows."—(Jesse, Vol. II. p. 79.)

When not offended, however, the Queen's manners were lively and agreeable. We are to imagine the time of the Court divided between her Majesty's coquetries and accomplishments, and Catholic confessors, and the King's books and huntings, and political anxieties; Buckingham, as long as he lived, being the foremost figure next to himself; and Laud and Strafford domineering after Buckingham. In the morning the ladies embroidered and read huge romances, or practised their music and dancing, (the latter sometimes with great noise in the Queen's apartments;) or they went forth to steal a visit to a fortune-teller, or to see a picture by Rubens, or to sit for a portrait to Vandyke, who married one of them. In the evening there was a masque, or a ball, or a concert, or gaming; the Sucklings, the Wallers, and Carews, repeated their soft things, or their verses; and "Sacharissa" (Lady Dorothy Sidney) doubted Mr. Waller's love, and glanced towards sincere-looking Henry Spencer; Lady Carlisle flirted with the Riches and Herberts; Lady Morton looked grave; the Queen threw round the circle bright glances and French

mots ; and the King criticised a picture with Vandyke or Lord Pembroke, or a poem with Mr. Sandys, (who, besides being a poet, was gentleman of his majesty's chamber ;) or perhaps he took Hamilton or Strafford into a corner, and talked, not so wisely, against the House of Commons. It was, upon the whole, a grave and a graceful Court, not without an under-current of intrigue.

It seems ridiculous to talk of the Court of Oliver Cromwell, who had so many severe matters to attend to in order to keep himself on his throne ; but he had a Court, nevertheless ; and, however jealously it was watched by the most influential of his adherents, it grew more courtly as his protectorate advanced ; and must always have been attended with a respect which Charles knew not sufficiently how to insure, and James not at all. Its dinners were not very luxurious, and the dishes appear to have been brought in by the heavy gentlemen of his guard. In April 1654, we read of the "grey coats" of these gentlemen, with "black velvet collars, and silver lace and trimmings ;"—a very sober effort at elegance. Here his daughters would pay him visits of a morning, fluttering betwixt pride and anxiety ; and his mother sit with greater feelings of both, starting whenever she heard a noise ; flocks of officers came to a daily table, at which he would cheerfully converse ; and now and then Ambassadors or the Parliament were feasted ; and in the evening, perhaps after a portion of a sermon from his Highness, there would be the consciousness of a princely presence, and something like a courtly joy. In the circle Waller himself was to be found, (making good the doubts of "Sacharissa ;") and Lord Broghill, the friend of Suckling, who refused to join him ; and Lady Carlisle, growing old, but still setting her beauty-spots at the saints ; and Richard Cromwell, heir-apparent, whom Dick Ingoldsby is forcing to die with laughter, though severe Fleetwood is looking that way ; and the future author of "Paradise Lost" talking Italian with the envoys from the Apennines ; and Marvel, his brother secretary, chuckling to hear from the Swedish Ambassador the proposal of a visit from Queen Christiana ; and young Dryden, bashfully venturing in under the wing of his uncle Sir Gilbert Pickering, the chamberlain. There was sometimes even a concert ; Cromwell's love of music prevailing against the un-angelical denuncements of it from the pulpit. The Protector would also talk of his morning's princely diversion of hunting ; or converse with his daughters and

the foreign Ambassadors, some of which latter had that day paid their respects to the former, as to royal personages, on their arrival in England ; or if the evening were that of a christening or a marriage, or other festive solemnity, his Highness, not choosing to forget the rough pleasures of his youth, and combining, perhaps, with the recollection something of an hysterical sense of his present wondrous condition, would think it not unbecoming his dignity to recall the days of King James, and bedaub the ladies with sweetmeats, or pelt the heads of his brother generals with the chair cushions. Nevertheless, he could resume his state with an air that inspired the pencil of Peter Lely beyond its fopperies ; and Mazarin at Paris trembled in his chair to think of it.

But how shall we speak of the Court of Charles II. ? of that unblushing seminary for the misdirection of young ladies, which, occupying the ground now inhabited by the correctest of men, rendered the mass of buildings by the water's side from Charing-Cross to the Parliament, one vast—what are we to call it ?—

" Chi mi darà le voci e le parole
Convenienti a sì nobil soggetto ?"

Let Mr. Pepys explain. Let Clarendon explain. Let all the world explain, who equally reprobate the place and its master, and yet somehow are so willing to hear it reprobated, that they read endless accounts of it, old and new, from the not very bashful *exposé* of the Count de Grammont, down to the blushing deprecations of Mrs. Jamieson. Mr. Jesse himself begins with emphatically observing, that "a professed apology, either for the character or conduct of Charles II., might almost be considered as an insult to public rectitude and female virtue ;" yet he proceeds to say, that there is a "charm" nevertheless in "all that concerns the 'merry monarch,' which has served to rescue him from entire reprobation ;" and accordingly he proceeds to devote to him the largest portion given to any of his princes, not omitting particulars of all his natural children ; and winding up with separate memoirs of the maids of honor, the mistresses, and those confidential gentlemen—Messrs. Chiffinch, Producers, and Brouncker.

" Now this is worshipful society."

Upon the reason of this apparent contradiction between the morals and toleration of the reading world, we have touched before ; and we think it will not be expected of us to enter further into its metaphysics.

The Court is before us, and we must paint it, whatever we may think of the matter. We shall only observe in the outset, that the "merry monarch," besides not being handsome, had the most serious face, perhaps, of any man in his dominions. It was as full of hard lines as it was swarthy. If the assembled world could have called out to have a specimen of a "man of pleasure" brought before it, and Charles could have been presented, we know not which would have been greater, the laughter or the groans. However, "merry monarch" he is called; and merry doubtless he was, as far as his numerous cares and headaches would let him be. Nor should it be forgotten, that cares, necessities, and bad example, conspired, from early youth, to make him the man he was. We know not which did him the more harm—the jovial despair of his fellow exiles, or the sour and repulsive reputation which morals and good conduct had acquired from the gloominess of the Puritans.

Charles was of good height as well as figure, and not ungraceful. Andrew Marvel has at once painted and intimated an excuse for him, in an exordium touching upon the associates of his banishment. His allusion to the filial occupation of Saul is very witty:—

"Of a tall stature and a sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew;
Ten years of need he suffer'd in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while."

He was a rapid and a constant walker, to settle his nerves; talked affably with his subjects; had a parcel of little dogs about him, which did not improve the apartments at Whitehall; hated business; delighted to saunter from one person's rooms at Court to another's, in order to pass the time; was fond of wit, and not without it himself; drank and gamed, and was in constant want of money for his mistresses, which ultimately rendered him a scandalous pensioner upon the King of France; in short, was a selfish man, partly by temperament, and partly from his early experience of others; but was not ill-natured; and like his grandfather James, would live and let live, provided his pleasures were untouched. His swarthyness he got from the Italian stock of the Medici, and his animal spirits from Italy or France, or both: they were certainly not inherited from his father.

The man thus constituted was suddenly transferred from an exile full of straits and mortifications, into the rich and glorious throne of England. The people, sick of

gloom and disappointment, were as mad to receive him as he was to come. It was May, and all England dressed itself in garlands and finery. Crowds shouted at him; music floated around his steps; young females strewed flowers at his feet; gold was poured into his pockets; and clergymen blessed him. He receives the homage of Church and State; and goes the same night to sup with Mrs. Barbara Palmer, at a house in Lambeth.

Such was the event which, by an epithet that has since acquired a twofold significance, has been called the "blessed Restoration." Orthodoxy and loyalty had obtained an awkward champion.

Mrs. Palmer soon restored the King to Whitehall by coming there herself, where she became in due time Countess of Castlemain, Duchess of Cleveland, and mother of three Dukes and as many daughters. This was for the benefit of the Peerage. But Charles, for the benefit of Royalty, was unfortunately compelled to have a wife; though, as an alleviation of the misfortune, his wife, he reflected, would have an establishment, with ladies of the bed-chamber; nay, with a pleasing addition of maids of honor. He therefore put what face he could on the matter, and wedded Catherine of Braganza: when Lady Castlemain was presented to her as one of the ladies, the poor Queen burst out a-bleeding at the nose. It took a good while to reconcile the royal lady to the "other lady," (Clarendon's constant term for her;) but it was done in time, to the astonishment of most and the disgust of some. Clarendon was one of the instruments that effected the good work. From thenceforth the Queen was contented to get what amusement she could, and was as merry as the rest. She was not an ill-looking woman; was as fond of dancing as her husband; and he used good-naturedly to try to make her talk improper broken English, and would not let her be persecuted.

In the course of the arrangement of this business, Charles wrote a letter to Clarendon, his Chancellor and keeper of his conscience, in which are the following devout passages; odd, in the conjunction with the matter in hand;—edifying, as coming from the head of Church and State: "I think it very necessary to give you a little good counsel, lest you may think that by making a further stir in the business you may drive me from my resolution, which all the world shall never do; and I wish I may be unhappy in this world, *and in the world to come*, if I fail in the least degree of what I resolv-

ed, which is of making my Lady Castlemain of my wife's bedchamber; and who-soever I find endeavoring to hinder this resolution of mine, except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how much a friend I have been to you; if you will oblige me eternally, make this business as easy to me as you can, of what opinion you are of; for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again *I solemnly swear before Almighty God*; therefore if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business, except it be to beat down all false and scandalous reports, and to facilitate what I am sure *my honor* is so much concerned in; and whomsoever I find to be Lady Castlemain's enemy in this matter, I do promise upon my word to be his enemy as long as I live. You may show this letter to my lord-lieutenant, and if you have both a mind to oblige me, carry yourselves like friends to me in this matter.

CHARLES R."

In consequence of this royal determination on the part of Charles, aided by a few tears, and perhaps oaths, on that of the lady, and by the more gentle philosophy of the Queen, Whitehall now adjusted itself to the system which prevailed through this reign, and which may be described as follows: We do not paint it at one point of time only, as in previous instances, but through the whole period.

Charles walked a good deal in the morning, perhaps played at ball or tennis, chatted with those he met, fed his dogs and his ducks, looked in at the cockpit, sometimes did a little business, then sauntered in doors about Whitehall; chatted in Miss Wells's room, in Miss Price's room, in Miss Stuart's room, or Miss Hamilton's; chatted in Mr. Chiffinch's room, or with Mr. Prodggers; then dined, and took enough of wine; had a ball or a concert, where he devoted himself to Lady Castlemain, the Duchess of Portsmouth, or whoever the reigning lady was, the Queen talking all the while as fast as she could to some other lady; then, perhaps, played at riddles, or joked with Buckingham and Killegrew, or talked of the intrigues of the Court—the great topic of the day. Sometimes the ladies rode out with him in the morning, perhaps in men's hats and feathers; sometimes they went to the play, where the favorite was jealous of the actresses; sometimes an actress is introduced at Court and becomes a "madam" herself—Madam Davis, or Madam Eleanor Gwyn. Sometimes the Queen treats them

with a cup of the precious and unpurchasable beverage called tea, or even ventures abroad with them in a frolicsome disguise. Sometimes the Courtiers are at Hampton, playing at hide-and-seek in a labyrinth; sometimes at Windsor, the ladies sitting half-dressed for Sir Peter Lely's voluptuous portraits. Lady Castlemain, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Nell Gwyn, all have their respective lodgings in Whitehall, looking out upon gardens, elegant with balconies and trellices. By degrees the little dukes grow bigger, and there is in particular a great romping boy, very handsome, called Master Crofts, afterwards Duke of Monmouth, who is the protegé of Lady Castlemain, though his mother was Mrs. Walters, and who takes the most unimaginable liberties in all quarters. He annoys exceedingly the solemn Duke of York, the King's brother, who heavily imitates the reigning gallantries, stupidly following some lady about without uttering a word, and who afterwards cut off the said young gentleman's head. The concerts are French, partly got up by St. Evremond and the Duchess of Mazarin, who come to hear them; and there, in addition to the ladies before mentioned, come also the Duchess of Buckingham, short and thick, (daughter of the old Parliamentary General, Fairfax,) and Lady Ossory, charming and modest, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, who was neither, and Lady Falmouth, with eyes at which Lord Dorset never ceased to look, and the Duchess of York, (Clarendon's daughter,) eating something, and divine old Lady Fanshawe, who crept out of the cabin in a sea-fight to stand by her husband's side. The Queen has brought her there, grateful for a new set of sarabands, at which Mr. Waller is expressing his rapture—Waller, the visitor of three courts, and admired and despised in them all. Behind him stands Dryden, with a quiet and somewhat down-looking face, finishing a couplet of satire. "Handsome Sidney" is among the ladies; and so is Ralph Montague, who loved ugly dogs because nobody else would; and Harry Jermy, who got before all the gallants, because he was in earnest. Rochester, thin and flushed, is laughing in a corner at Charles's grim looks of fatigue and exhaustion. Clarendon is vainly flattering himself that he is diverting the King's ennui with a long story; Grammont is shrugging his shoulders at not being able to get in a word; and Buckingham is making Sedley and Etherege ready to die of laughter by his mimicry of the poor Chancellor. The reader will excuse our

not following up this picture with more details of such personages.

The Court of James II. is hardly worth mention. It lasted less than four years, and was as dull as himself. The most remarkable circumstance attending it was the sight of Friars and Confessors, and the brief restoration of Popery. Waller, too, was once seen there; the *fourth* court of his visiting. There was a poetess also, who appears to have been attached by regard as well as office to the court of James—Anne Kingsmill, better known by her subsequent title of Countess of Winchilsea. The attachment was most probably one of feeling only and good nature; for she had no bigotry of any sort. Dryden, furthermore, was laureate to King James; and in a fit of politic, perhaps real, regret, turned round upon the late court in his famous comparison of it with its predecessor:—

‘ Misses there were, but modestly conceal’d;
Whitehall the naked Venus first revealed;
Where, standing as at Cyprus in her shrine,
The strumpet was adored with rights divine.”

The Court of King William III. was duller even than that of James. Queen Mary had her ladies with whom she used to read and work, but we learn nothing more of them. While she was Princess of Orange, she had a young lady among her attendants, with whom the Prince fell in love, and when he became King he afflicted his wife with his attentions to her; but Mary did not cease to love him. Perhaps a little difficulty and disinclination made her love him the more. All the house of Stuart had fond attachments of some kind or other, in which there appears to have been a strong zest of the wilful. As to King William, it was in vain his new courtiers implored him to try and make himself popular; habit and reserve prevailed; and he shut himself up with his Dutchmen to alleviate his cares with the bottle. The two sprightliest anecdotes of the Court, next to his Majesty’s single amour, are told by the Duchess of Marlborough, whose vindictive recitals, however, are always to be received with suspicion. One is, that when Queen Mary took possession of her father’s palace, she ran about the house with a face full of glee, turning over all the bed-clothes and cupboards to see what she had got. The other informs us, that when the Princess Anne was sitting one day at dinner with the King and Queen, his Majesty took the only plate of peas wholly to himself, though the Princess was in a very interesting situation, and could hardly keep her eyes off the dish. The Princess had a will of her own, not usually

in accordance with that of his Majesty; and a dish of new peas became part of his prerogative. William has been thought an unfeeling man, but such was not by any means the case. He lamented his wife with remorse, because he had not been a fond and faithful husband. His friendships were strong and lasting; and, if he was taciturn and cold in his manner, it was owing to his want of address and ready flow of ideas. He was sickly, and was kept in a constant state of irritation by party feuds. When he was in his saddle, even in his latter days, his eye is said to have lighted up as if with the memory of his campaigns. He was at that moment on a level with men who have some imagination. Mr. Jesse records an exclamation of this Prince, which he seems to admire. He was once in danger off the coast of Holland, and the boatmen showing symptoms of apprehension, the King exclaimed, “What! are you afraid to die in my company?” This, if true, was a blundering parody on the speech of Cæsar on a like occasion. But the *Cæsarem vehis* of the great Roman implied that the boat was safe. What! it said; can you be afraid when you “carry Cæsar” and his prosperity? We must add, that the lady for whose sake his Majesty followed the royal fashion of having a mistress, was a Villiers of the old favorite stock, to which belonged also the Duchess of Cleveland. William made her Countess of Orkney, with remainder to her husband’s heirs “whatsoever.” She wanted the beauty which had become an inheritance in the race of Villiers, but appears to have been sensible and kind. Swift calls her “the wisest woman he ever knew.” Having entertained George II. once at her house at Clifden, and the dinner not succeeding to her mind, she made the following rare and honest remark—“I thought I had turned my mind in a philosophical way of having done with the world; but I find I have deceived myself; for I am both vexed and pleased with the honor I have received.”—(*Suffolk Correspondence*, Vol. II. p. 352.)

The history of Anne’s Court is that of a closet containing the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough—the latter being ultimately displaced by Lady Masham. At one time, the great Whig Duke makes a third in the closet; at another, the Tory Earl of Oxford; at another, his rival Bolingbroke; but all, more or less, by the grace of the reigning favorite. Anne was a quiet, good sort of woman, with the tendency of her race to romantic attachments; and the Duchess of Marlborough, with whom, in

childlike earnest, she may be said to have played at friends under the names of "Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman," might have kept her regard for life, had not an imperious temper rendered her insupportable. Masham was humble and more cunning; and contrived to assist at the squabbles of Oxford and Bolingbroke, till death relieved the poor Queen from the troubles of Toryism. The Duchess has left an account of the matter to posterity, which, like all such effusions of self-love, only defeated its object. The most painful part of the picture is the Duke her husband, lamenting his lost "stick" like a child. It has been made a question, whether great Captains would be thought as great as they are, if the sphere of their operations were not on so grand a scale. Great abilities of some sort, it is pretty clear, they must have; but some of the most renowned have certainly not shone much out of their profession.

In taking leave of Queen Anne, we may observe, that in the person of George of Denmark she possessed a husband duller than herself; that she was comely, if not handsome; and that she was the mother of nineteen children, not one of whom survived a dozen years, and all the rest died in their infancy. Of thirteen out of the nineteen, there is no mention made of the very names.

The Jameses and Charleses, to use Mr. Jesse's phrase, have so accustomed us to the "adventitious excitement" of improprieties, that after the good conduct of Mary and Anne, our eyes, we fear, brighten up at the prospect of a few more in the succession of the House of Hanover. We can really find no such pleasure, however, as our author does, nor do we think that he finds it either generously or justly after his toleration of the conduct of Charles II.; when he says that George I. had "the folly and wickedness to encumber himself with a seraglio of hideous German prostitutes." The Duchess of Kendal, though not well-favored, was not "hideous;" both she and the King were upwards of fifty; the attachment had lasted many years; and was understood to have been sanctioned, after a fashion not of the worst kind under such circumstances, by a private marriage. The Countess of Darlington, the other chief of this "repulsive seraglio," though she had grown large, was a woman of very agreeable manners and conversation, and had been handsome when young. The remaining "favorite" was Madame Kilmansegg. It is Walpole, in his wholesale way, who applies the term to the entire German importation.

George's only other mistress was an Englishwoman, Miss Brett, daughter of the Colonel Brett "who married Savage's mother, and bought Cibber's wig." There was a vulgar cant in that day against "foreigners." Germans were not to be considered ladies and gentlemen, because they were not English. But George's foreign mistresses were better gentlewomen than those of Charles and James, and certainly no such "prostitutes." The most vulgar was Miss Brett herself. And as to the King's own manners, we take them to have been as decent and well-bred, after the staid fashion of his country, as the Frenchified style of the later Stuarts. Charles I. was a gentleman, but not a strictly well-bred one; for he had not the art of making people easy in his presence. His father made them easy by making himself contemptible. The aspect of George I., as it impressed itself on the boyish memory of Horace Walpole, was probably that under which he appeared to most people; and had a decorous simplicity about it, which would be favorably regarded at the present day. "I do remember," says Walpole, "something about George I. My father took me to St. James's while I was a very little boy; after waiting some time in an anteroom, a gentleman came in, all dressed in brown, even his stockings, and with a riband and a star. He took me up in his arms, kissed me, and chatted some time." And in another place he says, that the person of the King was that of an elderly man, "rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall;" and "of an aspect rather good than august."

George I. did not speak English; but he spoke Latin, which was no ungentlemanlike accomplishment. His minister, Sir Robert Walpole, could speak no German or French, so in Latin they conversed; probably not very like that of Cicero or Erasmus, but good enough to govern a great nation with; and the difficulty on the King's side must have been the greater, owing to the Latinized English words and allusions. He was a sociable good-humored man, very willing to be led by his great Minister in the establishment of liberal principles of government. The worst things to be said of him, (and very painful and perplexing they are,) was his long imprisonment of his wife, and his unfatherly dislike of his son. But we have seen, even in our own time, a wife persecuted by a libertine Prince. So hard it is for the overweening pretensions of the one sex to learn to do justice to the other—especially when mixed up with pretensions of state. The dislike of the son was probably

connected with the prejudice against the wife. As the King lived in one country and the Queen in another, there was no Court, properly so called, in the palace; though of course there were public days of reception. It is true the legitimate ladies in waiting were not all at the Court of the Prince and Princess; for when the latter went away from St. James's to live by themselves, the King retained their three eldest daughters, who remained with him till his death. But, for obvious reasons, there was no female parade; though Miss Brett would fain have made one. During the King's last visit abroad, she ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. The eldest of the Princesses ordered it to be filled up. Miss Brett, says Walpole, "as imperiously reversed the command." But things were for the most part quiet. George, every evening, was in the apartments of the Duchess of Kendal, sometimes at cards, sometimes entertained by visitors; or perhaps he had a bowl of punch with Sir Robert. The best account of his Court, "if Court it could be called," is given by the interesting descendant of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who, still living at an advanced age, wrote the "Introductory Anecdotes" to Lord Wharncliffe's late edition of the "Letters," with much of the grace and spirit of her ancestor; and, it hardly need be added, with none of her license. We repeat the well-told anecdote it contains, at the hazard of its not being new to the reader, in order that our pictures of the spirit of the several Courts may be as complete as we can, within our narrow limits, render them. "In one respect," says this lady, "the Court, if Court it could be called, bore some resemblance to the old establishment of Versailles. There was a Madame de Maintenon. Of the three favorite ladies that accompanied him from Hanover, viz., Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, the Countess Platen, and Madame Kilmansegg, the first alone, whom he created Duchess of Kendal, was lodged in St. James's Palace, and had such respect paid her as very much confirmed the rumor of a left-hand marriage. She presided at the King's evening parties, consisting of the Germans who formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer Englishmen; among them Mr. Craggs, the secretary of state, who had been in Hanover in the Queen's time, and by thus having the *entrée* in private, passed for a sort of favorite. Lady Mary's Journal related a ridiculous adventure of her own at one of these royal parties; which, by the by, stood in great need of some laughing matter to en-

liven them, for they seem to have been even more dull than it was reasonable to expect they should be. She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the Duchess informed the King, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But, when he saw her about to take leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the stairs she ran against Mr. Secretary Craggs just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter? Were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the King had pressed her to stay longer; possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark; but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms, as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully, (still not saying a word,) and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the King's presence. "*Ah, la revoilà!*" cried he and the Duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace gates is 'Hush,' as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn, that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable about any thing, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely thrown off her guard; so, beginning giddily with 'Oh Lord, sir! I have been so frightened!' she told his Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have done it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, as if nothing had happened. '*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*' said the King going up to him, '*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*' 'Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?' The Minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack,

stood a minute or two not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered, with a low bow. 'There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction.' This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the telltale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the King turned round from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; 'which I durst not resent,' continued she, for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."—(*Letters of Lady M. W. Montague, Vol. I. p. 37.*)

George I. was a man of a middle height, features somewhat round, and quiet, though pleasant manners; George II. was a little brisk man, with an aquiline nose, prominent eyes, and was restless, though precise. He was so regular in his habits, that Lord Hervey said he seemed to think "his having done a thing to-day an unanswerable reason for doing it to-morrow." He had no taste; was parsimonious, yet could be generous; was a truth-teller, yet destroyed his father's will; loved a joke, especially a practical one—on others; did not love his children till they were dead, (he hated, he said, to have them running into his room;) had mistresses, yet was fond of his wife; was a kind of Sir Anthony Absolute in all things; is supposed to have been the original of Fielding's King in "Tom Thumb;" and Lady Mary says, "looked upon all the men and women he saw, as creatures whom he might kick or kiss for his diversion."

This overpowering little gentleman had, however, a wife, taller and gentler, who ruled him by her very indulgence, and to whom he had heart enough to be grateful. His mistresses had so little influence, compared with hers, as to put the courtiers on a wrong scent; and many an astonishment and reproach were vented against them, which they were powerless either to prevent or explain. Sir Robert Walpole's own good nature helped him to discover this secret; for a less indulgent man than himself would hardly have been able to conceive it. It has been well said, that "every man's genius pays a tax to his vices." It may be added, that every man's virtues hold a light to his genius. Be this as it may, Sir Robert made the discovery; and in paying his court in the right place, governed King, mistresses, and all, to the astonishment of the nation. Queen Caroline was a comely, intelligent, liberal German woman, of the quiet order; such as Goethe, or Schiller, or Augustus la Fontaine would have liked.

She would have made an admirable mother for the heroines of Augustus's novels. She carried herself to the King's mistresses as if they had no existence in that character, but were only well-behaved, prudent women; and it was lucky for all parties that such they really were. The amiableness of Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk) is well-known; and Madame de Walmoden (Lady Yarmouth) is seldom mentioned by her contemporaries, says Mr. Jesse, "without some tribute to her good-nature and obliging disposition." The Queen, therefore, ruled willing subjects on all sides; and her levee presented a curious miscellaneous spectacle. Caroline was a great lover of books; and though the reverse of ascetic or bigot, she did not omit in her studies either philosophy or controversial theology. She received company at her toilet, and among the courtiers and ladies were to be found metaphysicians and clergymen. Mrs. Howard dressed her hair; Dr. Clarke mooted a point about Spinoza; and Lord Hervey enlivened the discussion with a pleasantry: Sir Robert comes, on his way from the King, to bow and say a word, and catch some intimation from a glance;—all make way for him as he enters, and close in again when he goes;—and in the antechamber is heard some small talk with the lady in waiting, or a scornful laugh from Mrs. Campbell (Miss Bellenden.)

Mr. Jesse says, that "the Court of George II. was neither more brilliant nor more lively than that of his predecessors." This can hardly be possible, considering that it had more women, and that there was still a remnant of the maids of honor that flourished in his Court when he was Prince of Wales. And who has not read of the Bellendens and Lapells, of the Meadowses and the Diveses, the witty Miss Pitt, and Sophy Howe, who thought she could not be too giddy and too kind till a broken heart undeceived her? Do they not flourish for ever in the verses of Pope and Gay, and the witty recitals of Horace Walpole? Now Mary Bellenden still visited the Court as Mrs. Campbell; Mary Lepell was surely there, too, as Lady Hervey; Mrs. Howard remained there till she was a widow; and thither came the Chesterfields, and Schultzes, and Earles; and Young, (to look after a mitre, the want of which gives him terrible "Night Thoughts.") It must be owned, however, that there is a falling off. The sprightliest thing we hear of is a frolic of the maids of honor at night-time, in Kensington Gardens, rattling people's windows and catching colds. The King hunts as

ardently as he used to do when he was Prince, taking his whole household with him, maids and all, and frightening Lady Hervey for the bones of her friend Howard. She had known what it was. Here is a picture of those days from Pope, answering to both periods:—"I met the Prince with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepell took me into their protection, contrary to the laws against harboring Papists, and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honor was of all things the most miserable; and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning; ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks; come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simmer an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakspeare has it) to dinner, with what appetite they may; and after that, till midnight, work, walk, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lope house in Wales, with a mountain and rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you, Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moon-light, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden-wall."

Afterwards, when the Prince was King, we read, in the notes to the "Suffolk Correspondence," of pages and princesses being thrown during these "immoderate huntings;" and lords and ladies being overturned in their chaises. To hunt in a chaise was an old custom. Swift describes his meeting Queen Anne hunting in a chaise, which, he says, she drove herself, and drove "furiously, like Jehu; and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod."

The King never lost his passion for making a noise with his horses, neither did his punctuality forsake him. His last years, Walpole tells us, "passed as regularly as clockwork. At nine at night he had cards in the apartments of his daughters, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, with Lady Yar-mouth, two or three of the late Queen's ladies, and as many of the most favored officers of his own household. Every Satur-

day in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond; they went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them—dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade; and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe."

George II. died at Kensington, aged seventy-eight, after having risen at his usual hour, taken his usual cup of chocolate, and done his customary duty, in ascertaining which way stood the weathercock. Here we shall close our cursory glances at the Courts of England. Mr. Jesse concludes his work with notices of a variety of other people, royal and aulic, but they do not tempt us to say more.

THE FOUNDING OF THE BELL.

Written for Music.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HARK! how the furnace pants and roars!
Hark! how the molten metal pours,
As, bursting from its iron doors,
It glitters in the sun!
Now through the ready mould it flows,
Seething and hissing as it goes,
And filling every crevice up,
As the red vintage fills the cup:
Hurra! the work is done!

Unswathe him now. Take off each stay
That binds him to his couch of clay,
And let him struggle into day;
Let chain and pulley run,
With yielding crank and steady rope,
Until he rise from rim to cope,
In rounded beauty, ribb'd in strength,
Without a flaw in all his length:
Hurra! the work is done!

The clapper on his giant side
Shall ring no peal for blushing bride,
For birth, or death, or new-year-tide,
Or festival begun!
A nation's joy alone shall be
The signal for his revelry;
And for a nation's woes alone
His melancholy tongue shall moan:
Hurra! the work is done!

Borne on the gale, deep-toned and clear,
His long loud summons shall we hear,
When statesmen to their country dear
Their mortal race have run;
When mighty monarchs yield their breath,
And patriots sleep the sleep of death,
Then shall he raise his voice of gloom,
And peal a requiem o'er their tomb:
Hurra! the work is done!

Should foemen lift their haughty hand,
 And dare invade us where we stand,
 Fast by the altars of our land
 We'll gather every one;
 And he shall ring the loud alarm,
 To call the multitudes to arm,
 From distant field and forest brown,
 And teeming alleys of the town:
Hurra! the work is done!

And as the solemn boom they hear,
 Old men shall grasp the idle spear,
 Laid by to rust for many a year,
 And to the struggle run;
 Young men shall leave their toils or books,
 Or turn to swords their pruning hooks;
 And maids have sweetest smiles for those
 Who battle with their country's foes:
Hurra! the work is done!

And when the cannon's iron throat
 Shall bear the news to dells remote,
 And trumpet-blast resound the note,
 That victory is won;
 While down the wind the banner drops,
 And bonfires blaze on mountain-tops,
 His sides shall glow with fierce delight,
 And ring glad peals from morn to night:
Hurra! the work is done!

But of such themes forbear to tell.
 May never War awake this bell
 To sound the tocsin or the knell!
 Hush'd be the alarm gun!
 Sheath'd be the sword! and may his voice
 Call up the nations to rejoice
 That War his tatter'd flag has furled,
 And vanish'd from a wiser world!
Hurra! the work is done!

Still may he ring when struggles cease,
 Still may he ring for joy's increase,
 For progress in the arts of peace,
 And friendly trophies won!
 When rival nations join their hands,
 When plenty crowns the happy lands,
 When knowledge gives new blessings birth,
 And freedom reigns o'er all the earth!
Hurra! the work is done!

PEARLS AND PRECIOUS STONES.—A Russian journal, the *Gazette of Commerce*, gives a tempting description of an acquisition recently made by the *Corps des Mines*, in St. Petersburg, the gift of a munificent merchant, M. Lowerstine. It consists of a remarkable collection of pearls and precious stones—amongst which are more than 500 *monstres* pearls, valued at upwards of 60,000 roubles. One of these, in particular, is a pearl of prodigious size and incomparable beauty, adhering to its shell. The collection of precious stones, cut and in the rough, of all forms and hues, and the collection of diamonds, are not less extraordinary than that of the pearls. The Emperor has acknowledged the donor's munificence by creating him a Knight of the order of St. Stanislaus, of the third class.

Guy of Warwick.—A hitherto unknown ms. of the end of the thirteenth century, in old French, of this renowned tale, has, it is said, been discovered in the Wolfenbuttel library.

THE AERONAUT STEAM-ENGINE.

From the Athenæum.

"*How to make a man to fly*" is one of the Century of Inventions of that arch-anticipator of all modern inventions, the Marquis of Worcester—"which I have tried," says he, with characteristic naïveté, "with a little boy of ten years old, in a barn;" an excellent caution and laudable foresight; and then he adds this important element in the experiment—"on an hay mow." So completely does this philosophical mode of proceeding square with our own notions of experimental aëronautics, that we confess we experienced no slight disappointment when the many illustrated newspapers of the day brought forth the plans of this much-talked of Aërial Locomotive Engine, to find that among the various precautions for the safety of passengers, there was no vestige of, nor substitute for, the hay mow of the Marquis of Worcester. We hope this appendage will not be forgotten in the specification.

We entreat our readers not to assume from this rather suspicious commencement of our notice, that we have any intention of treating this subject with either levity or ridicule. The air is a highway that interferes with no vested rights, injures no man's park or pleasure ground, and costs nothing for maintenance. We have neither milestones nor turnpikes there; and, free as air, we may roam where we please, unassailed by taxes or tolls. Railways have realized the fable of Jack the Giant-Killer's "seven-leagued boots;" may the "Ariel" soon realize to the public the fable of the "wishing-cap," and with the purse of Fortunatus reward the inventor; and "may we be there to see,"—for we wish all success to the invention and the inventor; and far be it from us to follow the example of those who ridicule what they cannot understand, and condemn what they are unable to appreciate. So much for feelings and intentions,—now for the facts.

Mr. William Samuel Henson is the inventor of the Aërial Locomotive Steam-Engine, for which patents have been taken out, and a bill has been brought into parliament, to authorize the transfer of the patents to more than twelve persons, who are to be incorporated as the Aërial Transit Company.

Now, the first question one asks about this machine is, how is it to be supported in the air? We know how a balloon ascends, because it is filled with gas, vapour, or smoke lighter than air, and, of course, like smoke, it ascends and floats in virtue of its small specific gravity. That a balloon should rise in the air, and that it should be rowed forward or propelled by oars or other devices, as a boat is rowed by the watermen, or a steam-boat propelled by the paddles, it is easy enough to understand, provided we get a balloon large enough, a man strong enough, or a steam-engine and fuel light enough to be carried up. This balloon plan of aërial locomotion has often been proposed but never effected. It has an obvious disadvantage; the balloon must be of so monstrous a size to carry the necessary weight, that any degree of success in propelling

so great a bulk at a tolerable speed through the air becomes hopeless.

The present plan rests on a totally different principle. It is not sustained in the air by buoyancy, but must be kept up by the continued expenditure of power: to render this as easy as possible, means are adopted to retard the descent by gravity. All our readers are acquainted with the construction of the parachute of a balloon—it is an enormous umbrella, by which a person may descend in tolerable safety from a balloon, in case of danger; the size of the umbrella pressing on the air retards the descent of the weight:—now, this is what Mr. Henson uses. He employs an enormous flat umbrella, or gigantic fan or pair of wings (only they do not move as wings do), to keep the weight from falling rapidly; and so, when his machine is once in the air, it will descend but slowly, and the more slowly as the umbrella is larger—the shape is not, however, round like an umbrella, but flat, and oblong, and horizontal.

We may observe at this point, that the size of this umbrella can only retard the descent of the machine, but cannot sustain it. This consideration appears to have altogether escaped our inventors. They say,—“Our umbrella is so large as to expose a foot and a half of surface for every pound of total weight, and therefore, as we have 4,500 square feet of surface, and 3,000 lb. of load to carry, we may safely trust that we can stay aloft.” But they surely know that no size of umbrella can do more than retard their fall. By a very simple calculation, based on abundant experiment, we have found that this aerial machine, supposing all their sanguine plans to be realized, must infallibly fall perpendicularly downwards to the earth, somewhere about the rate of thirteen miles an hour, or eighteen feet per second. So much for the powers of the umbrella!

But may not the power of the steam-engine be applied to keep the machine up in the air, and so countervail this inconvenient gravitation? Let us see. A weight of 3000 lbs. is descending 18 feet per second—required, the power of steam capable of sustaining it? The answer is, 60 horses' power. Our aerial company propose only 20 horses' power for both propelling and resisting powers; and on this splendid basis rests the Aerial Transit Company! *Sic transit gloria, &c.*

Thus have we lost faith in our aerial friends. We wished to find their plan true and promising—but when we find they have not made such very simple calculations, which a slight knowledge of the element they deal in, and the powers they use, would have suggested, what can we think? what can we hope? We see a want of foresight in their calculation; and in their mechanical devices we do not find those judicious mechanical contrivances, which should favor the hope that the patented ideas of Mr. Henson are in hands likely to bring what merit may lie in them out into practical use.

But, do we mean to say, there is no merit in the invention? On the contrary—it has just merit enough to seduce and fascinate the race of schemers and speculators. It has a good idea in it, and indeed more than one, only it does not

seem to be in hands capable of developing what good is in the idea, in such wise as to bring a practically good thing out of the idea of it.

Further—we have seen that there are no means of sustaining the weight of the engine, even were it once at the necessary elevation. Then how is it ever to get there? The plan is this. The machine is to run down an inclined plane, to acquire a certain velocity, and then spreading its wings, is, by the mere velocity acquired, to rise in the air to the necessary height. Now surely these inventors ought to know that all the velocity a body will ever acquire by running down an inclined plane, will never do more than carry it up as high (barring a little loss) as the top of the plane. We are, therefore, disposed to recommend a start from the top of the inclined plane, rather than the bottom.

But who will set bounds to human ingenuity? We may yet fly. Watt was ridiculed, Galileo persecuted, and Dr. Lardner and the *Edinburgh Review* cavilled about the transatlantic steam-boats. So doubtless Mr. W. S. Henson, and his friends, think that, as a matter of course, they are martyrs, and we persecutors of unappreciated merit. But we abide by our opinion, and are satisfied with its risks. We may fly by and bye—but this is not the machine. We hoped great things and we are disappointed—

Parturiunt montes; nascitur ridiculus mus.

PROSPECT OF THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.—The French Minister of the Marine and Colonies has printed and distributed the report of the commission appointed by royal ordonnance of 26th May, 1840, for examining the question relative to slavery and the political constitution of the colonies, of which the Duke de Broglie is president, together with the minutes of the sittings and the documents exhibited. The law proposed by the commission for a general and simultaneous emancipation fixes the 1st of January, 1853, for the cessation of slavery in the French colonies. Up to this period the slaves will remain in their present condition, saving certain modifications to be made by royal ordonnance. Civil rights are to be granted to the slaves during the intervening ten years, but they cannot make any appeals to justice without the intervention of a curator *ad hoc*. They, however, are not to have the right of possessing ships, boats, fire-arms, gun-powder, or furniture. The enfranchised slaves are not to have the enjoyment of political rights, but such of their children as shall be born free are to be entitled to those privileges. The emancipated slaves are to be bound to engage themselves in the service of one or more planters for five succeeding years, and during this period are not to leave the colony to which they belonged. The rates of wages are to be regulated by a decree of the governor in council. Councils of discipline are to be established for the punishment of refractory slaves. The indemnity to be granted to the slave-owners is fixed at 150,000,000*fr.* A separate bill is proposed for emancipating children born slaves since the 1st January, 1838, and to be born previous to the period of the general emancipation.

PLEASANT MEMORIES, ETC.

From Tait's Magazine.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By Mrs. Sigourney. With Illustrations from drawings by Roberts, Turner, Creswick, &c. London: Tilt & Bogue.

A charming book is this; made up of pleasant desultory prose sketches; poetic gems; and pretty engravings, not the less attractive that they are chiefly taken from memorable Scottish scenes. But the "Memories" refer to England and France, as well as to Scotland. Mrs. Sigourney believes that there are plenty of satirical, caustic, and gossiping American travellers, that visit and report on Europe, though she should not add to the number; and she accordingly sets out on the principle of dwelling only upon the bright side, and seeing, or at least of commemorating nothing save the good and the beautiful. Her landing at Liverpool was made under very impressive circumstances, as the ship, after a most prosperous voyage, was in imminent danger of being wrecked in St. George's Channel. From Liverpool Mrs. Sigourney entered Scotland by the Lake country and Carlisle; and even at the outset she indited verses to ancient Chester—to Kendal, the town of Catharine Parr—to Winandermere—and Grasmere and Southey; and the same chain of bright poetic links marks her entire progress through Britain, and in Paris. The work is, however, as a whole, much better adapted to the writer's native land, than to this country; where, unfortunately, few of us have any thing more to learn of Holyrood, and Abbotsford, Stratford, and Westminster Abbey; of Mrs. Fry in Newgate, or Poet Rogers amid his collection of literary and other nick-nacks. Instead of the loftier national themes which Mrs. Sigourney has chosen for the expression of her pleasant memories, we, as a fair sample, copy out the following sweet lines, which have a true relish of Auld langsyne:

SHEEP AMONG THE CHEVIOTS.

Graze on, graze on, there comes no sound
Of Border warfare near,
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe, no spear;
No belted knight, in armor bright,
With glance of kindled ire,
Doth change the sports of Chevy Chase
To conflict stern and dire.

Ye wis not that ye press the spot
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches in his pride
The "choicest harts to slay;"
And where the stout Earl Douglass rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With "fifteen hundred Scottish spears,"
To stay the invader's deed.

Ye wis not that ye press the spot
Where, with his eagle-eye,
King James and all his gallant train
To Flodden-field swept by.
The Queen was weeping in her bower
Amid her maids that day,
And on her cradled nursing's face
The tears like pearl-drops lay;

For madly 'gainst her native realm
Her royal husband went,
And led his flower of chivalry,
As to a tournament.
He led them on in power and pride;
But ere the fray was o'er
They on the blood-stained heather slept,
And he returned no more.

Graze on, graze on; there's many a rill
Bright sparkling through the glade,
Where you may freely slake your thirst
With none to make afraid.
There's many a wandering stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Distains tis crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feud
That made their noblest bleed;
And like two friends, around whose hearts
Some dire estrangement run,
Love all the better for the past,
And sit them down as one.

This will not be considered among the best of Mrs. Sigourney's poetical Memories, but the theme is less hackneyed than other things of more ambitious character.

The Americans, if the most truthful, are certainly also the most *outspoken* of people. Nothing should be communicated to one of that nation which one does not wish proclaimed on the house-top—made patent to all Europe. Sure we are that Mrs. Southey, who never saw Mrs. Sigourney between the eyes, could have had no idea of the following most affecting and confidential communication being made public; yet we know not how to regret that the American lady's failure of what, perhaps falsely, is considered amongst us strict propriety or proper delicacy, has revealed so much of whatever is most beautiful in human nature. She tells, "From Wordsworth I received the first information of Southey's melancholy state of health and intellect, and resigned, though reluctantly, my intention of going to Keswick to see him. . . . A letter the ensuing spring from his wife, so widely known by her name of Caroline Bowles as the writer of some of the truest and most pathetic poetry in the language, made me still more regret that the short time which then remained to me in England, rendered it impossible to visit Greta-Hall. I trust I may be forgiven for selecting from one of her more recent letters a few passages," &c

&c. It is these passages to which we have referred, and now quote.

"You desire to be remembered to him who sang 'of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous Tale.' Alas! my friend, the dull cold ear of death is not more insensible than his, my dearest husband's, to all communications from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. This almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six months' standing, though more than two years have elapsed since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, 'the Edith' of his first love, who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year, which he spent with me in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly reestablished; and he used to say 'It had surely pleased God that the last years of his life should be happy.' But the Almighty willed otherwise. The little cloud soon appeared which was to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow we still live, and shall pass from it only through the portals of the grave. The last three years have done on me the work of twenty. The one sole business of my life is that which I verily believe keeps the life in me,—the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband."

We imagine that no travelled American lady would be longer honored as "a poetess in her own country," who ventured home without being able to tell something of Miss Mitford. It does not appear that Mrs. Sigourney actually made the customary pilgrimage to *Three-Mile-Cross*; but she must have been in correspondence with the lady whose filial devotion she eulogizes as adding lustre and grace to the rich imagery of her pages. Of Miss Mitford she writes,—“An aged father, of whom she is the only child, is the object of her constant cherishing care. Years have elapsed since she has left him, scarcely for an evening; and she receives calls only during those hours in the afternoon when he regularly takes rest upon his bed. She is ever in attendance upon him; cheering him by the recital of passing events, and pouring into his spirit the fresher life of her own. . . . I cannot withhold a sweet picture drawn by her pen, though sensible that she had no intention of its meeting the public eye. 'My father,' Miss Mitford writes, 'is a splendid old man, with a most noble head, a fine countenance full of benevolence and love, hair of silvery whiteness, and a complexion like winter berries. I suppose there never was a more beautiful embodiment of healthful and virtuous old age. . . . How to promote his comfort in his advanced years and increasing infirmities, occupies most of my thoughts. It is my privilege to make many sacrifices to this blessed duty; for, with

my dearest father, should I be so unhappy as to survive him, will depart all that binds me to this world.'” Miss Mitford has sustained this misfortune, aggravated we deeply regret to learn, by other circumstances, painful to every one, but doubly so to fine and sensitive minds. Owing to the long and expensive illness of her father, and the consequent suspension of those literary labors which have communicated delight to the Old and to the New world, Miss Mitford, at the death of her father, found herself involved in debts to the amount of between £800 and £900. After having relinquished her mother's large fortune in behalf of her other parent, besides several legacies left exclusively to herself, she has had the additional misfortune of losing a sum equal to the half of her embarrassments, by the failure of a publisher; and is thus left without any available means, save the pension of £100 a-year, granted her some years since by the Queen. Miss Mitford was preparing to meet this heavy responsibility as she best might,—at whatever sacrifice, and by whatever exertion,—when some of her friends, to whom the circumstances became known, interfered, and proposed an appeal to the public, for the purpose of paying debts incurred in supplying the wants of the aged and infirm father, who had long engrossed all her time, and all her care. We think too well of the British, and, we may add, of the American public, to believe that this appeal will be made in vain. Thousands, and tens of thousands, have felt and known the charm of her writings, and they have now an opportunity of repaying some small part of their debt,—of shedding returning peace and sunshine over that once sunny and cheerful spirit, which has long diffused an affluence of refined enjoyment, and ministered to the sweetest affections of our common nature.

SONNET.

SHE took the veil,—'twas at the vesper hour,
 When day was gently melting into night,
 When Earth's fair features fade from human
 sight,
 'Twas then she took the veil—farewell her bower,
 Farewell home, friends—as some transplanted
 flower
 In a lone vase pines for the garden bright,
 So she is rest from every dear delight,—
 Shut from Love's sunshine, Joy's refreshing shower;
 She took the veil, nor did she shake, nor blench—
 She saw not him who fixed his glaring eye
 Upon her every motion anxiously;
 Silently awile he stood. She took the veil!
 Then loud he cried, "Policemen, here's a wench
 Shoplifting, take the customer to jail."—*Charivari.*

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION,

Between Mr. Walter Savage Landor and the
Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—Mr. Walter Savage Landor has become a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*! I stared at the announcement, and it will presently be seen why. There is nothing extraordinary in the apparition of another and another of this garrulous sexagenarian's "Imaginary Conversations." They come like shadows, so depart.

"The thing, we know, is neither new nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there."

Many of your readers, ignorant or forgetful, may have asked, "Who is Mr. Landor? We have never heard of any remarkable person of that name, or bearing a similar one, except the two brothers Lander, the explorers of the Niger." Mr. Walter Savage would answer, "Not to know me, argues yourself unknown." He was very angry with Lord Byron for designating him as a Mr. Landor. He thought it should have been *the*. You ought to have forewarned such readers that *the* Mr. Landor, now *your* Walter Savage, is the learned author of an epic poem called *Gebir*, composed originally in Egyptian hieroglyphics, then translated by him into Latin, and thence done into English blank verse by the same hand. It is a work of rare occurrence even in the English character, and is said to be deeply abstruse. Some extracts from it have been buried in, or have helped to bury, critical reviews. A copy of the *Anglo-Gebir* is, however, extant in the British Museum, and is said to have so puzzled the few philologists who have examined it, that they have declared none but a sphinx, and that an Egyptian one, could unriddle it. I would suggest that some *Maga* of the gipsies should be called in to interpret. Our vagrant fortune-tellers are reputed to be of Egyptian origin, and to hold converse among themselves in a very strange and curious oriental tongue called *Gibberish*, which word, no doubt, is a derivative from *Gebir*. Of the existence of the mysterious epic, the public were made aware many years ago by the first publication of Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets*, where it was mentioned in a note as a thing containing one good passage about a shell, while in the text the author of *Gebir* was called a gander, and Mr. Southey rallied by Apollo for his simplicity in proposing that the company should drink the gabbler's health. That pleasant

try has disappeared from Mr. Hunt's poem, though Mr. Landor has by no means left off gabbling. Mr. Hunt is a kindly-natured man as well as a wit, and no doubt perceived that he had been more prophetic than he intended—Mr. Landor, having in addition to verses uncounted, unless on his own fingers, favored the world with five thick octavo volumes of dialogues. From the four first I have culled a few specimens; the fifth I have not read. It is rumored that a sixth is in the press, with a dedication in the *issimo* style, to Lord John Russell, Mr. Landor's lantern having at last enabled him to detect one honest man in the Imperial Parliament. Lord John, it seems, in the House of Commons lately quoted something from him about a Chinese mandarin's opinion of the English; and Mr. Landor is so delighted that he intends to take the Russells under his protection for ever, and not only them, but every thing within the range of their interests. Not a cast horse, attached to a Woburn sand-cart, shall henceforth crawl towards Bedford and Tavistock Squares, but the grateful Walter shall swear he is a Bucephalus. You, Mr. North, have placed the cart before the horse, in allowing Mr. Landor's dialogue between Porson and Southey precedence of the following between Mr. Landor and yourself.

You may object that it is a feigned colloquy, in which an unauthorized use is made of your name. True; but all Mr. Landor's colloquies are likewise feigned; and none is more fictitious than one that has appeared in your pages, wherein Southey's name is used in a manner not only unauthorized, but at which he would have sickened.

You and I must differ more widely in our notions of fair play than I hope and believe we do, if you refuse to one whose purpose is neither unjust nor ungenerous, as much license in your columns as you have accorded to Mr. Landor, when it was his whim, without the smallest provocation, to throw obloquy on the venerated author of the *Excursion*.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
EDWARD QUILLMAN.

Landor. GOOD-morning, Mr. North, I hope you are well.

North. I thank you, sir.—Be seated.

L. I have called to inquire whether you have considered my proposal, and are willing to accept my aid.

N. I am almost afraid to trust you, sir. You treat the Muses like nine-pins. Nei-

ther gods nor men find favor in your sight. If Homer and Virgil crossed your path, you would throw stones at them.

L. The poems attributed to Homer, were probably, in part at least, translations. He is a better poet than Hesiod, who has, indeed, but little merit.* Virgil has no originality. His epic poem is a mere echo of the Iliad, softened down in tone for the polite ears of Augustus and his courtiers. Virgil is inferior to Tasso. Tasso's characters are more vivid and distinct than Virgil's, and greatly more interesting. Virgil wants genius. Menzientius is the most heroic and pious of all the characters in the Æneid. The Æneid, I affirm, is the most misshapen of epics, an epic of episodes.† There are a few good passages in it. I must repeat one for the sake of proposing an amendment.

"Quinetian *hyberno* moliris sidere classem,
Et mediis properas aquilombus ire per altum. . .
Crudelis ! quod si non arva aliena domosque
Ignotas peteres, et Troja antiqua maneret,
Troja per *undosum* peteretur classibus æquor !"

If *hybernum* were substituted for *undosum*, how incomparably more beautiful would the sentence be for this energetic repetition †‡

N. I admire your modesty, Mr. Landor, in quoting Virgil only to improve him; but your alteration is not an improvement. Dido, having just complained of her lover for putting out to sea under a wintry star, would have uttered but a graceless iteration had she in the same breath added—If Troy yet stood, must even Troy be sought through a wintry sea? *Undosum* is the right epithet; it paints to the eye the danger of the voyage, and adds force to her complaint.

L. Pshaw! You Scotchmen are no scholars. Let me proceed. Virgil has no nature. And, by the way, his translator Dryden, too, is greatly overrated.

N. Glorious John?

L. Glorious fiddlestick! It is insufferable that a rhymers should be called glorious, whose only claim to notice is a clever drinking song.

N. A drinking song?

L. Yes, the thing termed an Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

N. Heigh, sir, indeed! Well, let us go on with the Ancients, and dispatch them first. To revert to the Greeks, from whom Virgil's imitation of the Iliad drew us aside, favor me with your opinion of Plato.

L. Plato is disingenuous and malicious. I fancy I have detected him in more than

one dark passage, a dagger in his hand and a bitter sneer on his countenance.* He stole (from the Egyptian priests and other sources) every idea his voluminous books convey.† Plato was a thief.

N. "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief."

L. Do you mean to insinuate that my dialogues are stolen from Plato's?

N. Certainly not, Mr. Landor; there is not the remotest resemblance between them. Lucian and Christopher North are your models. What do you think of Aristotle?

L. In Plato we find only arbors and grottoes, with moss and shell-work all misplaced. Aristotle has built a solid edifice, but has built it across the road. We must throw it down again.‡

N. So much for philosophy. What have you to say to Xenophon as a historian?

L. He is not inelegant, but he is unimpassioned and affected;§ and he has not even preserved the coarse features of nations and of ages in his *Cyropædia*.||

N. The dunce! But what of the *Anabasis*?

L. You may set Xenophon down as a writer of graceful mediocrity.¶

N. Herodotus?

L. If I blame Herodotus, whom can I commend? His view of history was nevertheless like that of the Asiatics, and there can be little to instruct and please us in the actions and speeches of barbarians.**

N. Which of the Greek tragedians do you patronize?

L. Æschylus is not altogether unworthy of his reputation; he is sometimes grand, but oftener flighty and obscure.††

N. What say you of Sophocles?

L. He is not so good as his master, though the Athenians thought otherwise. He is, however, occasionally sublime.

N. What of Euripides †‡‡

L. He came further down into common life than Sophocles, and he further down than Æschylus: one would have expected the reverse. Euripides has but little dramatic power. His dialogue is sometimes dull and heavy; the construction of his fable infirm and inartificial, and if in the chorus he assumes another form, and becomes a more elevated poet, he is still at a loss to make it serve the interests of the piece. He appears to have written principally for the purpose of inculcating politi-

* Vol. ii. p. 298.

† Vol. iii. p. 514.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 80.

§ Vol. i. p. 233.

|| Vol. ii. p. 331.

¶ Vol. iii. p. 35.

** Vol. ii. p. 332.

†† Vol. i. pp. 299, 298, 297.

‡‡ Vol. i. p. 298.

* See Mr. Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," vol. i. p. 44, and ii. p. 322, note.

† Vol. i. p. 269, 270.

‡ Vol. i. p. 300.

cal and moral axioms. The dogmas, like *valets de place*, serve any master, and run to any quarter. Even when new, they are nevertheless miserably flat and idle.

N. Aristophanes ridiculed him.

L. Yes; Aristophanes had, however, but little true wit.*

N. That was lucky for Euripides.

L. A more skilful archer would have pierced him through bone and marrow, and saved him from the dogs of Archelaus.

N. That story is probably an allegory, signifying that Euripides was after all worried out of life by the curs of criticism in his old age.

L. As our Keats was in his youth, eh, Mr. North? A worse fate than that of *Æschylus*, who had his scull cracked by a tortoise dropt by an eagle that mistook his bald head for a stone.

N. Another fable of his inventive countrymen. He died of brain-fever, followed by paralysis, the effect of drunkenness. He was a jolly old toper: I am sorry for him. You just now said that Aristophanes wanted wit. What foolish fellows, then, the Athenians must have been, in the very meridian of their literature, to be so delighted with what they mistook for wit as to decree him a crown of Olive! He has been styled the Prince of Old Comedy too. How do you like Menander?

L. We have not much of him, unless in Terence. The characters on which Menander raised his glory were trivial and contemptible.†

N. Now that you have demolished the Greeks, let us go back to Rome, and have another touch at the Latins. From Menander to Terence is an easy jump. How do you esteem Terence?

L. Every one knows that he is rather an expert translator from the Greek than an original writer. There is more pith in Plautus.

N. You like Plautus, then, and endure Terence?

L. I tolerate both as men of some talents; but comedy is, at the best, only a low style of literature; and the production of such trifling stuff is work for the minor geniuses. I have never composed a comedy.

N. I see; farewell to the sock, then. Is Horace worth his salt?

L. There must be some salt in Horace, or he would not have kept so well. He was a shrewd observer and an easy versifier;

* Vol. ii. p. 12.

† Vol. ii. p. 5. At p. 6th, Mr. Landor produces some verses of his own "in the manner of Menander," fathers them on Andrew Marvel, and makes Milton praise them!

but, like all the pusillanimous, he was malignant.*

N. Seneca?

L. He was, like our own Bacon, hard-hearted and hypocritical.† As to his literary merits, Caligula, the excellent emperor and critic, (who made sundry efforts to extirpate the writings of Homer and Virgil,) spoke justly and admirably when he compared the sentences of Seneca to lime without sand.‡

N. Perhaps, after all, you prefer the moderns?

L. I have not said that.

N. You think well of Spenser?

L. As I do of opium: he sends me to bed.§

N. You concede the greatness of Milton?

L. Yes, when he is great; but his Satan is often a thing to be thrown out of the way, among the rods and fools' caps of the nursery.¶ He has sometimes written very contemptibly; his lines on Hobbes, the carrier, for example, and his versions of Psalms. Milton was never so great a regicide as when he smote King David.‡

N. You like, at least, his hatred of kings?

L. That is somewhat after my own heart, I own; but he does not go far enough in his hatred of them.

N. You do?

L. I despise and abominate them. How many of them, do you think, could name their real fathers?***

N. But, surely, Charles was a martyr?

L. If so, what were those who sold him?†† Ha, ha, ha! You a Scotchman, too! However, Charles was not a martyr. He was justly punished. To a consistent republican, the diadem should designate the victim: all who wear it, all who offer it, all who bow to it, should perish. Rewards should be offered for the heads of those monsters, as for the wolves, the kites, and the vipers. A true republican can hold no milder doctrine of polity, than that all nations, all cities, all communities, should enter into one great hunt, like that of the ancient Scythians at the approach of winter, and should follow up the kingly power unrelentingly to its perdition.‡‡ True republicans can see no reason why they should not send an executioner to release a king from the prison-house of his crimes, with his family to attend him.§§ In my Dialogues,

* Vol. ii. p. 249.

† Vol. iv. p. 31.

‡ Vol. i. p. 274.

§ Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led,

But me he mostly sent to bed.—LANDOR.

¶ Vol. i. p. 301.

‡ Blackwood.

** Vol. i. p. 61.

†† Vol. iv. p. 283.

‡‡ Vol. iv. p. 507.

§§ Vol. i. p. 73.

I have put such sentiments into the mouth of Diogenes, that cynic of sterling stamp, and of Æschines, that incorruptible orator, as suitable to the maxims of their government.* To my readers, I leave the application of them to nearer interests.

N. But you would not yourself, in your individual character, and in deliberate earnestness, apply them to modern times and monarchies?

L. Why not? Look at my Dialogue with De Lille.† What have I said of Louis the Fourteenth, the great exemplar of kingship, and of the treatment that he ought to have received from the English? Deprived of all he had acquired by his treachery and violence, unless the nation that brought him upon his knees had permitted two traitors, Harley and St. John, to second the views of a weak woman, and to obstruct those of policy and of England, he had been carted to condign punishment in the *Place de Grève* or at Tyburn. *Such examples are much wanted, and, as they can rarely be given, should never be omitted.*‡

N. The Sans-culottes and Poissardes of the last French revolution but three, would have raised you by acclamation to the dignity of Decollator of the royal family of France for that brave sentiment. But you were not at Paris, I suppose, during the reign of the guillotine, Mr. Landor?

L. I was not, Mr. North. But as to the king whose plethory was cured by that sharp remedy, he, Louis the Sixteenth, was only dragged to a fate which, if he had not experienced it, he would be acknowledged to have deserved.§

* Mr. Landor, with whom the Cynic is a singular favorite, says, p. 461, vol. iii., that Diogenes was not expelled from Sinope for having counterfeited money; that he only marked false men. Æschines was accused of having been bribed by Philip of Macedon.

† Vol. i. † Vol. i. p. 281.—Landor.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 267. This truculent sentiment the Dialogist imputes to a Spanish liberal. He cannot fairly complain that it is here restored to its owner. It is exactly in accordance with the sentence quoted above in italics—a judgment pronounced by Mr. Landor in person.—Vol. i. p. 281. It also conforms to his philosophy of regicide, as expounded in various parts of his writings. In his preface to the first volume of his *Imaginary Conversations*, he claims exemption, though somewhat sarcastically, from responsibility for the notions expressed by his interlocutors. An author, in a style which has all the freedom of the dramatic form, without its restraints, should especially abstain from making his work the vehicle of crotchets, prejudices, and passions peculiar to himself, or unworthy of the characters speaking. “This form of composition,” Mr. Landor says, “among other advantages, is recommended by the protection it gives from the hostility all novelty (unless it be vicious) excites.” Prudent consideration, but indiscreet parenthesis.

N. I believe one Englishman, a martyr to liberty, has said something like that before.

L. Who, pray?

N. The butcher Ings.

L. Ah, I was not aware of it! Ings was a fine fellow.

N. Your republic, will never do here, Mr. Landor.

L. I shall believe that a king is better than a republic, when I find that a single tooth in a head is better than a set.*

N. It would be as good logic in a monarchy-man to say, “I shall believe that a republic is better than a king, when I am convinced that six noses on a face would be better than one.”

L. In this age of the march of intellect, when a pillar of fire is guiding us out of the wilderness of error, you Tories lag behind, and are lost in darkness, Mr. North. Only the first person in the kingdom should be unenlightened and void, as only the first page in a book should be a blank one. It is when it is torn out that we come at once to the letters.†

N. Well, now you have torn out the first page of the Court Guide, we come to the Peers, I suppose.

L. The peerage is the park-paling of despotism, arranged to keep in creatures tame and wild for luxury and diversion, and to keep out the people. Kings are to peerages what poles are to rope-dancers, enabling them to play their tricks with greater confidence and security above the heads of the people. The wisest and the most independent of the English Parliaments declared the thing useless. Peers are usually persons of pride without dignity, of lofty pretensions with low propensities. They invariably bear towards one another a constrained familiarity or frigid courtesy, while to their huntsmen and their prickers, their chaplains and their cooks, (or indeed any other man’s,) they display unequivocal signs of ingenuous cordiality.‡ How many do you imagine of our nobility are not bastards or sons of bastards?§

N. You have now settled the Peers. The Baronets come next in order.

L. Baronets are prouder than any thing we see on this side of the Dardanelles, excepting the proctors of universities, and the vergers of cathedrals; and their pride is kept in eternal agitation, both from what is above them and what is below. Gentlemen of any standing (like Walter Savage Landor, of Warwick Castle, and Lantony Ab-

* Vol. ii. p. 31.

† Vol. iv. p. 400.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 405.

§ Vol. iv. p. 400.

bey in Wales,) are apt to investigate their claims a little too minutely, and nobility has neither bench nor joint-stool for them in the vestibule. During the whole course of your life, have you ever seen one among this, our King James's breed of curs, that either did not curl himself up and lie snug and warm in the lowest company, or slaver and whimper in fretful quest of the highest.*

N. But you allow the English people to be a great people.

L. I allow them to be a nation of great fools. In England, if you write dwarf on the back of a giant, he will go for a dwarf.†

N. I perceive; some wag has been chalking your back in that fashion. Why don't you label your breast with the word giant? Perhaps you would then pass for one.

L. I have so labelled it, but in vain.

N. Yet we have seen some great men, besides yourself, Mr. Landor, in our own day. Some great military commanders, for example; and, as a particular instance, Wellington.

L. It cannot be dissembled that all the victories of the English, in the last fifty years, have been gained by the high courage and steady discipline of the soldier; and the most remarkable where the prudence and skill of the commander were altogether wanting.‡

N. Ay, that was a terrible mistake at Waterloo. Yet you will allow Wellington to have been something of a general, if not in India, at least in Spain.

L. Suppose him, or any distinguished general of the English, to have been placed where Murillo was placed in America, Mina in Spain; then inform me what would have been your hopes § The illustrious Mina, of all the generals who have appeared in our age, has displayed the greatest genius, and the greatest constancy. || That exalted personage, the admiration of Europe, accomplished the most arduous and memorable work that any mortal ever brought to its termination.

N. We have had some distinguished statesmen at the helm in our time, Mr. Landor.

L. Not one.

N. Mr. Pitt.

L. Your pilot that weathered the storm. Ha, ha! He was the most insidious republican that England ever produced.

N. You should like him if he was a Republican.

L. But he was a debaser of the people as

well as of the peerage. By the most wasteful prodigality both in finance and war, he was enabled to distribute more wealth among his friends and partisans than has been squandered by the uncontrolled profusion of French monarchs from the first Louis to the last.* Yet he was more shortsighted than the meanest insect that can see an inch before it. You should have added those equally enlightened and prudent leaders of our Parliament, Lord Castlereagh and his successors. Pitt, indeed! whose requisites for a successful minister were three—to speak like an honest man, to act like a scoundrel, and to be indifferent which he is called. But you have forgotten my dialogue between him and that wretched fellow Canning.† I have there given Pitt his quietus. As to Castlereagh and Canning, I have crushed them to powder, spit upon them, kneaded them into dough again; and pulverized them once more. Canning is the man who deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.‡ Castlereagh is the statesman who was found richer one day, by a million of zecchins, than he was the day before, and this from having signed a treaty! The only life he ever personally aimed at was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeeded in his attempt. I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, (you remember his duel with Canning,) that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.§

N. Horrible! most horrible!

L. Hear Epicurus and Leontion and Ternissa discuss the merits of Castlereagh and Canning.

N. Epicurus! What, the philosopher who flourished some centuries before the Christian era?

L. The same. He flourishes still for my purposes.

N. And who are Leontion and Ternissa?

L. Two of his female pupils.

N. Oh, two of his misses! And how come they and their master, who lived about 2000 years before the birth of Canning and Castlereagh, to know any thing about them?

L. I do not stand at trifles of congruity. Canning is the very man who has taken es-

* Vol. ii. p. 240, 241, 242. † Vol. iii. p. 66.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 134.

§ Vol. iii. p. 172, and that there should be no mistake as to the person indicated, Lord Castlereagh is again accused by name at p. 187. The same charge occurs also in the dialogue between Aristotle and Calisthenes! p. 334, 335, 336; where Prince Metternich, (Metanyctius,) the briber, is himself represented as a traitor to his country. Aristotle is the teller of this cock-and-bull story!

* Vol. iv. p. 400.

† Vol. iii. p. 135.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 214.

§ Vol. ii. p. 214.

|| Vol. ii. p. 3. Ded. "to Mina."—Wilson.

pecial care that no strong box among us shall be without a chink at the bottom; the very man who asked and received a gratuity (you remember the Lisbon job) from the colleague he had betrayed, belied, and thrown a stone at, for having proved him in the great market-place a betrayer and a liar.* Epicurus describes Canning as a fugitive slave, a writer of epigrams on walls, and of songs on the grease of platters, who attempted to cut the throat of a fellow in the same household, who was soon afterward more successful in doing it himself.†

N. Horrible, most horrible mockery! But even that is not new. It is but Byron's brutal scoff repeated—"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh."

L. You Tories affect to be so squeamish. Epicurus goes on to show Canning's ignorance of English.

N. Epicurus? Why not William Cobbett?

L. The Athenian philosopher introduces the trial of George the Fourth's wife, and describes her as a drunken old woman, the companion of soldiers and sailors, and lower and viler of men. One whose eyes, as much as can be seen of them, are streaky fat floating in semi-liquid rheum.

N. And this is the language of Epicurus to his female pupils? He was never such a beast.

L. You are delicate. He goes on to allude to Canning's having called her *the pride, the life, the ornament of society*, (you know he did so call her in the House of Commons, according to the newspaper reports; it is true he was speaking of what she had been many years previously; before her departure from England.) Epicurus says, triumphantly, that the words, if used at all, should have been placed thus—*the ornament, pride, and life*; for hardly a Bœotian bullock-driver would have wedged in *life* between *pride* and *ornament*.‡

N. What dignified and important criticism! and how appropriate from the lips of Epicurus! But why were you, Mr. Landor,

* Vol. iv. p. 194.

† Vol. iv. p. 194.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 194, 195.—Pericles and Sophocles also prattle about Queen Caroline! vol. 2, p. 106, 107.—In another place, the judgment and style of Johnson being under sentence, the Doctor's judgment is "alike in all things," that is, "unsound and incorrect;" and as to style, "a sentence of Johnson is like a pair of breeches, an article of dress, divided into two parts, equal in length, breadth, and substance, with a protuberance before and behind." The contour of Mr. Landor's figure can hardly be so graceful as that of the Pythian Apollo, if his dress-breeches are made in this fashion, and "his Florentine tailor never fails to fit him." See vol. i. p. 296, and p. 185, note.

so rancorous against that miserable Queen Caroline? You have half choked Sir Robert Wilson, one of her champions, and the marshal of her coffin's royal progress through London, with a reeking panegyric, in your dedication to him of a volume of your Talks.*

L. I mistook Wilson for an uncompromising Radical. As to his and Canning's mobbed Queen, I confess I owed her a grudge for disrespect to me at Como long before.

N. How? Were you personally acquainted with her?

L. Not at all: she was not aware that there was such a man as Walter Savage Landor upon earth, or she would have taken care that I should not be stopt by her porter at the lodge-gate, when I took a fancy to pry into the beauties of her pleasure-ground.

N. Then her disrespect to you was not only by deputy, but even without her cognizance?

L. Just so.

N. And that was the offence for which you assailed her with such violent invective after her death?

L. Oh no! it might possibly have sharpened it a little; but I felt it my duty, as a censor of morals, to mark my reprobation of her having grown fat and wrinkled in her old age. It was necessary for me to correct the flattering picture drawn of her by that caitiff Canning. You know the contempt of Demosthenes for Canning.

N. Demosthenes, too!

L. Yes, in my dialogue between him and Eubulides, he delineates Canning as a clumsy and vulgar man.

N. Every one knows that he was a man of remarkably fine person and pleasing manners.

L. Never mind that—A vulgar and clumsy man, a market-place demagogue, lifted on a honey-barrel by grocers and slave-merchants, with a dense crowd around him, who listen in rapture because his jargon is unintelligible.‡ Demosthenes, you know, was a Liverpool electioneering agent, so he knew all about Canning and his tricks, and his abstraction of £14,000 sterling from the public treasury to defray the expenses of his shameful flight to Lesbos, that is Lisbon.‡

N. Has England produced no honest men of eminence, Mr. Landor?

L. Very few; I can, however, name two

* Vol. iii.

† Vol. i. p. 245.

‡ Vol. i. p. 247. This charge against Canning is repeated at vol. iii. p. 186, 187, and again at vol. iv. p. 193.

—Archbishop Boulter and Philip Savage. I am not certain that I should ever have thought of recording their merits, if their connexion with my own family had not often reminded me of them; we do not always bear in mind very retentively what is due to others, unless there is something at home to stimulate the recollection. Boulter, Primate of Ireland, saved that kingdom from pestilence and famine in 1729, by supplying the poor with bread, medicines, attendance, and every possible comfort and accommodation. Again, in 1740 and 1741, no fewer than 250,000 persons were fed, twice a day, principally at his expense. Boulter was certainly the most disinterested, the most humane, the most beneficent, and after this it is little to say, the most enlightened and learned man that ever guided the counsels of a kingdom.* Mr. Philip Savage, Chancellor of the Exchequer, married his wife's sister, of his own name, but very distantly related. This minister was so irreproachable, that even Swift could find no fault with him.† He kept a groom in livery, and two saddle-horses.‡

N. Is it possible? And these great men were of your family, Mr. Landor!

L. I have told you so, sir—Philip was one of my Savage ancestors, and he and Boulter married sisters, who were also Savages.§

N. You have lived a good while in Italy? You like the Italians, I believe?

L. I despise and abominate the Italians; and I have taken some pains to show it in various ways. During my long residence at Florence I was the only Englishman there, I believe, who never went to court, leaving it to my hatter, who was a very honest man, and my breeches-maker, who never failed to fit me.|| The Italians were always—far exceeding all other nations—parsimonious and avaricious, the Tuscans beyond all other Italians, the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans.¶

N. But even Saul was softened by music: surely that of Italy must have sometimes soothed you?

L. *Opera* was, among the Romans, *labor*, as *opera pretium*, &c. It now signifies the most contemptible of performances, the vilest office of the feet and tongue.**

N. But the sculptors, the painters, the architects of Italy? You smile disdainfully, Mr. Landor!

L. I do; their sculpture and painting

* Vol. iii. p. 61, 92, note. † Same note.
‡ Also, vol. iii. p. 92. § Vol. iii. p. 92, note.
|| Vol. i. p. 185. ¶ Vol. i. p. 219.
** Vol. i. p. 212.

have been employed on most ignoble objects—on scourgers and hangmen, on beggarly enthusiasts and base impostors. Look at the two masterpieces of the pencil; the Transfiguration of Raphael, and the St. Jerome of Correggio; can any thing be more incongruous, any thing more contrary to truth and history?*

N. There have been able Italian writers both in verse and prose?

L. In verse not many, in prose hardly any.

N. Boccaccio?

L. He is entertaining.

N. Machiavelli?

L. A coarse comedian.†

N. You honor Ariosto?

L. I do not. Ariosto is a plagiarist, the most so of all poets. Ariosto is negligent; his plan inartificial, defective, bad.‡

N. You protect Tasso?

L. I do, especially against his French detractors.

N. But you esteem the French?

L. I despise and abominate the French.

N. And their literature?

L. And their literature. As to their poets, bad as Ariosto is, divide the Orlando into three parts, and take the worst of them, and although it may contain a large portion of extremely vile poetry, it will contain more of good than the whole French language.§

N. Is Boileau so very contemptible?

L. Beneath contempt. He is a grub.||

N. Racine?

L. Diffuse, feeble, and, like Boileau, meanly thievish. The most admired verse of Racine is stolen, so is almost every other that is of any value.¶

N. But Voltaire, Mr. Landor?

L. Voltaire, sir, was a man of abilities, and author of many passable epigrams, besides those which are contained in his tragedies and heroics, though, like Parisian lackeys, they are usually the smartest when out of place.** I tell you that I detest and abominate every thing French.††

* Vol. i. p. 109, note.

† Vol. ii. p. 252.

‡ Vol. i. p. 290.

§ Vol. i. p. 290.

|| See Mr. Landor's Polite Conversation with De Lille, vol. i. and note at the end, p. 309, 310.

¶ Vol. i. p. 293, 294.

** Vol. i. p. 254.

†† We, however, find Mr. Landor giving the French credit for their proceedings in one remarkable instance, and it is so seldom that we catch him in good humor with any thing, that we will not miss an opportunity of exhibiting him in an amiable light. This champion of the liberties of the world, who has cracked his lungs in endeavoring, on the shores of Italy, to echo the lament of Byron over Greece, and who denounced the powers of Europe for suffering the Duke d'Angoulême to assist his cousin Ferdi-

N. Well, Mr. Landor, we have rambled over much ground; we have journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Let us return home.

L. Before we do so, let me observe, that among several noted Italians whom you have not glanced at, there is one whom I revere—Alfieri. He was the greatest man of his time in Europe, though not acknowledged or known to be so;* and he well knew his station as a writer and as a man. Had he found in the world five equal to himself, he would have walked out of it not to be jostled.†

N. He would have been sillier, then, than the flatulent frog in the fable. Yet Alfieri's was, indeed, no ordinary mind, and he would have been a greater poet than he was, had he been a better man. I admire his *Bruto Primo* as much as you do, and I am glad to hear you give your suffrage so heartily in favor of any one.

L. Sir, I admire the man as much as I do the poet. It is not every one who can measure his height; I can.

N. Pop! there you go! you have got out of the bottle again, and are swelling and vapping up to the clouds. Do lower yourself to my humble stature, (I am six feet four in my slippers.) Alfieri reminds me of Byron. What of him?

L. A sweeper of the Haram.‡ A sweeper of the Haram is equally in false costume whether assuming the wreath of *Musæus* or wearing the bonnet of a captain of *Suliotés*. I ought to have been chosen a leader of the Greeks. I would have led them against the turbaned Turk to victory, armed not with muskets or swords, but with bows and

nand in retaking the Trocadero, yet approves of French proceedings in Spain on a previous occasion. Admiring reader! you shall hear Sir Oracle himself again:—"The laws and institutions introduced by the French into Spain were excellent, and the *king*" [Joseph Bonaparte!] "was liberal, affable, sensible, and humane." Poor Trelawney, the friend of Byron, is made to talk thus! Both Trelawney and *Odysseus* the noble Greek, to whom he addresses himself, were more likely to participate in the "indignation of a high-minded Spaniard," so vividly expressed by a high-minded Englishman in the following sonnet:

"We can endure that he should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and, by sword and flame,
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought, that by his hands
Spain may be overpower'd, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
That he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway—
Then the strain'd heart of fortitude proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear."

* Vol. ii. p. 241.

† Vol. ii. p. 258.

‡ Vol. i. p. 301.—Vol. ii. p. 222, 223.

arrows, and mailed not in steel cuirasses or chain armor, but in cork caps and cork shirts. Nothing is so cool to the head as cork, and by the use of cork armor, the soldier who cannot swim has all the advantage of him who can. At the head of my swimming archers I would have astonished the admirers of *Leander* and *Byron* in the *Dardanelles*; and I would have proved myself a Duck worth two of the gallant English admiral who tried in vain to force that passage. The Sultan should have beheld us in *Stamboul*, and we would have fluttered his *dovecot* within the *Capi*—

N. I will not tempt you further. Let us proceed to business. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Mr. Landor?

L. I sent you the manuscript of a new *Imaginary Conversation* between *Porson* and *Southey*.

N. A sort of abnegation of your former one. For what purpose did you send it to me?

L. For your perusal. Have you read it?

N. I have, and I do not find it altogether new.

L. How?

N. I have seen some part of it in print before.

L. Where?

N. In a production of your own.

L. Impossible?

N. In a rhymed lampoon printed in London in 1836. It is called "A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors." Do you know such a thing?

L. (*Aside*. Unluckily! some good-natured friend has sent him that suppressed pamphlet.) Yes, Mr. North; a poetical manifesto of mine with that title was printed but not published.

N. No, only privately distributed among friends. It contained some reflections on *Wordsworth*.

L. It did.

N. Why did you suppress it?

L. Because I was ashamed of it. *Byron* and others had anticipated me. I had produced nothing either new or true to damage *Wordsworth*.

N. Yet you have now, in this article that you offer me, reproduced the same stale gibes.

L. But I have kept them in salt for six years: they will now have more flavor. I have added some spice, too.

N. Which you found wrapt up in old leaves of the *Edinburgh Review*.

L. Not the whole of it; a part was given to me by acquaintances of the poet.

N. Eavesdroppers about Rydal Mount and Trinity Lodge. It was hardly worth your acceptance.

L. Then you refuse my article.

L. It is a rare article, Mr. Landor—a brave caricature of many persons and things; but, before I consent to frame it in ebony, we must come to some understanding about other parts of the suppressed pamphlet. Here it is. I find that in this atrabilarious effusion you have treated ourselves very scurvily. At page 9 I see,

“Sooner shall Tuscan Vallambrosa lack wood,
Than Britain, Grub-street, Billingsgate, and *Blackwood*.”

Then there is a note at page 10: “Who can account for the eulogies of *Blackwood* on Sotheby’s Homer as compared with Pope’s and Cowper’s? Eulogy is not reported to be the side he *lies* upon, in general.” On the same page, and the next, you say of Us, high Churchmen and high Tories,

“Beneath the battlements of Holyrood
There never squatted a more sordid brood
Than that which now, across the clotted perch,
Crookens the claw and screams for Court and Church.”

Then again at page 12,—

“Look behind you, look!
There issues from the Treasury, dull and dry as
The leaves in winter, Gifford and Matthias.
Brighter and braver Peter Pindar started,
And ranged around him all the lighter-hearted.
When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine.”

All which is nothing to us, but what does it lead to?

“Him W. . son follow’d”—

Why those dots, Mr. Landor?

“Him W. . son follow’d, of congenial quill,
As near the dirt and no less prone to ill.
Walcot, of English heart, had English pen,
Buffoon he might be, but for hire was none;
Nor plumed and mounted in Professor’s chair
Offer’d to grin for wages at a fair.”

The rest is too foul-mouthed for repetition. You are a man of nasty ideas, Mr. Landor. You append a note, in which, without any authority but common rumor, you exhibit the learned Professor as an important contributor to *Blackwood*, especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. You declare, too, that we fight under cover, and only for spite and pay; that honest and wiser satirists were brave, that—

“Their courteous soldiership, outshining ours,
Mounted the engine and took aim from towers;”

But that

“From putrid ditches we more safely fight,
And push our zig-zag parallels by night.”

Again, at page 19—

“The Gentleman’s, the Lady’s we have seen,
Now blusters forth the Blackguard’s Magazine;
And (Heaven from joint-stock companies protect us!)
Dustman and nightman issue their prospectus.”

L. (*who has sate listening, with a broad grin, while Mr. North was getting rather red in the face.*) Really, Mr. North, considering that you have followed the trade of a currier for the last thirty years, you are remarkably sensitive to any little experiment on your own skin. But what has my unpublished satire to do with our present affair?

N. The answer to that question I will borrow from the satire itself, as you choose to term your scurrilous lampoon. Our present affair, then, is to consider whether Walter Savage Landor, Imaginary Conversation writer, in rushlight emulation of the wax-candles that illumine our Noctes, shall be raised, as he aspires, to the dignity of Fellow of the *Blackwood* Society. In the note at page 13 of the said lampoon, you state that “Lord Byron declared that no gentleman could write in *Blackwood* ;” and you ask, “Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment?” Now, Mr. Landor, as you have thus adopted and often re-echoed Lord Byron’s opinion, that *no gentleman could write in Blackwood*, and yet wish to enroll yourself among our writers, what is the inference?

L. That I confess myself no gentleman, you would infer. I make no such confession. I would disprove Byron’s assertion, by making the experiment.

N. You do us too much honor. Yet reflect, Mr Landor. After the character you have given us, would you verily seek to be of our fraternity? You who have denounced us so grandiloquently—you who claim credit for lofty and disinterested principles of action? Recollect that you have represented us as the worthy men who have turned into ridicule Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, Coleridge—(diverse metals curiously graduated!)—all in short, who, recently dead, are now dividing among them the admiration of their country. Whatever could lessen their estimation; whatever could injure their fortune; whatever could make their poverty more bitter; whatever could tend to cast down their aspirations after fame; whatever had a tendency to drive them to the grave which now has opened to them, was incessantly

brought into action against them by us zealots for religion and laws. A more deliberate, a more torturing murder, never was committed, than the murder of Keats. The chief perpetrator of his murder knew beforehand that he could not be hanged for it. These are your words, Mr. Landor.

L. I do not deny them.

N. And in regard to the taste of the common public for Blackwood's Cordials, you have said that, to those who are habituated to the gin-shop, the dram is sustenance, and they feel themselves both uncomfortable and empty without the hot excitement. *Blackwood's* is really a gin-palace.

L. All this I have both said and printed, and the last sentence you have just read from my satire is preceded by one that you have not read. An exposure of the impudence and falsehood of *Blackwood's Magazine* is not likely to injure its character, or diminish the number of its subscribers; and in this sentence you have the secret of my desire to become a contributor to *Blackwood*. I want a popular vehicle to convey my censures to the world, especially on Wordsworth. I do not pretend to have any love for you and your brotherhood, Mr. North. But I dislike you less than I do Wordsworth; and I frankly own to you, that the fame of that man is a perpetual blister to my self-love.

N. Your habitual contemplation of his merits has confused you into a notion that they are your own, and you think him an usurper of the laurel crown that is yours by the divine right of genius. What an unhappy monomania! Still, your application for redress to us is unaccountable. You should know that we Black Foresters, lawless as you may suppose us, are Wordsworth's liegemen. He is our intellectual Chief. We call him the General! We are ever busy in promoting his fame.

L. You are always blowing hot and cold on it, and have done so for years past. One month you place him among the stars, the next as low as the daisies.

N. And rightly too; for both are the better for his presence.

L. But you alternately worship and insult him, as some people do their wooden idols.

N. If you must learn the truth, then, he has been to us, in one sense, nothing better than an unfeeling wooden idol. Some of us have been provoked by his indifference to our powers of annoyance, and his ingratitude in not repaying eulogy in kind. We have among ourselves a gander or two,

(no offence Mr. Landor,) that, forgetting they are webfooted, pretend to a perch on the tall bay-tree of Apollo, and, though heavy of wing, are angry with Wordsworth for not encouraging their awkward flights. They, like you, accuse him of jealousy, forsooth! That is the reason that they are now gabbling at his knees, now hissing at his heels. Moreover, our caprices are not unuseful to our interests. We alternately pique and soothe our readers by them, and so keep our customers. As day is partitioned between light and darkness, so has the public taste as to Wordsworth been divided between his reverers and the followers of the Jeffrey heresy. After a lengthened winter, Wordsworth's glory is now in the long summer days; all good judgments that lay torpid have been awakened, and the light prevails against the darkness. But as bats and owls, the haters of light, are ever most restless in the season when nights are shortest, so are purblind egotists most uneasy when their dusky range is contracted by the near approach and sustained ascendancy of genius. We now put up a screen for the weak-sighted, now withdraw it from stronger eyes; thus we plague and please all parties.

L. Except Wordsworth, whose eyelids are too tender to endure his own lustre reflected and doubled on the focus of your burnished brass. He dreads the fate of Milton, "blasted with excess of light."

N. Thank you, sir; that is an ingenious way of accounting for Wordsworth's neglect of our luminous pages. Yet it rather sounds like irony, coming from Mr. Walter Savage Landor to the editor of "The (Not Gentleman's) Magazine.

L. Pshaw! still harping on my Satire.

N. In that Satire you have charged Wordsworth with having talked of Southey's poetry as not worth five shillings a ream. So long as you refrained from publishing this invidious imputation, even those few among Wordsworth's friends who knew that you had printed it, (Southey himself among the number,) might think it discreet to leave the calumny unregarded. But I observe that you have renewed it, in a somewhat aggravated form, in the Article that you now wish me to publish. You here allege that Wordsworth represented Southey as an author, all whose poetry was not worth five shillings. You and I both know that Wordsworth would not deign to notice such an accusation. Through good and evil report the brave man persevered in his ascent to the mountain-top, without ever even turning round

to look upon the rabble that was hooting him from its base; and he is not likely now to heed such a charge as this. But his friends may now ask, on what authority it is published? Was it to you, Mr. Walter Savage Landor, whom Southey (in his strange affection for the name of Wat) had honored with so much kindness—to you whose “*matin-chirpings*” he had so generously encouraged, (as he did John Jones’s “*mellow song*,”*)—was it to you that Wordsworth delivered so injurious a judgment on the works of your patron? If so, what was your reply?

L. Whether it was expressed to myself or not, is of little consequence; it has been studiously repeated, and even printed by others as well as by me.

N. By whom.

L. That, too, is of no importance to the fact.

N. I am thoroughly convinced that it is no fact, and that Wordsworth never uttered any thing like such an opinion in the sense that you report it. He and Southey have been constant neighbors and intimate friends for forty years; there has never been the slightest interruption to their friendship. Every one that knows Wordsworth is aware of his frank and fearless openness in conversation. He has been beset for the last half century, not only by genuine admirers, but by the curious and idle of all ranks, and of many nations, and sometimes by envious and designing listeners, who have misrepresented and distorted his casual expressions. Instances of negligent and infelicitous composition are numerous in Southey, as in most voluminous authors. Suppose some particular passage of this kind to have been under discussion, and Mr. Wordsworth to have exclaimed, “I would not give five shillings a ream for such poetry as that.” Southey himself would only smile, (he had probably heard Wordsworth express himself to the same effect a hundred times;) but some insidious hearer catches at the phrase, and reports it as Wordsworth’s sweeping denunciation of all the poetry that his friend has ever written, in defiance of all the evidence to the contrary to be met with, not only in Wordsworth’s every-day conversation, but in his published works. There is no man for whose genius Mr. Wordsworth has more steadily or consistently testified his admiration than for Southey’s; there is none for whom, and for whose character he has evinced more affection and respect. You

and I, who have both read his works, and walked and talked with the Old Man of the Mountain, know that perfectly well. You have perhaps been under his roof, at Rydal Mount? I have; and over his dining-room fireplace I observed, as hundreds of his visitors must have done, five portraits—Chaucer’s, Bacon’s, Spenser’s, Shakspeare’s, and Milton’s, in one line. On the same line is a bust on the right of these, and a portrait on the left; and there are no other ornaments on that wall of the apartment. That bust and that portrait are both of Southey, the man whom you pretend he has so undervalued! By the by, no one has been more ardent in praise of Wordsworth than yourself.

L. You allude to the first dialogue between Southey and Porson, in Vol. i. of my *Imaginary Conversations*.

N. Not to that only, though in that dialogue there are sentiments much at variance with those which you would now give out as Porson’s. For example, remember what Porson there says of the *Laodamia*.

L. The most fervid expression in commendation of it is printed as Porson’s improperly, as the whole context shows. It should have been Southey’s.

N. So I perceive you say in this new dialogue; and such a mode of attempting to turn your back on yourself, to borrow a phrase from your friend Lord Castlereagh’s rhetoric, will be pronounced, even by those who do not care a bawbee about the debate, as not only ludicrous but pitifully shabby. Keep your seat, Mr. Landor, and keep your temper for once in your life. Let us examine into this pretended mistake in your former dialogue about *Laodamia*. Well, as you are up, do me the favor, sir, to mount the ladder, and take down from you top shelf the first volume of your *Conversations*. Up in the corner, on the left hand next the ceiling. You see I have given you a high place.

L. Here is the book, Mr. North; it is covered with dust and cobwebs.

N. The fate of classics, Mr. Landor. They are above the reach of the housemaid, except when she brings the Turk’s Head to bear upon them. Now let us turn to the list of *errata* in this first volume. We are directed to turn to page 52, line 4, and for *sugar-bakers*, read *sugar-bakers’ wives*. I turn to the page and find the error corrected by yourself; as are all the press errors in these volumes, which were presented by you to a friend. I bought the whole set for an old song at a sale. You see that the omitted word *wives*

* “I lagged; he (Southey) call’d me; urgent to prolong
My matin chirpings into mellow song.”—LANDOR.

is carefully supplied by yourself, in your own handwriting, Mr. Landor. On the same page, only five lines below this correction, is the identical passage that you would now transfer from Porson to Southey. Why did you not affix Porson's name to the passage then, when you were so vigilantly perfecting the very page? Why does no such correction appear even in the printed list of *errata*? Let us read the passage. "A current of rich and bright thoughts runs throughout the poem. Pindar himself would not, on that subject, have braced o' e into more nerve and freshness, nor Euripides have inspired into it more tenderness and passion."*

L. Mr. North, I repeat that that sentence should have been printed as Southey's, not Porson's.

N. Yet it is quite consistent with a preceding sentence which you can by no ingenuity of after-thought withdraw from Porson; for the whole context forbids the possibility of its transition. What does Porson there testify of the *Laodamia*? That it is "a composition such as *Sophocles might have exulted to own!*"—and a part of one of its stanzas "*might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the Elysium the poet describes.*"† These expressions are at least as fervid as those which you would reclaim from Porson, now that like a pettifogging practitioner, you want to retain him as counsel against the most illustrious of Southey's friends—the individual of whom in this same dialogue you cause Southey to ask, "What man ever existed who spent a more retired, a more inoffensive, a more virtuous life, than Wordsworth, or

* Vol. i. p. 52.

† Vol. i. p. 51. Few persons will think that Mr. Landor's drift, which is obvious enough, could be favored if these passages could be *all* shuffled over to Mr. Southey. It would be unwise and inconsistent in Mr. Landor of all men to intimate that Southey's judgment in poetry was inferior to Porson's; for Southey has been so singular as to laud some of Mr. Landor's, and Mr. Landor has been so grateful as to proclaim Southey the sole critic of modern times who has shown "a delicate perception in poetry." It is rash, too, in him to insinuate that Southey's opinion could be influenced by his friendship; for he, the most amiable of men, was nevertheless a friend of Mr. Landor also. But the only object of this argument is to show how mal-adroitly Mr. Landor plays at thimberlig. He lets us see him shift the pea. As for the praise and censure contained in his dialogues, we have no doubt that any one concerned willingly makes him a present of both. It is but returning bad money to Diogenes. It is all Mr. Landor's; and, lest there should be any doubt about the matter, he has taken care to tell us that he has not inserted in his dialogues a single sentence written by, or recorded of, the persons who are supposed to hold them.—See vol. i. p. 96, end of *note*.

who has adorned it with nobler studies?"—and what does Porson answer? "I believe so; I have always heard it; and *those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men of no morality and no reflection.*"* Thus you print Wordsworth's praise in rubric, and fix it on the walls, and then knock your head against them. You must have a hard skull, Mr. Landor.

L. Be civil, Mr. North, or I will brain you.

N. Pooh, pooh, man! all your Welsh puddles, which you call pools, wouldn't hold my brains. To return to your professed article, there is one very ingenious illustration in it. "Diamonds sparkle the most brilliantly on heads stricken by the palsy."

L. Yes; I flatter myself that I have there struck out a new and beautiful, though somewhat melancholy thought.

N. New! My good man, it isn't yours; you have purloined those diamonds.

L. From whom?

N. From the very poet you would disparage—Wordsworth.

"Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From the palsy-shaken head."

Those lines have been in print above twenty years.

L. An untoward coincidence of idea between us.

N. Both original, no doubt; only, as Puff says in the *Critic*, one of you thought of it the first, that's all. But how busy would Wordsworth be, and how we should laugh at him for his pains, if he were to set about reclaiming the thousands of ideas that have been pilfered from him, and have been made the staple of volumes of poems, sermons, and philosophical treatises without end! He makes no stir about such larcenies. And what a coil have you made about that eternal sea-shell, which you say he stole from you, and which, we know, is the true and trivial cause of your hostility towards him!

L. Surely, I am an ill-used man, Mr. North. My poetry, if not worth five shillings, nor thanks, nor acknowledgment, was yet worth borrowing and putting on. I, the author of *Gebir*, Mr. North—do you mark me?

N. Yes; the author of *Gebir* and *Gebirus*—think of that, St. Crispin and St. Crispinus!

Sing me the fates of *Gebir*, and the Nymph
Who challenged Tamar to a wrestling-match,
And on the issue pledged her precious shell.
"Above her knees she drew the robe succinct,
Above her breast, and just below her arms.

* Vol. i. p. 40.

She, rushing at him, closed," and floor'd him flat,
 And carried off the prize, a bleating sheep;
 "The sheep she carried easy as a cloak,"
 And left the loser blubbering from his fall,
 And for his vanish'd mutton. "Nymph divine!
 I cannot wait describing how she came;
 My glance first lighted on her nimble feet;
 Her feet resembled those long shells explored
 By him who, to befriend his steed's dim sight,
 Would blow the pungent powder in his eye."*

Is that receipt for horse eye-powder to be found in White's Farriery, Mr. Landor?

L. Perhaps not, Mr. North. Will you cease your fooling, and allow me to proceed? "I," the author of *Gebir*, "never lamented when I believed it lost." The MS. was mislaid at my grandmother's, and lay undiscovered for four years. "I saw it neglected, and never complained. Southey and Forster have since given it a place whence men of lower stature are in vain on tiptoe to take it down. It would have been honester and more decorous if the writer of certain verses had mentioned from what bar he took his wine."† Now, keep your ears open, Mr. North; I will read my verses first, and then Wordsworth's. Here they are. I always carry a copy of them both in my pocket. Listen!

N. List, oh list! I am all attention, Mr. Landor.

L. (reads)—

"But I have sinuous shells, of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave.
 Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
 Its polish'd lip to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

These are lines for you, sir! They are mine. What do you think of them?

N. I think very well of them; they remind me of Coleridge's "Eolian Harp." They are very pretty lines, Mr. Landor. I have written some worse myself.

L. So has Wordsworth. Attend to the echo in the *Excursion*:

"I have seen
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipp'd shell,
 To which, in silence hush'd, his very soul
 Listen'd intensely, and his countenance soon
 Brighten'd with joy; for, murmuring from within,
 Were heard sonorous cadences, whereby,
 To his belief, the monitor express'd
 Mysterious union with its native sea."

N. There is certainly much resemblance between the two passages; and, so far as you have recited Wordsworth's, his is not

* The lines within inverted commas are Mr. Landor's, without alteration.

† Mr. Landor's printed complaint, *verbatim*, from his "Satire on Satirists."

superior to yours; which very likely, too, suggested it; though that is by no means a sure deduction, for the thought itself is as common as the sea-shell you describe, and, in all probability, at least as old as the Deluge.

L. "It is but justice to add, that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem."*

N. Hout, tout, man! The author of the *Excursion* could afford to spare you a thousand finer passages, and he would seem none the poorer. As to the imputed plagiarism, Wordsworth would have no doubt have avowed it had he been conscious that it was one, and that you could attach so much importance to the honor of having reminded him of a secret in conchology, known to every old nurse in the country, as well as to every boy or girl that ever found a shell on the shore, or was tall enough to reach one off a cottage-parlor mantelpiece; but which he could apply to a sublime and reverent purpose never dreamed of by them or you. It is in the application of the familiar image, that we recognise the master-hand of the poet. He does not stop when he has described the toy, and the effect of air within it. The lute in Hamlet's hands is not more philosophically dealt with.—There is a pearl within Wordsworth's shell which is not to be found in yours, Mr. Landor. He goes on:—

"Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things—
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
 And central peace subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation."

These are the lines of a poet, who not only stoops to pick up a shell now and then, as he saunters along the sea-shore, but who is accustomed to climb to the promontory above, and to look upon the ocean of things

"From those imaginative heights that yield
 Far-stretching views into eternity."

Do not look so fierce again, Mr. Landor. You who are so censorious of self-complacency in others, and indeed of all other people's faults, real or imagined, should endure to have your vanity rebuked.

L. I have no vanity. I am too proud to be vain.

N. Proud of what?

L. Of something beyond the comprehension of a Scotchman, Mr. North—proud of my genius.

N. Are you so very great a genius, Mr. Landor?

* From Mr. Landor, *verbatim*.

L. I am. *Almighty Homer is twice far above Troy and her towers, Olympus and Jupiter. First, when Priam bends before Achilles, and a second time, when the shade of Agamemnon speaks among the dead. That awful spectre, called up by genius in after-time, shook the Athenian stage. That scene was ever before me: father and daughter were ever in my sight; I felt their looks, their words, and again gave them form and utterance; and, with proud humility, I say it—*

*"I am tragedian in this scene alone.
Station the Greek and Briton side by side,
And if derision be deserved—deride."*

Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffolding is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel, in the subject, from *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. To this labor the whole body of the Scotch critics and poets are invited, and, moreover, to add the ornaments of translation.*

N. So you are not only a match for *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, but on a par with "almighty Homer when he is far above Olympus and Jove." Oh! ho! ho! As you have long since recorded that modest opinion of yourself in print, and not been lodged in Bedlam for it, I will not now take upon myself to send for a straight waistcoat.

L. Is this the treatment I receive from the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in return for my condescension in offering him my assistance? Give me back my manuscript, sir. I was indeed a fool to come hither. I see how it is. You Scotchmen are all alike. We consider no part of God's creation so cringing, so insatiable, so ungrateful as the Scotch; nevertheless, we see them hang together by the claws, like bats; and they bite and scratch you to the bone if you attempt to put an Englishman in the midst of them.† But you shall answer for this usage, Mr. North: you shall suffer for it. These two fingers have more power than all your malice, sir, even if you had the two houses of parliament to back you. A pen! You shall live for it.‡

N. Fair and softly, Mr. Landor; I have not rejected your article yet. I am going to be generous. Notwithstanding all your abuse of *Blackwood* and his countrymen, I consent to exhibit you to the world as a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and, in the teeth of all your recorded admiration

* This strange rhapsody is verily Mr. Landor's. It is extracted from his "Satire on Satirists."

† Imaginary Conversations, vol. iv. p. 283.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 126.

of Wordsworth, I will allow you to prove yourself towards him a more formidable critic than Wakley, and a candidate for immortality with Lauder. Do you rue?

L. Not at all. I have past the Rubicon.

N. Is that a pun? It is worthy of Plato. Mr. Landor, you have been a friend of Wordsworth. But, as he says—

*"What is friendship? Do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From the palsy-shaken head."*

L. I have never professed friendship for him.

N. You have professed something more, then. Let me read a short poem to you, or at least a portion of it. It is an "Ode to Wordsworth."

"O, WORDSWORTH!

That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of poesy,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing, under harden'd hand,
With attic emery and oil,
The shining point for wisdom's wand,
Like those THOU temperest 'mid the rills
Descending from thy native hills.
He who would build his fame up high,
The rule and plummet must apply,
Nor say—I'll do what I have plann'd,
Before he try if loam or sand
Be still remaining in the place
Delved for each polish'd pillar's base.
*With skilful eye and fit device
THOU raisest every edifice:*
Whether in shelter'd vale it stand,
Or overlook the Dardan strand,
Amid those cypresses that mourn
Laodamia's love forlorn."

Four of the brightest intellects that ever adorned any age or country are then named, and a fifth, who, though not equal to the least of them, is not unworthy of their company; and what follows?

*"I wish them every joy above
That highly blessed spirits prove,
Save one, and that too shall be theirs,
But after many rolling years,
WHEN 'MID THEIR LIGHT TRY LIGHT APPEARS."*

Here are Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Dryden too,* all in bliss above, yet not to be perfectly blest till the arrival of Wordsworth among them! Who wrote that, Mr. Landor?

L. I did, Mr. North.

N. Sir, I accept your article. It shall be published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Good morning, sir.

L. Good day, sir. Let me request your particular attention to the correction of the press. (*Landor retires.*)

* Whom Mr. L., who is the most capricious as well as the most arrogant of censors, sometimes takes into favor.

N. He is gone! Incomparable Savage! I cannot more effectually retaliate upon him for all his invectives against us than by admitting his gossiping trash into the Magazine. No part of the dialogue will be mistaken for Southey's; nor even for Porson's inspirations from the brandy-bottle. All the honor due to the author will be exclusively Mr. Walter Savage Landor's; and, as it is certainly "not worth five shillings," no one will think it "worth borrowing or putting on."

LINES.

Written upon seeing Mulcaeny's Picture of "First Love" in the Irish Exhibition of Paintings June, 1842.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Ay, gaze upon her face, impassion'd boy,
In its sweet bashfulness and timid joy!
Thine is a truthful homage, free from art,
The earnest worship of an untaught heart!

Nought throughout after-life thy sight shall bless
One-thousandth part so rich in loveliness,
As that young peasant girl so simply fair,
With her unsanded feet and braided hair.

Boyhood will fleet away—the hour will come
When for the haunts of men thou'lt leave thy home;
Yet oft will memory turn so fondly still
To that companion dear and lonely hill.

And years will pass, till dim as some sweet dream
The vision of thy early days will seem;
But never, never quite from out thy heart
Will the low echo of her voice depart.

And thou may'st love again—ay, passionately,
And past expression dear thy idol be;
But the *First Love* of Youth's a sacred thing,
A fragrant flower which *knows no second Spring!*

Thus mused I, as I gazed with spell-bound eyes,
And bless'd the "Art that can immortalize!"

ELIZABETH AUCHINLECK.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOUSEHOLD.—The public will see with infinite satisfaction that the Prince of Wales is about to have a separate household. Some have imagined that a baby-house is alluded to, but we have ascertained that such is not the case, and the following may be relied on as being as accurate a list as it is possible to obtain of the projected establishment:—

- Master of the Rocking Horse.
- Comptroller of the Juvenile Vagaries
- Sugar Stick in Waiting.
- Captain of the (Tin) Guard.
- Black Rod in ordinary.
- Master of the Trap Ordnance.
- Clerk of the Pea Shooter.
- Assistant Battledore.
- Lord Privy huttlecock.
- Quartermaster-General of the Oranges.

It is not yet decided by whom these offices are to be filled, but there is no doubt His Royal Highness will manifest considerable discretion in making the appointments for the "separate household" which has been so properly assigned to him.—*Charivari*.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF ST. SIMONIANISM.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THOSE were brilliant but meteoric passages in the life of Saint Simonianism, when at Paris a gentleman, yclept "Rodrigues," a philosopher, named "Enfantin," and a dashing blood, rejoicing in the title of "Michel Chevalier," first resolved to take care of ladies' properties, and to expend both capital and interest with great discretion, to establish equality of rights, as well as equality of domains, and to send out missionaries well steeped with the best black coffee, and appropriate *liqueurs*, to found a *new system* of morals and virtue! The Paris revolution of 1830 "had left so much to be desired;" the Belgian repetition had so signally failed: the Polish disasters had added so much of misery to those who were before enslaved; and Spain had been so overthrown even by the *beginning* of a war which bade fair to occupy her for the next ten years, that Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, got weary of politics, and betook them to religion. Not Christianity, and not Judaism—not Mahometanism, and not Paganism exactly—but to St. Simonianism and polygamy. Don't be startled, ladies—don't be startled! You may read on. There's nothing wrong intended. It is not an affair of the heart—only of the pocket. A new sort of polygamy! Low frocks?—Yes. Blue sashes?—Yes. Wives disgusted with their husbands?—Yes. Women wearied with the trammels of matrimony, and resolved to rid themselves of them?—Yes. But still all platonic love. No kissing—no squeezing of the hand—no gentle pressure, no sighs, no tears—nothing but philosophy, poetry, and Bordeaux, "*Cotelettes a la minute*," *Champagne frappé*, "an epigram of lamb with asparagus points," and a "*petit verre*" of —, what you like—from Rosolio to Curaçoa, or from Kerschenwasser to the merry old Gold Water. Dear charming creatures they were, too! Rather antiquated if you will; rather pedantic, of course; rather bothering after dinner with their philosophy; and rather troublesome with their blue-stockingry. But what cared Rodrigues for this? And as to *Père Enfantin* and *Michel Chevalier*, they chuckled like jolly old monks over Chambertin and Clos Vougeot, and the only prayer they uttered was, "Send us more wives!"

As I am fearful this introductory matter may be more amusing than instructive, unless supplied with a passing explanation, I

must here indulge myself and my readers with the pleasure and benefit of a parenthesis. Be it known, then, that once upon a time there lived a man of whom the world might say, that the term *saint* when applied to him, was the least appropriate ever bestowed on any living or departed mortal, and yet to this day he is called *Saint Simon*. Now Mister Saint Simon, or St. Simon, Esq., for both are equally applicable and appropriate, entertained peculiar notions as to "*communion of goods*," or the truly felicitous arrangement of this world's property by way of partnership, so that he who had the advantage of possessing something should share it with him, or her (as the case may be), who had the privilege of possessing—nothing! Thus, if I had the misfortune of possessing £20,000 (I meant pence) and my brethren had the happiness of possessing not quite a five-pound note, the system of Saint Simon was this,—that we should put both sums into a hat, shake the hat well, and spend it together. Now, as the success of all such plans for the amelioration of the condition of our species, must depend a great deal upon the persuasive powers of one party, and the mesmerised, or submissive and docile powers of the sleeping party, it follows, of course, that the best talker has the greatest chance of success, and that those who can prove black to be crimson, and small beer to be pale brandy, must decidedly come off the conquerors. Well, then, Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, were three very powerful men of this description of moral calibre, and they resolved to carry into action the principle of *Saint Simon*, that "*the communion of goods*" was the only real way of terminating all the discord which existed in the world, and of making men, and women too, virtuous and happy.

When this holy and patriotic determination first entered the minds of the three emancipators of their species in question, it is but fair to say that they were by no means disagreeable and awkward companions. Few men could look better with a long black beard, a bare throat, a Roman gown, and a broad girdle with the word "*Père*" inscribed on it, than the *Saint Enfantin*. And when surrounded by a troop of other men's wives, who had left their husbands and their children, with their own private fortunes in their pockets, to receive from his lips the instruction, and listen to the dogmas of the departed *Saint Simon*, as recorded in his works, he had the air of a mighty prophet, who had descended from a land of heroes or of sages, to change society, or to subvert the world.

The ladies—at least on state occasions, and I was admitted to no others—wore white robes as indications of their purity, very low bodies as proofs of their chastity, no ornaments as demonstrations of their having placed all in the *common treasury*, and sat at the feet of the "*Père*" on the ground, or on very low ottomans, whilst he listened to their artless tales of their former lives, when, enthralled by the chains of matrimony, they absurdly and impiously imagined that they were fulfilling the high destinies to which their degraded and noble sex had been destined by heaven, by nature, and by ST. SIMON!!

The first time I saw MICHEL CHEVALIER he was introduced to me as the author of a very spirited and lively pamphlet, "*On the best mode of tying a Cravat!*" He was gay, smiling, jocular, light-eyed, light-haired, exceedingly well dressed, and just the sort of man to be the greatest possible favorite at a gipsy-party. At dinner he was sedulous, smart, and smirking. At dessert he was philosophical, romantic, or profound. At the piano he was admirable. But at coffee—yes, at coffee, he was prodigious!! They say (that is some Baptist biographer) that the late great Robert Hall used to drink from sixteen to thirty-two cups of strong tea per evening. Very likely, though we should have preferred counting them to taking other people's arithmetic for granted; but again we say, very likely. Still what was Robert Hall and his thirty-two cups of gunpowder or twankay to Michel Chevalier and his pipkins of coffee? Never mind; the more he drank, the more he sung, danced, played, laughed, and punned; and by the time he was at his sixty-fourth pipkin, he really beat Theodore Hook hollow.

Ah! little did I think at that moment that that very Michel would hereafter become one of the regenerators of the world! I remember I met him at the house of an English gentleman in Paris, famed for good dinners and bad French, for excellent wines, and plenty of them, and for giving "frogs" to Frenchmen as great rarities,—and so, in truth, they were, for spite of the English mistake to the contrary, I never saw in my life any arrangement of frogs, either in soups, or ragouts, pies, roasted, boiled, fried, or stewed, at the table of a *French* gentleman. However, so it was; delighted we met, and charmed we parted; he thinking me a very good fellow, and I fully resolved always to tie my cravat after his fashion.

The next time I caught a glimpse of the small eyes of my former acquaintance Michel—gracious heavens! he had become a

moral philosopher and a social reformer! He had associated himself with Rodrigues, Enfantin, and a host of minor stars, all beaming their very best, and all leagued together to persuade mankind, but particularly womankind, to associate together, place their fortunes in a common bank, live happily, and die joyously, by following the maxims of the dear departed Mr. Saint Simon.

It would have been impossible for any men to have selected a more appropriate moment for making this experiment than that chosen by this "band of deliverers." Society in France was broken up into factions; every new theory was received with rapture; the revolutionists had gained so little by their revolutions, and the lads of the Polytechnic, the law and the medical schools, were so much the leaders of the unsettled and the visionary, that women's heads were turned, as well as those of the sterner sex, and "*liberty forever*"—meaning the liberty for every one, both male and female, doing that which seemed good or evil in his or her own eyes—was the cry which met you in nearly every circle of the French metropolis.

Here and there, indeed, it was different. The Legitimists looked on scornfully and scoffingly. The "*justemilieu*" strove to keep altogether by an increased police, quadrupled troops, and an enormous display of national guards. But society at large was in a state of dissolution, and the words of Casimir Perier still vibrate on my ears, "Monsieur, il n'y a plus rien—absolument rien;" or in other words, "Every thing has gone to nothing!" And really this was the case. The philosophers of 1832 debated every thing, disputed every thing, denied every thing. They were not *quite sure* that they existed; and as to governments, they vowed they should all be speedily destroyed.

So the moment was well chosen by Rodrigues, Enfantin, and Chevalier, for inculcating new dogmas, or for enforcing old ones, and they added to their effrontery, zeal; and to their zeal, sarcasm; and to their sarcasm, abuse; so that those who opposed them were ridiculed as belonging to the old-fashioned school, the antiquated, before-the-deluge tribe, of "husbands and wives, and all that sort of thing." The tact of these three moral heroes consisted in this, that knowing perfectly well that they addressed themselves to a carnal, sensual, pleasure-loving people, their new religion was precisely the reverse of mortification, privations, fasting, sackcloth or

penitence. They knew quite well that monasteries and nunneries on the old-established principles would never do in France, and that for "religious houses" or "social establishments" to become popular, they must give good dinners, bumpers of wine both at meeting and parting, and must keep late hours both for waltzing, galloping, and quadrilling. But how was this to raise the dignity of woman? How was this to place her on an equality with man in the scale of moral elevation? This was a puzzler to the mere novices in Saint Simonianism; but when Enfantin lectured, and Chevalier discoursed of "physics" of the highest class, it was made apparent to all that the coffee, chocolate, *déjeûners à la fourchette*, liqueurs, desserts, dinners, banquets, balls, soirées, and musical and theatrical entertainments, were only accompaniments to the system of dissolving matrimonial alliances, and placing society on a different footing! "Look at the present state of marriage life in France," exclaimed Enfantin in one of his moments of excitement and eloquence, "and what do we see? Marriages of *convenance*. Fathers and mothers engaged in selling their children's happiness for the sake of a connexion with a wealthier or a titled family; young girls allied to old men; young men tied to the apron-strings of some elderly spinsters from sixty-five to seventy; ignorant men, because wealthy, conducting blue-stocking ladies to the altar of Hymen and patronized by their *literary* wives; stupid and frivolous women, possessed of large fortunes, married to men who stand high in science, simply because the money of the former was necessary to the personal standing of the latter; wives openly avowing they have lovers, and husbands making no secret that they have mistresses. Do we not know, besides all this, that divorce not being permitted in France, the most immoral and degrading, false and hypocritical alliances are maintained, though the best feelings of human nature repudiate them? Are not illegitimate children born to husbands in wedlock? And can a man have any confidence in the legitimacy of those, who yet call him their father? Is not this state of things as common to our provinces as it is to our capital, till at last marriage has become a crime, instead of a sacrament, and the source of innumerable woes, instead of pure and sublime joy? Tell me not, then, that *our* system is immoral! It is yours that is immoral, you who encourage this state of things by defending the system,

and by reproaching us who seek to raise the moral dignity of the sex!"

The disciples, the novitiates, the sisters, all looked amazed at this picture of the awful state of society as it was in France, and seemed to wonder how I could get out of the difficulty in which this oration must have placed me. I remember, however, I only felt dismayed at the reflection that there stood a man, with a giant mind, who had ably and truly depicted the state of society in his country, and yet who had the temerity and the power to cause it to be believed that the condition in which married persons existed in France was to be changed, amended, improved—by what? By nothing short of the cohabitation, without marriage, of the sexes. I know very well that he succeeded in convincing many ladies who had small properties wholly settled on them, and quite independent of their husbands, that it was very wicked indeed, and most repugnant to the laws of nature and Saint Simon, to live together if you did not love each other; and many of these silly ones left husbands, homes, children, relatives, all—in order to enter the Saint Simonian establishment in the *Rue de Monsigny*.

The first time I ever entered that well-fitted-up, stylish, taking establishment, in order to examine its arrangements and take notes for my future lucubrations on the subject, was one fine spring morning. The Père (Enfantin) was invisible! He was engaged in his study. I pleaded for admission. His room was enveloped in a dim religious light. The sun shone but obscurely through ground glass darkly colored, and he looked a most handsome and heart-winning fellow. He rose to receive me, and we had a few minutes conversation. "The awful state of society in England" was the subject to which he was directing his attention, and "he hoped also, there to effect a large and vigorous reform!" I fancy I smiled incredulity, for he replied rather petulantly, but still with some point, and asked me how it was possible for man to progress, and society to advance, whilst bound down by the chains of deplorable and blighted usages, ceremonies, and superstitions? I asked him his remedy. He gave me some pamphlets. I knew all they said beforehand, for I had read the then *Globe* of France, and had studied the works of Mr. Saint Simon. I endeavored to make him feel that immorality was not to be cured by vice, nor hypocrisy by a violation of the commandments. He smiled in return. He evident-

ly thought me an antediluvian sort of person to refer to the commandments. He thought highly of Moses, and still more so of Jesus; and he was of opinion that Mahomet was an extraordinary man; but as for Saint Simon and himself, and himself and Saint Simon, they were the *ne plus ultras* of every thing. So I left him and visited the second father—the father in miniature—Michel Chevalier. I don't know how it was, but so it was, I never could see Michel without laughing. He sought to be grave, he endeavored to engage me in controversy, he laid before me the moral wonders of their immoral scheme, and he even worked himself up to the belief, that he who had written an able pamphlet on the best mode of tying a cravat, might likewise be destined to emancipate the world! But, though he believed this himself, he perceived that the pamphlet and the cravat always *stuck in my throat*, and that I was not to be converted to Saint Simonianism.

The last time I entered the doors of the Saint Simoniacal establishment of the Rue de Monsigny was to see how matters were conducted at a Saint Simonian ball. Well, I found plenty of lights, a vast number of young and old men, stewards, with canes most exquisitely adorned, and with gloves which fitted so tight that I quite trembled for the fingers to which they appeared to have been attached, or affixed, by machinery; and I saw the "father" and the "brethren" of this anti-monastic incorporation exceedingly sedulous in their attentions to divers ladies, who were reported "to have had money," and to be "extremely unhappy in their matrimonial engagements and spheres;" to be perfectly just to the base, or to the calumniated, husbands, I will not pretend to say which. The ladies in question were by no means handsome, pretty, or even passable, but they had the "*quoi*," which the French love better than any thing else—that "*quoi*" being ready money, and a wish to part with it. The ladies aforesaid were sitting on a sort of gently rising platform, but very close to the ground, and all of them wore white frocks (not gowns), blue sashes (not ceintures, but sashes tied behind with a bow), white stockings, white frilled drawers with exquisitely beautiful lace round close to the feet, and, finally, black satin slippers, made by that prince of cordoniers, Melnotte, of the Rue de la Paix. In the centre stood ENFANTIN, dressed in the costume of the "*Père*," in which the tri-colored emblems of France were tastefully display-

ed, and which evidently formed a subject of contemplation to the satellites which surrounded him. "Is he not handsome?" asked Chevalier, with anxiety and interest. "Indeed he is," I replied: "what a pity he should lose his time, and squander away his fine faculties and taste, in such humbug as this!" Michel was never angry, for a better-tempered man could not exist; and yet he was not quite pleased with me. Enfantin looked about and around with evident pleasure. Gaping hundreds of the *élite* of Paris society, attended at this ball. All eyes were directed to him. Some shook their heads very knowingly, and said, "It was a revolution in itself." Others looked objectively, and thought "it would either end in smoke, or become something of immense importance." A few men of the last century recalled to my recollection in one of the corners of the vast *salle* some of the conceits and follies of the first revolution; whilst refreshments of every description, in the utmost profusion, were served up on costly plate or magnificent china. What a splash! Louis Philippe himself could not have offered a more splendid banquet.

"But the best of things will pass," and pleasure is fleeting, and joys are flitting. So it was with Saint Simonianism. The wines and the lights, the punch and the flowers, the viands and the frocks, had all to be paid for; and the old saying about emptying the barrel if meal be always taken out and never put in, was at last realized in this *hospice* for the unhappy. Rodrigues, who had attempted a loan from the public, had failed in his beneficent undertaking! The ladies who were miserable in their married lives, and who had ready money, and plenty of it to spare, were not quite so numerous as this immortal *trio* had anticipated; and, consequently, they did not arrive in such numbers to pour their contributions of goods and chattels, lands and tenements, into the common treasury, as was really anticipated. So the meal-box got empty, the ladies troublesome and vexatious; and, one fine morning, it was unanimously resolved by the male portion of the establishment, to "cut the fair sex," and turn monks! The ladies wanted their money back, but it was gone! The gentlemen had their hearts restored to them without any difficulty! The police were referred to, but all had been done quite legally; and the wives who had abandoned their homes for philosophy, and the dignity of their own sex, found, to their cost, that they also "had paid too much for their whistle."

One morn I missed them from the Rue Monsigny, The father and the brethren all had flown.

What had become of them?—They had retired to their hermitage. Where was that?—Just half a mile outside the Barrier of the Rue Mênilmontant. The *curaçoa* had all been drank, the wine had all been absorbed, truffled turkeys had been eaten, and Chevet and Corcellet (the suppliers of these condiments) had not been paid. But still some of these reformers of their species were resolved on continuing in solitude and silence their beneficent career, hoping for better times, and anticipating future renown. There was but one impediment in the way of their becoming monks or hermits, at least but one very formidable obstacle, and that was—they had no beards. What was to be done?—Retire to Mênilmontant! Cultivate botany, cabbages, and their beards! Addict themselves to their studies, and to agricultural and horticultural pursuits, and not show themselves in public, except to the few surrounding and struggling villagers, until their beards should look worthy of the followers of the immortal Mr. St. Simon.

Now it must not be thought that I am burlesquing or libelling these reformers, when I say, that this was the real plan—the *bonâ fide* plan—pursued; and that the Saint Simonians, with Enfantin and Chevalier at their heads, turned diggers, hoers, and rakers, in the gardens of Mênilmontant. There, sighing over pleasures "never to return," and over prospects which were full of clouds, darkness, and bitterness, they cultivated their beards and potatoes, excluded the fair sex altogether, made their own beds, washed their own linen, cobbled their own shoes, and cooked their own dinners; which dinners, albeit, were somewhat different to those which were the themes of universal praise when they tabernacled in the Rue Monsigny.

The last time I ever saw the Saint Simonians as a body was at this very establishment at Mênilmontant. They had hired a very large and antiquated building. The gardens were extensive, and digging was in request. The beards were sprouting. Some had grown into really respectable crops, but others had refused to put forth in to any thing like luxuriance. Michel had kept up his spirits, and preserved all his archness and humor. He did not tie his cravat as well as formerly, and evidently his clothes had seen better days. As to Enfantin, he was invisible, and was preparing for the "*sauve qui peut*."

That "*sauve qui peut*" at last arrived; for the police began to be pestered with

complaints, the creditors became absurdly anxious to be paid their debts, the disciples found that

"House was gone and money spent,"

and yet that *they* had not increased their learning, in exchange for their good *écus*, and so a *possé* of police constables finished the whole matter under and by virtue of some law of "Fructidor" and "Germinal," or something else, which had as much to do with the subject as "pine-apple punch" forms any part of the controversy respecting the "Elgin marbles;" and, in one word, St. Simonianism was driven into the streets like a common road mendicant, and left to starve and die on the roadside—What a *dénouement*!

But stay, wondering reader, I have yet something better in store. Louis Philippe knew that such men as *Enfantin* and *Chevalier* would be sure to do much harm at home, unless employed abroad; and so these two former students of the Polytechnic School were employed by the French government in the north of Africa, and in Asia, to make maps, plans, charts; to examine soil, strata, mountains; to look at the Nile; to go to North America, and study man in the United States, and finally to return to the land of their birth; and, whilst *Chevalier* is one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*, a *maitre de requêtes* to the Council of State, and has published some admirable books on America and on science, approved and patronized by the government; *Enfantin* has returned from his voyages and tours in the Holy Land, and has, within the last month, published a report on Algeria which has nearly driven the French to distraction; since his facts, figures, and documents, are all most triumphant against the system so popular in France of African colonization. *Enfantin* and *Chevalier* are now comparatively wealthy men; and Louis Philippe has not in all his domains two subjects more devoted to himself and his government than these two leaders of Ex-Saint Simonianism!

Does not this read very like a romance? Yet every line and word of it is correct to the letter. We talk of the marvels of the age of chivalry! Why, they are nothing to our own; as my next *Reminiscences* will still more fully develope!

VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT.—A bibliophile is stated to have been recently found in an old farm-house near Annonay, a valuable MS. of the rough copy of the *Aphorismes d' Hippocrate*, by Marc Antoine Gaiot, of Annonay, which work was published by him in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, in 1647. Gaiot was professor of Hebrew at Rome for a long period.

Lit. Gazette.

THE ZANTEOTE BRIDE.

BY ELIZABETH AUCHINLECK.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"And will my father have me wed
This haughty lord," Zurelli said—
"And mother, must I leave thy side,
To be this English stranger's bride?
Ah! can my once fond Father part
For gold the darling of his heart,
And make me break the true-love plight
That I but pledg'd on yesternight,—
Can paltry gain work all this wo,
Ah! speak my mother—is it so?"

"It is. Thy hand is pledg'd, my girl,
To England's noblest, brightest earl,
He, wandering to our lonely isle,
Heard praises of thy beauty's smile;
And yestereve, upon yon green,
Enchanted by that beauty's sheen,
Vow'd to disdain both birth and pride,
And seek and win thee for his bride.
—Nay, cling not to me thus, my child,
Thy father on De Courcy smiled,
And I—oh gaze not on me now,
With that sad eye and earnest brow;
They wring my soul to agony—
Yet I have sworn—and it must be!
Mark'd you no noble in the dance
With lofty mien and eagle glance;
Did one not breathe fond words to thee,
Needless I ween re-told by me,
And did not my Zurelli's eye,
With joy to the long gaze reply,
That dwelt on her admiringly?"

"Yes, mother, there indeed was one
Peerless amid that village throng:
Guiseppè's was that matchless face,
Guiseppè's was that form of grace.
I marked his eye, so gently blue,
Seek mine, and his alone I knew.
Yes, breathings fond my bosom stirred,
It was Guiseppè's voice I heard;
And his the plight, and his the vow,
That binds my willing spirit now.
Mother, forgive thine own poor girl,
I cannot wed this stranger earl;
What though they say his form and face
Are bright with manly beauty's grace,
And broad and rich his fair lands be,
In yon cold isle beyond the sea;
I cannot leave my childhood's home,
From kindred and from friends to roam;
I cannot from my dear sire part,
I cannot wring Guiseppè's heart.
Alas! for my poor beauty's smile,
That won the stranger to our isle!
Surely within his native land
Full many a dame with jewell'd hand,
And noble form and brow of pride,
Would gladly be De Courcy's bride;
How can a lowly maid like me
Be fitting choice for such as he?"
"By Heaven, (her father sternly cried,)
Zurelli thou shalt be his bride,
Ay, even before the setting sun
His course in yon red sky has run;
Before he stoops his brow to lave
Beneath the dark blue western wave,
As surely as yon heaving tide
By evening's setting sun is dyed,
Thou shalt be Lord De Courcy's bride."

"Alas! my father—is it so,
And must thy poor Zurelli go?"

And canst thou cast me from thy heart,
 And wilt thou from thy darling part ?
 Ah ! can thy once so gentle eye
 Look tearless on mine agony !
 And must I leave fair Zante's shore,
 Nor look upon its beauties more,
 And bid a long, a last farewell
 To every shady Linden dell ?
 And to the purple vineyard's shade
 Where with Guiseppe I have strayed,
 And that lone fragrant citron grove,
 Where first I heard his tale of love ?
 Ah ! who will tend my favorite flowers
 Within my pleasant garden bowers,
 Or gently lead to greenest dell,
 Each morn my beautiful gazelle,
 Or watch while o'er the flowery slope
 Bounds lightly my swift antelope.
 Ah ! doubly dear, since mine no more,
 Seem all I little prized before !
 Yet hear me, father, hear me on,
 Who, when thy own Zurelli's gone,
 Will climb with thee the pasture-steep,
 To help thee tend our gentle sheep ;
 Or train the truant vine with thee,
 Or pluck the pod from cotton tree,
 Cull the ripe currant clusters dark,
 And fill with fragrant fruit thy bark ;
 And when thy spirit seeks repose
 At peaceful evening's welcome close,
 Ah ! who will cheer thy wearied soul
 With gay guitar and barcarole,
 Or keeping time to merry song,
 Bound with the castanet along
 The happiest of the laughing throng ?" }

" No more, no more," her father cried—
 " That thou shalt be De Courcy's bride
 I've sworn before our Lady's shrine,
 And shall I break this oath of mine !
 Go, wayward girl—in haste begone,
 Thy bridal robe and wreath to don."

* * * * *
 Before her mirror sat the bride,
 And fond ones decked with eager pride,
 The tresses of the weeping girl
 With costly gem and orient pearl,
 De Courcy's gifts, each pearl and gem,
 Worthy a princess's diadem ;
 While each fair maid extolled the grace
 Of Lord De Courcy's form and face,
 And kissed Zurelli's tears away,
 And bid her hail her bridal day.

She turned with sickening soul away
 From flashing gem, and rich array,
 And, " deck with this pale rose," she said,
 " Your wretched victim's blighted head :
 Would it adorned me for my grave !
 The last, last gift Guiseppe gave,
 Just as we parted yesternight,
 Beneath the softened moonbeam's light.
 —Yet no—I must not cherish now
 A gift of his—look on my brow :
 The purchase of my faith is there,
 The band that links me to despair.
 Ah ! fatal pride that bids my sire
 Such honors for his child desire !
 Guiseppe ! thou whose name has been
 The music of Love's passing dream,
 Be thou forgotten—all is past,
 So bright—so sweet—how could it last ?
 And yet how shall I teach my heart—
 From all its cherished love to part,
 From that one passion which could fling
 Beauty o'er every earthly thing !
 For not a leaf or flower or tree
 But told of happiness to me ;

A bliss pervaded earth and sky,
 If his beloved form was nigh,
 Joy, Light, and Hope were where he moved—
 So has this trusting bosom loved !
 And say—oh say, when all is past,
 That still I loved him to the last !"

The dark lengths of her glossy hair
 Are braided now with nicest care ;
 The wreath of orange-blossoms now
 Is placed upon her death-cold brow,
 On her fair neck the gems are hung,
 The snowy veil around her flung,
 The maidens gaze with tearful pride—
 Their work is done—lead forth the bride !

She gazed upon the waning sun,
 His shining course was nearly run,
 And varied tints stole o'er the sky
 Of rosy light, and purple dye,
 And lo ! the western waters glow,
 Burned where he dipt his radiant brow !

" Father—oh hear me still—once more
 Ere yet all hope is wholly o'er !
 Remember that my maiden vow
 Is not my own to offer now.
 This is no time for bashful pride ;
 The maid forsworn, the perjured bride,
 Must nerve her faltering tongue to speak,
 Ay, though her bursting heart should break.
 Father, I love him—love him well,
 More than these trembling lips can tell.
 He is the first thought day-light brings,
 His name the first sound memory sings—
 At night arrayed in Fancy's beams,
 This is the form that haunts my dreams,
 The *very life-spring of my heart*,
 I have no thought from him apart.
 And I had sworn, through future years
 To share his griefs, his hopes, his fears :
 Surely a record is above
 Of holy vows and truthful love,—
 Pure was our love, and fond our vow,
 In mercy, father, hear me now !" ;

Why does Zurelli wildly start ?
 Guiseppe folds her to his heart !
 'Tis he, her bosom's best adored,
 'Tis England's noblest, proudest lord !
 White was the plume that waved on high,
 Borne on his cap of Tyrian dye,
 Rich was his mantle's graceful fold,
 His crimson doublet slashed with gold ;
 The arm that round the maid was thrown
 With glittering badge of honor shone,
 While brodered on his ermined vest
 Blazed gorgeously the noble crest
 Won on a blood-red field of fame,
 The sign of proud De Courcy's name.

" And cans't thou then forgive," he cried,
 " My fond deceit—my own loved bride ?
 Wandering by chance to this lone isle,
 I heard of fair Zurelli's smile ;
 I sought thee in thy native bower,
 And found that never lovelier flower
 'Neath English domes, or southern skies,
 That charmed my heart, or blest mine eyes,
 I longed to try if what is told
 Of woman's love for rank or gold
 Were false or true—as peasant low
 I sought thy heart—the rest you know.
 The simple secret well has proved,
 'Tis for myself alone I'm loved ;
 Oh, blissful thought ; and wilt not thou,
 Zurelli, keep thy late-pledged vow,
 And at yon altar's sacred shrine,
 Blest by thy parents now be mine ?

Ay, weep the dear ones whom you part,
I could not prize a loveless heart,
And thou art fairer in thy tears,
Thy sad regrets and gentle fears,
Than when the smiles of gladness break
In beauty on thy blushing cheek.
You mourn the land you leave behind,
In mine a lovely home thou'lt find,
Where every lip and heart of pride,
Shall own *thee* fairest, my sweet bride!"

* * * *

In truth it was a princely home,
Those marble halls—that lofty dome,
The passing richness of each room,
Gorgeous with work of Persia's loom,
All made that noble dwelling seem
The fabric of some lovely dream.
Below lay terraced garden bowers,
(A very wilderness of flowers.)
And round the castle's towering pride,
The cultured lands spread far and wide.
How lovely each sequestered vale
That smiled around—each wooded dale
And breezy upland, where the deer
Went bounding by the river clear
That wound its silvery course away
By velvet lawn and mountain gray.

Yet that fair scene its charms displays
In vain to its sad mistress' gaze,
As leaning near the lattice high,
She looks upon the evening sky,
With aching heart and vacant eye.
Never were braids of raven hair
Parted o'er brow more purely fair;
So clear in its transparent hue,
You saw each blue vein wander through.
And beautiful the pensive grace,
The dearest charm of that sweet face,
Where the pale lip and paler cheek
A tale of silent sorrow speak.
And gushing tears unbidden rise
In the pure depths of those dark eyes.
Ah! 'tis most sad to shed such tears,
While yet the weeper's young in years,
Still young—yet what an age is told
Since first the heart in grief grew old!

What may that lady's musings be?
Of sunny eyes—the murmuring sea—
Of whisperings which the soft wind made
Amid the fragrant myrtle shade,
And the fresh fall of dewy showers
On beds of springtime's earliest flowers.

"Alas!" she sighed, "my blessed isle,
Dost thou still wear as bright a smile
As when Zurelli's light foot prest
With bounding step thy verdant breast?
And are thy cool delicious bowers
As gay with thousand-tinted flowers
As when amid the grateful shade,
A happy child I blithely played?
Yes—and the richly-plumaged bird
Still in the acacia-grove is heard,
And still my diamond-eyed gazelle
As wildly treads its native dell,
As gladly snuffs the mountain-breeze,
And browses on the almond trees,
That ope their silver buds as fair
As ever on the whispering air.
And still my little caique's sail
Flaunts idly in the fragrant gale,
The while the sparkling waves below,
As brightly in the sunbeams glow,
And gem with glittering spray the oar,
Zurelli's hand shall guide no more.

At jocund evening's peaceful hour
Sounds the low lute from glen and bower,
And still with darkly-braided hair
Throng to the dance the maidens fair;
But what is *she*—once happiest there?
A lonely and a loveless thing,
Round whose sad heart these memories cling
With blighting clasp and deadly sting!
Mine is the dark despairing heart
From light and hope for aye apart,
Mine is the wild and wasting pain
That cannot be at rest again,
For I have loved and found it vain!
And yet, how could I deem his pride
Would brook that I, his peasant bride
Should be the gaze of scornful eyes
The theme of insolent surprise—
The mocked, perchance, of every voice,
Nor blush to own his hasty choice.

But he *did* love me—it may be
This wasting change began in *me*—
Mayhap when my De Courcy came
From tourney or from field of fame
To tarry by my side a while,
Less bright he found Zurelli's smile—
It may be that my tear-dimmed eye
Met his, with cold unkind reply;
And thus, perchance, each saddened look
Seemed to my lord a mute rebuke.
Of late within the banquet-hall,
'Mid sounds of mirth and festival,
Where pealed the laugh from pleasure's throng,
And flowed the wine-cup and the song,
Methought at times his gentle gaze
Turned towards me as in happier days.
I felt his eye upon me dwell,
I felt my heart with triumph swell,
For many a noble dame was there
With coronet and jewelled hair;
And many a high-born graceful girl,
With ermined robe and clasp of pearl,
And diadem and princely plume
Moved lightly round the glittering room,
While eyes that made the lamps seem dim,
Were showering all their beams on *him*.
And yet, 'mid all that beauty's blaze
Mine was the form could win his gaze!
Then o'er his soul some change would come
To shade his brow with sudden gloom;
Anon he'd join the dance and song,
And speed the light-winged jest along,
And smile with every lady fair
As though he was the happiest there.

Mine be the anguish now to bear
The bitterness of deep despair;
Still must I love him—still alone
Weep the bright hours for ever gone—
Still must his name for ever be
A treasure dear to memory,
'Mid all this wreck of happiness
I could not bear to love him less!

Yet there is one, who even now
Would fondly kiss my faded brow,
And lay this aching head to rest
With soothing kindness on her breast—
Does not each hour, each moment prove
That change will mark *all other love*?
Passion with youth and charms departs,
Time steals the truth from other hearts.
All else is mutable below,
A *mother's* love no change can know!
Oh for one echo of her voice
To bid my drooping soul rejoice—
Oh for my father's fervent kiss,
Earth's purest holiest caress,

That fell upon my brow at even
Like to a blessing sent from Heaven."

She paused—there was no living sound
To break the utter silence round,
Save the cool cascade's tinkling flow
That played amid the flowers below,
And twilight darkened calm and still,
O'er voiceless glen and lonely hill.

For many a day unstrung and mute
Had lain that fair girl's favorite lute,
But now her snowy hand she flings
Idly across those glittering strings.
'Twas memory's music! How that tone
Brought thoughts of honours for ever gone—
Ah! wherefore can she only raise
The well-known song of others days?
Tears gush anew at that sweet lay,
She turns, and casts the lute away.
Alas, she sighed, how heavily
The long, long day has wearied by!
Its lonely hours at last are gone,
And night with solemn step comes on,
But not to me the morning light
Brings joy, or calm repose the night!
My aching eyes gaze sadly round
On gilded roof, and marble ground,
While shuddering at the deepening gloom
I wander through each stately room,
And start as on the mirrored walls
My shadowy image dimly falls.
Still faster fades the evening light—
Oh will De Courcy come to night!"

But hark to the impatient fall
Of footsteps through the echoing hall.
"My first, best loved," a low voice cried,
Her lord kneels by Zurelli's side!
He parted back her clustering hair,
Gazed on that face so passing fair,
And wildly kissed her dewy cheek,
"Zurelli, dearest, loveliest, speak!
If I was ever loved by thee,
Oh, listen now, and pardon me—
Let not De Courcy sue in vain,
To see Zurelli smile again!"

An idle task I ween 'twould be
To trace that truant's history:
Too often has the tale been told,
Of broken vows and hearts grown cold.

Sadly he spoke—Zurelli heard,
And woman's pride within her stirred.
She turned away her tear-dimmed face,
And sought to shun his warm embrace.
Then as the idol of past days
Rose to her faithful memory's gaze,
And as upon her softened soul
Those pleading accents sweetly stole,
She hid her brow upon his breast,
And felt that she again was blest!

'Twas eve—the parting sunbeams dyed
With crimson glow the waveless tide,
And gently kissed with blushing smiles
The shores of Grecia's gem-like isles,
While all around on earth and sky
Was spread the glorious radiance.
Impelled by many a rapid oar,
A light barque neared the lovely shore,
With throbbing heart upon the prow
Zurelli stood—her cheek's deep glow
Burned brighter as she turned her eye
Upon the "blue delicious sky,"
And saw the evening's sunbeams rest
Upon her native Zante's breast,

And listened as the tinkling bells
Chimed blithely from the pasture dells.
While from the Ilex grove was heard
The song of many a bright-winged bird.
Sadly De Courcy leaned apart—
Remorse was busy at his heart!
He thought of that fair bridal hour
When from her lowly cottage bower
With all a lover's rapturous pride
He bore his newly-plighted bride—
Ah, ill had he her trust repaid,
By blighted hopes and faith betrayed!

He did not move, he dared not speak—
He watched her burning lip and cheek;
He saw how wildly her dark eye
Flashed as she fixed it on the sky,
He shuddered at its brilliancy,
As looked she on the evening ray,
And gazed her very soul away.

"My own Ionia! I have seen
Once more thy hills of grateful green,
Have seen thy sky's unrivalled hue
Of golden glow, and cloudless blue;
How have I pined to look again
On each loved path, and mossy glen;
Ply, boatmen, ply the rapid oar,
Oh, let me touch my blessed shore—
Yet, 'tis too late—Life's silver cord
Is loosed, and now my heart's adored"
(Gently she turned towards her lord,
And whispered with a seraph's smile,
"Lay me at rest in mine own isle.")

He clasped her in his wild embrace,
He gazed upon her changing face,
And kissed in agony her brow—
Oh never seemed she dear as now!
While closer to his breast she clung
And blest him in her native tongue;
Once, and but once, her waning eye
Turned to her loved Ionian sky,
Then fixed upon the face of him
Who o'er her bent—that gaze grew dim,
A smile upon her pale lips shone,
"De Courcy—Mother," was she gone?
They bent to catch another breath,
And started—for they looked on *Death!*

DUKE OF SUSSEX AND THE BIBLE.—The Duke of Sussex was a great collector of Bibles. Few men were more diligent and ardent students of the sacred volume than his Royal Highness, a considerable portion of every day being set apart for its perusal. His attainment in biblical criticism was very considerable. The Rev. Dr. Raffles, at the opening of the new Independent College at Withington, near Manchester, last Wednesday, stated that 30 years ago he waited upon his Royal Highness at Kensington Palace. "Did you ever meet with Bishop Clayton on the Hebrew Text, Mr. Raffles?" asked his Royal Highness. "I am acquainted with Bishop Clayton on Hebrew Chronology," said the doctor. "Ay, ay," rejoined the Duke of Sussex, "but that is not what I mean. The book I mention is a thin quarto, so rare that I borrowed it of a friend, and so valuable that I—(forgot to return it, we thought Doctor Raffles was about to represent his Royal Highness as saying; but no, and let book collectors take a leaf out of his Royal Highness's book,—and so valuable that I copied it with my own hand."
—*Col. Gaz.*

GISQUET'S MEMOIRS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Mémoires de M. Gisquet, ancien préfet de police. Ecrits par lui-même. Bruxelles, 1841.

DISCLOSURES, we confess, we have no great fancy for—"revelations" are to us not, only offensive, but dull; and with if possible a more decided distaste, we repudiate the prolix apologies of a perfunct official, who seeks, by throwing open the ledgers of his iniquitous craft, to beget an interest in deceit, chicanery, and *espionage*, because of its ingenuity. All this we not only dislike, but unhesitatingly condemn; and it is only where, in the course of the tedious "showing up," the author comes involuntarily to subjects having an interest in themselves distinct from his interference with them, that we are glad to accept the information, though with the drawback of a muddy medium, and in availing ourselves of it shut our eyes to the way we have come at it.

While we thus strongly and unhesitatingly give this opinion, we do not mean to deny that to certain persons and parties the statistics of crime and infamy may be both profitable and interesting. Truth, under any circumstances, is worth gathering up; and if the object of the search be fair and proper, we have no right to object to the opening of the sewers of society, though every right to remove ourselves as far as possible from beholding the disgusting investigation. It is the interference of mere curiosity on such occasions we denounce—just as we disapprove of the taste for revolting studies, where it only evinces a natural, or perhaps we should say diseased, appetite for the horrible. Anatomy, for instance, in the pursuit of surgical investigation, is a noble and important study. We are ready to admit the frequenter of the dissecting-room not only to toleration but approval, when the loathsome apartment forms the porch, if we may so call it, to the sick chamber—the school in which the practitioner makes himself acquainted with the means of relieving human suffering. But an amateur turn for the dead subject we confess we shudder at, on the score of the natural antipathies and natural predilections of mankind; and are always glad to see it a struggle, even in the most charitable and philanthropic person, to come in contact with what is wisely left by the great Manager behind the scenes of nature and ordinary observation.

There is a peculiar taste in the French nation for the morbid scrutiny we have been describing, extending not only to politics and the social system, but to romance, poetry—we had almost said religion. This craving for unnatural stimulus leads them to love the monstrosities of nature, and the evisceration of the human economy; and they are ever on the gape, like a shark under a ship, to swallow whatever is loathingly rejected by the above-board appetites of the healthy portion of mankind. The existence of this diseased propensity has, of course, the tendency to draw forth what will feed it, and accordingly in France, and in France alone, are to be found a class of works which have attained a certain degree of popularity, while they pander to such a taste. The book before us, we venture to say, would never have been tolerated in England, on this and on many other accounts. It humiliates the people it comes amongst, by exhibiting how they have been the objects of surveillance, like the lunatic at half liberty, whose keeper dodges him through the streets; it half reveals the diamond-cut-diamond system on which politics and parties, ministers and governments, placemen and *particuliers*, have existed from the last revolution; and it displays a degree of overwhelming egotism, which even in the fatherland of vanity we scarcely understand being endured by the public for a moment. Three-fourths of the prolix memoirs are a refutation, on the part of their author, of various attacks principally newspaper ones, upon him and his administration; entering into tedious details of transactions, the greater portion of which can be of no interest but to the parties concerned, and exhibiting at length folios of newspaper scurrility, of which we know not which, the style or the matter, are the more contemptible. Let us, however, fulfil our promise, and cull from this wilderness the few grains that chance, not cultivation, has scattered over it.

M. Gisquet informs us that he was born at Vezin, in the department of the Moselle, on the 14th of July, 1792, of an obscure and indigent family. His father was a custom-house officer; and although he tells us that his education was at first confined to the inculcation of patriotism, and a love of honor and probity, we may well suppose that he imbibed, along with these, some small share of the shrewdness and cunning which are generally engendered by such an employment as his father's. At an early age he was removed to Paris to fill the

situation of copying clerk in the great banking house of MM. Périer Frères, at the head of which was the famous Casimir Périer.

One Sunday morning the future minister, finding the young clerk in his *bureau*, thought he would ask him a question or two relative to the books of the establishment and the accounts in them. The following conversation ensued :

“M. Gisquet,” said Périer, “how do we stand with M. A. ?” Reply—“He owes us 35,000 francs, of which 15,000 are payable the 28th instant, 10,000 the 29th, and 10,000 on the 16th of next month.”—“And M. B., what is the state of his account ?”—“He has made use of the full amount of his credit ; he owes us 150,000 francs, of which 50,000 will be payable on the 10th November, 50,000 the 25th of the same month, and 50,000 the 20th December.”—“And M. C. ?”—“His debt amounts to 90,000 francs ; but he has placed such and such goods in our hands as so much value, which reduces our balance to 58,000 francs. The remaining 90,000 are composed of our acceptances divided thus :—24,000 francs on the 5th of November, 16,000 on the 18th, 20,000 on the 14th of December, 15,000 on the 23d, and 15,000 on the 5th of January.”

The result of this and other such interviews was, that the banker became sensible of the extent of the clerk's abilities, and the value of his services, and took him by degrees into more intimate connexion, which ended in a partnership that was only dissolved when Gisquet was sufficiently advanced to set up for himself. This occurred in 1825. Meantime Gisquet had proved himself too shrewd a man of business not to be had recourse to in more important matters ; and his continued intimacy with Casimir Périer led him naturally to a participation in the continued political plotting which, in the ten years preceding 1830, prepared France for the event which then apparently so unexpectedly revolutionized her. We find him at the close of that period, one of the most confidential of the conspirators. At his house took place most of the conclave assemblies which during the “three days” usurped the functions, if not the name, of the governing council of the nation ; and during that momentous period were displayed those peculiar talents which, with a questionable distinction, pointed him out for the post afterwards assigned to him, that of prefect of police. There was, indeed, we must admit, considerable tact displayed in the choice of public men at that time, as affairs subsided into order again—a reference in making appointments to the characters and capabilities of the appointed,

as they had been tested in the furnace of revolution, or rather a permission to men to remain where they were found deposited on the subsiding of the popular flood, so that they might embark, as it were, the stream, by the turbulence of which they had been cast up from the bottom of society. Such is, certainly, one of the advantages of revolution, an advantage which must be relinquished in quiet times, when so little opportunity occurs of forming a judgment of the qualifications of individuals before trying the often fatal experiment by practice.

While charges of cavalry were sweeping backward and forward, in alternate rush and repulse before the door, and amidst the din of musketry, the twelve *commissaires* appointed to organize the rebellion, or “resistance,” as it was cleverly termed, through the different *arrondissements* of the city, were assembled at the house of M. Gassicourt. Of these M. Gisquet was one of the most active. His part in the business is thus described by the author of *Deux Ans de Règne* :

“La nuit du 27 au 28 (Juillet, 1830) et la journée du 28 furent consacrées à faire des barricades, à rassembler des armes, à organiser des points de resistance—M. Audry de Puyraveau et M. Gisquet secondèrent le mouvement de tout leur pouvoir. M. Gisquet rassembla dans sa maison, rue Bleu, de la poudre et des armes, et sa maison fut, pendant les journées de 28 et 29, le centre de réunion de tous les patriotes, qui, déjà dès le 28, avaient élevés les barricades de la rue Cadet.” p. 66.

Our author contrives, in spite of a constantly repeated disavowal of such an object, to involve in his disclosures the names of many who, it is plain, must be startled at this late publicity given to transactions then performed, if not under the veil of night, in the smoke of national convulsion ; and no doubt an additional relish is given to the narrative amongst a people who see where the relation rips up old sores, or opens new ones. He is very ready with names ; he “withholds nothing,” and under the plea of candor, dexterously hits here and there, as perhaps private pique or official disappointment may urge the blow. We repeat our abhorrence of “revelations,” and oh, what cannot a *prefect of police* reveal !

Gisquet soon became charged with a mission to England to procure firearms for the national guard, the French manufacturers having been unable to attempt a supply in sufficient quantity to meet the immediate demand of the government. The execution of this mission has been

ever since the watch-word of attack against Gisquet. *Fusils-Gisquet* is the name for all that is execrable in artillery, and all that is flagrant in state-jobbing; and accordingly our biographer sets himself vigorously to repel the two-fold accusation. We are not sure how much of the *English* part of his relation is to be credited; if it be true, we might perhaps find cause to use a harsh expression or two relative to some of our own officials of the time; but we have no right to commit ourselves by censure on the apocryphal testimony of the ex-prefect, and prefer enjoying the benefit of doubting until we shall hear some more respectable evidence on the one side or the other.

He enters into an elaborate defence, with all the cunning of an experienced pleader, upon the *weak* points of his adversaries' charge, and passes over, with a few expressions of supreme indignation and scorn, what forms the gist of the accusation; namely, that the whole business was made the means of private money-jobbing. Not a syllable of argument or proof does he adduce on this all-important point, but contents himself with getting into a rage, and passing it by. He seeks, indeed, to cover himself under the high names of MM. Sout and Périer, and takes a sentence pronounced against a newspaper for libel, in which these two personages were the prosecutors, as an *à fortiori* argument in favor of his own innocence, as if the clearance of the principals exonerated the less scrupulous agents from suspicion. Why, we ask, did not the prefect of police, equally libelled with the ministers, become a party to this prosecution? Why has he delayed, for nearly ten years, his vindication?—for five years after he quitted office? We think we have no right to take his own book now as evidence in his favor. When we read the book, and judge of the man from the matter it contains, we might, indeed, rather be justified in admitting it as tolerably satisfactory testimony the other way. The *fusil Gisquet*, we cannot help thinking, has turned out to be of true Birmingham manufacture, and, discharged for the purpose of wounding others, has burst in the worthy prefect's hands, to the serious injury of his own reputation.

But it is not our design to follow our author through the catalogue of apologies which form the subject of three-fourths of his four volumes. Deferred refutations of obsolete newspaper attacks can never be interesting, except to editors and the parties implicated. It is sufficient to say, that

as the statements are *ex-parte* ones, they are made sufficiently plausible to suit the purpose; and we may suppose, for the nonce, the police-prefect the best abused man in the kingdom of France. (We cannot help seeing, *par parenthese*, that Gisquet has furnished Mr. James with a character of considerable interest in his romance of the *Ancien Regime*, Pierre Morin;—even if there were no other points of resemblance, the mode in which Morin originally proved his talents for the office he afterwards filled, resembles too closely the first *épreuve* of Gisquet's abilities not to have been suggested by it; and all the abuses of *espionnage* which formed the burthen of public complaint, under the odious tyranny of Louis XV., thus appear to have found their counterpart in the still more oppressive police system of twice-liberated-and-regenerated France. So much, as far as the safety and ease of the individual subject is concerned, for the benefit of the torrents of blood, foreign and kindred, shed from 1793 to 1831; and so much for the results of sanguinary struggles for an Utopian freedom and happiness, which can only be realized by the moral and constitutional movement of legitimate reform.)

Amongst the parties and sects which agitated France about this time, there was one which, in a strange degree, united consistency of purpose and completeness of internal economy with absurdity and folly, as regarded the general system of society and the ordinary nature of mankind. We allude to the St. Simonians, a body which, had they been as capable of extension from their essential requirements as they were vigorous by their union and intelligence, would have proved formidable to a firmer form of government than that under which they rose and fell.

Here is Gisquet's description of the sect—

"A supreme father, more infallible than the pope, whom his apostles must respect and venerate as the image of the Divinity—assuming the exclusive right to determine, by himself or his delegates, the nature and extent of human capacities—constitutes himself arbiter of the re-distribution of earthly possessions and enjoyments. It may be believed that the worthy father, in proportion to his immeasurable intellectual superiority, helps himself to a tolerable share of both."

It is a community of rights, personal and proprietary, which constitutes, as in Owen's system, the soul of St. Simonianism; and marriage is as much excluded as individual wealth from their society. That they were

politically inoffensive, is perhaps not an argument against the politically dangerous tendency of the sect; for their numbers never exceeded 6,000, and it is only when some considerable proportion of a population is absorbed into a system, that its true tendency, or indeed its true object, begins to develop itself.

"It is all very well," says Gisquet, fairly enough, "that a small number of individuals should unite and profess, as a rule of equity, to proportion their property, social rank, and pleasures, to individual merit, and hope to see things established on such a system. It may be a good thesis to support theoretically in a book; but, after all, Providence is a better judge, even than the 'supreme head,' of human capacities, and portions things out with a better view to the qualities of men than *Father Enfantin* himself."—v. i. p. 407.

The disciples of the sect, not content with privately advancing their pernicious and immoral doctrines, delivered public lectures in Paris, in the presence of thousands whom their eloquence was but too likely to corrupt.

"It was impossible," says Gisquet, "that the authorities could tolerate these proceedings—to be inactive would be to become an accomplice.

"On the 21st January, 1832, the *procureur du Roi*, accompanied by the commissioners of police, the *serjens de ville*, and a formidable armed force, caused the St. Simonian temple in the *Rue Tailbout* to be shut, and seized the register books, papers, &c. of the association."

The consequence of this measure was, that the remnant of the sect, deserting their magnificent institution, temple, and all, took refuge, to the number of sixty, in the house of the *Père Enfantin*, at Ménilmontant; and there effected a general retrenchment in their habits and mode of life, suited to their changed condition.

The following extract from the *Journal de Paris* gives, amusingly enough, the details connected with their manner of living:—

"The apostles (for so they style themselves) have no servants; they help themselves, and their duties are certainly fairly distributed to each according to his capacity, and performed, as well as we can judge, with great cheerfulness and regularity.

"Doctor Leon Simon, who was so long professor of St. Simonianism at the *Salle de l'Athénée*, and was known to the world as the translator of an English medical work, as well as author of some other literary productions, now girt with an apron, cooks for the establishment; he is assisted by M. Paul Rochette, formerly professor of rhetoric. We have not been able to discover whether these gentlemen adopt the white shirt and cotton night-cap, the correct costume of their craft (*de rigueur*).

"The washing of the dinner service was originally organized with the nicest precision by M. Leon Talabot, formerly deputy *Procureur du Roi*; he filled this (the former) important office with distinguished credit to himself during the first days of the retirement of the sect: it has passed successively to M. Gustave d'Eichtal, jun., and to M. Lambert, formerly a pupil of the polytechnic school, who worked at it with devotion for a few weeks, and resigned it at last to M. le Baron Charles Duverier. At present M. Moïse Retouret, a young man of fashion, and a distinguished preacher among the St. Simonians, fulfils the duties of the office with infinite grace.

"The principle of a division of labor is recognized among the St. Simonians. M. Emile Barrault, formerly professor at the school of Torrèze, the author of a tolerable comedy in verse, and a preacher among them, cleans the boots, assisted by M. Auguste Chevallier, once professor of physics, and M. Duguet, formerly an advocate of the *cour royale*.

"M. Bruneau, formerly pupil of the polytechnic and a captain in the army, has the care of the linen, the clothes, the enforcement of internal order, the superintendence of the house, and the keeping matters clean.

"The apartments are scoured by M. Rigaud, M. D., M. Holstein, the son of an eminent merchant, Baron Charles Duveyrier, Pouijat and Broet, both students; Charles Penuckère, as underscrub, (formerly a librarian), and Michel Chevallier, once a pupil of the polytechnic school, a mining engineer and (appropriately) a director of the *Globe*. This last person is charged with the general management of the house; he also waits at table along with Messieurs Rigaud and Holstein, and he in particular, helps M. Enfantin to whatever he wants at his meals.

"It is a comical sight to see masters waiting upon those who had been their servants. M. Desforges, formerly a butcher's boy, enters into the family as a jack-of-all-trades, and so being given the management of the laundry, has under his command M. Franconi, the son of a rich American colonist, and M. Bestrand, once a student. At the table he has his food presented to him by the hands of M. Holstein, in whose service he had previously been.

"M. Henry Tournel, who had been a pupil of the polytechnic school, and director of the forges and foundries of Creusot, has the special charge of the garden, assisted by M. Raymond Bonheure, formerly professor of drawing and painting, M. Roger, one of the orchestra of the *Opera Comique*, M. Justus, a painter, and M. Maschereau, a drawing-artist.

"The sweeping of the courts and street is done by M. Gustave d'Eichtal, assisted by M. Maschereau. M. Jean Terson, formerly a Catholic priest and preacher, is set to cut the vegetables, to arrange the plates and dishes, to lay the cloth, and, in fact, to do all the menial business of the house.

"M. Alexis Petit, the son of a gentleman of large landed property, is put to clean all the candlesticks, which amount to forty, and to see to the carrying off of the manure, &c.

"M. *Enfantin*, 'the supreme father,' as they call him, sometimes works in the garden himself; and handles the rake, spade, and hoe, with great vigor.

"Their life is perfectly regular; the sound of a horn wakens them at five o'clock in the morning: it summons them to their meals and their various duties: at appointed hours they sing in concert: during the day they exercise themselves in gymnastics; and all their movements, when they are together, have something of the precision of military exercise.

"With regard to their appearance, their beard, which they suffer to grow long, gives them certainly a peculiar air; but in other respects there is nothing displeasing to the eye. Their dress is composed of a little blue frock, very short and tightly fitted, without a collar—of a waistcoat fastened behind, and white trowsers. Round their waist they wear a black leather belt, fastened by a copper buckle."

In a very short time the sect, as might be expected, became involved in questions about property; and as soon as their doctrines and practices were exposed to the test of legal inquiries, the absurdity, incoherence, and folly exhibited by their leaders, rendered them the laughing-stocks of the public; while the "supreme father," with two others, were once more forced to "retreat" and realize their Utopia within the walls of a prison. Their mode of life in S. Pelagie is thus described:—

"The *Pere Enfantin* wears a cloak of black velvet, ornamented with a rich white and green border, a *toque* of red velvet, black pantaloons and yellow sandals: on his white waistcoat is written, *LE PERE*; he has a long thick beard.

"*Michel Chevallier*, another of the party, has also a red cap and an enormous beard; his cloak is purple and ornamented with ermine; he has bright red pantaloons, such as our troops of the line wear.

"The 'supreme father' lives retired in his room; the 'apostle' *Michel Chevallier*, on the contrary, shows himself frequently in the prison, and receives, as he passes, the salutations of the political offenders.

"When the 'father' makes his appearance, the red caps of the republicans are seen to doff themselves respectfully before his.

"We are assured that the prison of the St. Simonians is sumptuously furnished. They entertain every evening those imprisoned for political offences, without any distinction of party, and supply *punch* for drinking to divine right and the sovereignty of the people, according to the 'capacity' of each of their company."

The principal dignitaries amongst this strange sect, when the time of their imprisonment (reduced to six months) had expired, sobered, no doubt, by the salutary lesson they had received, entered once more into the world, and became, strange to say, not only rational beings, but rose

in more than one instance to high political preferment. Our friend *Gisquet*, it seems, has been the theme of attack as their inveterate persecutor; he defends himself by a *single* statement of one of their number, one who, be it noted, became soon after editor of a government paper, and a privy councillor. *Gisquet* understood how to pay witnesses of this kind.

We are able to detect suspicious circumstances, indeed, in most of his justifications. He had been attacked by the *Tribune* newspaper for a piece of bad taste, to say the least of it. He gave, it seems, some splendid balls within the walls of the Prefecture, which is, be it remembered, the criminal prison of the metropolis. The *Tribune* said—"the sumptuous apartments of the prefecture are placed immediately over the dungeons into which are cast the wretches whom the *sbirri* in general have not secured without disabling them first with their staves, if not with their swords. The cells of these dungeons re-echoed, at the same moment, the shout of revelry and the cries of despair!" 'Tis fearful to think upon! Oh, what an insolent triumph over misery!" This, no doubt, is rather high-flown—but does it excuse the defence of *M. Gisquet*, who, determining to take it literally, triumphantly asserts that the prisons are *not* immediately under the saloons, but a little at one side! and even here, one unacquainted with the locality might be deceived by his statement—for he says "the *conciergerie* (the prison) is situated on the *quai de l'horloge*, whereas the apartments of the Prefecture are on the *quai des Orfevres*." Now, it so happens, that the single building containing these two contiguous portions is placed on the projecting point of an island in the Seine, of which the north shore is bounded by a quay, having, no doubt, a different name from the southern one, but so closely *dos-à-dos* to it, as barely to leave room for the walls of the Prefecture between them. The gist of the article in the *Tribune* appears evidently to be, the want of delicacy displayed in collecting the votaries of pleasure around the central point of punishment, an act partaking in kind, though not in degree, of the perverse recklessness which prompts the savage to defer his feasting until he has the captive in his power and beside him, to give it zest by the contrast with his sufferings.

Some of our readers may perhaps remember that, in an earlier volume of this magazine, we commented upon an account of that expedition of the Duchess de Berri

to La Vendée, which, were it not history, would be considered almost too romantic for romance itself. The bluff general, the reputed (though it was said, not the real) author of the narrative, exposed, as he was bound to do, though himself the open opponent of the adventurous dame, the secret and diabolical villany of the emissary, Deutz, who wound himself into her confidence for the purpose of betraying her. He then laid the treason at the door of MM. Montalivat and Thiers—we think we have at last got at the real contriver of it—our author himself; and we form the conjecture from the mode in which he endeavours not only to palliate the crime, but to throw an interest around the character of the double renegade, Deutz, who first abjured his faith and then betrayed his benefactress. It were indeed amusing, if it were not so revolting, to see the dexterity Gisquet ever exhibits in coloring acts and opinions of the hue best calculated to suit his purposes—and we cheerfully allow him credit for all the items which, subtracted from his honesty, we are bound to place to the account of his ingenuity. Dermoncourt himself, of course, knew only a permitted portion of the secret machinations of the police, and the scene of mingled treachery, romance, and absurdity enacted in the *mansarde* of the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny at Nantes, is now, after a ten years' interval, traced to the bureau of the ex-prefect—a worthy disciple, indeed, of Fouché, and a fit organ for despotism on the one hand, or the tyranny of republicanism on the other!

But not only did a real and legitimate claimant to the throne disturb the tranquillity of remodelled France, but pretenders, less unequivocally authorized, occasionally sprang up. All these assumed the guise of the unfortunate Louis XVII. The Baron de Richemont was soon disposed of; and soon after, an obscure individual, named Naundorf, likewise tried his hand, and by Gisquet's means was speedily banished the country. The introduction of this subject gives occasion to our author to publish a letter, interesting more from the details it gives, than because it confirms an incontestable fact. It is dated 11th November, 1834, and addressed by M. Graud, Deputy Procureur du Roi at Charleville, to the editor of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. We extract a part:—

“Every body knows that, as the friend and legal adviser of the ex-director, Barras, I was in a position to receive from this old minister interesting information on many of the trans-

actions which occurred about the era of the Revolution. At that period, the death of Louis XVII. was one of the themes which he has often broached to me. What he said in conversation, and the paragraphs which he dictated to me on the subject, are in perfect accordance with the deposition of the *Sieur Lasnes*, who had the custody of the Dauphin in the Temple, and in whose arms that youth breathed his last sigh.

“Equally with M. Lasnes, who made his deposition before the assize court of the *Seine*, the 30th of October last, was Barras convinced that the true Louis XVII. had died in the Temple, and that pretenders alone could usurp his name. I give the circumstances on which the ex-director's opinion was grounded.

“In the year 3, Barras, then member of the Convention, received instructions from the government to visit Louis XVII., who was confined in the Temple, and to see that he was treated with humanity. As soon as Barras saw him, he recognised him at once for the young Dauphin, whom he had seen formerly at the Tuilleries.

“No one need wonder that Barras, who belonged to so old and noble a family, that the saying in the south used to be, that the Barras' were as ancient as the rocks of Provence—no one, I say, need wonder that Barras had often seen the Dauphin before the great events which happened then. Barras asked the child with the greatest kindness concerning his health. He complained of feeling the most acute pain in his knee, so as to be unable to bend it. Barras, in fact, found that a swelling there had made fearful progress, and that the state of the child was in reality desperate. Nor was he deceived; for, in spite of the most careful attention, the young Dauphin died soon after.

“M. Lasnes, therefore, as this short recital shows, is not the only person who can establish the identity of the child who died in the Temple with the Dauphin Louis XVII.

“I was struck with the perfect agreement which exists between the circumstantial deposition of the guardian of the young Louis XVII. and the historic recollections of Barras; and it is because I would have every body understand the matter, that I request of you to publish this letter in your interesting journal.”

Good God! only fancy the scene—Barras, the sensual and sanguinary Barras, set to watch over the comforts of the young monarch of a kingdom, given to him and ravished from him at the same stroke—that which murdered his royal father, and which might be said to have been actually inflicted by his hand! Picture for a moment the malignant interest of the father's murderer, as he observed the fatal poison, administered probably by the multiplied hands of petty cruelties, eating into the fainting soul of the son! Observe all this, transformed into a sentimental and romantic narrative by the lawyer and confidential scribe of the villain, and put forward as a proof that it *was* the *verp* dauphin who

died! Why, the very tone of the narrative takes away all credit from the narrator, and therefore, even as evidence of the fact it seeks to establish, it is utterly valueless. He who could color acts and feelings as he has probably done, would, with less criminality, distort facts. We verily believe that the unfortunate prince *did* die in the temple; but the document in question does not go an inch towards proving it—all it shows is, the school of villany and deception of which our author admitted himself to be a disciple.

There is one portion of these volumes which, but that it has been in a measure forestalled to the English reader by the review in the *Quarterly* of Mr. Frégier's book, we should have drawn briefly upon—we mean the statistics of the classes of Paris, according to their moral divisions. Those who are epicures in such things, will surely get a sufficient meal in the *Review*; for ourselves, a very slight morsel would have satisfied us, and we not unwillingly pass them by. No doubt, some of the prefect's regulations were salutary; those respecting the *Morgue*, or receptacle for bodies found drowned in the Seine, and unclaimed, particularly. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with him for having suppressed that powerful but revolting play of Victor Hugo's, *Le Roi S'amuse*: nay, we even agree with him in his opinions respecting the ridiculous over-valuation of the public interest in such matters indulged in by the dramatist; but nevertheless, we scarcely see why all this need be introduced into a book professing to be *memoirs*: all that could justify the details we conceive would be its forming a basis or argument of a work of science or political economy; and we observe the same propensities in the author as characterized the retired soap-boiler, who stipulated to be permitted to attend weekly on *boiling day* for his proper amusement. No doubt, he means to make the credit of salutary regulations stand as a set-off against the delinquencies of his administration; but they are too much extended for this, and must be considered as exhibiting the *tastes* of the man.

He is occasionally amusing in his descriptions of character.

"I have seen," says he, "persons who acted for the police, and gave me important information, who wished, they said, in this way to pay some debt of gratitude for benefits received, either from the royal family, or from some member of the government.

"I must also add, as a remarkable and very rare variety, a class of persons who became agents of the police from motives of pure patri-

otism! These are romantic spirits, who thirst for excitement, but for whom common life is too dull and prosaic.

"When such men are not in a position to satisfy their craving for distinction—when their imagination cannot devise any means of giving celebrity to their names by deeds of renown—forced to lower their pretensions, they are determined at least to do something odd.

"One of the best of my agents was an individual of this class. A train of very ordinary circumstances had placed him in a society which initiated him into the secrets of the correspondence of the legitimists with the Duchesse of Berry. This man, unable to extricate himself without danger from the position he stood in, and not wishing to co-operate with a party from whom he differed in opinion, demanded an audience of me. He showed me the peculiarity of his situation, and explained all the advantages which I might derive from it.

"I certainly looked for very lofty expectations on his part—judge of my surprise when my new agent informed me, that he proposed serving his country *gratuitously*, in order to preserve France from the horrors of a civil war! Struck by reading a novel of Cooper's, called *The Spy*, he aspired to the kind of celebrity attached to the hero of that work, and wished to perform in France the part which Cooper has made his Harvey Birch enact during the American war. All he stipulated for was a promise that I would not take any harsh measures against certain persons whom he named to me, and whom he was attached to.

"The conduct of Harvey Birch—for he adopted that name in all his communications—was faithful throughout. He performed some pieces of service which certainly deserved a tolerably large remuneration, yet when the time came at which his particular agency was brought to a close, he contented himself with asking me for some trifling employment, such as might barely meet his indispensable wants.

"But besides the common informers and spies employed by the police, the ministers of the crown must sometimes have creatures who will frequent the drawing-room of fashion, and be admitted into those brilliant assemblies, where the most distinguished and illustrious personages of the land meet together. This class of auxiliaries constitutes what may be called the *aristocracy of the police*.

"But what rare and opposite qualities must in such be united! With how many valuable talents must he be endowed who would fill this delicate post! Those privileged persons, whose wit, taste, and rank would naturally be supposed to secure for them this enviable position, are not, after all, the persons who fill it. In short, I should despair to trace, in a satisfactory manner, the portrait of these secret agents of the first class, were it not that I have in my eye a unique specimen—a type, such as in all probability will never be met with again.

"The individual I allude to was of noble birth, and bore a title which enhanced the natural charms of his deportment; for nature had refused him no external advantage, and, not less prodigal to him in other points, had given

him a rich and fertile imagination, and a remarkable power of observation. *Finesse*, tact, *partee*, originality of thought, all caused him to be distinguished even amongst the most successful lances in the list of wit.

"But he is greatly mistaken who thinks that the Marquis of P— allowed himself to descend to common manœuvres; who supposes, for example, that he would provoke a confidence with more or less cunning, or would set about leading the conversation to a subject in which he might take advantage of an unsuspecting candor. All this would be to be a common agent, or rather it would have involved duplicity and a want of faith, quite foreign from his character. No; the Marquis of P— was determined to have all the credit of perfect fairness and honesty.

"But some of my readers, perhaps, disappointed by my last remarks, may here ask whether I am not reading them a riddle. I beg of them to follow me to the end.

"All men in Parisian society knew that M. de P—, well bred as he was, did not possess a *sous* in the world, and yet he had a handsome house, horses, a carriage, and all those other appliances of comfort and luxury, indispensable to a man who lives *comme il faut*.

"No one understood better than he the *minutiae* of fashion, the arcana of refinement, the *manière d'être* of high life; none could order an entertainment better, give a more *recherché* dinner, or prove by his gastronomic skill, his qualifications for the society he lived in. And when on the green cloth, the billiard-ball, or *écarté*, he set gold circulating freely, no one ever saw a player gain with less apparent satisfaction, or lose with greater indifference.

"As besides all this the Marquis of P— always appeared kind, useful, a pleasant storyteller, harmless in his wit, though unrivalled in his skill at epigram and raillery, he was the constant object of attentions, and was sought for, feasted, and admired by his numerous amphitryons. Now, incredible as it may seem, not only his friends, but the whole circle of his acquaintance, (and no one had a more extended one,) knew perfectly well *what he was*. This is what would have overwhelmed any one of ordinary talent—here was the transcendent merit, the climax of genius. To put no questions, and to learn much; to invite no expression of opinion for the purpose of revealing it, and yet to ascertain the opinion of every body; to urge no one to disclosure, and yet to penetrate into the most secret thoughts, to know every thing, in fact, without appearing to observe any thing, and to retain the confidence even of those who were perfectly well acquainted with the part he played, surely this was to do the business of police agent in an accomplished way, enough almost to make it agreeable to the public!"

But even the police may be taken in. Here is the other side of the picture—

"A certain baroness, whose husband had been in the service of the old royal family, affected the sincerest devotion for the new dynasty. She sent me periodically relations which generally did not turn out to have much in

them, beyond the singular grace of the style in which they were conveyed; and she received for this a moderate sum out of the secret service money. The insignificance of these communications at last decided me to give her her *congé*, but the baroness was immovable—she was determined not to give up the advantages of the position she held.

"It was towards the end of October, 1832, at a time when the government knew that the Duchess of Berry was hid in the environs of Nantes, that our baroness affirmed to me, by word and by letter, that she knew Madame's retreat, but that she could not bring herself to divulge so important a secret without being promised a large reward, and a moderate sum of one thousand francs, paid *in hand on account*.

"Although I confess I was not very confident of her veracity, the baroness's affirmations were made with so much assurance, the names of some of the *legitimist* party, from whom she affected to have learned the secret, were chosen so cleverly, and besides her former position gave her in reality so many facilities for penetrating the secrets of that party, that I durst not reject such a chance of eventually rendering an important service to government.

"The required sum was, therefore, remitted to the baroness, and the next day she announced to me that the Duchess of Berry was hid, under the name of Bertin—in a chateau near Arpajon.

"I knew perfectly well that the mother of Henri the Fifth was hid at Nantes, or within a circuit of a few leagues around that town; and consequently the intelligence given by the baroness was simply a story fabricated for the purpose of swindling the government out of a thousand francs.

"One more story I will give of a proceeding of the same kind, chosen out of a thousand others of which I have the particulars in my memory:

"This time it was Madame la Comtesse de B—, who had all the honor and profit of the trick. This lady was perfectly well aware of our wish to discover the retreat of those republicans who escaped in July, 1833, from the prison of St. Pelagie, and accordingly she wrote to me to say, that extreme want of money obliged her to commit a dreadful act; she demanded a few thousand francs for revealing the secret of which she was the depositary, offering to tell where a number of the runaways had gone, and only asking the trifling advance of one thousand francs. The minister of the interior authorized the payment of the money, and the Countess de B— announced to us that she had herself undertaken to accompany two of the principal offenders to the frontier, who were to pass, one for her husband, the other for her servant; she stated what diligence they were to go by, the day of their intended departure, and the real and assumed names of the fugitives. She actually set off in the coach named; six of my agents took places in it with her, and, as may be supposed, every precaution was taken to secure her imaginary fellow-travellers; but if the amiable countess had any delinquents in her company, their crimes were not of a nature to call for the high jurisdiction of the Court of Peers,

and accordingly our good lady made at the public expense a journey, of which she reserved all the advantages and pleasures for herself."

The readers will not, perhaps, at once observe that the parties held up to ridicule or reprobation by the ex-prefect in these extracts, are probably sufficiently pointed at for a *Paris* reader to identify by his descriptions, and thus the discarded police official in all probability pays his debts of spite by these details, which may or may not be true, but which must be fatal to the reputation of the parties, thus gratuitously, on such authority, branded with infamy in the eyes of the public.

But all parties began at last to be disgusted with him—popular hatred rose to fury—and he was obliged, in self-defence, to retire not only from office, but from the capital; yet nevertheless he makes his moan, at the close of his volumes, because his persecutions, as he calls them, extended even to those friends and relatives whom he had thrust into office! One would think him the most wronged of men. He fancies, too, after his retirement, with a delusion amusingly analogous to a case he ridicules in an early part of these volumes, that he was subjected to *espionage*, and seeing of course his own former agents around his house, as they were everywhere, he believes that his very motions are watched, and complains, like another Rousseau, that all men were in a plot against him! It is with exquisite effrontery that, wearied, as it should seem, with virtuous efforts to justify himself, he exclaims at last—" *Je ne veux pas céder à l'irritation de mes souvenirs : je m'en rapporte à la sagacité de tous les hommes impartiaux !*"

It is said that the mode Gisquet took to interrogate a man from whom he expected to elicit a fact of importance was to seize him by the hand, talk for some time on other matters, and then, putting the query vehemently and abruptly, squeeze his hand violently at the same moment—a mode of *question* which, it is stated, in many instances extracted the desired reply, when nothing else could have accomplished it.

There is little, we repeat, to induce he reader to peruse this work—it will certainly not instruct him, and will, we think, scarcely amuse, beyond the passages we have extracted.

THE MARQUESAS.—The French Government has received despatches from the Marquesas, by which it appears the story of the massacre of the government is unfounded.—*Exam.*

GOVERNMENT EDUCATION MEASURE.

From the Spectator.

THE temper in which the educational clauses of the Government Factory Bill have been talked of by the leaders in the House of Commons is such as to suggest a hope that some of the details of the bill may be modified so as to enable both parties to support it.

The principle of compulsory education by the State, as is truly observed by Mr. Fox in his pamphlet on the Educational Clauses, "is new to the people of this country, and very offensive to some of their characteristic modes of thought." The remark applies only to secular education; for the Church is, properly speaking, a great institution supported by Government for the purpose of diffusing religious education. With regard to secular education, however, the remark is just; and Mr. Fox might have added, that the lazy routine habits of the old stagers in Government offices is an additional impediment in the way of a national system of education. Keeping in view the inveterate prejudices entertained in this country by "practical men" of all classes against any thing they are not accustomed to, it is desirable that any step on the part of the Civil Government to assume the care and responsibility of education should be welcomed and encouraged.

To the late Whig Ministry belongs the credit of taking the first step in this direction. A Committee of the Privy Council on Education is, perhaps, but a poor substitute for a Minister of Public Instruction; but it is a great gain as a beginning. By making the appointment of such a Committee a recognized part of the arrangements of every new Administration, the Civil Government recognizes a certain surveillance of education as part of its cares and responsibilities. Every thing that the friends of education, in or out of Parliament, can henceforth induce Government to do for the promotion of education, will naturally be referred to this Committee. In proportion as its business increases in quantity, the importance of its Chairman (who, as usual, will be the Committee) will increase, and the public become familiarized with the interference of Government in educational matters. The prejudices alluded to by Mr. Fox would prevent the creation of a Minister and Bureau of Education; but the Committee of Education must necessarily grow into a Minister and Bureau.

The educational clauses of the Government Factory Bill are a step in this progress. It has been stated as an objection to them, that it is invidious to make education compulsory on the factories, if it is not to be made compulsory on the whole nation. The answer is, you could not, in the present temper of the people and of public men, carry a measure for compulsory national education; but the inquiries of the Commissioners on Factories and the Employment of Children have convinced every body that something must be done in the manufacturing districts. If a system of compulsory education for the factory population under the control of the Committee of the Privy Council for Education can be made to work well, it will be an experimental demonstration of the possibility and ad-

vantage of extending the system to every district, and embracing within it all classes of the population.

In order to estimate the value of the objections to the details of Sir James Graham's educational clauses, let us briefly enumerate their provisions. They go to establish schools under the management of a Local Board of Trustees, subjected to the inspection of four lay Inspectors, with a staff of assistant Sub-Inspectors, and to the control of the Educational Committee of the Council. The Local Board is to consist of the Clergymen and the Churchwardens of the district, *ex officio* Trustees; and four other Trustees, two of whom must be occupiers of factories employing children, chosen by the district Justices of the Peace out of persons assessed at a certain sum to the poor, or out of those who have contributed a certain proportional sum to the entire cost of the school. Every person giving a site to a school shall be one of the Trustees during his whole life. This Board is tied down to certain regulations for insuring due respect to the religious persuasions of the parents of children attending the schools. The Bible, and "no other book of religion whatever," is to be taught to all the pupils; instruction in the peculiar doctrines of the Church of England, "one hour in each day," is to be given; but scholars whose parents desire that they shall not be present at such instruction shall not be compelled to attend. The scholars are to attend the service of the Church once a day on Sundays, unless the parents desire them not to do so, on the ground of religious objections. And the Educational Committee of the Privy Council are, through their Inspectors appointed by the Queen, that is by her Ministers, to watch over the observance of these regulations and enforce them.

These arrangements put the entire control of this partial system of national education in the hands of the Civil Government. A majority of the Local Trustees are appointed by the Justices of the Peace, who are appointed and removable at pleasure by Government. The Inspectors are appointed by Government. The Educational Committee of the Privy Council have the power of checking every contravention of the regulations made to insure liberty of conscience. Sir Robert Peel's Government are endeavoring to put into the hands of the Ministers of Education created by Lord Melbourne's Government the means of educating the people. The system of schools contemplated by the present Government bill must be worked in the sense of the Ministers of the day; and the Ministers of the day must conform to the sense of the House of Commons and its constituents. This, in the present advanced stage of public opinion, is no bad guarantee that the administration of the schools will not be tainted with a proselytizing or an intolerant spirit.

But this approbation of the broad outline of the measure is quite consistent with a desire that every thing in its details to which well-founded objections can be urged should be amended. All the objections of any plausibility or weight that have been urged against the bill are in reality objections to details. They all re-

solve into apprehensions entertained by the Dissenters and liberal Churchmen that the measure may be perverted into a system of proselytism. The features of the measure regarded as most favorable to such abuse are—1. The constitution of the Local Boards of Trustees: 2. The provision (section 55) which renders it necessary that the teachers shall belong to the Established Church: 3. The provisions by which attendance at church and at Sunday-schools is made compulsory, and attendance upon those of the Establishment made the rule; an express dispensation being required to permit attendance upon Dissenting places of worship. Two of these objections would be obviated by engraving on the bill two of the recommendations embodied in Lord John Russell's resolutions—1. That the rate-payers of any district in which rates are collected for the erection and maintenance of a school shall be adequately represented at the Local Board, and the Chairman be elected by the Board itself: 2. That in order to prevent the disqualifications of competent schoolmasters on religious grounds, the religious instruction given to children whose parents belong to the Established Church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed shall be communicated by the clergyman of the parish. With respect to the third objection, Lord John proposes that the children shall have liberty to resort to any Sunday-school or place of religious worship their parents may approve: perhaps a still better method of obviating the objection would be, not to legislate at all upon the subject.

Regarding this measure, as it ought to be regarded, with a total absence of all partisan feeling, and solely with a view to the effects it is calculated to produce upon society at large, we see no reason why the most zealous Churchman should object to Sir James Graham's bill, modified to meet the amendments suggested in Lord John Russell's resolutions; or why, on the other hand, the staunchest friend of civil and religious liberty should hesitate to support it. Nay, with regard to the objection urged against the constitution of the Local Boards contemplated by the original bill, it does appear, that with Ministers so completely in the power of the House of Commons as the Ministers of this country are—with constituencies in which the Dissenters are probably more powerful than they would be under a more extended franchise—with the growing feeling in favor of secular education, and an unfettered press—the control vested in the Committee of the Privy Council for Education would be found sufficient to counteract any danger from that source.

"THE CLUB."—The members of this long-established literary club, founded by Dr Johnson, and of which Sir Joshua Reynolds, and most of the celebrities of their day, have belonged, dined together on Tuesday evening, at the Thatched House Tavern. The Right Hon. B. Macaulay, M. P., president, and among the members present were the Marquess of Lansdowne, Viscount Morpeth, Earl of Carnarvon, Hon Mountsturt Elphinstone, Rev. Sydney Smith, Rev. H. H. Milman, &c.—*Court Journal*.

THE MONOMANIAC.

A TALE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

TOWARDS the close of 1829 the gaming houses of the Palais Royal, in Paris, were nightly filled with an unusual number of players, from a report getting abroad that these sinks of iniquity were to be abolished in the succeeding year. One evening in summer there was a full attendance at a *rouge-et-noir* table in one of the largest of the houses. All went on quietly for some time. At last the silence was broken by a young man who exclaimed, "Confusion! Red again, and I have been doubling on black for the last five games. Four hundred louis? 'Tis well; this is the finale! So now—as I am ruined—send me some brandy!"

"Fortune has frowned to-night, Folarte," said a person who was watching the game; "have you lost much?"

"A bagatelle of four hundred, simply; more, indeed, than I ever lost in one evening," returned the loser, retiring with his friend to a separate table.

"Nay, you forget the seven hundred on Thursday; it"——

"Is not so much as the four hundred to-night."

"So!" exclaimed Cornet; "you have got rid of your arithmetic as well as your money?"

"Psha! friend; a word in your ear. The ill luck of this day leaves me only fifty pounds richer than a pauper; they are my last. Come, pour out more brandy!"

Cornet looked me steadfastly in the face. "Folarte," said he, "you are a philosopher!"

"A philosopher? If you knew all, you would call me a hero. But my head burns. A turn in the gardens of the Thuilleries will cool me."

"You will join us again in the evening?"

"Of course; have I not fifty left?"

It was early morning; the air, though fresh, was damp and chilling, laden with dew; but the cold gray color of the sky gradually dissolved into a more genial tint by the rays of the rising sun. Several milkmaids and laundresses passed me. Yes, *me*; for the ruined, reckless gamester it is who now makes his confession. They seemed happy, for they laughed and chatted merrily. Groups of artisans also appeared, and let off several trite jokes and ready-made gallantries; for which the girls rewarded them; some with their lips, others with their smiling glad-looking eyes. These

people had been asleep, dreaming of what their waking hours realized—happiness. They were not, like myself, gamblers; or if they were, they must all have come off winners. Minutely noting the expression of each face as it was turned towards me, I could read, with some accuracy, what passed within. Thus I enjoyed a sort of metaphysical panorama. Each one who caught sight of me no longer smiled, but frowned upon me as an intruder upon their joyousness. Had I been an adder lying across the path of a pleasure-party, they could not have regarded me with greater aversion. The men depressed their brows; for my appearance troubled them; and no-wonder. I was unshorn and haggard, and my whole aspect must have plainly indicated a night in a gambling-house. My countenance doubtless betrayed the remorse then ranking in my heart. This was produced by recollections of the ruin I was bringing upon others whom it was my duty to cherish and to comfort. My mother was on the point of being dragged to prison for non-payment of a bond, ten times the amount of which I had squandered, or lost at play. I had sacrificed the trusting heart of my betrothed Lisette for the smiles of a coquette, to whom I had, on that very night, promised a present which would cost fifty pounds. To deepen the dye of my crimes, Lisette and her brother had travelled to Paris, and were in great distress, although a sum I borrowed of François, and which I had not repaid, would have rescued them from want.

Maddened by these reflections, I rushed to my lodging. It was there that the malady, the consequences of which I am about to detail, first seized me. Accidentally looking into the dressing-glass, I beheld my face frightfully distorted by remorse and dissipation. That vision so horrified me, that the impression remained after I withdrew my eyes from the glass. My own form continually appeared standing beside me. I was the slave of its actions. I had lost my will, my identity. I was nothing but an unembodied appendage of my own form. I had become a shadow in continual attendance upon a seeming substance which usurped my corporeal frame: I did whatever it liked, and went wherever it chose.*

In the *Rue Richelieu*—whither the form led me—Cornet, the professed gamester,

* However improbable it may seem for a person of disordered mind to fancy he is haunted by his own form, yet the circumstance is perfectly true.—*Ed.*

approached. He shook hands with *it*. I heard these words—"Courage! you will have better luck next time. Luck, did I say? 'Tis certainty. Listen. A pigeon has flown back from London; and to-night we intend plucking his first feather at Estelle's soirée. Bring up your fifty louis. I have raised a hundred, and Coquin will be ready with eighty more. If we cannot finish him with *écarté*, we mean to adjourn to S—'s, and clear him out with roulette and poule-billiards!" The gambler moved on. He passed me unnoticed, paying his respects to my other self.

On the same morning, a matronly lady-like person, recently arrived from a northern province, was seated alone in an obscure apartment of the Hotel de Clair Fontaine. Her health was evidently impaired, and grief had committed sad ravages on her once handsome face. She was trying to peruse and comprehend the copy of a law-deed; but her tears fell too fast to read, and her heart was too full of trouble to understand the writing before her. A respectful tap was heard at the door, and presently a person, bearing a huge box of papers, presented himself. He took exactly three steps into the room, and having made an elegant bow, advanced to the table, where he deposited the box; out of which the excessive neatness of his dress, and superlative precision of his manner, might have led one to believe he had just stepped.

"Madame Folarte?" inquired the notary; for such he was.

The lady bowed, and motioned the visitor to a seat.

"I trust I have the pleasure to see you in perfect health," began the lawyer. "I take the liberty of intruding myself upon you concerning a matter of trifling importance."

Madame Folarte's whole frame was convulsed with a sudden shudder; for the man, as he spoke, cast his eyes on the deed that lay on the table. "Then this is the last day!" she ejaculated.

"Pardon me, madame, I shall have the honor to occupy your valuable time precisely twenty minutes." The notary then took a watch from his waistcoat pocket, and placed it beside him.

"I know too well the object of your being here. In a word, you must tell the creditor—Monsieur Durand, I believe—that I have not been able to raise the money."

"It gives me infinite pain to hear you say so. Allow me to offer you a pinch of snuff—it is genuine, believe me."

"Our notary, too," continued the unhappy lady, "is unfortunately confined by illness. But my son—I have not been successful in seeking him out yet. He will advance the money."

"By twelve o'clock, to-day?"

"I may not find him by that time. I have been here four days without seeing him. I have sent frequently. He is seldom at home."

"Bless me, how extremely unlucky; the court of assize broke up at seven last evening for the session, and unless we proceed against you before mid-day, we shall not be able to arrest you till the next sitting. Hence you see, madame, you *must* be so extremely obliging as to pay in the cash before then, or we shall not have time to procure the necessary letters of execution."

"What will be the consequence?" exclaimed Madame Folarte, bursting into tears.

"By a quarter past eleven, we shall have procured the writs; and at twelve, the bailiff with his follower will have the honor of calling for you. But, bless me, a most lucky circumstance: I have an appointment with a client, who is in St. Pelagie.† Will you allow me to do myself the pleasure of offering you a seat in my cab? The bailiff can ride behind."

Madame Folarte, completely stupified with the horrors that too surely awaited her, was unable to answer.

"Indeed, I shall be most happy," continued the imperturbable lawyer. "About twelve—perhaps five minutes later—we shall be with you. Permit me to hope that, provided the money shall not have been paid into court by that time, you will have made your out-door toilet. And now, madame, nothing remains for me but the pleasure of wishing you good day." The pattern of legal politeness then left the room with the languishing air of a dancer making his adieus to his partner.

While this scene was being enacted, I was conducted by my second self into the shop of the jeweller of whom the tiara I intended to present to Estelle had been ordered. The chief assistant stretched his long neck over the row of customers that lined the counter, to say, "The tiara Monsieur ordered is ready. Monsieur shall be attended to as soon as it is possible." He thought he was going to receive ready money, for a chair was promptly handed. We preferred standing at the door.

† The debtors' prison of Paris.

"Here are the jewels," said the man as he approached; "they are of the finest water, and elegantly set. The price two thousand francs only."

For the first time it spoke, and I heard my own voice as if from another's lips. I shuddered. The bargain was made. Twenty-five louis were to be paid at once, the rest in fifteen days. The shopman retired to pack up the purchase. Several carriages had stopped in the street on account of some obstruction. Suddenly a shriek, loud, piercing, and to me familiar, entered my brain, and went straight to my heart! I saw a bitter smile pass over my companion's—my own countenance. A man, who had alighted from some vehicle, accosted us. He took off his hat. "I trust Monsieur will excuse a perfect stranger taking the liberty to address him; but a lady, whom I have the honor to escort to St. Pelagie, desired—before she fainted in my cab—to have the pleasure of speaking to Monsieur!"

That lady was my mother, arrested for a debt I had neglected to pay! She came tottering along the pavement to embrace me, but in the attempt sank on the ground. Not at all affected by the scene, my ever ready double said in the calmest accents to the little man—"Take her away," and the official did as he was bid!

A moment before, the jeweller's man put forth the trinket in one hand, but instantly drew it back on seeing the transaction without. His thoughts were easily guessed to be these: "A person who cannot afford to rescue his parent from prison, will hardly be able to pay a balance for jewellery."

"What, sir; do you doubt my honor?" said, as I thought, my other self, with a supreme assumption of indignation. Twenty-five louis were thrown jingling on the counter, and the tradesman was conquered. The present for Estelle was gained.

Meanwhile two other victims of my errors were suffering the pangs of poverty in their severest acuteness. In a miserable attic, in the most wretched quarter of Paris, a young man—his form attenuated, his visage wan—was earnestly engaged in making alterations in a romance of his own composition. He had pursued the task as long as his fast-failing strength would permit: but that was at length exhausted, and he covered his face with his thin starved-looking fingers, to rest upon them a head aching with mental anxiety and physical weakness. Poverty, the fiend whose galling influence he bitterly bewailed, seemed

to have left him a moment's comparative happiness; he appeared to have sunk into obliviousness. Thrice miserable state, to render forgetfulness a blessing!

Even this was denied for any length of time; a faint voice from a bed which stood in a corner of the room awoke him to all the horrors of his lot. "Dear brother," it whispered, "you, too, are ill?"

"No, no; not ill," said the youth hurriedly, as he approached the bed; "not ill, dear Lisette, but——"

"Faint, sinking, François?" then suddenly recollecting herself, she exclaimed, "Alas! you have not tasted food for two days!" She fell on the pillow, and bathed it in tears.

"Lisette, Lisette, be of good heart," replied the brother. "Indeed I am not suffering on that account. Soon will these miseries be ended. Yes, yes," he continued, his eye brightening with a ray of hope, as he glanced towards the manuscript, "Monsieur Debit, the publisher, has promised—positively passed his word—that when complete, he will purchase my romance. Nay, the price is agreed on—two thousand francs. To-morrow evening we shall be possessed of two thousand francs! Think of that, sister."

"Would we had *one* franc now," interrupted Lisette mournfully. "But you have at last made known our wretched state. Your letter to Folarte!"

"Name him not! He it is who has brought all these miseries upon us. All, all—my poverty, your illness. Oh, sister, he is unworthy of the sighs, the tears you have shed for him! Besides, his dishonesty to me, his attentions to the woman he calls Estelle, ought to"——

"François, this must not be; you think too hardly of our cousin. My heart is indeed breaking—not because he is lost to me, but because he is lost to himself. The terrible vice of gaming has for a time blackened his heart. But he will be here yet—I know he will. My own heart tells me so."

"Not while he has a louis left to gamble with. Let us not think of him. I will resume my task."

François had scarcely uttered those words before we entered his room. On beholding what he thought to be me, he threw himself into an attitude of defiance; the girl shrieked and hid her head under the bed-clothes. There was a pause. Lisette was the first to speak. "François, I, your sister, so dear to you, implore you to receive him with kindness. He has come to relieve us—to pay you."

My other self smiled bitterly while placing a packet on the table.

"If such be your intention," said the poor author, "leave us the money, and depart."

"I have none," was the answer.

"Wretch!" continued François, sinking into the chair, overpowered with excitement and bodily weakness; "if you come here to glory in the misery thou hast caused, thy triumph shall be complete! I am starving, and Lisette is on her death bed."

"I cannot help either," was the reply.

"Cousin," murmured the girl, grasping the hand of that which represented my person, "hear me. The money you borrowed of my brother will save him—myself nothing can save; my disease lies too deep for human riches or human skill. He has sacrificed all for my sake; let him not perish; he has not tasted food for two days. Give him some money!"

"It is all gone—lost."

"All! Sell something to buy bread for my dear brother. Yes, yes; I know you will. Have you nothing that will fetch money?"

"Nothing."

"Hypocrite! liar!" shouted François, with unnatural energy; "that case contains jewels, possibly a present for"—

"For whom?" asked the maiden, almost frantic with joy at so near a prospect of relief.

My representative, deliberately taking up the packet, said, "For Estelle!"

There was a terrible shriek! Our exit was impeded on the stairs by a man ascending them. François was heard to exclaim in the greatest agony, "Help! help! She has swooned; she is—dead!"

I began to hope that the imaginary being who now seemed to control my actions had done its worst, in exhibiting to me the direful effects of my crimes. But it was not so. I was doomed to follow it to the house of feasting and revelry—to Estelle's *soirée*. What a contrast was here presented to the wretched abode so lately visited! Smiling faces, laughing voices, and gay forms flitted across my sight and rang in my ears; whilst recollections of misery, want, death, rankled in my bosom. Yes, so it was. My heart and conscience were still left to gall and accuse me; but my will, with the power to answer its dictates, had passed to another. The bitterness of remorse corroded my mind, unmitigated by the few pleasures derivable from participation in guilt.

Estelle Lemartine was one of those equivocal persons whom the peculiar constitu-

tion of society in the French capital renders as abundant as their characters are difficult to estimate. She was lively, without levity; gay, and not dissipated. Though her house was constantly resorted to by the most notorious dissipants of both sexes in Paris, yet her own fair fame had never been materially impaired. She countenanced gaming, without practising it; and forwarded almost every kind of intrigue, adroitly escaping from each adventure without reproach. Young, handsome, a widow, and consequently her own mistress, Estelle's bitterest enemy could say no worse of her than that she was a consummate coquette.

There were music and dancing. Screened off from the rest of the room was an *écarté* table, at which Cornet, Coquin, and two others, were seated at play. It led me behind the screen, from which we looked on upon the game, unobserved by others. Estelle suddenly tripped away from a group of dancers to greet one of the card-players.

"Ah!" she ejaculated, with a smile that seemed to radiate over the whole of her expressive form—"ah! when did you return from London, my dear Theodore?"

Her "dear" Theodore!

"Hast thou been to the top of St. Paul's? Did you hear Grisi? or have the London fogs spoiled her voice? Hast brought over a new cab and an English tiger? But I had forgotten," continued Estelle, giving her head a pettish toss; "I am affronted with you. You have put down your mustachios, and you know I admired them."

"True; but my allegiance to your taste cost me, on two occasions, my liberty. I was twice mistaken for a London swindler."

Questions now poured in upon the traveller from all sides; till, putting both hands to his ears, he exclaimed, "Silence! ere I am stunned. You shall know all in time. I intend arranging some hasty notes for publication, and it will be a most interesting book, believe me. Having been received with the greatest hospitality in many excellent private families, I shall be able to give extremely entertaining sketches of the ladies' foibles, with some satire on the vices and ill-breeding of the men. I shall draw up a lucid detail of the present state and prospects of the country, for I conversed in English with the principal secretary of the Interior for more than half an hour. At a *table d'hôte*, I heard authentic anecdotes of the court, and took great pains to be introduced to several literary characters. In short, my work will be a valuable record of every particular relating to the British empire; and I mean to call it"—

"What?" interrupted a dozen eager voices.

"A Fortnight in London."

At this moment Estelle beheld us. She ran up to my other self with a greater appearance of delight than she had evinced even towards Theodore. She called it her dear Albert, with a great deal more apparent fervor than when she addressed the other as her dear Theodore! She laid her hand upon its shoulder, was grateful for the jewels, and betrayed every token of affection, but in the midst of these expressions, slid away to waltz with my rival.

"You here?" ejaculated Cornet, starting suddenly back and frowning angrily upon my representative.

"And why not?" said my voice calmly. "Did I not appoint to come?"

"Let us withdraw from this throng, and I'll tell you why you *ought* not to be here," was the reply, as we sat down at the deserted écarté table.

"Folarte, you are a madman. Nay worse; I dare not say how much worse. I know all; though I should be the last to speak. I am a gambler by profession. I have helped to ruin many. I have won by fair means or foul the last centime from the foolish wretch, whose corpse has, an hour after, been dragged out of the Seine; I have seen the starving wife cling in frantic supplication to the arm of her husband, and piteously beg for one franc of the sum that jingled in his pocket, which I knew roulette and loaded dice would soon make mine; but," he continued, "I have never before beheld such a spectacle as your conduct presents. A mother in prison, a cousin and his betrothed sister; one starving, the other dying, perhaps dead; and you, the cause of all this, here—among the gay, paying homage to beauty, and buying its favors with the liberty of your parent and the bread of your cousins; indulging your passion, at the expense of every feeling that makes us human, for a woman who metes out her love by the length of her lovers' purses. My own crimes are, indeed, many and great, but none of them unnatural!"

The torturing remorse this lecture inflicted upon my heart was doubly increased by its being made by a man I knew to be one of the veriest wretches in creation. At this moment Theodore and Estelle whirled past in a rapid waltz, during which the tiara fell from her head. It became entangled with their feet, and she kicked it out of the way. It rose to pick up the jewels; on looking around, the two waltzers had disappeared. They had whirled into an adjoin-

ing apartment. I followed without a moment's delay. Jewels and presents from England lay scattered on the table. I saw that which convinced me my happiness was wrecked. Cornet, who was behind, burst into a loud laugh; Estelle screamed at my wild appearance; and a cold, writhing smile passed over my own counterfeit. My flashing eyes exchanged one look with Theodore, another with Cornet. Those glances arranged every thing—there was to be a duel!

"The plains of Grenelle in an hour," said my voice, as if to ratify the engagement.

Theodore bowed.

Cornet was prevailed on, after some difficulty, to become my second. On our way to the rendezvous, we called at his lodgings for pistols. During our walk, my mind was fully occupied. It had leisure; for Cornet was busily talking to my coporeal self about the preliminaries of the field. From the time of the occurrence opposite the jeweller's until that moment, I had almost taken the extraordinary separation, as it were, of my existence as a matter of course. Now I was about to undergo an ordeal that would expel any illusion from my mind, if I had a doubt; but I had none. "There it is," thought I; "I can see it. Yet how? I behold my own eyes as if in another's head. Whence, then, do I derive the power that makes me see it? Incomprehensible! perhaps it will be struck with the adversary's ball. Will that hurt me?—what a question!"

We arrived at Grenelle in time. There was just light enough. The morning was beginning to break; and every thing was managed with great exactness. The seconds were evidently used to it; both being gamblers by profession, this was a part of their business. The figure of myself took a station marked out by Cornet, and carefully examined the weapon. The precise moment had arrived.

"Fire," shouted Cornet.

Suddenly I felt a tremendous blow, as if a heavy club had violently struck my left shoulder. My throat was instantly dried up. I cried for water. I had fallen. I was shot, and *at that instant I no longer beheld the reflection of my own form!*

Sanity had, however, only returned for an instant, for the pain rendered me unconscious; and on being removed to my lodgings, fever succeeded. I lay in a state of partial insensibility for nine weeks, and meantime, my case had been reported to the School of Doctors, who called it "monomania." Of that, I return thanks to heaven, I

was completely cured; but what rejoices me most is, that every thing is forgiven. My mother is restored to liberty. Lisette had only swooned in the attic, when her brother exclaimed she was dead; and has recovered. François is no longer poor. It happened thus:—

The notary who hurried my mother to prison had shamefully accumulated costs, and misrepresented the case to his client. On learning the truth, Monsieur Durand immediately abandoned his action, and also provided good tenants for both our farms, the one at Guisnes, the other for that in the commune of Ardenon. He has given us ample time for payment of the debt, to recover which the rascally notary persuaded him to sue. From the moment of my sudden and heartless departure from François' miserable home, his circumstances improved. The person I met on the stairs was the publisher Debit. He had heard of my cousin's extreme poverty, and not having seen him for many days, thought something had happened, and sought him out. On the spot, he purchased and paid for the copyright of the romance, and the poor author's fortune was made. A physician was instantly provided for Lisette, and she soon recovered.

None but those who have experienced them, can know the soothing, calm, happiness-imparting influences of repentance. It is a sudden change from the purgatory of sin to the beatitude of virtue. That it is which makes me feel so happy. Yet I have one trouble left—I have wronged Lisette too deeply ever to hope forgiveness.

ALBERT FOLARTE.

Thus much of this history is narrated by its hero. I received it from his own hands in a manuscript I have translated almost literally, which will account for the French construction of some of the sentences. I will now proceed to relate the sequel.

Whoever has traversed from Guisnes to the picturesque little village of Ardenon, about seven miles east of Calais, cannot have failed to observe—in a cross road turning off opposite a representation of the Crucifixion rudely carved in wood, with a heap of miniature crosses strewed at its foot—a spacious house, having a garden of some extent, whose only boundary is a quadrangle of stately trees. That, reader, is the patrimonial residence of Albert Folarte. He is now happily settled for life, with Lisette as his helpmate. Madame Folarte still lives in peace and contentedness with her son. The cousin, whom we have called François, is now one of the most

popular writers in France, and several of his romances have been translated into English.

“Here,” said Albert, as he gave me his manuscript, “are heads of the events I have just been relating. The disorder, hideous as it was, I have always looked upon as a fortunate one. By its agency, I saw the folly, wickedness, and heartless cruelty of the mad career I was running. The duel arrested the progress of a delusion that must have otherwise ended in incurable and total derangement: the shock dismissed my imagined attendant; whilst the quantity of blood taken from me, to ward off a fatal fever which hourly impended, prevented its return. The delusion effected a moral cure; the bullet and lancet a physical one; for they cured me of a horrible monomania.”

AN ANECDOTE OF SHETLAND LIFE.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

It was a beautiful day last year, early in autumn, before harvest work in this northern region had commenced, that a young and merry party crossed the bleak hills of one of the remote Shetland Isles, from the most northerly dwelling of man in her majesty's dominions, towards the parish church—for so is here the custom—to witness the ceremony of marriage between two of their number. The bride was a lovely girl, in her nineteenth year. She was in a simple dress of white—white shawl, white satin ribbons in her neat cap, and the rather unusual finery for a cottage maid (a present, however), of white kid gloves. Her whole appearance was strikingly prepossessing; and in face, figure, and demeanor, would, I thought, have adorned a much higher station. Her bridegroom was a few years older, and their courtship had been even from the days of childhood. Some circumstances had occurred to defer their union for a few months beyond the time intended, but at length they stood before the minister who was to join their lot in one. Part of their landlord's family met them at church, to officiate as bride's-maid and man; and the whole party, including a son of a well-known and much-respected ornament of the law in Edinburgh, who happened to be on a visit to the island, soon retraced their steps to the hyperborean cottage, to spend the evening in dancing, and other amusements suitable to the occasion. Healths were pledged to the happiness of the youthful pair of course, but we rarely find intemperance sullying such meetings in Shetland. The newly united couple were poor in worldly goods, but he was a clever and adventurous fisherman, and she had been brought up to be frugal and industrious, and they had mutual love in strength and purity to light them on their path through “the world that

was before them." So, after a few days, they repaired to their future home, in the cottage of the bridegroom's father. It was about the same time this year I saw the youthful mother carry her first-born to church for baptism, though a little paler than when she stood in the same spot a bride; yet she looked all the more interesting. Once more she was in the same white dress; and I marked the blush of modest pride that flushed her cheek, as she sought and caught her father's eye, while the name of her mother was pronounced over her child. The responsive tear trembled in my own eye, as I marked hers filling, and my heart echoed the prayer that no doubt swelled in the young and happy parents' hearts.

Not many weeks afterwards, when the cheerful festivities of Christmas were just approaching, after many days of stormy unsettled weather, a calm lovely morning invited my favorite Agnes to visit her own father's house for the few short hours of daylight which this season affords. Every object was reflected in the calm bright mirror of the placid ocean, and the air was balmy as on a day in June. She took her child in her arms, and left her husband with his father and brother engaged on some little work of husbandry on their small farm. She called to him cheerfully as she passed at a little distance, to come for her before the evening darkened, and he returned an affectionate assent. Alas, for the young hearts severed then for ever!

Very shortly after Agnes's departure, some of their neighbors proposed to go to the fishing, and two lads from a little distance arriving, with their tackle and bait, without waiting for their own usual boat-fellows, as the forenoon was advancing, the father and two sons I have mentioned set off, in company with another boat, to the fishing ground, six miles off the north point of the land. They had nearly reached the spot, when a sudden storm arose. The tide was at the full, and the force of the north Atlantic rushed in with the speed of a whirlwind on the poor devoted crews. One of the boats was well-manned, and reached the land in safety; but in the little bark wherein was Agnes's husband, he and his brother were the only efficient men—their aged father, and the two lads above alluded to, composing all the crew. They were never heard of; the deep and turbid sea, doubtless, overwhelmed them; and till the day when the "sea shall give up her dead," how they met their fate can never be known.

We shall draw a veil over the sorrows of the heart-stricken survivors of the catastrophe—the aged and desolate woman bereft of her husband and both her sons; a destitute widow and large family of one of them; a youthful bride of one of the younger men; a despairing mother of the other, who has, in him, lost her only surviving stay, having two years ago, by a precisely similar catastrophe, had to mourn for husband, son, and son-in-law; and last, though not least, the poor Agnes, on whose little story I have been dwelling with melancholy interest. What were her feelings when the fierce and sudden storm arose, sweeping over the waste of waters she was gazing on? She believed her husband safe on shore! First came to her ear reports that

boats were gone to sea. Who were in them? When the one boat arrived, the hardy crew, utterly exhausted with the efforts for their lives, the alarm was raised, and very shortly it became evident that the other would never reach the land. The storm subsided almost as rapidly as it had risen; but its appointed work was accomplished; and under the all-wise direction of the Ruler of wind and waves, it had summoned to His dread tribunal the souls of these poor fishermen.

Poor Agnes; with what feelings shall I look on her pale expressive countenance, now clad in the weeds of heartfelt sorrow. She remains in the dwelling of her father, of which she was the pride and joy, and where she is now not the less tenderly cherished, because of her irreparable misfortune.

THE "DARNLEY JEWEL."

THE newspapers have lately been circulating the following account of this much-talked-of relic:—

"This very curious piece of workmanship of the 16th century, which formed one of the finest gems of the collection at Strawberry-hill, and which was purchased at the sale there last summer by Mr. Farrer of Wardour Street, for a large sum, has just been bought by her Majesty at the price, it is said, of 200 guineas. It was about to be sold to a foreign collector, who is in possession of the celebrated iron ring of the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, when the good taste of her Majesty rescued it, and it is now amongst the royal jewels of England, as formerly it was amongst the royal jewels of Scotland. It is the identical jewel worn by Lord Darnley. It was made by order of Lady Margaret Douglas, his mother, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox and Regent of Scotland, who was murdered by the party who opposed him in religion. The jewel, which is of exquisite workmanship, is of fine gold, in the form of a heart, about two inches long and nearly two inches in breadth. On the surface, which opens in front, there is a coronet, in which are three small rubies and an emerald. Under the coronet there is a sapphire in the shape of a heart, with wings of ruby, emerald, and sapphire. The coronet is supported by Victory and Patience. There are also two figures on the jewel, representing Faith and Hope. The robes of all these figures, which are very elaborate, are of ruby and sapphire enamelling. There is the following legend:—

"Sal obtien Victorie in yair Pretence,
Quaha hopis stii constantly with Patience.

The coronet and little heart may be both opened up from below; within the coronet are three letters in cipher, "M. L. S.," with a crown of laurel over them. On the reverse of the coronet within are two hearts joined and pierced by two arrows, bound by a wreath with a legend, "Quhat we Resolve." When the little heart is opened, a skull and two bones are seen, and two

hands holding a label, from which hangs a horn with the rest of the legend, "Death sal dessolve." On the other side of the jewel is the sun shining on a heliotropium, or sunflower, beautifully enamelled, the moon and stars are also represented. There are a salamander in the flames, a pelican feeding her young with her blood, a shepherd, a traveller, a dog, and a bird, and a phenix, all emblematical, with a legend—

"My stait to them I may compaer
For you quha is of Bontes rare."

When the whole heart is opened, on the reverse are seen two men in Roman armor fighting; an executioner holding a woman by the hair with a cuttle axe, as about to decapitate her; two frightful jaws, out of which issue three spectres in flames. The figure of time is seen drawing a naked figure, supposed to be Truth, from a well; and a female on a throne, with a fire in which many crosses are burning. There are three legends, 'Ze seem al my Plesur,' 'Tym gaves al leir,' and 'Gar tell my Relaes.' The whole is exquisitely worked, and is one of the most extraordinary remains of the art of the age."

It cannot escape the notice of many of our readers, that there is a serious blunder in respect of chronology in this account. The earl of Lennox was killed four or five years subsequently to his son Lord Darnley, so that, if this jewel was made on the occasion of his death, it never could have belonged to the unhappy youth whose alliance to Queen Mary forms so dismal a chapter in our history. We take leave to remark, that the history of the jewel seems to require further elucidation.—*Edinburgh Journal.*

PEWS.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

ONE of the religious controversies of the day, the merits of which we have not the slightest inclination to discuss, has been the means of bringing to light some curious records regarding the early history of church seats; a matter on which considerable obscurity has hitherto rested. We propose to cull a few of these notices from the various publications in which they appear.

The writers on this subject have divided it into two epochs—that before and that after the Reformation—the moot point being when pews, properly so called, were first introduced and generally used; but without discussing mere words, we shall commence by showing how worshippers were accommodated in early times, taking up the etymology of the term *pew* in our chronological progress.

In Anglo-Saxon churches, and in some of early Norman date, there was a stone bench running round the whole of the interior, except the east end; an arrangement sometimes continued even in decorated churches, as in Exeter Cathedral, and in late Tudor, as in North Pether-ton, Somersetshire, and in King's College chapel. This might be presumed to have been

intended for the accommodation of a part of the people attending worship; and perhaps it was so; although there is also some ground for supposing that it was, in a great measure, a mere peculiarity of architecture, some churches having the same kind of bench on the outside. It may be remarked, that its running round the whole interior, except the east end, is no disproof of its having been designed for the congregation, as might be supposed from the laity having latterly been forbidden to enter the chancel, for such a rule does not appear to have existed in the Anglo-Saxon church: at least such is the natural inference from the 44th constitution of King Edgar, published in A. D. 960: "And we ordain that no woman shall approach the altar while the mass is being celebrated." This, of course, implies that at any other time a woman might do so.

Judging from Anglo-Saxon illuminations, the people generally sat on low, rude, three-legged stools, placed dispersedly over the church. But a writer in the *British Critic** very justly observes, that sitting on the ground or standing were then much more common postures than now. "In a manuscript," says he, "in the Harleian Library in the British Museum, dated A. D. 1319, is represented Archbishop Arundel preaching to the people from a pulpit, raised about two feet from the ground, his cross-bearer standing by his side, and his hearers all sitting on the ground. A copy is given in Strutt's 'Antiquities.' In the 'Pictorial History of England,' after a short account of the rise of the mendicant orders, there is a drawing without date, but probably belonging to the fifteenth century, of a friar preaching from a movable pulpit. In this instance, the scene is probably not in a church, and the ground appears to be covered with branches of trees or plants; but still the posture represented goes to confirm the supposition of that being customary in churches." The usual covering for the floors of churches, and, indeed, of private houses in those times, was rushes.

Wooden seats appear to have been introduced soon after the Norman Conquest. In Bishop Grosstete's injunctions (1240), it is ordered that the patron may be indulged with a stall in the choir. And in the twelfth chapter of a synod at Exeter, holden by Bishop Quivil in the year 1287, we read as follows:—"We have also heard that the parishioners of divers places do oftentimes wrangle about their seats in church, two or more claiming the same seat; whence arises great scandal to the church, and the divine offices are sore let and hindered: wherefore we decree, that none shall henceforth call any seat in the church his own, save noblemen and patrons; but he who shall first enter shall take his place where he will." Thus, it appears that the seeds of the modern system were sown in the church as early as the thirteenth century, for "noblemen and patrons" were allowed to have seats of their own. The next innovation presents itself as we advance nearer the Reformation. Wooden seats begin in some instances to have cross-bars by way of doors. In Bishop's Hull are some very fine and completely open

[* No. 64, p. 499.

wood-seats, bearing date 1530; so there are in Crowcombe, Somersetshire, and Bourne, Cambridgeshire, both 1534; and in Milverton, Somersetshire (though very poor), 1540. That these seats were in some instances appropriated, is plain from the fact of initials being sometimes marked on them; as in Stogumber, and also in Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.

We now come to the Reformation, when the change of the forms of worship almost necessarily implied a change in the arrangements for the congregation. The daily prayers, instead of being read at the altar, were now repeated by the minister in "a little tabernacle of wainscot provided for the purpose;" otherwise a reading desk. We soon after find allusions in our popular literature to pews, or *pues*, as the word was then spelt.* Thus, Shakspeare has the following line in Richard III.,

"And makes her *pue-fellow* with others moan."

Of a character in Decker's "Westward Hoe," it is said, that "being one day in church, she made moan to her *pue-fellow*." Bishop Andrews uses the expression in one of his sermons (1596); and in a supplication of the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, on the subject of the Bibles lately put up in every church, it is complained, that "for where your highness gave commandment that they should see that there were in every parish church within your highness's realm one Bible at the least set at liberty; so that every man might freely come to it, and read therein such things as should be for his consolation, many of this wicked generation, as well preests as other their faithful adherents, would pluck it other into the quyre, other into some *pue*, where poor men durst not presume to come."

That pews existed immediately after the Reformation, thus clearly appears; but a question remains as to the nature of the seats which were so called. Etymologically, a pew is any thing which gives support, or a seat of any kind. Was the sense of the term thus general in 1546, or did it refer to those particular enclosed or box-like seats which are now recognised in England as pews? It seems to us that, either now, or at least immediately after, the term had come to be restricted to such enclosed seats. And history makes us aware of reasons for such enclosures coming then into demand. The forms prescribed for worship were then rigid dictates of the law, against which many persons of puritanical tendencies were disposed, as far as they safely could, to rebel. The order, still to be found in the canons of the English church, that "whenever, in any lesson, sermon, or otherwise, the name of Jesus shall be in the church pronounced, due reverence be made of all persons, young and old, with lowness of courtesy and uncovering of the heads of the men-kind, as thereunto doth necessarily belong, and heretofore hath been accustomed," was particularly obnoxious

* The etymology of the word is traced by Ducange (Glossary, s. v. iii. 332) to the Latin *podium*, which meant, in the Latin of the middle ages, any thing on which we lean. From it the old French word *puy*, the modern *appui* (support), and the English *pue*, or *pew*, are derived.

to that party by whom it was considered as a sort of idol worship. Another injunction to which they objected, was that for standing up at the saying of the *Gloria Patri*. By having high enclosed seats, they were screened from the observation of those officers whose duty it was to report if any one disobeyed the behests of the law. The need for pews, thus commenced in the early days of the reformed church, was continued during the Stuart reigns, and it accordingly appears that pews were much multiplied during that period. About 1608, galleries were introduced into churches. In that year, St. Mary the Greater, at Cambridge, was *scaffolded*, that is, galleried. In 1610, a gallery was erected at the west end of the collegiate church of Wolverhampton, by the Merchant Tailors' Company. It rests on two arabesquely-carved uprights, which join on to the piers; the upper part, as in most early instances, is banistered, and contains four panels, two bearing shields, and two inscribed with texts from Holy Scripture.

So well established were pews in 1611, that we find, from the following ludicrous entry, they were even then baized. In the accounts of St. Margaret's, London, is an item of sixpence, "paid to Goodwyfe Wells, for salt to destroy the fleas in the church-warden's pew." In the book of another London parish, a few years later, it is recorded that "Mr. Doctor has his pew trymed with green saie." From another record (1620), we learn that the sexes were separated in different pews, for a certain Mr. Loveday was reported for sitting in the same pew with his wife, "which being held to be highly indecent," he was ordered to appear, but failing to do so, Mr. Chancellor was made acquainted with his obstinacy. The matter was finally compromised by Mr. Doctor's giving him a seat in his pew; the comfortable luxury of "green saie" no doubt compensating uxurious Mr. Loveday for the loss of his wife's company. The march of comfort and decoration proceeded rapidly, as may be seen from a passage in a sermon preached by the witty Bishop Corbett of Norwich two years afterwards (1622). "Stately pews," he says, "are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on: we have case-ments, locks and keys, and cushions, I had almost said bolsters and pillows, and for these we love the church. I will not guess what is done within them; who sits, stands, or lies asleep at prayers, communion, &c.; but this I dare say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one; to hide disorder, or to proclaim pride."* The reasons for heightening the sides of pews ceased with the power of Charles I., and from the civil war they gradually declined, until they reached their present comparatively moderate elevation.

It is generally understood, though we can

* Swift has illustrated the sleeping accommodation offered in pews by the following lines:—

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews:
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

present no certain authority on the subject, that fixed church seats scarcely existed in Scotland before the reign of Charles I. People were in the habit of bringing seats with them to sit upon in Church. It is stated that, at the riot in the High Church of Edinburgh, in 1637, on the occasion of introducing a liturgy, the chief agents in the tumult were servant women, "who were in the custom of bringing *movable seats* to Church, and keeping them for their masters and mistresses."* Humbler people brought little clasp stools for their accommodation, and it was such an article that the famous Jenny Geddes threw on that occasion at the dean's head—the first weapon, and a formidable one it was, employed in the civil war. The more formal seating of churches which now exists in Scotland, may be presumed to have gradually sprung up in the course of the few years during which that war lasted, a time remarkable beyond all that went before it for attendance on religious ordinances, and the space of time devoted to them, it being by no means unusual in those days to spend six hours at once in church. Very few notices of the church accommodation of this time are to be found; but it appears from the Presbytery records of Perth under 1645, that a dispute then arose between the magistrates and kirk-session of that town, "anent the disorderly extraction of a seat forth of the kirk." In the rural districts of Scotland, the seats of the established churches are generally divided amongst the land proprietors for the use of themselves and their tenantry; but in some of the large towns they are let by the magistracy, and are a source of considerable revenue.

The propriety of having a large part of the area of every church appropriated by affluent persons, who perhaps make little use of the privilege, has lately been questioned by a party of the English clergy; and an effort is now making to have pews everywhere abolished. The bishops of London and Hereford have declared for this object in their respective charges to their clergy.

POSTAGE CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Monday's *Moniteur* publishes the Postage Convention between France and England, signed April 3, 1843.

The first *titre*, or chapter, establishes towns of the two countries, from which letters for one another are to be despatched. The French towns are—Paris, Calais, Boulogne, Dieppe, Havre, Cherbourg, Granville, St. Malo, in the Channel. The English towns are—London, Dover, Brighton, Southampton, Jersey, and Guernsey. For the Mediterranean, the French post bureaux of transmission are—Paris, Marseilles, the office at Alexandria, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople. The English are—Alexandria, Gibraltar, and Malta.

The principal transmission of letters between the countries takes place between Dover and Calais, six days a week; the French Govern-

ment will send on the seventh day, weather permitting.

By the eighth article, the post-boats will continue their services without interruption, even in the time of war, until one of the Governments shall have signified its wish that the service should cease.

In ports where regular government steamers do not exist, private vessels and steamers may be employed to carry bags. For this purpose a post-box shall be put up on board the packet for the reception of letters.

There is nothing new in the regulation of the Levant correspondence, which continues to be transmitted three times a month.

Letters may be franked or not; and *lettres charges*, or particularly recommended, may be sent in both countries. The English Post-office is to pay to the French two francs for every thirty grammes of letters not franked; and in the same case the French Post-office will pay the English a shilling an ounce.

Letters from France to England, franked, will pay in France by the amount levied on French letters by the law of 1827. The letters from Paris, however, will pay but the tariff of Boulogne. Letters franked from England to France will pay five-pence per single letter, weighing half an ounce. (This, in addition to the tariff of Boulogne mentioned above, will make tenpence postage between England and Paris.)

There are especial charges for letters exchanged with St. Malo, Cherbourg, and Granville.

Journals of either country are to be delivered at the port of the country to which they are addressed exempt from duty.

Pamphlets may be sent by post from one country to another, paying in France as usual; in England one penny for two ounces; sixpence from two to three ounces; eightpence from three to four ounces; and twopence per ounce more up to sixteen ounces, beyond which weight the English Post-office will not receive them.

The following is Article 86, which relates to a point so much disputed, and which has involved English journals in some expense:—

"Art. 86. In order to insure reciprocally the integrality of the produce of the correspondence of both countries, the French and English Governments will prevent, by every means in their power, the transmission of correspondence by other channels than the post. Nevertheless, it is understood, that couriers sent by commercial houses or others, to carry accidentally a single letter, or one or more newspapers, may freely traverse the respective territories of both states, these couriers presenting the letter or the Gazettes at the first bureau of post, where the postage will be levied in the usual manner."—*Colonial Gazette*.

SERVIA.—Paris, May 2.—The affairs of Servia are arranged. The Divan has conceded all the demands of Russia:—Prince Georgewitsch is to abdicate, his councillors and Kiamil to quit Servia, and a new election to take place, probably in favor of Prince Milosch. An attempt was made at Milan to assassinate the Viceroy, which failed.—*Exam.*

* History of the Rebellions in Scotland from 1633 to 1660. Constable's Miscellany.

THE OXFORD TRACTARIAN SCHOOL.

From the Edinburgh Review.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Tracts for the Times*. By Members of the University of Oxford. 5 vols. 8vo. 1833–40.
2. *Church Principles considered in their Results*. By W. E. Gladstone, Esq., M.P. 8vo. London: 1840.
3. *Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts*. By the Author of *Spiritual Despotism*. Vols. I. and II. London.
4. *The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice; or, a Defence of the Catholic Doctrine, that Holy Scripture has been, since the times of the Apostles, the sole Divine Rule of Faith and Practice in the Church, against the Dangerous Errors of the Authors of the "Tracts for the Times," and the Romanists*. By William Goode, M. A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London.
5. *The Kingdom of Christ delineated; in Two Essays, on our Lord's own Account of his Person and of the Nature of his Kingdom, and on the Constitution, Powers, and Ministry of a Christian Church, as appointed by Himself*. By Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. 8vo. London: 1841.
6. *Oxford Divinity compared with that of the Romish and Anglican Churches, with a Special View of the Doctrine of Justification by Faith*. By the Right Rev. C. P. M'lvaine, D. D., Bishop of Ohio. 8vo. London: 1841.
7. *The Church of the Fathers*. 12mo. London: 1842.
8. *The Voice of the Anglican Church, being the declared Opinions of her Bishops on the Doctrines of the Oxford Tract Writers*. 12mo. London: 1843.
9. *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical; being an Inquiry into the Scriptural Authority of the Leading Doctrines advocated in "The Tracts for the Times."* By W. Lindsay Alexander, M. A. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.

It may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that with the disciples of the Oxford Tract School* we have no manner

* We have employed the term *Puseyism*, simply as the ordinary name by which a certain system of doctrines has come to be popularly designated, and by which it is therefore most readily recognised. It is not intended to imply that the reverend gentleman from whose name the term has been derived, would subscribe to every statement or opinion contained in the works of the school to which he belongs; but his own writings leave us no doubt, that in all the more important he cordially concurs. Still, we

of controversy. Their principles, logical and ethical, are so totally different from our own, that we feel it as impossible to argue with them as with beings of a different species. There may be worlds, say some philosophers, where truth and falsehood change natures—where the three angles of a triangle are no longer equal to two right angles, and where a crime of unusual turpitude may inspire absolute envy. We are far from saying that the gentlemen above mentioned are qualified to be inhabitants of such a world; but we repeat that we have just as little dispute with them as if they were. With men who can be guilty of so grotesque a *petitio principii* as to suppose that to those who question the arrogant and exclusive claims of the Episcopal Clergy, and who "ask by what authority they speak," it can be any answer to cite the words, "He that despiseth you despiseth me," and "whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted,"*—with men who think that no "serious" person can treat lightly their doctrine of Apostolical succession, and that if there be, it is to some purpose to quote the text, "Esau, a *profane person*, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright,"†—with men who can so wrest the meaning of common terms as to represent the change effected in the eucharistic elements by the words of consecration, to be as much a *miracle* as that performed at the marriage feast at Cana,‡—with men who are so enamored of the veriest dreams and whimsies of the Fathers, as to bespeak all reverence for that fancy of Justin and others, that the "ass and the colt" for which Christ sent his disciples, are to be interpreted severally of the "Jewish and the Gentile believers," and also to attach much weight to that of Origen, who rather expounds them of the "old and the new Testaments,"—with men who can treat with gravity the various patristic expositions of the "five barley loaves," which some suppose to indicate the "five senses," and others the "five books of Moses,"§—

should have preferred a name not derived from an individual, had we known of any such as widely used and as generally understood. The Oxford party, it is true, vehemently protest against being designated by any name, whether derived from an individual or not, which would imply that they constituted a particular school or sect, on the ground that their doctrines are *not* those of a school or sect, but of the "Catholic Church" But in this we cannot humor them; they are in our judgment decidedly a "Sect," and nothing more.

* Tracts, Vol. i. No. 17, p. 6.

† Tracts, No. 19, p. 4.

‡ Br. Crit. Vol. xxvii. pp. 259, 360.

§ Tracts, No. 89.

with men who can lay down the general principle, that we are to "maintain before we have proved," "that we must believe in order to judge," "that this seeming paradox is the secret of happiness," "and that never to have been troubled with a doubt about the truth of what has been taught us, is the happiest state of mind,"*—these writers at the same time declaring that the *immense majority* of mankind are brought up in this same quiet reception of the most fatal delusions—with men who can believe that the true doctrine of Christian baptism will prove a preservative against forming either a Neptunian or Vulcanian theory of geology; and that the vertebral "column and its lateral processes" were designed to afford a type and adumbration of the cross†—with men who think the words *τοῦτο ποιεῖτε εἰς τὴν ἑμὴν ἀνάμνησιν* are the most *natural* words for our Lord to have used, if he meant to say "Sacrifice this in remembrance of me"‡—with men who can believe that St. Anthony's nonsensical conflicts with devils may not unworthily be compared with the temptations of our Lord in the wilderness, and that the grotesque portents with which his "life" abounds may be attributed to diabolical agency§—with men who can write or defend such a Tract as Number Ninety, and at once swear to the Articles and explain them away—with men who think that there is no reason to believe that "the private student of Scripture would ordinarily gain a knowledge of the Gospel from it;" and who "confess a satisfaction in the infliction of penalties for the expression of new doctrines or a change of communion"||—with men who can affirm and believe such things, and many others equally strange, we repeat we can have personally as little controversy as with those inhabitants of Saturn, who, according to Voltaire's lively little tale, have seventy-two senses, and have discovered in matter no less than three hundred essential properties. The powers of speculation of these gentlemen are either so much above our own, or so much below them—their notions of right and wrong so transcendently ridiculous, or so transcendently sublime—that there can be nothing in common between us. Thousands, we know, are ready to resolve the mystery of their conduct by saying, "Surely these men are

either great knaves or great fools:" but in the exercise of that charity which *hopeth* all things, we will not assume the former; and in the exercise of that charity which *believeth* all things, we will not assume the latter. We regard them simply as an unexplained *phenomenon*; we stare at them as at a new comet, devoutly hoping at the same time that they may be found to move in a highly hyperbolical trajectory, and that, having swept across our system, they will vanish and return no more.

It is not to them, then, that we address ourselves; but to the thousands of our readers who may have neither time nor inclination to peruse the voluminous works of their School. For their sakes we shall attempt something like a systematic exposition, once for all, of its principal doctrines, and they can then decide whether or not it is their duty to accept them.

It is now about ten years since the founders of this School set about achieving their great miracle of putting the "dial" of the world "ten degrees backward." Their first proceedings were comparatively moderate. They had arrived at the conclusion that the Church of England had become more "Protestant than the Reformation;" that she had somehow swung loose from her moorings, and had insensibly drifted with the tide to a point very different from that at which the pilots of the Reformation had anchored her; that the spirit of the English Church resides rather in the Liturgy and Rubric than in the Articles, and that the former ought to interpret the latter; that certain "great and precious truths" had nigh gone out of date, and that certain high "gifts" and prerogatives of the Church had come to be cheaply rated. They further thought that these "precious truths" required to be restored, and these high "gifts" to be vindicated.

To diffuse their views they commenced that remarkable series of publications well known by the name of the "Oxford Tracts;" at an early stage of which appeared Mr. Newman's *Via Media*, or middle road to heaven, between Romanism and Protestantism. This *Via Media* appeared to many nothing more or less than the "old Roman road" uncovered and made passable. What was thus early suspected was in due time made manifest. No matter how comparatively moderate the first pretensions of these writers; it was soon seen that their system of doctrine and ritual was fast assuming a form not essentially different from that of undisguised Romanism. Flushed with success, and forgetting all caution,

* Tracts, No. 85, pp. 85, 73; Br. Crit. No. 63, pp. 39, 83.

† Sewell's Christian Morals, p. 324. See, also, Tract No. 89, § vi. vii.

‡ Froinde's Remains, Second Part, Vol. i. p. 91, etc.

§ Newman's Church of the Fathers, p. 360.

¶ Br. Cr. No. 59, p. 106.

they rapidly developed, partly in the Tracts and partly in separate works, principles at which the Protestant world stood aghast. In a word, the system closely resembled that of Rome; it was, as geometers say, a similar figure, only with not so large a perimeter.

They affirmed, as we shall fully show hereafter, that the Scriptures were not the sole and absolute rule of faith; that tradition was supplemental to it, and that what it unanimously taught was of co-ordinate authority; that a fully developed Christianity must be sought somewhere or other, (nobody knows where,) within the first (nobody knows how many) centuries; they spoke contemptuously of Chillingworth's celebrated maxim, and elevated that of Vincent of Lerins into its place: in defiance of the first principles of the Reformation, they advocated "Reserve" in the communication of religious knowledge, and avowed their preference of the ancient *diciplina arcani*;* they spoke in terms of superstitious reverence of the Fathers, and eagerly defended many of their most egregious fooleries;† they denied most contemptuously "the right of private judgment," and inculcated a blind, unquestioning acquiescence in the assurances of the Priest. As they had advocated principles which would justify nearly all the abuses of Rome, so they learned to speak of the abuses to which those principles had led in a new dialect—in terms which would have made the hair of Cranmer or of Ridley stand on end. They apologized for her errors, and, as they were bidden, "spoke gently of her fall." They were rewarded (significant omen!) with the friendly greetings of the Romanists in return; and condescendingly assured that "they were not far from the kingdom of God."‡ All this will be fully proved hereafter, if indeed there are now any who stand in need of such proof.

But their zeal somewhat outran discretion. They were not yet quite perfect in the art of poisoning. Instead of administering it in homœopathic doses, in invisible elements, by means of perfumed gloves or

sweet confectionary; their impatience could not brook the long delay required by so tedious a process. They exchanged the gentle decoction of laurel leaves for prussic acid; till, at last, in Number Ninety, which ought by right to be called the "Art of Perjury made Easy," they administered so strong a dose, that even the Ostrich-stomach of the Church could no longer endure it. She threw off the nauseous compound with a convulsive effort, and refused to take any further preparations from the laboratory of these modern "Subtles."

But though the Oxford Tracts were at length silenced by authorities unwontedly patient of scandal, the poison was too widely diffused to admit of any sudden and instant counteraction. Accordingly, in periodical publications of all sorts and sizes—in Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, in flimsy Pamphlets and bulky Volumes, in letters, in dialogues, in tales and novels, in poetry, in congenial fiction and perverted history, in every form of typography, and in every species of composition—have the very same, nay, still more outrageous, doctrines been industriously propagated. Of this, too, we shall give full proof.*

Thus it was seen that the *Via Media*, instead of being a road running between Protestantism and Romanism, and parallel to both, branched off at a large angle from the former, and, after traversing a short interval of moss and bog, which quaked most fearfully under the traveller's uncertain tread, struck into that "broad," well-beaten, and crowded road which leads to Rome and "destruction" at the same time.

If the Oxford tract writers had strictly adhered to what appeared to be their original intention, as stated in the *Via Media*, it would have been difficult, at all events, for a clerical antagonist to know how to deal with them; as they, for similar reasons, would have found it equally difficult to know how to deal with *him*. While the Oxford party maintain that the spirit of the

* The Oxford Tract writers and their adherents have shown but small practical regard to that principle of unquestioning obedience which forms a prime article of their faith. They suppressed the "Tracts," it is true—an act of obedience, which, considering that they have since propagated the same doctrines with undiminished zeal, and even openly defended Number Ninety itself, the Bishop of Oxford has acknowledged, in a recent charge, with a gratitude which looks almost ludicrous. They seem to have understood the objection of their superior to be to the *title* of the books, not to the doctrines they contained—to the label on the bottle, not to the poison in it. Their obedience was of the same kind with that of the *dutiful* son mentioned in the Gospel, who said to his father, "I go, sir," but went not.

* Nos. 80 and 87, Tracts on "Reserve."

† Tract 89, on "Ancient Mysticism," *passim*.

‡ "It seems impossible," says Dr. Wiseman, "to read the works of the Oxford divines, and especially to follow them *chronologically*, without discovering a daily approach towards our holy church, both in doctrine and affectionate feeling. . . . To suppose them (without an insincerity which they have given us no right to charge them with) to love the parts of a system and wish for them, while they would reject the root and only secure support of them—the system itself—is, to my mind, revoltingly contradictory."

Church resides rather in the Liturgy and Rubric than in the Articles, their opponents plead that the spirit of the Church resides rather in the Articles than in the Liturgy and Rubric; and these last, if change *must* come, would fain have the latter brought into harmony with the former, rather than the former misinterpreted into agreement with the latter. Which of these two parties is more near the truth in its notions, we shall not particularly inquire. Never having ourselves sworn and subscribed an *ex animo* assent to 'all and every thing' contained in the "Articles, Book of Common Prayer, Rubric, and Canons," we feel at perfect liberty to admire and revere whatsoever we deem excellent in the constitution, doctrines, or ritual of the Church of England, without pledging ourselves to admire or revere all. Considering the circumstances under which the church was founded, the nation's recent escape from the grossest Popery—the prejudices which required conciliation—the different, and in some respects contradictory, interests that were to be adjusted—the explicit admissions of the most eminent Reformers, that they could not do all they wished, and that they were compelled to content themselves with doing what they could—we cannot wonder that some portions of the Articles and Formularies of the Church should be hard to be reconciled. As little can we wonder that those who have sworn an *ex animo* assent to "all and every thing in them," should, after so miscellaneous a feast, feel now and then a little dyspeptic. They may well be pardoned if they make some desperate efforts to show that they are not inconsistent; and even applauded, if they take the more rational course of recommending that any expressions which trouble conscience should be rectified and adjusted. Meantime, as it is impossible that inconsistency should itself be consistent, it is no matter of surprise that these two parties should feel it more easy to refute each other's opinions than to establish their own. One appeals to the Liturgy—the other to the Articles—each can prove the other partially wrong, but neither can prove itself wholly right. In a word, it is a war of reprisals; each takes out its "letter of marque," and proceeds to burn and pillage on its adversary's coast; and returning in anticipated triumph—finds equal desolation on its own.

Meantime, one thing is clear. The much boasted unity of the Church—that unity which Mr. Gladstone vaunts, and which Mr. Newman sorrowfully laments, is not to

be found,* (not *agreeing*, it appears, even as to whether they are *disagreeed*,)—is something like the unity of chaos. There was but *one* chaos, it is true, but in that one there was infinite confusion.

Whether absolute unity be desirable, we have our doubts; that it is impossible of attainment, we have none. We see that the very men who have sworn assent to the very same documents, exhibit almost every variety and shade of theological opinion. From every zone, every latitude of theology, has the Church collected its specimens. Each extreme, and all between, is there; from the mere ethical declaimer who has successfully labored to expel from his discourse every distinctive trace of Christianity, except what may be found in the text and the benediction, to the fanatic who suffers "grace" wellnigh to exclude "morality"—from the most rigid Armenianism to the most rigid Calvinism—from high-church doctrines like those of Laud, to low-church doctrines like those of Hoadley—from a theory of the sacraments like that of Dr. Hook, to a theory of the sacraments like that of Mr. Noel.†

The *argumentum ad hominem*, however, with which the Oxford Tractists (had they restricted themselves to what seemed their *original* object) might have met their clerical opponents, is of no avail against those—whether in the Church or out of it—who have not sworn and subscribed an *ex animo* assent to her public documents; and further, as they have *not* restricted themselves to that object, but have affirmed doctrines and developed a theory essentially inconsistent with Protestantism, it is competent to every body to affirm that they do not of right belong to the Church of England, though they remain within her pale, and most unworthily eat her bread.

Of this any one may convince himself who will take the trouble to examine the Oxford Tracts *seriatim*—more especially those from Number Seventy to Number Ninety. But there are two facts more easily appreciable by the public. The first

* "In the English Church we shall hardly find ten or twenty neighboring clergymen who agree together; and that, not in the non-essentials of religion, but as to what are its elementary and necessary doctrines; or as to the fact, whether there are any necessary doctrines at all—any distinct and definite faith required for salvation."—*Lectures on the Prophetic Office of the Church*, p. 394. Again—"In the English Church, by itself, may be found differences as great as those which separate it from Greece or Rome."—P. 310.

† The reader may see this point more fully treated in our article on Gladstone's "Church and State," Vol. lxix. pp. 268-271.

is, that the *Tracts have been suppressed by AUTHORITY*—none can deny *that*. The second is, that the ablest and most influential Prelates have, in "Charges" and other publications, delivered their express testimony against them, in every tone of lamentation, reproof, rebuke: they do not disguise their mingled shame, sorrow, and consternation, that such doctrines should have been promulgated by clergymen of their own communion. Those who please may see this collection of testimonies set forth in one of the publications at the head of this article—"The Voice of the Anglican Church." Nor must it be forgotten that this series of testimonies derives additional force from the fact, that there is so much in the Oxford Tracts to gratify Episcopal vanity, and to strengthen Episcopal pretensions. Nothing surely but an imperative sense of truth and duty could have extorted them, in the face of the pleasing adulations with which the "Tracts" abound. It is hard to be compelled to strike the parasite in the very act of sycophancy; and frequent and most fulsome was the flattery with which these right reverend men were assailed. Their office and prerogatives were studiously magnified; they were addressed in the humblest tones of awe and veneration;* they were compared to the apostles, not only in their office and dignity—but (let not the reader smile) in their *sufferings*.† How pleasant for a worthy gentleman of princely revenue and baronial dignity, to be told that he is at the same time a sort of martyr, and may aspire to combine the character of prince and anchorite in his own proper person. We have much sincere respect for the Bench of

* "To them (the Bishops) we willingly and affectionately relinquish their high privileges and honors—we encroach not upon the rights of the SUCCESSORS OF THE APOSTLES [these are not our capitals]; we touch not their sword and crosier. . . . Exalt our holy fathers, the Bishops, as the representatives of the Apostles and the angels of the Churches, and magnify your office as being ordained by them to take part in their ministry."—(Tracts, No. 1, pp. 1, 4. *Addressed to the Clergy*.)

† "Again, it may be asked, who are at this time the successors and spiritual descendants of the Apostles? I shall surprise some people by the answer I shall give, though it is very clear, and *there is no doubt about it*—THE BISHOPS. They stand in the place of the Apostles as far as the office of ruling is concerned; and *whatever we ought to do, had we lived when the Apostles were alive, the same ought we to do for the Bishops. He that despiseth them, despiseth the Apostles.* . . . But I must now mention the more painful part of the subject, *i. e.* the *sufferings* of the Bishops, which is the second mark of their being *our living Apostles*. I may say, Bishops have undergone this trial in every age."—(No. 10, pp. 3, 5; also Vol. 1, *passim*)

Bishops; but amongst the marks of "apostolical succession," we certainly had imagined that "privations and sufferings" were not generally included. We repeat, then, that our Prelates have done themselves much credit in so loudly condemning this new heresy. We only hope that they will act consistently with their protests in the discharge of their public duties, and in the employment of their private patronage.

In attempting to give some account of the principal opinions held by the new School, we do not mean to deny that some of them are held, *with certain modifications*, by many who would strenuously remonstrate against being classed in the same category with its founders; nay, we shall not charge all who avow a general coincidence with holding every one to the same extent. "Private judgment," proscribed as it has been, has been at work here too, and left these men little reason to boast of their unity. We shall content ourselves with developing the system as explained in the Oxford Tracts, and in works avowedly written in approval or defence of them.

Neither will our space permit us to attempt more than a general statement of the opinions in question. Some of the particular doctrines most in favor with the Oxford Theologians, we have already pretty fully considered;* and some others may, hereafter, come under our review.

1. These writers maintain, in its fullest integrity and extent, the doctrine of APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.† They affirm that the

* See the articles on Dr. Pusey's Fifth of November Sermon, (Vol. lxvi. p. 396.)—On Gladstone's "Church and State," (Vol. lxix. p. 231.)—On Tract Number Ninety, (April, 1841.)—On the "Right of Private Judgment, and Sewell's Christian Morals," in the Number for January, 1842.

† "Why should we talk . . . so little of an Apostolic Succession? Why should we not seriously endeavor to impress our people with this plain truth (!)—that by separating themselves from our communion, they separate themselves not only from a decent, orderly, useful society, but from the ONLY CHURCH IN THIS REALM WHICH HAS A RIGHT TO BE QUITE SURE SHE HAS THE LORD'S BODY TO GIVE TO HIS PEOPLE."—(Tracts, Vol. i. No. 4, p. 5.)

"As to the fact of the Apostolical Succession, *i. e.* that our present Bishops are the heirs and representatives of the Apostles by successive transmission of the prerogative of being so, this is *too notorious to require proof*. Every link in the chain is known from St. Peter to our present Metropolitans."—(No. 7, p. 2.)

Dr. Hook says: "We ask what was the fact, and the fact was this: that the officer whom we now call a Bishop was at first called an Apostle; although afterwards it was thought better to confine the title of Apostle to those who had seen the Lord Jesus; while their successors, exercising the *same* rights and authority, though unendowed with miraculous powers, *contented themselves* with the designation of Bishops." It is the prerogative of men of this school

spiritual blessings of Christianity are, so far as we know or have any right to infer, ordinarily restricted to the channel of an Episcopally-ordained ministry; that no minister is a true member even of that ministry, unless found in the line of the succession—in other words, duly ordained by a Bishop duly consecrated; whose due consecration again depends on that of a whole series of Bishops from the time of the Apostles; that ministers not so ordained have no right to preach the gospel, and cannot efficaciously administer the sacraments, let them be as holy as they may; that all who are so ordained may do both, let them be as unholly as they will;* that, accordingly, Philip Doddridge and Robert Hall were no true Christian ministers, but that Jonathan Swift and Lawrence Sterne were. All this we know is very mysterious; but then, as the Tracts say, so are many other things which we nevertheless believe; and why not this? It is better “to believe than to reason” on such a subject; or believe first and reason afterwards. “Let us believe what we do not see and know. . . . *Let us maintain before we have proved.* This seeming paradox† is the secret of happiness.” Thus, seeing is not believing, as the vulgar suppose, but believing is seeing; and you will, in due time, know the “blessedness” of such child-like docility.‡ But it is necessary to dwell a little on the arguments of the opposite talk nonsense; but really Dr. Hook abuses his privilege. It reminds one of what a lady said to Pelisson: “Really, Monsieur Pelisson, you abuse your sex’s privilege—of being ugly.”

* “The unworthiness of man, then, cannot prevent the goodness of God from flowing in those channels in which he has destined it to flow; and the Christian congregations of the present day, who sit at the feet of ministers *duly ordained*, have the *same* reason for reverencing in them the successors of the Apostles, as the primitive Churches of Ephesus and of Crete had for honoring in Timothy and in Titus the Apostolic authority of him who had appointed them.”—(No. 5 pp. 10, 11.)

† No. 85, p. 85

‡ “I readily allow,” says one Tractist on the doctrine of the Succession, “that this view of our calling has something in it too high and mysterious to be fully understood by unlearned Christians. But the learned, surely, are just as unequal to it. It is part of that ineffable mystery called in our Creed the Communion of Saints; and, with all other Christian mysteries, is above the understanding of all alike, yet practically alike within reach of all who are willing to embrace it by true Faith.”—(Vol. i. No. 4, p. 6.)

“It may be profitable to us to reflect, that doctrines which we believe to be most true, and which are received as such by the most profound and enlarged intellects, and which rest upon the most irrefragable proofs, yet may be above our disputative powers, and can be treated by us only with reference to our conduct.”—(No. 19, p. 3, *On Arguing concerning the Apostolical Succession.*)

site party, in order to do full justice to the hardihood of the required act of faith.

Whether we consider the palpable absurdity of this doctrine, its utter destitution of historic evidence, or the outrage it implies on all Christian charity, it is equally revolting. The arguments against it are infinite, the evidence for it absolutely nothing. It rests not upon one doubtful assumption but upon fifty; and when these are compounded together, according to Whately’s receipt for gauging the force of arguments, it defies the power of any calculus invented by man, to determine the ratio of improbability. First, the very basis on which it rests—the claim of Episcopacy itself to be considered undoubtedly and exclusively of Apostolical origin—has been most fiercely disputed by men of equal erudition and acuteness; and, so far as can be judged, of equal integrity and piety. When one reflects how much can be plausibly and ingeniously adduced on both sides, and that it would require half a volume only to give an abstract of the arguments; one would think that the only lesson which could or would be learned from the controversy, would be the duty of mutual charity; and a disposition to concede that the blessings of Christianity are compatible with various systems of Church polity. God forbid that we should for a moment admit that they are restricted to any one!

But this first proposition, however doubtful, is susceptible of evidence almost demonstrative, compared with that offered for half a dozen others involved in the integral reception of the doctrine of Apostolical succession. Accordingly, there are thousands of Episcopalsians, who, while they affirm a preponderance of evidence on behalf of Episcopacy, contemptuously repudiate this incomprehensible dogma: of these, Archbishop Whately is an illustrious example.

The theory is, that each Bishop, from the Apostolic times, has received in his consecration a mysterious “gift,” and also transmits to every Priest in his ordination a mysterious “gift,” indicated in the respective offices by the awful words, “Receive the Holy Ghost;” * that on this the

* “Thus we have confessed before God our belief that, through the Bishop who ordained us, we received the Holy Ghost, the power to bind and to loose, to administer the sacraments and to preach. Now, *how* is he able to give these great gifts? *Whence* is his right? Are these words idle (which would be taking God’s name in vain), or do they express merely a wish (which surely is very far below their meaning), or do they not rather indicate that the speaker is conveying a gift?”—(Tracts Vol. i. No. 1, p. 3.)

right of Priests to assume their functions, and the preternatural grace of the sacraments administered by them, depends; that Bishops, once consecrated, instantly become a sort of Leyden jar of spiritual electricity, and are invested with the remarkable property of transmitting the "gift" to others; that this has been the case from the primitive age till now; that this high gift has been incorruptibly transmitted through the hands of impure, profligate, heretical ecclesiastics, as ignorant and flagitious as any of their lay contemporaries; that, in fact, these "gifts" are perfectly irrespective of the moral character and qualifications both of Bishop and Priest, and reside in equal integrity in a Bonner or a Cranmer—a Parson Adams or a Parson Trulliber.

Numberless are the questions which reason and charity forthwith put to the advocates of this doctrine, to none of which will they deign an answer except the one already given—that believing is seeing, and implicit faith the highest demonstration. What is imparted? what transmitted? Is it *something* or *nothing*? Is consecration or ordination accompanied (as in primitive times) by miraculous powers, by any invigoration of intellect, by increase of knowledge, by greater purity of heart? It is not pretended; and, if it were, facts contradict it, as all history testifies: the ecclesiastic who is ignorant or impure before ordination, is just as much so afterwards. Do the parties themselves profess to be *conscious* of receiving the gift? No. Is the conveyance made evident to us by any proof which certifies any fact whatsoever—by sense, experience, or consciousness? It is not affirmed. In a word, it appears to be a nonentity inscribed with a very formidable name—a very substantial shadow; and dispute respecting it appears about as hopeful as that concerning the "indelible character" imparted in the unreiterable sacraments of the Romish Church; of which Campbell archly says—"As to the *ubi* of the *character*, there was no less variety of sentiments—some placing it in the essence of the soul, others in the understanding; some in the will, and others *more plausibly* in the imagination; others even in the hands and tongue; but, by the general voice, the body was excluded. So that the whole of what they agreed in amounts to this, that in the unreiterable sacraments, as they call them, something, they know not *what*, is imprinted, they know not *how*, on something in the soul of the recipient, they know not *where*, which never can be deleted."

Again, who can certify that this gift has been incorruptibly transmitted through the impurities, heresies, and ignorance of the dark ages? Is there nothing that can invalidate Orders? "Yes," say *some* of these men, "error in fundamentals will." Others affirm it will not; but still, with that superstitious reverence for *forms* which ever attends neglect of the *substance*, declare that they may be invalidated "if the formalities of consecration have not been duly observed!" Either answer will serve the purpose. If error in essentials is sufficient to invalidate Orders, we ask—had the Romish Church so erred when you separated from her? If she had, her own Orders were invalid, and she could not transmit yours. If she had not, as you all affirm that nothing but heresy in fundamentals can justify *separation*, you are schismatics, and your *own* Orders are invalid.

What are the conditions on which the validity of Orders depends, or whether any thing can annul them* except some informality in ordination itself, our Anglican friends are very reluctant to state. That they do not insist on all those conditions of the Romish Church which made Chillingworth say, that "of a hundred seeming Priests, it was doubtful whether there was one true one," is certain; and it is equally certain that they are discreet in adopting such a course. The Fathers, indeed, often insist upon purity of life and integrity of doctrine as necessary to authenticate the claims of a successor of the Apostles; but it would not be convenient, with the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages spread out before us, to insist strongly on any such requisites; it being certain that in those ages there has been no lack of simoniacal, atheistical, and profligate Prelates; though, if simony, atheism, and profligacy will not annul "holy orders," truly we know not what will. The majority, therefore, seem to have determined that there is hardly any amount of doctrinal pravity or practical licentiousness which could repel the indwelling spirit of holiness—though, incomprehensible dogma! an error in the form of

* Mr. Gladstone thinks of nothing but the *forms*. He says: "Again, with respect to the darkness of the middle ages, I apprehend that the high and even superstitious reverence then paid to the office of the priesthood, tells positively and most strongly in favor of the succession, because it thus becomes so much the more highly improbable that *forms so sacred* should have been neglected, that unauthorized intrusion should have been either permitted or attempted"—Gladstone *on Church Principles*. (Chap. v. p. 236)

See Tracts, No. 15. pp. 9, 10, 11, for some curious statements on this subject.

consecration may! Be it so. The chances are still infinite that there have not been flaws somewhere or other in the long chain of the succession—and though these may be few, yet as no one knows where the fatal breach may be, it is sufficient to spread universal panic through the whole Church. What Bishop can be sure that he and his predecessors in the same line have always been duly consecrated? or what presbyter, that he was ordained by a Bishop who had a right to ordain him? Who will undertake to trace up his spiritual pedigree unbroken to the very age of the Apostles, or give us a complete catalogue of his spiritual ancestry?

We can imagine the perplexity of a presbyter thus cast in doubt as to whether or not he has ever had the invaluable "gift" of Apostolical succession conferred upon him. As that "gift" is neither tangible nor visible, the subject neither of experience nor consciousness;—as it cannot be known by any "effects" produced by it, (for that mysterious efficacy which attends the administration of rites at its possessor's hands, is like the gift which qualifies him to administer them, also invisible and intangible,)—he may imagine, unhappy man! that he has been "regenerating" infants by baptism, when he has been simply sprinkling them with water. "What is the matter?" the spectator of his distractions might ask. "What have you lost?" "Lost!" would be the reply. "I fear I have lost my apostolical succession, or rather, my misery is that I do not know and cannot tell whether I ever had it to lose!" It is of no use here to suggest the usual questions, "When did you see it last? When were you last conscious of possessing it?" What a peculiar property is that of which, though so invaluable—nay, on which the whole efficacy of the Christian ministry depends—a man has no positive evidence to show whether he ever had it or not! which, if ever conferred, was conferred without his knowledge; and which, if it could be taken away, would still leave him ignorant, not only when, where, and how the theft was committed, but whether it had ever been committed or not! The sympathizing friend might, probably, remind him, that as he was not sure he had ever had it, so, *perhaps*, he still had it without knowing it? "*Perhaps!*" he would reply; "but it is certainty I want." "Well," it might be said, "Mr. Gladstone assures you, that, on the most moderate computation, your chances are as 8000 to 1 that you have it!" "Pish!" the distracted man

would exclaim, "what does Mr. Gladstone know about the matter?" And, truly, to *that* query we know not well what answer the friend could make.

It is true, however, that Mr. Gladstone, in his *Church Principles*, proposes to remove any such perilous doubts as may arise from the *historic* difficulties against the doctrine of succession, (on which we have said the less, as they are so unanswerably, as we think, urged in our Article on his first work,*) by nothing less than mathematical evidence! It is a novelty to find him *reasoning* at any time; and mathematical accuracy is indeed more than we looked for. But it is a perversion of language, and an insult to the human understanding, to talk of mathematical evidence in such a question. Though mathematical in form, the argument, treating it seriously and decorously, yields but a probable conclusion. By a novel application of the theory of ratios and proportion, he endeavors to show that, on the least favorable computation, the chances for the true consecration of any Bishop are as 8000 to 1. "If it be admitted," says he, "that regular consecration was the general practice, but only insinuated that there may have been here and there an exception through neglect, say, for example, 1 in 500—for argument's sake let us grant so much; upon this showing, the chances for the validity of the consecration of every one of the three officiating Bishops in a given case are, : : 500 : 1. For the validity of those of two out of the three, : : 500 × 500 = (*sic*) 25,000 : 1. For the validity of some one out of the three, : : 500 × 25,000 = 12,500,000 : 1. If, however, this be not enough, let us pursue the numerical argument one step farther, and, instead of taking the original chances at 1 in 500, let us reduce them lower than perhaps any adversary would demand; let us place them at 1 in 20. On this extravagant allowance, the chances in favor of the validity of the consecration of a Bishop who receives his commission from three of the order, are only 20 × 20 × 20 = 8000 : 1."† Be it so: this only diminishes the probability that, in any given case, the suspicion of invalidity is unfounded;—it still leaves the proposition untouched, that there is a probability that such invalidity exists, and, as no one knows where, the panic is not allayed. What is wanted,

* Art. on Gladstone's "State in its relations with the Church."—*Edinburgh Review*, Vol. lxi. pp. 263-268.

† Gladstone on *Church Principles*. Chap. v. pp. 235, 236.

is a criterion which shall distinguish the *genuine Orders* from the *spurious*. Alas! who knows but *he* may be the unhappy 8000th? According to Mr. Gladstone's theory, limited as his view of the subject is, no man in the Church of England has a right to say that he is "commissioned to preach the gospel," but only that he has $\frac{2}{3}$ parts of certainty that he is! A felicitous mode of expression, it must be confessed. What would be the fraction expressing the ratio of probability, on the supposition that simony, heresy, or infidelity, can invalidate *holy orders*, is—considering the history of the middle ages—far beyond our arithmetic.

But the difficulties of this puzzling doctrine do not end here. It is asked, how a man who is no true Christian, can be a true Christian minister? How he, who is not even a disciple of Christ, can be a genuine successor of the Apostles? Whether it be not impious to suppose that God has pledged himself to impart, by *inevitable necessity*, the gift of the "Holy Ghost" to an unholy man—merely on the performance of external rites, and to qualify him for the performance of the functions of a purely moral institute, though still morally unfit? We can understand, it may be said, how, by the overruling Providence of God, a bad man preaching truth may do some good, if the hearer (a rare case) has both sense and honesty to separate truth from him who pronounces it. But if he be ignorant of the truth, and preach "pernicious error," (as thousands so ordained have done,) we cannot conceive how his preaching can have the effect of truth, simply because he is "commissioned." Yet this, no less an authority than Mr. Melville asserts, in language as plain as the doctrine itself is mystical.*

In like manner, if it be supposed that the sacraments are only external signs of affecting and momentous truths, and that the benefit derived from them still depends on the moral and spiritual dispositions of the

* Mr. Melville expressly affirms, "If, whensoever the minister is himself deficient and untaught, so that his sermons exhibit a *wrong system of doctrine*, you will not allow that Christ's Church may be profited by the ordinance of preaching; you clearly argue that Christ has given up his office, and that he can no longer be styled, 'the Minister of the true Tabernacle;' when *every thing seems against the true followers of Christ*, so that, on a *carnal calculation*, you would suppose the services of the Church stripped of all efficacy, then, by *acting faith on the head of the ministry, they are instructed and nourished, though, IN THE MAIN, the given lesson be FALSEHOOD, and the proffered sustenance little better than POISON.*"

recipient, we can understand that they may be beneficial even when he who administers them may be a bad man. In both the above cases, however, as the effect is a *moral one*, that effect will be proportionably diminished by the conviction of the worthlessness of the officiating Priest. This necessarily results from the laws of our moral nature. It is impossible to get the generality of men to revere that which their teachers practically despise; to obey precepts rather than imitate example. As all history shows, it is impossible long to maintain religion when the Priest is himself irreligious. But that, by a divinely-ordained necessity, some preternatural efficacy, itself certified by no evidence either of sense or consciousness, is conveyed through the minister merely *because* he has been episcopally ordained, (however wicked or worthless he may be,) and which is withheld when that ordination is wanting, (however worthy and holy he may be,) who can really believe? Nothing but the most express revelation, or the most undeniable effects, could attest it. And both the one and the other the advocates of the dogma are avowedly unable to indicate.

At these, and all other arguments, the supporter of the doctrine only shakes his head in awful warning, proclaims his horror of "rationalistic" presumption, and asserts, that by implicit faith alone can it be received. In this we believe him.

But is it, can it be true that Christians will be content to receive these strange conclusions? Are they willing to sacrifice even charity itself to an absurdity? Powerful as are the arguments on all hands against this paradox, none is so powerful with us as this. The advocates of the Oxford system, when they are destitute of *arguments*, (which may be represented as their ordinary condition,) are fond of appealing to our moral feelings; if we do not *know*, they tell us we may *feel* the truth of a certain conclusion. Without being, we trust, in the same miserable destitution of argument, we would fearlessly adopt their course on the present occasion. We *feel* that if there were nothing else to say, there is no proposition in Mathematics more certain, than that a dogma which consigns the Lutheran, the Scottish, and indeed the whole reformed Non-Episcopal clergy to contempt, *however holy*; and which necessarily authenticates the claims of every Episcopal Priest, *however unholy*—must be utterly alien from the spirit of the institute of the New Testament.

2. Equally extravagant are the notions

entertained by this School on the subject of the Sacraments. With them, they are not simply expressive rites, symbolical of religious doctrines, and capable of awakening religious emotion through the medium of the senses and the imagination;—they are themselves the *media* of a “supernatural grace,”—exclusively communicated, however, through the Episcopally-ordained minister. This supernatural influence is supposed to be conveyed in every case, in which secret infidelity or open vice offers no obstruction on the part of the subject of the rite. It is supposed to be actually conveyed, therefore, in every case of *infant* baptism, (the subject being there incapable of offering any obstruction,) and to involve that stupendous and mysterious change, called in Scripture “regeneration;” and which surely ought to imply, if we consider either the meaning of the term, or the nature of the institute, a moral revolution equivalent to an absolute subjection to the law of Christianity. In the eucharist, it is supposed that infidelity or unworthiness in the recipient may obstruct the “preternatural grace,” which nevertheless is, as it were, flowing through the Priest, and permeating the elements. Such a state of mind may operate as a sort of non-conductor to the ethereal and subtle influence. Meantime, it is most strange that this “preternatural grace,” which is represented as so scrupulous, has no objection to reside with the Priest, and act in, and by him, even though he should be, morally, ten thousand times worse than those to whom the rite is administered!

The doctrine of “baptismal regeneration,” is indeed held by many men who are far from approving of the Oxford movement. With the peculiar, yet, we must be permitted to think, consistent audacity of the new School, its advocates have carried it out to its uttermost extravagance.

It probably will not be doing injustice to the generality of the disciples of this School, (though they do not conceal that there are some differences,) if we further state, that their sentiments on the subject of the Sacraments are pretty generally represented by those of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman. The former contends that not only is the dread mysterious change called “regeneration,” effected in every case of baptism rightly administered; but that there is no certain hope of the pardon of sin willfully committed after it; and that he who

* “The Church,” he says, “has no second baptism to give, and so she cannot pronounce him (who sins after baptism) altogether free from his past sins.

has once so sinned, must live in perpetual and trembling doubt of his final safety. If so, one would think, that as Scripture assuredly has no express command on the subject, these men would be disposed to postpone the rite of baptism to a late period; instead of administering it to those who as yet have no sins to repent of, and leaving them to sin (as they assuredly must) with the knowledge that the only plenary antidote was improvidently wasted before they were permitted to have a voice in the matter. One cannot wonder, that if this doctrine be true, thousands in the much admired Church of the age of Chrysostom and Ambrose, should have thriftily put off the performance of this wonder-working rite to the very last extremity. Only think of the system. A child is baptized when a few days old; he commits a mortal sin when he is (say) sixteen years of age; he lives to ninety; and with the New Testament and its numberless promises in his hand, he is to spend nearly eighty years in perplexity and anguish, and die in doubt at last, though truly penitent, devout, and consistent; because somebody applied the baptismal water before he had any voice in the proceeding! But further, as all have committed sin after baptism, all are in the same predicament, and can entertain but a trembling hope of heaven! Can Christian men and women believe this hideous system to belong to the *Gospel*?

The difficulties of this subject have constrained Dr. Pusey to make the convenient Romish distinction between *venial* and *mortal* sins: although in the case of those who have committed “mortal” sin after baptism, he has not been able to hit upon a method half so sure and satisfactory as the “penances” and “indulgences” of Rome. In fact, Dr. Pusey does not see his way clear to any remedy. The doubt and the anguish are part of “the bitterness of the ancient medicine.”*

There are but two periods of absolute cleansing, baptism and the day of judgment.—(Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 93, 4th edition.)

If, “after having been washed once for all in Christ’s blood, we again sin, there is no more such complete absolution in this life—no restoration to the same state of undisturbed security in which God had by baptism placed us.”—(See also Tract No. 80, p. 46.)

* “What the distinction between lesser and greater, *venial* and *mortal* sins? or if *mortal* sins be ‘sins against the Decalogue,’ as St. Augustine says, are they only the highest degrees of those sins, or are they the lower also? *This question, as it is a very distressing one, I would gladly answer if I could or dared.* But as with regard to the sin against the Holy Ghost, so here, also, *Scripture is silent.* I certainly, much as I have labored, have not yet been

Again, with their peculiar views of the exclusive prerogatives of the episcopally-ordained Priest, they deny the validity of all baptism but their own; and in defiance of the law of their own Church, and of decency, charity, and common sense, often refuse to inter an infant who has not passed under their own patent process of regeneration. The consequence is, that they throw doubt (and many of them do not scruple to avow it) on the final state of the myriads of unbaptized infants.* Whether they are, as some of the Fathers believed, neither happy nor miserable—consigned to a state of joyless apathy, or condemned to eternal suffering—we are all, it seems, in the dark. We may hope the best, but that is all the comfort that can be given us. To a Christian contemplating this world of sorrow, it has ever been one of the most delightful sources of consolation, that the decree which involved even infancy in the sentence of death, has converted a great part of the primeval curse into a blessing, and has peopled heaven with myriads of immortals, who after one brief pang of unremembered sorrow, have laid down for ever the burdens of humanity. It has been the dear belief of the Christian mother, that the provisions of the great spiritual economy are extended to the infant, whom she brought forth in sorrow, and whom she committed to the dust with a sorrow still deeper; that he will assuredly welcome her at the gates of Paradise, arrayed in celestial beauty, and radiant with a cherub's smile. But all these gloriously sustaining hopes must be overcast in order to keep the mystical power of "regeneration" exclusively in the hands of the Episcopal Clergy. All charity, all decency, all humanity, as well as common sense, are to be outraged, rather than the power of conferring some inconceivable "nonentity" should be abandoned.

able to decide any thing. Perhaps it is therefore concealed, lest man's anxiety to hold onward to the avoiding of all sin should wax cold. But now, since the degree of venial iniquity, [what is venial iniquity?] if persevered in, is unknown, the eagerness to make progress by more instant continuance in prayer is quickened, and the carefulness to make holy friends of the mammon of unrighteousness is not despised."—Pusey, cited by M'Ilvaine. See also Letter to Bishop of Oxford, p. 83, 4th edition.

* "But I will rather suggest the consideration of the vastness of the power claimed by the Church—a power which places it almost on a level with God himself—the power of forgiving sins by wiping them out in baptism—of transferring souls from hell to heaven, without admitting a doubt of it, as when 'baptized infants,' it is said, 'dying before they commit actual sin, are undoubtedly saved.'"—Sewell's *Christian Morals*, p. 247.

As to the Eucharist; if the doctrine of the Oxford School, especially according to the latest "development" be any thing less mysterious or more intelligible than the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation, we confess we cannot perceive it. That there is some great ineffable change wrought by the formulas of consecration, we are expressly told, but what, is not explained.*

On the alleged mysterious efficacy attending the administration of the Sacraments at the hand of the privileged priesthood, (what their personal character is, it appears, little matters,) similar observations may be made as upon the mysterious "gift" handed down in ordination from hand to hand. What is it? Is it any thing which can be distinguished from a nonentity,—seeing that it is not cognizable by sense, consciousness, or experience? Take baptismal regeneration, for example. What is imparted—what effected? If any change be produced, it surely ought to be stupendous, in order to justify the application of such a term; and it surely ought to be moral, for moral excellence is the design of the whole institute. Yet we look in vain for any such effects, or rather for any effects at all. Millions of the infants thus annually regenerated, present in all respects just

* See Mr. Newman on Art. XXVIII., Number Ninety.

"As regards the Holy Communion," says even Mr. Gladstone, "our Church . . . does not feel that the solemn words of the institution of the Eucharist are adequately, that is, scripturally, represented by any explanation which resolves them into mere figure; and she fears lest the faithful be thus defrauded of their consolation, and of their spiritual food."—Gladstone's *Church Principles*, p. 161.

Again—"There is no one passage in the New Testament which alludes to the Eucharist at all, which is otherwise than most naturally consistent (to say the least) with the idea of its mysterious and miraculous character."—*British Critic*, July, 1842, p. 73.

Again—"What is the meaning of the popular phrase, 'the age of miracles?' Is there all the difference, or, indeed, any thing more than the difference between things seen and unseen (a difference worth nothing in faith's estimate)—between healing the sick and converting the soul—raising man's natural body and raising him in baptism from the death of sin? Is the wonder wrought at the marriage of Cana a miracle, and the change which the holy elements undergo, as consecrated by the priest, and received by the faithful, no miracle, simply because the one was perceptible to the natural eye, while the other is discerned by the spiritual alone?"—*British Critic*, Vol. xxvii. pp. 259, 260

This transcends all. We always thought that the very essence of a miracle consisted in its appealing to the senses of those in whose presence it is wrought. "It is wrought in their presence," virtually says this writer, "and is as wonderful a miracle as raising the dead, only you cannot see it—a difference worth nothing in faith's estimate." For similar doctrine, see Tract 85, p. 95.

the very same qualities—physical and moral—with those who have not been subjected to the process. Visibly do they grow up, neither wiser nor holier, nor better than the less fortunate infant who has been subjected to the unavailing baptism of the Presbyterian minister, or to no baptism at all. Here an amazing spiritual revolution, to describe which metaphor and hyperbole are exhausted, is supposed to be effected, which yet leaves absolutely no traces behind it—whether physical or moral. Nothing less than Omnipotence is introduced to effect that, of which, when effected, we have not the slightest evidence that it has been effected!

Such mysteries as these, if received at all, must be received just in the same manner, and for similar reasons, with the doctrine of Transubstantiation; and we cannot wonder that those who have no scruple in receiving the one, should adopt views indefinitely near the other. In both cases we are called upon to believe that a stupendous change has, in millions of instances, been effected, without any evidence that there has been any, or rather with all the evidence that our nature is susceptible of, that there has been none. In Transubstantiation, we are commanded to believe that a great *physical* change has been wrought, of which our senses give us no information; and in baptismal regeneration, that a great *spiritual* change, has been wrought, of which both consciousness and experience give us just as little.

But as was said of Apostolical succession, so we may say of the "sacramental doctrine" connected with it, that no *mere arguments* can be more conclusive against it, than the feeling that it shocks the whole spirit of the Christian institute.

3. But perhaps this consciousness is more strongly felt in relation to the views held by this School respecting the Church, than in relation to any other subject. According to these men, the Church of Christ is **VISIBLE** and **ONE**; and as the Church can exist only where "the gospel is truly preached, and its ordinances are duly administered," while these are exclusively and inseparably connected with an episcopally-ordained clergy; they deny the name and privileges of the Church to every community in which such a ministry is not found, and as freely concede them wherever it is.*

* "Do not we hover about our ancient home, the home of Cyprian and Athanasius, without the heart to take up our abode in it, yet afraid to quit the sight of it; boasting of our Episcopacy, yet unwilling to condemn separatism; claiming a descent

Apparently, scarcely any pravity of doctrine, any flagitiousness of practice, is sufficient to annul this title where these channels of preternatural grace are found—no purity of doctrine, no blamelessness of conduct, can justify its application to a community in which they are not found. But as this Church is also **ONE**, it might be supposed an insuperable objection that the Romish, Greek, and English Churches—which are acknowledged to be "branches" of the *true Church*, but which all exist in a state of professed separation from one another, nay, which have reciprocally anathematized one another—must be proved to be **ONE**. One would imagine that **UNITY** in any community, must imply unity of government and jurisdiction; intercommunion of its members, or at the very least, perfectly friendly relations between its several "branches." And so Mr. Gladstone seems at first to admit; but he afterwards discovers, when it is convenient to discover it, that union in the Church by no means requires, as one of its essential conditions, "the consciousness (!) and actual or *possible* communication of the persons united."

It would sadly perplex any ordinary understanding to comprehend how communities can be one, which are not only hostile, but mutually excommunicate. If unity may still be preserved in such a case, it would really seem that there *might* be devised some reasonable way in which Episcopalians and Presbyterians might be regarded as *one*. An unsophisticated mind would imagine, that if unity is not impossible amongst those who respectively acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles and the Tridentine Decrees, it should be not altogether impossible for those who acknowledge the Thirty-nine Articles and the Confession of faith, to find one Church large enough to hold both. But such a man would only show his ignorance of theology. The terms of communion must be wide enough to embrace the whole Churches of Greece and Rome, for they have the Apostolical suc-

from the apostles, yet doubting of the gifts attending it; and trying to extend the limits of the Church for the admission of Wesleyans and Presbyterians, while we profess to be exclusively primitive? Alas, is not this to witness against ourselves like coward sinners, who hope to *serve the world* without giving up God's service?"—"Whatever be our *private differences* with the Roman Catholics, we may join with them in condemning Socinians, Baptists, Independents, Quakers, and the like. But God forbid that we should ally ourselves with the offspring of heresy and schism, in our contest with any branches of the Holy Church which maintain the *foundation*, whatever may be their *incidental corruptions*!"—(*Oxford Tracts*, Vol. II; *Records of the Church*, No. XXV. pp. 3, 8, 9.)

cession; but not a single Lutheran or Presbyterian community, for they have it not.

Hence the fraternal yearnings of our Anglicans towards the Greek and Romish Churches. Hence the language recently quoted, "that it is evident at first sight that there is much grace and many high gifts" in each of these communions—hence the declaration, equally arrogant and insulting, cited in the preceding note from the Oxford Tracts—hence the lamentations over the Reformation as an untoward event, and all but "a fearful judgment"*—hence their eagerness to show, though at the peril of exposing their own Church to the charge of having been guilty of a detestable schism, that the differences between England and Rome are far from being so momentous as those between Anglicans and other Protestants—hence it is that we see them stretching themselves half over the gulf which separates them from Popery, to the infinite hazard of toppling into it, for the purpose of touching only the tips of the fingers of their new friends and allies. But it will not do; as long as the *separation* itself is continued, their arguments will all be futile. Either that separation was justifiable or not; if it was, then are the Churches of Rome and England two communities, not one—and Rome heretical; if not, still they are two communities, and not one—and that of England schismatical. If the latter be the fact, let those who maintain these views act like men of sense and honor—return to the bosom of the Romish Church, and not only subscribe, but carry out, the following declaration of the Editors of the "Ecclesiastical Almanac" for the present year: "It is by the constant action of this principle, as upon our theological opinions so upon our RITUAL and CEREMONIAL, and indeed upon every branch of our religious life, that we may hope to prepare ourselves for that *union* for which we sigh, and which we are so far privileged as to be permitted to hope for, and even to begin to look forward to. For THIS who would not pray and labor as for an *end*, before which all other objects of desire sink into infinite insignificance? For these poor pages, at least, the motto has long been chosen, and must be year by year repeated. God grant

* *British Critic*, No. 59, p. 1.—"We trust, of course, that active and visible union with the see of Rome is not of the essence of a Church; at the same time we are deeply conscious that in lacking it, far from asserting a right, we forego a great privilege. Rome has imperishable claims on our gratitude, and, were it so ordered, on our deference . . . for her sins, and our own, we are estranged from her in presence, not in heart."—*Ibid.* p. 3.

it may ever be its sole aim TO HASTEN THAT UNION, AND RENDER OURSELVES WORTHY OF ENTERING INTO IT."*

Meantime, is it not wonderful that those who are astute enough to discover that the Romish, Greek, and English Churches all form constituent parts of *One Visible Church*, merely in virtue of holding Apostolic succession and kindred Church principles, should not recoil at the bigotry of *un-churching* all the reformed Churches of the Continent—the Church of Scotland, and the communities of dissenting Protestants! But here, again, the Oxford men are but carrying out their views consistently, however absurdly. The Bishop of London, indeed, naturally shocked at the uncharitableness of the above views, has, in his "Three Sermons on the Church," entered his protest against them. We only regret that he has protested on principles which, whatever respect we may feel for his charity, leave us little room to congratulate him either on his consistency or his logic. It is hopeless to contend against the Oxford men on the principles which his Lordship has laid down. He does not escape from one of the real difficulties in which the hypothesis of Church principles involves him, and is, in effect equally uncharitable. For how does this Prelate argue? He affirms that *ordinarily*, Episcopacy, and an Episcopally-ordained ministry, are essential to the constitution of a true Church; but hesitating at the thought of consigning all the foreign Reformed Churches to "the uncovenanted mercies of God," as no part of the true Church of Christ, he frames for them a special exception, on the ground that their *individual members* have no choice, (there being no Episcopal Church to which they can join themselves;) while he consigns the Dissenting communities at home to the said "uncovenanted mercies," or to no mercies at all, (as the case may be,) because it is their duty to join the Church of England. How they can do so, if they conscientiously believe they *ought* not; and whether his Lordship, in saying they can and ought, be not constituting himself a judge of conscience, it may be wise in him to consider. But let that pass. It is plain, that on his Lordship's principles the foreign Reformed Churches are no true Churches; for though it is true that *individual members* of those Churches may not have had an opportunity of availing themselves of the inestimable advantages of "apostolical succession;" the churches themselves, (of which, and of

* *Ecclesiastical Almanac*, 1843, p. 5.

which alone, his Lordship is professedly speaking,) considered as entire communities, have had the opportunity any time within the last three centuries. They are therefore, as communities, no true Churches, however charitably his Lordship may be supposed "to hope" respecting individual members. But we will further try his Lordship's test by an additional instance, which he has done wisely to keep out of sight, although it lay at his very door. We ask, "Is the Church of Scotland a true Church?" If his Lordship answers in the affirmative, it must be for *some* reason: it cannot be because she embraces Episcopacy, for she repudiates it; it cannot be because she could not have effected reunion with the Episcopal Church, had she been so pleased;—nay, she has not only had Episcopacy offered, but thrust upon her, and has, doubtless, deeply sinned in wilfully rejecting it. It can then only be on the ground of her being established. But then a totally different criterion of a true Church is at once admitted; will his Lordship affirm that every Church *established* is a true Church? If, on the other hand, he says that the Scottish Church is *not* a true Church, then, for aught we can see, he may just as well go the whole length of his censure, but more consistent brethren of Oxford. We will submit another case to his Lordship, still near home. Let us cross the Irish Channel. Is the Romish Church there a true Church, and entitled to the allegiance of the people?—if not, it appears that it is possible that the criterion of an Episcopal ministry may fail; if it be, then it is at least as much entitled to a rightful obedience as the Anglican Church. If his Lordship says, No, because it is not *established*, he again introduces a criterion of a true Church inconsistent with his theory. Such are the inconsistencies in which this Prelate is involved. We thank him for his charity; but we cannot be content to hoodwink ourselves to palpable absurdities and inconsistencies, even in order to be charitable; and can only regret that he did not "find out a more excellent way" of rebuking that bigotry at which he is naturally shocked, and which we once more say, is a stronger argument against the errors of the Oxford school than any, or all besides. God forbid that we should deny the member of any community—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, who holds the essential doctrines of Christianity, and is manifestly animated by its spirit—to be a member of the true Church! We feel that whom we dare not deny to be a "Christian," we dare

not deny to be a member of Christ's Church. We feel that the saying of Robert Hall commends itself at once to common sense, to the highest reason, and to the noblest instincts of our moral nature—"he who is good enough for Christ, is good enough for me."

Views so extraordinary as those on which we have commented—so unsupported by reason and so destructive of charity—ought surely to be authenticated by the clearest utterances of Revelation. Even then, it may perhaps be said that their reception would present greater difficulties than ever yet troubled an infidel; but strange to say, it is admitted by their very advocates, that one of the greatest difficulties connected with these doctrines is the *primâ facie* evidence of Scripture against them; that they are not at all events on the *surface* nor explicitly stated, but are to be *developed* out of mysterious hints and ambiguous whispers.* Further, the very *texts* on which they exhaust every art of exegetical torture to make them speak their mind, sound, when thus interpreted, so cold, constrained, and frigid, that they acknowledge, again and again, that these doctrines cannot be established by Scripture alone; and they therefore discreetly call in the authoritative voice of tradition.

4. It is, then, a further dogma of this School, that the Scriptures are *not* the sole, or a perfect rule of faith; that they are to be *supplemented* by tradition; that they furnish at best but the germ of an imperfectly developed Christianity—which is to be found full-blown and perfect somewhere, (no one can tell where,) in the third, or fourth, or fifth, or sixth, or some other century still later; and that the Fathers have much to tell us of undoubted apostolical authority, which the Apostles themselves have failed to tell.

Infinite are the disputes which such a theory instantly gives rise to. In essence and principle it in nowise differs from that of Rome, (for it affirms both a *written* and an *unwritten word*;) it differs only in the pleasant and gratuitously perplexing addition, that it is impossible to assign the period within which the circle of Catholic verities may be supposed complete—the period when the slowly developed church-system became ripe, but had not yet become rotten. The unity of faith which is thus sought, is farther off than ever; for the materials of discord are enlarged a thousand-fold.

1. There is the dispute as to whether

* No. 85, *passim*.

there be any such authoritative rule of faith at all; and this alone promises to be an endless controversy.

2. Even if we were to admit the possible existence of such a rule, the uncertainty in its application would preclude the possibility of its being of any use.

3. Even if men in general are told that they need not inquire for themselves, but just receive what their "authorized guides" choose to tell them, private judgment is still pressed with insuperable difficulties; for alas, we find that the "authorized guides" themselves, in the exercise of *their* private judgment, have arrived at very different conclusions as to what is Catholic verity, and what is not. It is very easy for Mr. Newman to talk in magniloquent phrase of that much abused abstraction, the "Church;" and to represent his system of "Church principles" as one and complete in every age. But when we inquire *which* is that Church, *what* are the doctrines it has delivered as the complete circle of verity, and who are its infallible interpreters, we find those whom these authorized guides proclaim *equally* authorized, at endless variance;—Romanists, Greeks, and Anglicans, differing in judgment from each other, and from themselves. In a word, we find the "Church" is just Mr. Newman or Dr. Pusey—not unbecomingly disguised in the habiliments of a somewhat antiquated lady, and uttering their "private judgments" as veritable oracles. What can one of these "guides" say to "a brother guide," who declares, "I adopt your principles, and it appears to me and many others, that on the same grounds on which you contend for the apostolical succession—that is, on the authority of the ancient Church—I must contend for the celibacy of the clergy?" Or to another who declares, "on our common principles I think there is good reason to admit the invocation of saints, the worship of images, the doctrine of the efficacy of holy relics, the monastic institute, to be of apostolical origin?" Or to another, "it appears to me that the doctrine of purgatory is but a *development* of the doctrine which justifies prayers for the dead?" Or to another, "you will not go beyond such and such a century in determining your Catholic orthodoxy; I think the limit ought to be fixed a century later, or two centuries, or three?" What can he reply? He may perhaps say, "*We* can show when your doctrines came in." "Ah!" he replies, "so it appears to *you*; but it appears to *me*, that on the same principles another person may show when *your* fa-

vorite doctrines came in; for I do nothing more than adopt your principles of 'expansion' and 'development'—of improving 'hints,' of harmonizing apparent contradictions, and so on; and my doctrines are thus brought out as clearly as those for which you contend. There is no greater apparent discrepancy between my favorite doctrine and those of the Fathers of the third century, than there is between those you extract from the Fathers of the third century and the Scriptures." "But *we* decide otherwise." "But who are *we*?" is the instant and scornful reply.

Such is, in fact, the inevitable course which the controversy is taking; till at last thousands of Anglicans are contending for the system of the fourth or fifth century, and even there feel that their footing is insecure.

This variety of result is inevitable. 1. The very elements from which this Catholic system of theology is to be collected, are in a great degree doubtful;—intermixed with forgeries; disfigured by interpolations, erasures, mutilations; so that it has transcended all mortal skill to settle the patristic canon. 2. What one man receives as genuine, another rejects as spurious; and endless is the controversy as to which is right. 3. The works themselves, spurious and genuine, are most formidably voluminous, written in different languages, and each of them *dead*. 4. They contain much of universally acknowledged error, and a pleasing assemblage of obscurities and contradictions. 5. Some are dark with curious subtleties, and others as much disguised by rhetorical exaggerations. 6. Owing to these and other circumstances, it is possible for very different controvertists to prove from them very different conclusions, and to wage an interminable war of citations and counter-citations. The Romanist brings forward a citation:—"you are to consider the rhetorical mode of reasoning of these venerable men," exclaims the Protestant. The Protestant countercites—"you are not to forget," says the Romanist, "that it was said in the heat of controversy, when it is so natural to deal in unlimited propositions." The Romanist is ready with another; "the writing is not genuine—most probably a forgery," shouts the Protestant—"all critics allow it to have been at least grievously interpolated." To a fourth it is said, "it is an interpolation of the Greeks." To a fifth, "it was foisted in by the Latins." To a sixth, "the passage is corrupt; there are five different readings, and twice as many renderings." To a seventh, "it is a contradiction only in ap-

pearance; we can easily harmonize the statement." To an eighth, "though it be only a *hint*, you are to consider the 'reserve' of the early Church." To a ninth, "true, that passage says so, but here is another from the same author, directly in the teeth of it:" and so on forever.* Such is the unity to which the guidance of tradition has ever led, and will ever lead us; and of this the present controversies—the goodly array of books which stand at the head of this article—and the many others which might be added to them, afford a signal and irrefragable proof. Unity! Babel itself is but a faint image of this "confusion of tongues."

But the advocates of tradition profess to have discovered an unfailing directrix in all difficulties, in the far-famed rule of Vincentius Lirinensis—that we are to believe what has been delivered EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS, and BY ALL: "QUOD SEMPER, QUOD UBIQUE, QUOD AB OMNIBUS TRADITUM EST." This rule sounds plausible, but on examination will be found to involve, for reasons already hinted, most complicated difficulties in its application; and is about as serviceable as a certain guide-post, which assured the traveller that when it was *under water*, that road was impassable. This, however true, would not prevent his being drowned before he made the discovery. When we come to examine the rule, we find that if we take it *without* limitations it is a manifest absurdity; and if we take it with all the limitations it requires, it becomes as manifest a nullity;—not to mention that, at the very least, it leaves open the question, who is to *determine* what has been thus delivered "always, everywhere, and by all?"—a question not very easy of solution, when we reflect that both Romanists and Anglicans profess to receive it, and yet reach widely different results.

But to consider the rule itself. We will not here refine, as some have done, and say that it is ambiguously expressed; that it *may* be so interpreted as to imply that we are to receive all that has ever been delivered for truth; in a word, that we are to believe error and truth, heresy and orthodoxy, contradictions and paradoxes—such a creed as may well be supposed too much

* The Archbishop of Dublin has well illustrated this subject:—"The mass of Christians are called on to believe and do what is essential to Christianity, in implicit reliance on the reports of their respective pastors, as to what certain deep theological antiquarians have reported to them, respecting the reports given by certain ancient Fathers, of the reports current in their times concerning Apostolical usages and institutions."

for even a Montanist or a Marcionite. We will take it for granted that it means, that that *only* is to be received for Catholic verity which has been affirmed by all conjointly, at all times, and everywhere. But taken even in this sense, we have, at the very outset, a notable instance of what is called reasoning in a circle. For when it is asked—"Is the word 'all' to be taken absolutely?" The answer is—"By no means." "Who are the 'all' then?" Answer—"The Orthodox alone." "And who are the Orthodox?" "Those who hold what has been delivered by 'all.'" This is limitation the first. But now, let us suppose this difficulty evaded by some subterfuge, and the authorities to which appeal is to be made otherwise determined. We proceed to ask then—does this rule mean, that whatever is delivered for truth must be expressly asserted by all whom the advocates of the rule itself invest with a vote? Are we, for example, to look for the whole circle of affirmed Catholic verities in the writings of the apostolical Fathers? "No," must be the reply, "it is sufficient that they do not contradict them. Their silence must be supposed to give consent." To this it might be replied, that this is at once to abandon the rule, or rather to take for granted the very thing to be proved; while we have a sufficient explanation of the *silence* of these earliest Fathers in the fact, that it was impossible for them to anticipate, and therefore to condemn all the absurd innovations and corruptions which after ages would bring in. They were no prophets; Clement could not anticipate the vagaries of a Tertullian, nor Polycarp predict those of an Origen; any more than Cranmer could have supposed that such a peculiar logician as Mr. Newman would, at the distance of three centuries, arise to prove that the Articles might be explained away. This, then, is limitation the *second*. It is *not* necessary that all that we are to believe should be expressly affirmed by all who are included in the circle of authorities; that is, we are to believe much which *non ab omnibus traditum est*. But if the supposed argument drawn from their silence be of any avail, then let us consider with what weapons we are to combat the Romanist, who is continually playing off against us this very stratagem. Why may not *he* urge, on behalf of transubstantiation, (which undoubtedly for many ages could boast the *ubique et ab omnibus*;) the same apology for the silence or the ambiguous utterances of earlier Fathers, as our Anglicans urge for many of those novelties

which are not to be found in the Apostolical Fathers? To both or neither is the course open—to say that Christianity was a gradually developed system; that it does not appear in its perfect proportions till some ages after the Apostles had gone to their rest; and that we are not to wonder that many Catholic verities are very slightly noticed, or not at all, in the earliest age. Thus these parties may endlessly refute each other, but mean time, by that very dispute the boasted rule is shown to be a nullity. But if we are to believe nothing but what is affirmed BY ALL, AT ALL TIMES, EVERYWHERE, then any one of those whom they themselves challenge as orthodox, will do as a standard as well as the rest—Clement of Rome, for example. If they say, “True, but nevertheless there are many things which, though he did not assert, he *would* have asserted had he written about them, or thought of it,”—this is again to abandon the rule, and to substitute conjecture for it. If it be said, we imagine all believed these things, because later writers generally testify they did, we again reply, this is to imagine and not to prove, and will do as well for the Romanists as for you; for of course each succeeding age will take care to authenticate its own corruptions; and, right or wrong, vouch for its predecessor. Thus, if we may believe the Papists, Peter was first Bishop of Rome; and if the Oxford Tractists, prayer for the dead is an Apostolical tradition. But we come to a third limitation. When we ask—“But is it true that the dissent on *any* point, on the part of any one of those whom you deem in the main orthodox—as Clement of Alexandria, for example—is sufficient to invalidate that article?” The answer is—“No, certainly;” but then what becomes of your *quod ab omnibus*? for there is hardly an article, (if we except those great fundamental truths, which we can at once extract from the Scriptures without any thanks to these worthies)—there is hardly one of the opinions which you peculiarly patronize but is denied by some of them. Answer—It is not necessary that Catholic verity be asserted by all absolutely, but only by the “*greater part*.” Limitation the *third*;—set down, then, that *omnes* means the “*greater part*.” But we have not yet half done with the difficulties of the rule: we here come to a curious problem of limits. It is said that it is not necessary that each article of faith should be admitted by all those who are included in the circle of authorities, but only by “the greater part.” Pray, how much “*greater*” is this “*greater part*” to

be? Will a bare majority of one, or two, or three, or half a dozen, or half a score, be sufficient? or if not, of how many? What is to be the ratio of suffrages which shall determine *that* to be Catholic truth, which otherwise would be no truth at all? And if the judgments of different men differ as to what this ratio ought to be, (as they needs must, where there is nothing but caprice to determine them,)—who is to be the judge as to whose judgment is to be received? Even supposing that impossible point decided—who is to be the judge as to what opinions have or have not the requisite majority of authorities to back them? But yet again, if a bare majority, or any thing short of unanimity, will be sufficient, are you prepared to receive any of those doctrines or usages which are sustained by an *equal* majority, with any one of those you enjoin upon our belief? If so, this precarious rule will compel you to go much further than you have hitherto gone—if not, you have gone much too far. The doctrine of the Millenaries, now universally abandoned, and explicitly condemned by you; the administration of the Eucharist to infants; the celibacy of the clergy; the monastic institute; superstitious reverence for relics; the worship of the saints; the monkish miracles; and what would be quite as hard for *you* to digest, the popular election of Bishops and their voluntary support, can plead as large an amount of authority to sustain them, as many of those tenets which you enjoin upon us. He who wishes to see this subject fully handled may consult Mr. Isaac Taylor's able and elaborate work, entitled *Ancient Christianity*, on which we shall presently offer a few remarks. He plies the Oxford Tractists with this argument very fairly, and shows, in our judgment conclusively, that they are shut up to one of two courses; either to *develop* their system much further, (for which, if we may judge by recent demonstrations, they are fully prepared,) or retrace their steps to the principles of the Reformation.

Once more; as it is a part of the rule that what we are to believe must have been not only universally received, but *always*, that body of truth must have been as perfect in the earliest times as the latest; there is, therefore, no occasion to go lower than the first age—that is, to the Scriptures themselves, and honestly to apply the rule to them. That the truth was subsequently received by greater numbers, or was more widely diffused, is nothing to the purpose, and does not affect its integrity. The base

of a pyramid may be enlarged; but as every section of the pyramid parallel to it, cuts off a precisely similar pyramid, so if the body of doctrine we are to receive has been *always* the same—it was just the same in the Apostolic age as in the fifth century, or in our own, and we may as well stop there. Thus a perfectly fair application of this much vaunted rule, issues most unexpectedly, but most legitimately, in allowing us to defer to the exclusive authority of Scripture; and with this fresh limitation we are willing to abide by it. The Apostles shall be our *omnes*, their writings our *ubique*, and their age our *semper*. "But," says the Anglican, "though it is true that the body of truth has always been the same, and is therefore entire in the Scriptures, it is not on the *surface* there—it is five hundred fathoms deep—it must be *developed*; they contain but hints which require *expansion*." In the first place, this is begging the very question; and in the next place, it is just what the Romanists tell us, who, adopting the very same rule, and using no greater artifice of *expansion*, "expand" the system of the Scriptures into the system of Trent.

But further still; will these imitators of Rome, in borrowing Rome's own rule, apply it fairly to *all ages* of the Church? Will they take the *semper* absolutely? "No, by no means," is the reply; "for how should we confute the Romanists, who truly allege that during many ages doctrines have been professed, universally and by all, which we deny?" What then, we ask, is your *semper*? Within what limits is *always* to be confined? "That question does not admit of an answer," says Mr. Newman; "we had better not perplex ourselves with it: 'the era of purity' cannot be determined within less than 400 years; it was not 'much earlier than the Council of Sardica, A. D. 347, nor so late as the second Nicene Council, A. D. 787!'" What a curious solution of a historical problem, which brings us somewhere within 400 years of the truth, and leaves the rule of Vincentius of uncertain application, within that very period in which the doctrines and practices were *developed* on which the very gist of the controversy depends! However, as limitation the *last*, let it be noted that *semper* means not *always*, as some foolish people imagine; but some time between 347 and 787 years.

Thus the rule which Vincentius Lirinensis has delivered with so much gravity and solemnity, amounts to this—that we are religiously to receive all doctrines, which some unknown persons have, in some unde-

termined places, delivered for truth at some uncertain periods! But the rule becomes yet more flagrantly absurd, as less epigrammatically delivered by himself. It then sinks into the most contemptible of truisms; for he takes care, as Daillé has remarked, to fence his proposition with so many limitations, that if they could but be all complied with, he must be an infidel indeed who would refuse assent to it. He tells us, in his own inimitable style, that "he speaks not of any authors, but only of such as having piously, wisely, and constantly lived, preached, and persevered in the Catholic faith and communion, obtained the favor at length, either to die faithfully in Christ, or else had the happiness of being crowned with martyrdom for Christ's sake;" he further adds, "that we are to receive as undoubted true, certain, and definitive, whatsoever all the aforesaid authors, or at least the greater part of them, have clearly, frequently, and constantly affirmed, with an unanimous consent, receiving, retaining, and delivering it over to others, as it were jointly, and making up all of them but one common and unanimous council of doctors." Whence it appears, as Daillé has fully shown, and not without a touch of humor unwonted in him, that "all that Vincentius here promises us is no more than this, that we may be sure not to be deceived, provided that we believe no other doctrines save what are holy and true. This promise of his is like that which little children are wont to make, when they tell you that you shall never die if you but always eat." So that to the inquiry—"What is the Catholic faith?" it appears that we are at liberty to reply that it is the doctrine of those who have "*piously, wisely, and constantly* lived, preached, and maintained to the death—the Catholic faith;" or, at all events, of the *greater part* of such. A truly cautious conclusion!

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the extravagant claims which our modern lovers of antiquity prefer on behalf of the Fathers. It is true that Mr. Newman, by way of obviating the argument arising from their unspeakable weaknesses and extravagances, assures us that it is not their individual authority, but their concurrent testimony, to any point of doctrine and ritual, which sanctions it as of Apostolical origin. But then, as it is difficult to say how far it may be necessary to draw upon these holy men, or how far their poor credit will serve to give currency to the preposterous doctrines for which they are made responsible, it is as well to accredit as

much of their worthless paper as possible. If there be a concurrence of a majority, their authority is then infallible; if only of a considerable number, the most egregious puerility ceases to be such; while the opinion only of one, though it may appear downright craziness to common sense, is to be treated with silent veneration. Throughout the Oxford Tracts, and more especially in Number Eighty-Nine, (On the Mysticism of the Fathers)—a besotting and besotted veneration is constantly inculcated towards them.* Many of their most extravagant absurdities are not merely palliated, but lauded:—even their inimitable vagaries in the way of allegorical interpretation, are seriously recommended to our devout attention; and we are told to inquire whether we have not lost much by renouncing the system which led to them. The tone of reverence, which is every where maintained and enjoined, is evidently designed to perplex the understanding of the ignorant and timid, (an artifice in common use with this School,) and to foster the belief that the Fathers are too *sacred* to be dealt with as merely human authors. No matter how childish, how ludicrous the fancies which provoke our laughter, these writers shake their heads and say, "Beware how you despise things that *may* be sacred."†

* "A devout mind will probably at once acknowledge on which side, in the present question, the *peril of erring will be greatest*. The question is like that of the general evidences of religion; a person who would go into it with *advantage*, should be imbued *beforehand* with a kind of natural piety, which will cause him to remember all along, that *perhaps when he comes to the end of his inquiry, he will find that God was all the while really there*."—(Oxford Tracts, No. 89, p. 5.)

† After vindicating the patristic system of allegorical and mystical interpretation as a *system*, and fearlessly justifying it in some of the most extravagant instances—as, for example, in those absurd fancies in which the Fathers persisted in discovering types of the cross and baptism in every mention of *wood* and *water* in the Old Testament—as in the *rods* which Jacob stuck in the *troughs* before Laban's sheep, or the *staff* with which he passed over the *river Jordan*, or in the *ladder* which he saw in a dream—(on which the Tractist actually makes the following inconceivably silly remark, "This example is not irrelevant, since a ladder is part, so to speak, of the furniture of the cross;")—after all this, pursued at great length and with most edifying solemnity—the writer makes this frank statement—"Some examples have been given above: examples purposely selected, many of them, as the likeliest to startle and scandalize a mere modern reader; and something, it is hoped, has been done towards showing, that in those cases, at least, the holy Fathers well knew what they were about (?); that they proceeded in interpreting Scripture on the surest ground—the

The author of the Tract in question is even so infatuated as to express his regret that the selections from the Fathers to which the people have been occasionally treated, are such as to give the reader a too favorable opinion of them; that is, that the Editors of such selections have exercised some discretion, and extracted only the better parts of these authors. "But the very circumstance," says he, "of such selections being made with a view to modern prejudices, shows that they can do no more than palliate the evil. When a reader passes from specimens of that kind to the whole body of any Father's writings, he is apt to feel as if he had been unfairly dealt with, and is inclined rather to be the more intolerant of the many things which he is sure to meet wit, alien to his former tastes and habits of thought."* He proceeds, therefore, to expose more freely the (in popular opinion) more questionable "sayings and doings" of the Fathers; in the hope, no doubt, that the public, on becoming familiarized with, may be enamored of them; and this Tract, in which so much that is whimsical and delirious in the Fathers is not only apologized for, but cited with applause, may be considered as a sort of tentative experiment—a test of the patience and stupidity of the English people.‡

We, too, share in the author's hopes, that the public may no longer be restricted to the more "select" portions of the Fathers. We differ widely in our anticipations of the effect of throwing open the doors of this storehouse of learning. We are convinced that the plain good sense of the Eng-

warrant of Scripture itself in analogous cases."—(No. 89, p. 40.)

* But in order to *appreciate rightly* the Fathers' reasoning in such places, we ought, of course, to recollect, that its force lies in the accumulation of instances. It is not necessary that each *anecdote*, taken by itself, should be a complete type of the evangelical truth, at which the sum of the whole points: e. g., though a person questioned the *distinct* allusion to any Christian mystery, in the account, taken singly, of Jacob using rods to influence the breed of Laban's cattle, still it must come in as one among many examples, to show how constantly the Almighty employed that material, which was to be the instrument of redemption, as a conveyance of temporal blessings to his chosen people (1).

* No. 89, p. 8.

‡ "It is a subject," he says, "which scholars in general have, perhaps, been apt to treat overlightly, not to say profanely; so that, in speaking of it, a person insensibly falls into the apologetic tone; but the more we really come to know and think of it, the more deeply, perhaps, shall we feel, that even that tone is inexcusable presumption, compared with that which would become us in making mention of those who come nearest the Apostles, and had, in greatest perfection, the mind of Christ."—(No. 89, p. 38.)

lish people would immediately resent the attempt to blind and delude them; and reject with abhorrence that idolatry of the Fathers, to which they are invited to degrade themselves. We thank the Oxford divines for having projected and partly executed a "library of the Fathers," and heartily bid them go on. The only thing we fear is, lest they should not give us those unique specimens of madness and folly, which the patristic literature supplies. If they will not, we trust that others will. It will be easy to furnish a "Supplement" to the "Library;" and we confidently anticipate that we shall be able to say of this appeal to the Fathers, what Chillingworth says of a certain argument of his opponent: "though it may seem to do you great service for the present, yet you will repent the time that ever you urged it against us." We are convinced that nothing more is needed than the indiscriminate exposure of an impartial sample of the works of these unparalleled writers to the popular gaze, to obliterate that feeling of traditional reverence with which they are regarded. The drunken Helots never taught the Spartans a more wholesome lesson of temperance than the inimitable antics of these holy men would teach the present age the folly of deferring to them as our spiritual guides; and still more of investing them under any conditions with the authority of Scripture. It is impossible, however, to help wondering at the infatuation implied in thus throwing open to public gaze the "treasures" of the Fathers. These writers had better by half adhere to their wiser maxims of "reserve in the communication of religious knowledge." But whatever be the motive, we rejoice at the step they have taken. It will be singular should they in this way become the iconoclasts of their own idols, and by a sort of righteous retribution, the reformers of their own errors. The task of freely exposing the errors and absurdities of the Ancient Church, has in a certain degree been performed by Mr. Taylor in his "Ancient Christianity," on which we must here offer a few remarks. The work has more than the author's usual excellences, and fewer of his characteristic defects.—There is less of the indistinct haze and magniloquent common-place, which are too often found in his other writings; while the earnestness of controversy has certainly improved his manner—leaving him less leisure for the false glare and *splendida vitia*, which so commonly taint his style. Here, however, as elsewhere, he is often exceedingly prolix: of simple energy, of the art

of saying much in few words, he seems to have but a faint idea. But these are small matters; and it is a duty to notice some others which are not trivial. One is the almost offensive egotism by which he has stated his claims to be considered nearly sole champion in this great cause; another is the perilous concessions which, in his first Number, he was induced to make, and which he has since, in almost every page, been compelled virtually to retract. As to the first, it is amusing to find him cutting off first one body of religionists, and then another—some parties *in* the Church and all *out* of it—as quite incapable of encountering champions of such redoubted learning, and all but invincible prowess, as the new Knights of Oxford; and then modestly naming himself as one who may be deemed not insufficiently equipped for this glorious adventure. He lays great stress not only upon his familiarity with patristic literature, but upon his having access to a complete collection of the Fathers! We have no doubt that there are many men, both in the Church and out of it, who have a knowledge of this peculiar species of literature quite sufficient to qualify them to take part in that good work in which Mr. Taylor is engaged; and we know that access to the Fathers is not altogether a singular privilege. Whether he has assumed this tone from an unconscious tendency to magnify the importance of cherished and solitary studies, or whether from a desire to impress his readers with a deep conviction of the difficulty of the achievement which he proposed to himself, we know not; and most assuredly we should not have alluded to the topic, were it not that it tends to strengthen the delusion which the tone of the Oxford Tractists was all along calculated to produce, that they were monopolists of some peculiar sources of information, and that none but persons of the profoundest erudition could be presumed to be in possession even of the data on which to form an opinion of the soundness or unsoundness of their views. This we must be permitted to designate sheer delusion. It is true that patristic literature had been little studied by the mass of educated persons, but it was from an impression (and a correct impression, too) of its general worthlessness. Nor were the data on which that opinion had gradually diffused itself scanty or insufficient. Though the Oxford Tract writers insinuated that that impression was the result of ignorance, and suffered themselves to speak contemptuously of those who had not merely a

knowledge of such writers as Chillingworth, and Daillé,* but had studied the Fathers quite long enough to convince them that they were not worth studying longer;—though they thought it a sufficient answer to a Whately or a Shuttleworth, to insinuate that they were mere sciolists in patristic literature, because they had been too wise to waste life in reading little or nothing else; yet is it quite certain that every nook of this vast field had been explored again and again, and the results fully given to the world, in works which were written long before Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman were born, and which will be read long after they are forgotten. More especially is it true, that, in relation to that dogma of the new School now under consideration, ample materials for forming a judgment were long since provided in works on the Romish controversy. Daillé was no sciolist; Jeremy Taylor was not, it is presumed, deficient in learning; Chillingworth was no schoolboy; Stillingfleet and Hall were not to be despised;—all these and many others had learning quite equal to that of any of the authors of the Oxford Tracts; and in powers of reasoning and argument, and, we will add, a love of truth, were immeasurably their superiors. Mr. Taylor is indeed pleased to say, that “Whatever analogies may seem to connect the doctrines of the Oxford Tracts with Popery, the difference between the two is such, as those must certainly be disappointed who, hastily snatching up the rusty swords and spears of the Reformers, rush, so accoutred, upon the Oxford divines.”† But we have no occasion to confute this statement; for the progress of the controversy, and a more correct appreciation of its bearings, have compelled him to confute it himself. “By explicit avowals, or implied approbation, or in the mode of delicate allusion, these writers,” says he, “in their various publications, have at length taken to themselves every thing in Romanism which is of earlier date than the close of the fifth century;”‡ and he further tells us, “Romanism, and nothing else, has become the subject of the great argument which the Oxford Tract writers have ori-

* Even Daillé himself does not escape the same sort of depreciation. It is thus the writer of the Tract on “Mysticism” allows himself to speak of that truly learned man:—“By his skill in rhetorical arrangement, and by a certain air of thorough command of his subject, which he has been very successful in assuming, he became at once the standard author for all who took that side of the question.”—(No. 89, p. 1.)

† *Ancient Christianity*, No. 1, p. 18.

‡ No. 4, p. 5.

ginated. Candor now scarcely demands that the alleged distinction between the Anglo-Catholic Church system and the faith and worship of the Tridentine Council should any longer be much regarded. This difference, be it what it may, affects no fundamental principle.”*

We wonder that Mr. Taylor did not see this from the first. Though particular points disputed between the Romanists and Protestants are different from those in question between the Anglicans and their opponents, yet the general principles in controversy are the very same; and the great dogma now under consideration—the authority of the Fathers, and the value of Tradition—had often been subjected to the fullest investigation. The vagueness of the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, and the uncertainty of tradition, are as clearly asserted and demonstrated by Jeremy Taylor, (a writer in some respects fondly claimed by the Oxford School,) as they could be by Isaac Taylor. But further: we affirm that the very same views which Mr. Taylor maintains, had in substance been given to the world in works which had no special reference to the Popish controversy. In Mosheim’s *History*, and still more in his *De Rebus Christianorum ante Constantinum*,†—a work of the most extensive and searching erudition,—practically the same conclusions are drawn respecting the early and wide-spread corruptions of the Church. None will pretend that Mosheim had not learning, and none but an Oxfordist that he wanted judgment. Precisely the same conclusions are established in the writings (though less calm and impartial) of Jortin, and of Conyers Middleton. But why do we say all this? Merely to dissipate the illusion that the Tractist champions are in possession of some exclusive treasures of knowledge;—an illusion which we think the first Number of Mr. Taylor’s work would go to confirm. We ridicule the notion that none are competent to form an opinion on the present controversy, unless they have given a “lifetime” (which Mr. Newman says it requires) to this species of reading. Any plain man, with the Bible in one hand, and Chillingworth, Daillé, and Mosheim in the other, need not fear to pronounce on the truth of the principles asserted by the Anglicans. Is it necessary

* No. 8, Vol. ii. 379.

† Of a portion of this work, an excellent translation (a little too wordy, perhaps,) has been given to the world by Mr. Vidal. The first volume appeared in 1813, the third in 1835. We shall be glad to see it completed.

to read through the Koran and all its commentators in order to pronounce on the claims of Mahomet; or to toil through the absurdities of the Talmud before being qualified to say that the Rabbis are not to be trusted?

But Mr Taylor has also run into a more serious error. He has been pleased to claim a certain indefinite "authority" for the Fathers; and has suffered himself to speak most strangely of the celebrated maxim, "that the Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." What this authority, over and above that which may be yielded to any other human beings, may be, he nowhere distinctly informs us. He asserts that "divine Providence has connected the later with the earlier Church by a link which can never be severed; and which connexion implies a general duty of acquainting ourselves with the records of the early Church, and of yielding such a specific deference to its testimony and judgment as is not to be claimed for the Church of any later period."* Again: he says, "it has been nothing so much as this inconsiderate 'Bible alone' outcry, that has given modern Popery so long a reprieve in the heart of Protestant countries."† He appears to lay much stress on the old fallacy, that we depend on the Fathers for ascertaining the canon of Scripture itself; and hence would seem to infer that we are in fact dependent on them for a great deal more. Much has been founded on this argument, yet most illogically. We do certainly admit the Fathers to be witnesses to the fact, that in their day such and such books were received as of undoubted apostolical authorship; just as we admit their successors of any succeeding age to be "witnesses" that they also had the same books. They are witnesses of a "fact;" and, as they had eyes and ears, we have no reason to distrust them. But we need not enlarge on this subject; and the less, that whatever mysterious and inexplicable authority Mr. Taylor may claim for these men beyond that of any other witnesses, he has taken effectual care to dissipate the illusion in the course of his work. In truth, the impression that he must leave on every reader's mind is, that more unsafe guides it is impossible to follow. He expressly says, (and there is much more to the same purpose,)—"in proving them to have grossly perverted the Gospel, and to be amongst the worst guides which the Church can follow, we are driven to the

necessity of producing evidence which no motive less imperative would have led us to bring forward."* In this, and the preceding case, we appeal from Mr Taylor's first thoughts to his second.

We should also probably differ from Mr. Taylor in relation to the *date*, extent, and *rate* of progress of certain corruptions; and in some instances cannot but think he has damaged his cause by overstating it. It would also have been as well had he refrained from citing some authorities of doubtful quality; though, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, we do not know what his opponents could fairly reply. He has been assailed, for example, for having made use of Athanasius's "Life of St Anthony;" yet Mr. Newman, in his "Church of the Fathers," admits its *substantial* authenticity, and deduces from it some most edifying conclusions.

In spite of these, and some minor defects, we cannot but regard Mr. Taylor's work as a most valuable contribution to the cause of Scriptural Christianity; and, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, most creditable to his talents, energy, and learning.

The Fathers will receive, and ought to receive, just the degree of respect that we should pay to any other men, and no more; that is, their authority will be in proportion to their knowledge, good sense, freedom from prejudice, honesty, and opportunities of forming a judgment. It may be supposed, indeed, that the last circumstance, considering their proximity to the Apostolic age, would give them a decided superiority over every other class of writers; but it is very possible that their disadvantages in *other* respects may depress their authority in the greater number of cases below that even of a third-rate student of Scripture of a later age—just as a man with bad eyes may not see an object so clearly at fifty yards, as another with good ones may see it at half a mile. Now, almost all the Fathers had very bad eyes; and, what is worse, they attempted to remedy the defect by still worse spectacles. On this point the reader will find some admirable remarks in Dr. Shuttleworth's treatise on Tradition.

The reason of this phenomenon is not far to seek. Many of the Fathers, indeed, were men of unquestionable genius, and of large erudition (such as it was); and small portions of many of their writings may be read with profit. But they were all

* *Ancient Christianity*, No. 1, p. 46.

† *Ibid.* No. 1, p. 66.

* No. 5, p. 26.

more or less tainted—most of them deeply—with the false maxims and pernicious prejudices which characterized their day; and from the influence of which, without being more than human, it was impossible that they could be free. This is no disparagement to their genius or their learning, any more than it is disrespectful to Descartes or Kepler to affirm, that having been early imbued with false principles of science, they constructed theories which we do not feel bound to reverence, because we reverence the *men*. We can separate Descartes from his “vortices,” and Kepler from his fanciful analogies between the laws of the planetary system and the “five regular solids.” In like manner we may well despise the *interpretations* of Origen, without despising Origen himself.

That Christianity should be fearfully corrupted, and that at no remote period from its origin, was not only natural, but inevitable, unless a series of perpetual miracles had been wrought to prevent it. Brought suddenly into contract with many systems of false philosophy, and of the most degrading polytheism, and attracting converts from all nations and all ranks, was it likely to be received and retained in its perfect purity? Falling on such a million-sided surface as the humanity of that day, it was impossible that the heavenly light should not undergo all sorts of refractions;—let down into such a pit of mephitic vapours, it was impossible that the lamp of truth should not burn dim. Christianity did much for its converts, doubtless; but it could not, and did not pretend to release them from all their prejudices and ignorances. It was perfectly natural, it was to be expected, that in a thousand cases the *new* principles should rather enter into combination, according to the *ordinary* laws of mental affinities, with the *old*—than that they should wholly repel them. The philosopher could not absolutely forego his lifelong speculations, nor the polytheist the habits of an ingrained idolatry; and thus, at a very early period, we find attempts to reconcile the doctrines of Christianity with the speculations of the Oriental and Grecian Schools; and to complicate and corrupt the ritual of the new religion by luckless imitations of that of the old. “Such,” remarks Mr. Taylor at the close of an eloquent passage, which we much regret that our limits do not permit us to give entire—“such were the antagonist principles, in contending with each of which the holy religion of Christ triumphed in each instance, and in each was trampled upon; conquered, and

was conquered; diffused light and health, and admitted darkness and corruption.”*

It is thus and thus only that we can account for the rapid corruption of the Christian faith; and the extraordinary facility with which the best of the Fathers admitted the most monstrous extravagancies and the most silly puerilities. We can on *this* ground, indeed, palliate their errors and compassionate their foibles; but to set them up as *guides*, does appear to us the most extraordinary fatuity. Guides! A very moderate *course* of patristic allegories, conceits, visions, legends, miracles and superstitions—of Barnabas and Hermas, Origen, Tertullian, Jerome, and Ambrose—will be quite sufficient to reclaim any sane mind from such abasement; while, if we were to judge by any *spicilegium* of their errors, collected out of that menstruum of insipidity and common place in which they usually float, we should imagine that we had got into the company rather of a set of Bedlamites than of Christian sages; and should be unable to conceive the reason of that reverence with which they are regarded, except on that principle of the ancient Greeks, which connected insanity with inspiration; or that which dictated the custom of the Mahometans, to worship and reverence as saints those who are fairly out of their senses.

And yet these are the men whose authority, when they are tolerably unanimous, is to be considered as co-ordinate with that of Scripture—from whose single opinions we are to dissent with the greatest caution—and to whose *keeping* Divine Providence has committed an unwritten revelation. “And so He may have done,” it is said; “for it is not the errors and absurdities of the Fathers for which we contend, but the apostolic truths of which they were the depositaries.” But is there no difficulty in believing that the freight of immortal truth should have been committed to such leaky and rotten vessels?—that God, designing to give a Revelation, would purposely and intimately mix it up with a mass of impure metal, leaving mankind to smelt it as they might? Truly, if this theory be correct, it may well be said, that “we have the eternal treasures in earthen vessels!”

This difficulty is still further increased if we consider the *character* of that portion of Revelation for which these men are the vouchers—the *nature* of the dogmas superadded to the Bible. The question is, whether the Christianity of the third, fourth, or

* *Ancient Christianity*, No. 1, p. 139

fifth century is a *development* or a *corruption* of the Scripture system—a natural growth or a cancerous enlargement? We believe the latter; but assuredly nothing could warrant us in believing the former, except the most obvious harmony between the Scriptures themselves and these supposed additions to it. But it is acknowledged that no such obvious harmony is to be found;—that the doctrines contended for are not easily reconciled with the Scriptures—that apart from the patristic authority no one would have suspected them to be there—that there is very much at the least which appears to contradict them—that the tone and spirit in which the relative importance of the several elements of religion are spoken of, appear to be entirely alien. One would imagine, therefore, that nothing less than a Revelation as clear, as express, and as miraculously authenticated as the Scriptures, would be sufficient to justify our reception of these additions. Can we then believe that they would have been committed to such men as the Fathers are proved to be, and mixed up with their acknowledged errors, follies, and superstitions? Ought not this circumstance alone to make us suspect, that the *so-disant* additions to Revelation are more probable corruptions of it?*

The interval between the Scriptures and the very best of the Fathers is so immense, that not a few have testified that it forms to them the most convincing proofs of the inspired origin of the former; it being, in their judgment, absurd to suppose that any man—much less a number of men—could have composed such a volume as the Bible, in an age in which their immediate successors, many of them possessing undoubted genius and erudition, and having the advantage of their light to walk by, could fall into puerilities so gross, and errors so monstrous. We could sooner believe that Jacob Böhmen could have composed the "Novum Organum," or Thomas Sternhold the "Paradise Lost."

But the more intimate this conviction, the deeper ought to be the indignation that any man should attempt to exalt the Fathers, either singly or collectively, to the same level with the Scriptures; or attempt to divide their exclusive and paramount authority with that of a set of men on whose pages are so legibly inscribed the marks of error, absurdity, and fantastic raving.

* On this subject the reader will find some truly philosophical observations in Mr. Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*. Nos. 2 and 3. See particularly pp. 180-190.

Yet this has the Oxford Tract School done. It has done more. Without, we hope, designing it, it has, by way of shielding the palpable contradictions and fabulous legends of the Fathers from contempt, suffered itself to speak of the Scriptures in language which cannot but tend to diminish reverence for them, and to give no little advantage to infidelity. In one of the most gratuitously offensive of the Tracts (No. 85,) it is argued that if the Fathers apparently contradict one another, so do the Scriptures;—if many of their statements are unintelligible and revolting to reason, there are many in the Scriptures which are equally so. And then it is added, that if the Scriptures are nevertheless true, so may the system dependent on the Fathers be true. With the accustomed *suppressio veri*, the writer has carefully concealed two essential points: the first is, that the reason why we receive any apparent contradictions or startling prodigies in the Scripture, is not on account of their *antecedent* probability; but on account of the many and convincing proofs, of an independent character, that the Scripture is of Divine origin. Give us the same evidence for the Fathers, and except where they really contradict one another, (which they do very plentifully,) we will receive them too. The second is, that there is the widest possible difference between the miraculous narratives of Scripture and the idle legends of the Fathers—not less in the *character* of the events themselves, than in the *tone* and *manner* of the writers. These writers have gone yet further. We have seen it recently asserted, that there is as much reason for rejecting the most essential doctrines of Christianity—nay, Christianity itself*—as for rejecting their "Church principles." That, in short, we have as much reason for being infidels as for rejecting the doctrine of Apostolical succession. What other effect such reasoning can have than that of compelling men to believe that there is nothing between infidelity and Popery, and of urging them to make a selection between the two, we know not. The author of Tract Number Eighty-five, calls his argument a "kill-or-cure remedy." We believe that it will kill in either case. But even in the sense in which the author uses these words, we are persuaded it will "kill" far more than it will "cure." Not a few will say, "We accept your reasoning; you are a learned man, and we will believe as you say, that you have no more to say in behalf

* *British Critic*, No. 63, Art. II. p. 75, 76.

of the Scriptures than in behalf of your Church principles; and as we see that what you have to say for the last is little enough, you will excuse us for rejecting Christianity altogether." Indeed, we fully expect that, as a reaction of the present extravagances—of the revival of obsolete superstitions—we shall have ere long to fight over again the battle with a modified form of infidelity, as now with a modified form of Popery. Thus, probably, for some time to come, will the human mind continue to oscillate between the extremes of error; but with a diminished arc at each vibration; until the gravitation of eternal truth shall at last prevail, and compel it to repose in the centre.

After all, the greatest enemies of those "good but greatly erring men," the Fathers, are their modern idolaters; who, by exaggerating their claims, compel us to prove them unfounded. Most certain is it, that they do not invest either themselves or the church to which they belonged, with the authority which their modern admirers would fain attribute to them;—a point which the reader will find abundantly proved in Mr Goode's ample citations from them. Dailé has a striking passage on this point, from which we extract a single sentence: "I am firmly of opinion that if these holy men could now behold from the mansions of blessedness . . . what things are done here below, they would be very much offended by the honors which men confer upon them much against their wills . . . or if from out of their sepulchres, where the relics of their mortality are now laid up, they could but make us hear their sacred voice, they would, I am very confident, sharply reprove us for this abuse, and would cry out in the words of Paul, 'Sirs, why do ye these things? we also were men of like passions with yourselves!'"

In concluding this part of the subject, we may remark that it is a suspicious circumstance, that the authority of "tradition" did not maintain the unity of the faith and the integrity of doctrine, to secure which their writers would restore it. No sooner did the ancient Church assume that perfect form to which the Oxford theologians would assimilate the modern, than it degenerated into Popery: it no sooner became ripe, according to their notions of ripeness, than it became rotten. Of course, we have no difficulty in accounting for the phenomenon; there was continuity in the whole process. That the sun which had long been setting, should go down, and

leave darkness behind it, was natural; but how it came to plunge at once from the zenith into the ocean, may well surprise us. Two things, however, are clear. One is, that this marvellous rule of faith is no security at all against corruption; secondly, it appears that in the only experiment ever made of its efficiency, it instantly ended in it. Its advocates can be consistent only in arguing that Romanism is not a fearful corruption, but, like the Church of the fifth century, still a harmonious development. To this it is coming.

5. We had intended offering some observations on the views propounded by this School on the important subject of "Justification," and the related topics. But our space warns us to forbear, and we must content ourselves with referring to the able discussions in the volume by the Bishop of Ohio. Suffice it here to say, that the views in question approximate indefinitely to those of Rome;—at least, if there be any important difference, it depends on the most subtle refinements and the most unintelligible distinctions. Mr. Newman's "Lectures" on the subject form one of the most curious specimens of cloudy metaphysics ever given to the public. Most unfairly is reason dealt with by this School. In general, they dispense with it altogether; when they *do* appeal to it, it is only to mock it with incomprehensible subtleties. Of the two, we decidedly prefer their mysticism to their metaphysics; we had rather be called upon to exercise faith without logic, than be insulted by a logic which can be received only by faith. It at least saves much fruitless effort to understand what we, after all, discover is not to be understood.

6. In addition to all this, many individual writers, and some of the public organs of this School, have put forth a variety of opinions and statements, the general tendency of which cannot be mistaken. They together constitute Romanism, almost perfect in its organs and lineaments, but of Lilliputian dimensions. We shall give them miscellaneously.

The tracts on "Reserve" openly plead for a method of exhibiting Christianity, or rather a method of *vailing* it, which strongly reminds one of the Romish Church. The writer contends for the ancient *disciplina arcani*, by which the more awful mysteries were "reserved" for the initiated; but amongst these, with a plenitude of extravagance to which the ancient Church affords no parallel, he includes even the characteristic doctrine of Christianity, and

vehemently denounces the "explicit" and "prominent" exhibition of the Atonement.* He casts high scorn on all the present "utilitarian" methods of doing good—on cheap churches and cheap Bibles. He disapproves of the attempt to bring the church to every man's door; and seems to think that an empty church, provided it cost enough and the services be sufficiently magnificent, will, by a sort of *opus operatum*, be of "incalculable efficacy."† In open defiance of the command to "preach the gospel to every creature," and to proclaim the truth "whether men will hear or whether they will forbear;" in equal defiance of the Apostles themselves—he assures us that it is an awful thing to make known the gospel to those who are ignorant of it, lest we involve them in deeper condemnation.‡ We must not give a Bible, we presume, unless we are beforehand guaranteed that it will be rightly used; a plan very much like that "utilitarian" benevolence which buttons up its pockets, and will not bestow a farthing till quite

* No. 80. "Sect. 5. On the necessity of bringing forward the doctrine of the Atonement."—Its "explicit and prominent" exhibition "is evidently quite opposed to what we consider the teaching of Scripture, nor do we find any sanction for it in the gospels. If the Epistles of St. Paul appear to favor it, it is only at first sight." "In all things it would appear that this doctrine, so far from its being what is supposed, is in fact the very secret of the Lord, which Solomon says 'is with the righteous,' and 'the covenant,' not to be lightly spoken of by man, but which He will show to them that fear him."

† "For if the erection of churches, which, from commodiousness and easiness of access are to invite, and from their little cost partake more of a low contriving expediency than of a generous love of God, is to do the work of religion, then is it more easy to win souls than Scripture will warrant us in supposing;" and he adds "that we have to fear lest, rather than doing good, we be breaking that holy law which hath commanded that we give not that which is holy to the dogs."—(p. 69.)

"The effect of the Church as a witness, though in a manner silent and out of sight, is something very great and incalculable, of which I would adduce the following instance. Before the Reformation the Church recognized the seven hours of prayer. However these may have been practically neglected, or hidden in an unknown tongue, there is no estimating what influence this may have had on common people's minds secretly."—(P. 73.)

‡ "Much of what is here said may be applied to an indiscriminate distribution of Bibles and religious publications. We must not expect that the work which occasioned our Saviour and his disciples so much pains, can be done by such means. We have rather to look with awe on these new dealings of Providence with mankind. . . ." "That the unprepared cannot receive the 'truth,' is the appointment of God; but our attempting to act contrary to his mode of acting may be productive of evil."—(P. 70.)

sure that the "object is worthy." The utilitarian thus reserves his money as the writer of the Tract would reserve his Bibles. Alas! for St. Paul and his ignorant colleagues; we fear they must have incurred much guilt, and occasioned much, by proclaiming the gospel without sufficiently considering whether it would be rightly received or not. They seem to have been but poorly provided with the doctrine of "reserve;" or, if they had it, they assuredly "reserved" it. It is evidently also the opinion of this writer, that it is better to leave the heathen in utter darkness than attempt their conversion by any "unauthorized" methods or irregular zeal. Men had better, one would suppose, die of their spiritual maladies than be cured empirically—had better not go to heaven at all, than go there by any other route than the *Via Media*. But to proceed to other facts.

After stating the early or original opinion respecting Purgatory, the writer of the tract professedly against the Romish doctrine says, "taken in the mere letter there is little in it against which we shall be able to sustain formal objections."

Prayers for the dead are openly justified. The practice, says Mr. Newman, "is Catholic, and apparently Apostolical."

While the Tracts on "reserve" advocate a very cautious and measured communication of religious truth, a sort of compensation is to be given in the shape of multiplied symbols. It is but the exchange of one sort of instruction for another, and effects a great economy of time, breath, and labor. As the philosophic exile found

"Sermons in stones and good in every thing,"

so the stupid rustic is to study celestial wisdom in a system of symbols; though, as all history proves, he is more likely to learn superstition than religion from them. If the "Priests" are to be in a measure "dumb"—*n'importe*, for the very "stones in the wall" are to "cry out," emblazoned as they are to be with the characters of a hieroglyphical religion. A Journal devoted to the sect, has given us its views on the subject in an article on "The Church Service." We there find the cross called a "sacramental sign"—"a holy efficacious symbol." Yet, with the exquisite prudery of the new doctrine of "reserve," the writer does not approve of the *crucifix* in churches. "Doubtless," the reader will say, "because it is so easily abused to superstition." No such thing. "We are no advocates of the crucifix, at all events in the open way in which it is commonly

exhibited abroad. Even pictures of the same solemn subject strike us as irreverent, and should at least be always veiled. And we would not hazard an unqualified objection even against the crucifix as an object for very private contemplation, under certain trying circumstances; say, for instance, a surgical operation. The crucifix openly exhibited, produces the same sort of uncomfortable feeling with certain Protestant exposures, in preaching the mystery it represents." But with equal refinement, the writer highly approves of the image of the cross, and he hopes the time will come—golden age!—"when no English church will want what many possess already, the image of the cross, in some place sufficiently conspicuous to assist the devotions of the worshipper. Let us multiply the same holy and efficacious emblem far and wide. There is no saying how many sins its awful form might scare, and how many evils avert."* "With the cross," proceeds the writer, "should be associated other Catholic symbols, still more than itself *ἄλλα τὰ ἁγία*. For these, painted windows seem to furnish a suitable place. They should at all events be confined to the most sacred portion of the building. Such are the lamb with the standard; the descending dove; the anchor; the triangle; the pelican; the *Ιχθὺς* (fish), and others. Perhaps the two or three last mentioned, as being of most recondite meaning, should be adopted later than the rest." To these the writer is prepared to add more, when the right time shall come. For ourselves we doubt whether, in our present state of deplorable spiritual ignorance, the anchor and the triangle may not prove too much for us.

In the same spirit, this writer laments the absence of anointing at Baptism and Confirmation, as the "loss of a privilege;" and rejoices in the perpetuation of the custom in the coronation service, as nothing less than an "example of providential care over the Church." Can superstition go further? He elsewhere tells us that there should be "more special decorations of the church on Festival Days; altar coverings and pulpit hangings of unusual richness; or the natural flowers of the season, woven into wreaths, or placed according to primitive custom on the altar. These should be chosen with especial reference to the subject of the Festival." "White flowers," proceeds he with infinite gravity, "are most proper on the days consecrated to the Virgin, as emblematic of sinless purity;

purple or crimson upon the several saints' days (*except* St. John the Evangelist, and perhaps St. Luke,) to signify the blood of martyrdom; and on All Saints' days and the Holy Innocents, white should be intermingled as a memorial of Virgin innocence." "We deprecate," proceeds this exquisite spiritualist, "forced flowers, which look artificial; but we believe that, with a little management, natural flowers of the proper colors may be found throughout the year. It is difficult to conceive a more suitable occupation for the Christian population than that of cultivating flowers for such a purpose, and afterwards arranging them." Thus the practice would be in equal degree an encouragement to piety and market gardening.

Neither are the chandlers forgotten: "two lights should be placed upon the altar." "These," he thinks, "should be lighted, else they do not so well signify the truth, *Christus lux mundi*." Truly we think they but indifferently express this truth, whether lighted or not; but he does not press this point, though disposed to think it "truly Anglican."

When we consider not only the number and variety of these proposed "embellishments," but the importance attached to them, and the solemn tone in which they are spoken of, it is impossible to doubt whither we are tending. If the views of such writers prevail, they must lead to an entire subordination of what is spiritual to what is ceremonial—and religion will degenerate into abject superstition. No wonder that the country is infested by not a few young "priests," raving about their apostolic succession; founding the most absurd pretensions on their mere sacerdotal character, though backed neither by experience nor wisdom; boasting of the thaumaturgic powers they can exert in the administration of the sacraments; contending, not for the faith once delivered to the saints, but for wax candles, altar cloths, chaplets, crosses, crucifixes, and mummeries of all kinds;—at the same time, modestly consigning all Protestants out of the Episcopal pale, either to perdition or the "uncovenanted mercies;" in a word, exhibiting zeal indeed, but zeal that is utterly unacquainted with any other of the Christian graces—zeal that is not even on speaking terms with knowledge, faith, or charity.

The Bishop of London, we regret to say, in his recent "Charge," has done not a little to fan the zeal in behalf of ceremonial. Though in great part condemning the Oxford Tractists, and severely repro-

* *Br. Cr. No. LIV. p. 371.*

bating their most dangerous innovations, he yet gives such space and importance to certain trumpery matters of ritual, that we are not surprised his "Charge" should have been claimed on the whole as a triumph by the Oxford party. If we have been rightly informed, his Lordship has expressed his displeasure that what he designed as a condemnation of that party, should have been so misconceived. He is the only person, we suspect, who will feel any surprise on the subject. When we see him expressing such anxiety that the Rubric should be closely adhered to—laying so much stress on the merest trifles—more severely censuring those who do not punctiliously keep to the Rubric, even in points virtually obsolete, than those who make *unauthorized* additions to it—discussing with so much gravity matters of pulpit etiquette and clerical costume—expressing his wish that all his clergy should preach in *white*, though it appears he had enjoined those of Chester to preach in *black*—affirming that he sees "no harm" in the two wax candles, *provided*, strange reasoning! they are *not* lighted—sagely declaring his approval "of the arrangement lately adopted in several churches, by which the clergyman looks to the *south* while reading prayers, and to the *west* while reading lessons"—it is impossible not to regard him as too nearly allied in spirit to those whom he condemns. We sincerely thank him, however, for his unequivocal censure of the most comprehensive and poisonous errors of the Tractists, and shall not ungraciously ask whether it might not have come sooner.

But to resume. Not less significant is the altered tone in which these writers speak of those errors of Popery, which they still admit to be such. There is as great a difference between *their* tone and that of the Reformers, as between the playful tap of a coquette's fan and the vigorous stroke of a boatswain's lash. The invocation of saints, these writers content themselves with calling "a *dangerous* practice, as tending to give, often actually giving, to creatures the honor and reliance due to the Creator alone." Of the worship of images, which they soften into "honor paid to images," they say only that "it is dangerous in the uneducated, that is, of the great part of Christians." Yet they profess to be following Bishop Hall. The Bishop of Exeter truly remarks, that Bishop Hall calls the first of these practices "a foul superstition;" and of the second, says, "not merely that it is dangerous to *some*, but *sinful*

in all." One of these writers elsewhere calls these and other things "uncatholic peculiarities." But other and more recent writers have gone further, and almost adopted an apologetic tone. The *British Critic*, after having described some of the most childish and absurd superstitions of the middle ages—implying the grossest idolatry—merely remarks—"Much there was which sober piety cannot sanction; but let us not forget what was holy and religious on account of *incidental* corruptions." As well might a polite physician assure some patient crusted over with leprosy, that he feared he was laboring under a slight cutaneous eruption!

Equally significant are the approximations to Romish usages and practices in other instances. The Tracts recommend to private Christians the dedication of particular days to the religious commemoration of deceased saints; and have furnished a model service in honor of Bishop Ken, after the pattern of an office in the breviary of a Roman saint. The Journalist just quoted goes further, and is evidently inclined to think that the saints know of our prayers, and sensibly feel the compliment of commemorations. "Days and places," says the writer, "specially dedicated to the saints, are means to us of communion with them. They not only remind us of them, and lead us to contemplate their lives, but they give us a special interest in the prayers which those blessed spirits offer up day and night before the throne."*

Many of this School are in ecstasies with the riches of the Romish and Parisian Breviaries. They have also for several years past furnished their followers with an "Ecclesiastical Almanac," in which the minute rules of the Romish Church are quoted, as a guide to individuals. Some of them openly plead for the restoration of Monasticism; and others have not obscurely expressed their predilections for the celibacy of the clergy. The Reformation, as already mentioned, is spoken of as all but a fearful judgment: we are told that the "*unprotestantizing* of the National Church" is an object well worth all the hazard and bitterness which may attend the attempt; that "we must recede more and more from the principles, *if any such there be*, of the English Reformation."† Mr. Fronde's too famous exclamation is adopted by not a few—"Really, I hate the Reformers and the Reformation more and more!" In perfect accordance with all this, the Revolu-

* Oct. 1842.

† Br. Cr. No. LIX. p. 45.

tion of 1688 is called "rebellion;" while, as we have recently seen, some have put the copestone on the whole system, by expressly denying the Right of Private Judgment, and vindicating the maxims and practices of persecution.

We must now notice some of the general characteristics and tendencies of this School.

1. It is a very suspicious circumstance, that the whole system tends to the increase of the power and glory of the EPISCOPAL CLERGY. This is the case with the principal doctrines themselves,—apostolical succession, the thaumaturgic efficacy of the sacraments as exclusively administered by *them*, the restriction of the name and privileges of the "Church" to the communities in which *they* exercise their functions. The same result may be calculated upon, in proportion as Christianity is transmitted into a religion of rites and symbols. As such rites and symbols become the objects of awful veneration and superstitious dependence, (as they are sure to do, conjoined with the convenient system of "reserve," and the inculcation of an "implicit faith,") the people will look to the hierophants who perform, or exhibit them, as the very arbiters of their eternal destiny.

Such a tendency is further fostered by the blind, unquestioning acquiescence in the Priests' *dicta* which these writers so strongly enjoin. Their deluded victims will do well to remember the old and quaint saying, that "though they may believe by proxy, they must be damned in person."

The same general tendency is observable, if we consider how earnestly—almost exclusively—these doctrines are insisted upon by the writers of this School. Marvellous, indeed, is the difference in this respect between the Apostles and these *successors* of the Apostles. The former are intent—almost exclusively intent—on those great themes which render the gospel "glad tidings;" the latter, almost as exclusively, in magnifying their office;—the former absolutely forget themselves in their flocks; the latter wellnigh forget their flocks in themselves:—the former, if they touch on the clerical office at all, are principally intent on its spiritual qualifications and duties; the latter on its prerogatives and powers.* To hear these men talk, one would imagine that, by a similar ὡςτερον πρότερον with that of the simple-minded monk, who "devoutly thanked God that in his wisdom he

* The first volume of the Oxford Tracts contains no less than eight distinct papers on "apostolical succession" alone.

had always placed large rivers near large towns," they supposed the Church of Christ to be created for the sole use of the clergy; and the doctrine of "apostolical succession" to be the *final cause* of Christianity.

The tendency, in question is most suspicious; but we are far from charging the chief founders of this School with the sordid aims of priestcraft, although we cannot help thinking that, with many of their followers, an *unconscious* bias in this direction affords the true solution of their conduct. Some of them, we fear, are not altogether unconscious of the bias.

2. The next characteristic of the system is, that it tends to rob Christianity of its chief glory as a spiritual and moral institute, and to render it a system of mere formalism—to substitute for the worship founded on intelligent faith, a devotion which is a species of mechanism, and rites which operate as by magic. The doctrine of Apostolical succession itself, is neither more nor less respectable than that of the hereditary sanctity of the Brahminical caste; while the prayer-mills of the Tartars afford a fair illustration of the doctrine of sacramental efficacy. The stress laid on rites and symbols, and outward observances, and the attempt indefinitely to multiply them, tend the same way. It is true, that as religion appeals to every part of a man's complex nature, rites and symbols have their use, and are not to be neglected. Still, whether they be beneficial or not, will entirely depend on the place they hold in the system. The Divine Founder of Christianity, as if in wise jealousy of a tendency which may be so easily abused, has confined the ceremonial of his religion within the strictest limits: while no element of our nature which can be subordinated to religious use is wholly neglected, each is appealed to only in the precise degree in which it can be rendered tributary to the great object. Would that all who have taught this religion had taken this significant intimation of superwisdom as their guide! As the history of corrupt religion shows, nothing is more difficult than to prevent the material from corrupting the spiritual—the senses and the imagination from assuming an undue influence. Let the balance be destroyed, and the ritual and symbolical is immediately substituted for religious sentiment and emotion. Let rites and symbols be multiplied, perpetually insisted upon—made unduly prominent—and spiritual truth will be forgotten; they produce an effect on the great doctrines which they are professedly employed to illustrate, analogous with that

which a minute system of casuistry produces on our views of morality. Let but the great principles of a noble and ennobling system of Ethics be sincerely received, and human nature may be safely left to determine the modes in which they are to be applied in particular cases; it will choose to take counsel of what is great, generous and magnanimous, rather than ask just how much is scrupulously lawful. But let the casuist come with his scale and weights, or his foot-rule, and determine within how many grains an action is of being strictly unlawful, or how far, to an inch, we may proceed in a certain direction without committing crime;—under what circumstance a man may consider himself not absolutely compelled to do what his noblest instincts tell him he ought to do, and in what way he may obey the letter of a law and violate its spirit; and the essence of morality is gone—it is well if even the *form* be retained. It is much the same with Religion and its ritual. Let but the great doctrines be fully and adequately received, and little need be said on the ritual; it will adjust itself. But if a man be taught (especially after acquiescing in the doctrine of “reserve,” and being told that implicit faith will answer the purpose very well) to gaze in stupid wonder on an exhibition of rites and symbols, whether it be on the gorgeous and solid magnificence of the Romish Church, or the mimic gilt and tinsel of our Puseyites—let him be taught to make much of wax-candles burnt at noon-day—the cross of the crucifix—painted windows—garlands of flowers, triangles, and fishes—vestments, black and white—pulpit-hangings and altar-cloths—postures and attitudes—and his religion stands a chance of being about as much worth as that of him who was thus praised by Dr. Johnson: “He never passes a church without pulling off his hat—this shows he has good principles.” Let his attention be principally or much directed to these things, and the process of degeneracy is inevitable. It was so with the ancient Church, which we are now so earnestly exhorted to take as our model. No one can read the writings of the Fathers without feeling that they gradually became more intent on the circumstantialia of religion than on the essence of it; more solicitous about the modes in which religious duties should be performed, than about the spirit of them. It is all over with religion when this is the case. The process of corruption is soon complete. The next thing is to count our prayers—to measure the value of devotions solely by their frequency, their length by

the dial, or their number by the beads—to consider that if a man is holy who says a hundred prayers a-day, he is twice as holy who says two hundred; and that if he who fasts four-and-twenty hours has some merit, he who fasts eight-and-forty has twice as much.

3. Another signal characteristic of this School is its disposition to vilify and traduce *reason*. They do well to hate it; for, as Hobbes well said, “when reason is against a man, a man will be against reason.” Reason, they feel, is their implacable foe, and blinded indeed it must be before it will admit their pretensions. “My Lord Understanding’s house,” says John Bunyan, “was too light for the Prince of Darkness, and he therefore built a high wall to darken all the windows.”

In inviting us to lay down our reason, they remind us of the wolf who counselled the sheep to get rid of their watch-dogs. Their constant plan is to inveigh against the sin of “rationalism,” as they call it, in relation to the “mysteries,” of religion—by which they mean any tendency to question *their* dogmas. They thus avail themselves both of the prejudice against the first term, and of the awe inspired by the second. That there are “mysteries” both in philosophy and religion about which it is irrational to speculate, is true; but we receive them, though not on intrinsic, yet on *sufficient* evidence; and reason is still judge as to whether that evidence be sufficient to justify their reception, though it be not able to speculate on the mysteries themselves. The existence of God is a great mystery; but if we do not admit it, we must admit manifold contradictions and absurdities:—the permission of evil is a great mystery; but it would do us no good to deny its existence as a matter of fact:—Christianity is itself full of mystery; but we receive it on proofs so manifold and various, that we feel it impossible to resist them. Give us similar reasons for believing “apostolical succession,” and we faithfully promise that it is not its being a *mystery* that shall startle us. But to hoodwink our reason, and receive any absurdity without examination, because some piece of solemn inanity shakes his head, and assures us it is *too awful* to reason about, is not to be tolerated. Yet this is the continual artifice employed to protect the “Church principles,” and imposes, we have no doubt, upon thousands. We have already adduced some remarkable specimens of this species of logical artifice. “Beware how you *rationalize* on these great truths,” is the constant cry—“how much

better is it to obey than to speculate—to believe than to reason!" A plain understanding would say—"Both very well in their place, reverend sir; what God hath joined together let no man put asunder: I think it better to believe than to reason, when I have reason to believe that God has spoken; I think it better to reason than to believe, when I have reason to believe that it is only Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman." In fact this artifice is itself the highest insult to reason, since it involves a quiet assumption of the whole question in dispute—namely, whether the mysteries of the Oxford Tract School are supported by the evidence which proves that they are worthy of being believed *in spite* of their transcendental character. Of course the Papist uses the same plea for his transubstantiation. Doubtless even the Egyptian priest of ancient times often used the same plea, when he had to defend the divinity of "cats and onions" against the rationalists of those days, at whom he would unquestionably shake his head, and tell them how superior after all was faith to logic! About as reasonable is the defence which the Oxford writers employ, and about as reasonable the dogmas for which it is resorted to. "The first principle, or universal axiom," says Mr. Taylor, "of modern revivers of Church principles, is the abjuration of that integrity of reason to which the inspired writers always appeal, and of which they enjoy the exercise and culture. * *

* To doubt is a sin. To adduce evidence, given in relation to common facts of history, and to judge of it according to the common rules of historical inquiry, is to be a 'rationalist.' To distrust the pretensions of St. Dunstan, or the genuineness of the 'True Cross,' is an offence as grievous as to reject the Trinity; both are *disobedience*!"*

4. Amongst other characteristics which belong to these writers in common with the Romish Church, we must reluctantly include a tendency to the use of "pious frauds." Let not the reader be startled. We do not charge them with such wholesale forgeries, such magnificent crimes, as those which were perpetrated and justified by some of their venerated Fathers. As their whole system is Romanism in miniature, so it is in this respect also. They do not, as the ancients did, write books, and inscribe them at once with some venerable name to make them pass current. They do not draw a bill of doctrines, and indorse it with the name of Cranmer, Ridley, or Hooker.—Neither do we charge them with actual in-

terpolations of ancient works. Such things cannot well be managed in these days of "unreserved communication of knowledge." There is as much difference in point of audacity between the "pious frauds" of ancient days and the humble imitations of Oxford, as between open burglary and petty larceny—between forgery on a large scale and passing a bad sixpence. But with the little arts of fraudulent misrepresentation, they do in our judgment stand chargeable. They are well skilled, as Mr. Taylor expresses it, "in packing their evidence," and "in schooling their witnesses." They can leave out, if they do not put in—insulate a plausible sentence or two from a qualifying or refractory context, and manage commas and colons to admiration. Some ingenious examples of this literary *joinery* may be found in M'Ilvaine's work, (p. 232.) For instance, they cite a passage from the Homilies, which appears not unfriendly to a doctrine they affirm; but on reference to the original, it is found that they have taken only the *beginning* and *end* of the paragraph, the intermediate part which they have *omitted*, being altogether *against it*; but no breaks—asterisks—dots—or other indications—are employed, to suggest that there has been any solution "of continuity" in the citation; on the contrary, the *disjecta membra* are represented as so immediately connected, that they are separated only by a semicolon! Similar traces of unfairness are most conspicuous in their construction of those curious things they call the *Catena Patrum*, by which they attempted to prove something like a catholic consent of "testimony, on the part of the writers in the later English Church," to their peculiar doctrines. Some of these citations are absolutely nothing to the purpose; others most vague and indistinct; others, rent from their context, are made to convey a meaning never designed by their authors; others may be confronted by citations from the very same writers equally or more explicit the other way; while the many divines of opposing sentiments are passed by altogether. Such is the argument from *consent*. On the same principles it would be the easiest thing in the world to construct a *Catena* on the *other side*—and in fact we have seen more than one equally conclusive. But we need say no more on this point, Mr. Goode having so effectually exposed the attempt that even his reviewer now abandons it. "In whatever way," says Mr. Goode, "we may be enabled to account for it, certain it is *that truth has been sacrificed*, and the authority of great

* *Ancient Christianity*, No. 6, p. 225.

names pleaded in behalf of a system in no respect entitled to such protection."

Of the unscrupulous use by these writers of the vulgarst arts of sophistry, we need say nothing. Enormous examples of *petitio principii*, *suppressio veri*, and almost every other species of logical delinquency, have been given in preceding articles, or in the present. But examples of all will be found in Number Ninety itself; that singular monument—not *ære perennius* certainly, for it is "brass" itself—of logical pettyfogging.

We question, however, whether these writers have not derived still more service from that obscure, imposing, and truly Delphic style, of which, as Archbishop Whately says, the "effect is to convey at first to ordinary readers a striking impression, with an appearance of being perfectly intelligible at the first glance, but to become more obscure and doubtful at the second glance, and more and more so, the more attentively it is studied by a reader of clear understanding; so as to leave him utterly in doubt, at the last, which of several meanings it is meant to convey, or whether any at all." * * * This is especially the case with the tracts on "Reserve" and "Mysticism," of which it may be truly said that they seem to have been written after preferring, and obtaining, a plenary answer to that prayer—

"Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show—half veil the deep intent."

The one writer is most "reserved on reserve," and the other most "mystical on mysticism." Seldom is any thing said plainly and absolutely, but with a perpetually tortuous and guarded expression. Scarcely two sentences are found together without a "so to speak," or "as it were," or "if so be," or "it may be after a certain secret manner," &c. Thus, endeavoring to prove our Lord's systematic concealment of his miracles, the writer on "reserve" says of the feeding of the five thousand, "even here it would appear as if there was *somehow* a sort of *secret* character about the miracle." Another specimen. "Notwithstanding that a spirit of true charity has a natural desire to communicate itself, and is of all things the most expansive and extending, yet in all such cases [of good men] we may still perceive the indwelling of Christ in them, still seeking, *as it were*, to hide himself; for I think they are all marked by an inclination, as far as it is possible, of retiring and shrinking from public view." "The Fathers," he

tells us, "suppose that our blessed Lord is, *as it were*, throughout the inspired writings, hiding and concealing himself, and going about (*if I may so speak reverently*) seeking to whom he may disclose himself." There are numberless passages of this kind, which may mean any thing the interpreter is pleased to imagine; although in reality they contain nothing but very pious-sounding nonsense, which would have been quite in character in Jacob Böhmen or Emanuel Swedenborg.

Thus, "so to speak," and "as it were," the author often seems to say *something*, when in reality, and without any "so to speak" or "as it were," he says *nothing*. His style perpetually reminds us of Bar-dolph's explanation of the word *accommodated*. "Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing."

Should any be disposed to charge us with treating grave subjects over-lightly, we have to reply, *first*, that we sincerely believe that this is just one of those cases in which the maxim of Horace applies,

"Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res;"

secondly, that we recommend the objectors to a careful perusal of the Eleventh of Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, in which he shows *Qu'on peut réfuter par des raileries les erreurs ridicules*; *thirdly*, that amongst the Christian privileges of which our opponents would deprive us, we trust they do not intend to include what Ben Jonson calls our "Christian liberty of laughing" at what is laughable; *fourthly*, that if they would have us repress our mirth, it must be by exhibiting a system of doctrines less irresistibly comic; and *lastly*, that we are perfectly aware that the artifice of inculcating "an awful and reverential manner" of treating absurdities such as those on which we have animadverted, is the approved receipt, as the history of all superstition shows, of sanctifying, in the estimation of the timid and the credulous, the most enormous deviations from truth and common sense. Nor is it amongst the least causes of the disgust we have felt in perusing the writings of this School, that their authors, even while propounding doctrines which are equally insulting to the Bible and to human reason, and defending them by methods which are disgraceful to morality, have yet been able to maintain that sanctimonious air, that pious gravity,

which distinguish certain writers of the school of Loyola.

We must not conclude without pointing out to the reader the works which, in our judgment, furnish the best confutation of the tenets of the Oxford School. These are, Archbishop Whately's *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*, (a truly admirable work;) Goode's *Rule of Faith*, which is learned and full; M'Ilvaine's *Rome and Oxford*, and Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*—of both of which we have already spoken; and Mr. Lindsay Alexander's learned and able work, just published, entitled *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*.

Meantime we await the progress and issue of the great contest without apprehension. Terrible as are these hurricanes of controversy, pernicious as may be their immediate effects on the faith of some and the temper of many—they serve from time to time to purify the atmosphere, and render it salubrious. Let us but be true to ourselves, and we have no fear lest we should be “re-involved,” to use the strong language of Milton, “in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, in which we shall never more see the sun of Divine Truth again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing.”

Let us never forget that Christianity was planted, and has grown up, in storms. Discussion is always favorable to it, and has ever been so. Let the wintry blast come. It will but scatter the sere leaves, and snap off the withered branches; the giant tree will only strike its roots deeper into the soil, and in the coming spring-time put forth a richer foliage and extend a more grateful shade.

THE AERIAL MACHINE.—“What think ye, Tammas, o' this new saughet project o' fleein through the air like a wild duck; is'na it a maist extraordinary thing, man?” “Naething vera startlin' about it ava, Archie. Auld as I am, I expect to live to see the day ween, wi' a wee steam-engine aneath my oxter, and a pennyworth o' coals in my coat pouch, I mak a tripe to Kalmarneock, and come back within half an hour! Wonderfu'! naething would surprise me noo-a-days, gift it warena an advertisement frae the man in the moon, o' furnished lodgings to let, or a project to a big half-way house atween his domicile and the yerth.”—*Scotch Paper*.

COPYRIGHT.—A deputation of booksellers and literary men waited on M. Guizot a few days ago, and presented to him a note on the best means of suppressing book piracy. They suggested the expediency of acknowledging the copyright in France of all works published by foreigners in their respective countries.—*Examiner*.

CLEVERNESS.

A TALE BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

It would be difficult to picture a more delightful village than East-court; its fine old manor-house, combining the architecture of half a dozen reigns, bound together by ivy, the growth of at least two centuries; its straggling grotesque houses, with high gables and tall chimneys, fenced along the road by broad yew hedges, cut here and there into various patterns—owls, and peacocks, and arches, where small birds had nested time out of mind.

Yes; East-court was a pleasant village. There was, in the centre of a sort of common green that flanked one side, a pond, large enough to entitle it to the dignity of being termed “a lake.” But the people of East-court having originally been an unambitious race, were satisfied that the pond should be simply called a pond—and a beautiful pond it was. Two noble willows extended their branches nearly to the water's midst, and a clump of mingled holly, and tapering feathery birch, was so beautiful in its growth and color, that an artist once came ten miles to sketch it; a fact which the old landlord of the “Three Bee-Hives” repeated several times each day of his life, forgetting altogether, good old soul, that every one in East-court was aware of a circumstance so flattering to the beauty of their long-loved home. The cottages at East-court were so disposed, as to add to the effect of the larger dwellings—pretty white and brown erections; the walls as white as lime and labor could make them; and the dark-brown thatch nearly covered by those sweet and beautiful climbers which belong of right to the cottage homes of England. On the very summit of an abrupt conical hill, that sprang up suddenly at the back of the manor-house, was a windmill, with wide-extended arms and snow-white sails; and at the foot of the hill on the other side, guarded by some venerable trees, stood East-court church with the adjoining parsonage-house. There were but few shops at East-court, for the village was only three miles from the country town. But the very shops partook of the picturesque character of this truly English hamlet; and many persons declared that there never was so quiet, so venerable, and yet, withal, so cheerful a village as East-court, or, as the very old people called it, “East-court o' the Hill.”

It might well be a cheerful village; the gentleman who resided in the manor-house was a magistrate, and landlord of every adjacent dwelling. He was, in all acts of love and charity, a second Sir Roger de Coverley; and had a brother, a physician, who had one wing of the old manor-house fitted up as a surgery and dispensary; but he never took fee for advice, or payment for medicine, from any human being; feeling—at least so it would appear, from the alacrity with which he dispensed both—that he was under particular obligation to all who took his prescriptions, and was never happy after a baby was born in the parish until it was vaccinated. It was rare indeed, to meet with such

men as the squire and his good brother. Well might East-court be the very paradise of English villages. I have said nothing of the rector; but certainly, unless he had carefully labored in, and pruned and trimmed his vineyard, the old would not have descended to their graves with such hope and humility, nor would the young have lived together in such peace and good will. For the rest, a dancing, music, and a species of drawing master, who combined drawing and writing together, made each the round of the neighborhood once a-week: thus the simple-minded people imagined that the means of "a polite education" were safely secured to their children; and the village school was under the immediate dominion of the parish-clerk and his wife, and endowed in every way by the lord of the manor, so that the peasant class were considered well provided for as to their sources of information. I could say a great deal more in favor of East-court and its inhabitants as they were about fifteen years ago, but perhaps have detailed enough to create an interest for them, and may be permitted to pass on to the day on which a story connected with its inhabitants may be considered to open.

"A new family, a rich and respectable family, did you say, Isaac, wanting the Deerstone house, where Mr. Rowley died?" inquired squire Russel of East-court, of his land-steward Isaac Heywood.

"Yes, your honor," replied Isaac bowing; "a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Diggons by name, three young masters, two young misses (doll-looking young things), seven servants, a tutor and a governess."

"Diggons," repeated the squire, who had a little leaning towards aristocratic names; "Diggons; it is not an old name, Isaac, though it may belong to respectable people."

"Certainly, sir; he's a fine gentleman, and wears chains and rings; a fine gentleman, and has (his man says) a great library, for his lady is very clever; indeed, his man says, they are an extraordinary *clever* family."

"We never, I think, had a family of that description, Isaac, in the village," answered Mr. Russel, after a pause. "I cannot say I like people who appear more clever than their neighbors. However, this is perhaps a prejudice, and we should guard against prejudices. We will look into the references."

The references were looked into, and Mr. Diggons was found an eligible tenant for Deerstone. The arrival of the "clever family" occasioned more than the ordinary commotion, for they brought with them various things that the good people of the village had only heard of in an obscure manner—chemical apparatus, electrifying machines, various astronomical instruments; in short, some of the older and simpler people regarded Mr. Diggons very much in the light of a necromancer, and the small, pale, acute-faced tutor as his familiar—something or other which they did not like to name.

When every thing was settled, and every one got used to every thing, Mr. Russel and his brother, Mr. Graham Russel, agreed that the Diggonses were a good set of people, eaten up with a desire to be celebrated, which of course

prevented its accomplishment; leaving town where they were nobodies, to reside in the country, where they hoped to be "somebodies;" at the very least, laboring to acquire conversable knowledge of abstruse sciences, not being particular *who* approved, as long as approbation was bestowed; unable to persevere to the amount of being informed, and yet having a smattering of every thing. Bating this eager thirsting after admiration—not after science for its own noble sake, but for the gaping admiration of the many—the family were kindly, cheerful, and hospitable people; not selfish, either, in their pursuits, but willing to inform others. Three or four self-thinking inhabitants of East-court agreed with Mr. Russel and his brother in their rational estimate of the new family; but the many opened wide their mouths, and gave their "most sweet voices" in applause. The Diggonses were pronounced to be the most "talented people in England!" Science has many triflers in her train; and certainly amongst them she numbered every member of the Diggons family; from Mr. Diggons, who trifled with all the sciences, down to pretty little pale Elizabeth, who sighed and smiled over a miniature galvanic battery.

On the left hand side of the village, commanding a view of the green, the huge pond, and the picturesque cottages beyond, was a pretty cheerful-looking house; "happy" you would have called it, for inanimate things can be so placed, so garnished, as to look happy. The draperies within the windows were of white muslin trimmed with blue silk lace and fringe; and the trellis-work outside was almost concealed by the wreaths of flowers that owed their luxuriance and beauty to much care and a warm southern aspect. There was an ample bow window and several other long narrow ones, that seemed playing hide-and-seek among the roses and myrtles that were always in blow; and the chimneys were tall and square, and the gables very high. There was also a conservatory, and you could see that, besides plants, it contained several birds of splendid plumage. In short, the outward appearance of the dwelling combined so much that was tasteful and expensive, the looker-on was assured there was both wealth and taste within the latter, keeping the former in subjection.

This house had the quaint name of East-in-Rest, why, I know not, and no one at East-court seemed to think it strange. It was almost as large, and of the same date as the manor-house, and had been, time out of mind, inhabited by the same family, once as numerous as honorable, but now dwindled down to a widow and two children—a boy and girl. The lady was still lovely, her children beautiful; the boy, tall, fair, and handsome, but whose movements partook of the irregularity and languor of ill, or at least delicate health; the girl was also fair and delicate, but with an energy and decision of character marking every movement, that deceived even her mother as to her bodily strength. When the "clever family" came to reside at Deerstone, Alfred Erris was nearly seven, and Lucy between eight and nine; and as the two children clung together, gazing at the evolutions

of a good-natured macaw, who invariably exercised himself to amuse them, Mrs. Diggons might almost be excused, when returning Mrs. Erris's visit, for the encomiums she injudiciously passed on their beauty.

"Well, Mrs. Erris, you may certainly be proud of their beauty," she exclaimed; "I never saw two such darlings—loves—quite. I should so like my son Robert to paint them; he does such charming things. There is no doubt but if he chose, he could be an R. A. in three months."

"Alfred draws a little," said Mrs. Erris.

"A little!" repeated Mrs. Diggons. "My dear lady, at his age Robert copied the cartoons; but I do not wonder at your spoiling such angels. I assure you I had plenty of struggles with myself ere I could make my boys and girls work. I lost the flower of the flock about five years ago—died, sweet child, in six days of brain fever! A wonderful memory he had, poor darling; could repeat poetry for two hours by my watch, when only eight years old." It never occurred to Mrs. Erris that this killed him; but she said that though Alfred could not do *that*, he, too, had an excellent memory.

"Which," said the lady, "you must work. Memory, of all things, must be cultivated; but I do not wonder at your spoiling such an angel."

Mrs. Erris assured her that she did not "spoil" him, and in proof thereof, asserted that he could repeat a great number of Watts's hymns.

"Watts's hymns!" answered Mrs. Diggons, with an irreverent sneer at the purest child-poetry in any language, living or dead; "such a creature as that should be able to repeat orations from Shakspeare and Milton."

"In time," said Mrs. Erris, making a secret resolve that he should do so immediately, and beginning to think that she had really neglected his education.

"Is he fond of the languages?" continued the lady.

"He has commenced Latin, and learnt French and English together orally, I may say," replied the abashed mother.

"Only commenced Latin!" exclaimed Mrs. Diggons in a compassionate tone. "Well, to be sure, he will never *want* it, as they say; but I should have an ambition to see such a noble creature as that 'far on' in every thing; but, perhaps, if he is not much advanced in languages, he is 'well up' in the sciences."

Mrs. Erris was a timid, gentle woman, very anxious for her children, and fearful lest they should grow to think she had not done her duty.

"Indeed," she replied, blushing, "he hardly knows the meaning of the word. His taste leads him to study; but my good friend, Doctor Graham Russel, says his brain is already too large, and insists so much on air and exercise, and out-door amusements, that my dear boy is backward, rather, in absolute study; not that he is ignorant; he knows the names of all the trees and flowers, the"—

"The botanical names?" mildly suggested Mrs. Diggons.

"No; the homely English names and their uses," replied the widow; "remember, he is only seven years old."

"Well, well," ejaculated the lady; "I can perfectly understand Dr. Russel's prejudice; he has arrived at that time of life when men look at improvements suspiciously, because they are not of their time. He is an old man; and if I had minded our family physician even in poor Elizabeth's case, ma'am, she'd have been a disgrace to me; that unhappy curve in her spine, he declared arose from her sitting so closely to the harp, and she was obliged to recline; but during the three years she laid upon a slightly inclined plane, *she never missed a single lesson*, nor did I yield her any indulgence—never suffered her to have an amusing book. 'No,' I said to the physician; 'since she cannot go on with the harp, she shall be remarkable at something else;' that was my ambition, to have remarkable children. Her nature was soft and gentle, but we hardened it with mathematics and algebra."

This, at the moment, startled Mrs. Erris. She thought of the deformed girl, and her pale, anxious, thoughtful face, from which every ray of joy seemed banished. She had struck her, at first, as being the only one of this "clever family" who was not superficial. Such had been her first impression. But, Mrs. Diggons's manner was imposing in more senses than one; and the timid, retiring mother, who had really done her duty by not overtasking, and yet sufficiently exercising the infant intellect of her children, felt bitter self-reproach while her new neighbor enumerated the acquirements of her offspring, without calling to mind that one of them had fallen a victim to brain fever, while another was deformed for life.

Alfred and Lucy Erris were invited to spend a day with the family at Deerstone; and—instead of the canter on the pony, the race on the upland lawn, the whoop and merry play, which is the healthy relaxation of healthful children, and which they had expected with an interest which was a pleasure in itself—there was a grand show-off of science, a parade of hard names, a display of precocious understanding, or rather its distorted shadow, which rendered Alfred and Lucy uncomfortable, and Alfred for the first time in his life thoughtful of display, and straining after effect which rendered him unnatural. Mrs. Erris, who dined there, felt thoroughly ashamed of her children. One young Diggons painted, another excelled in languages, another made crude poetry, which, though correct in numbers, was without idea; and as to the "ologies," hard words, and parrotted sentences, there was no end of them! Poor Mrs. Erris wondered why she had suffered her beautiful boy—who looked like a Grecian statue amid plaster and rough stone images—to display his ignorance, and innately resolved to adopt Mr. Diggons's plan, and abridge his hours of relaxation and exercise, that he might "make the most of time"—a duty doubtless; but let *how* the most can be made of this gold from God be ascertained, before the vainest and most injurious of all vain glories, that of making "show-children," is attempted.

In accordance with her determination, Mrs. Erris dismissed her son's tutor (whom Mr. Diggons had pronounced "merely a classic") for one who was "classical and scientific"—a hard

stern man, with an iron constitution; and directed Lucy's governess to "keep her at work" under the tutor's direction. There was no difficulty in making these children study—no difficulty in getting them to rise in the morning; their docile and intelligent minds were open to receive and fertile to produce. In natural capabilities, they were far superior to their showy neighbors; and their moral and thinking qualities were far beyond those of Mr. Diggon's offspring. Alfred was indeed a boy of the noblest qualities, entering into the spirit of history, comprehending and analyzing, idealizing, too, until his dry hot hand, flushed cheek, and throbbing brow, would have warned any teacher of feeling and observation that it was time to lay by the book and the pen, and away into the bright fields, and among the joy-giving and health-giving beauties of nature. And yet this tutor loved the boy; he delighted in him, because he delighted in learning, and because he felt no expressed fatigue in poring over the world of knowledge, which delighted him more and more every day. He knew that he was the only son of an ancient house, and that much depended on him; and he thought how fine it would be to see him carry the highest honors at Oxford—to feel that he would be more distinguished by his talents and his learning, than by the ordinary position he would hold in society by virtue of his family and his wealth.

Lucy was with her brother in all his tasks, taming down her wildness of spirits to assist his labors, and stimulating his exertions, which were any thing but childish. The "clever family" were a fair example of the fashion and display of information; their minds even were not half drawn into the exertion; they imitated rather than labored. This was particularly the case with the healthier portion of the family, who, like their parents, were superficial; but Albert and Lucy had hearts, feelings, and intellect of the finest texture, an intense love of study, an appreciation of the beautiful, a desire to excel, which, being once awakened, never again slept. They were precisely the children whose minds should have been strengthened rather than taxed, and whose bodies should have been invigorated by air, exercise, and much rest. Mrs. Erris, astonished at their progress, which she was vain enough to exhibit to the Diggones, partly from gratitude that *they* had roused her to urge forward her children, was so delighted at the rapidity with which Albert mastered every difficulty, that she desired to make Dr. Russel confess that she was right and he was wrong, as to the management of her son especially. Since the commencement of her new system, she had but one conversation on the subject with him, and that had certainly left a painful impression on both their minds. She framed, however, some trifling excuse for calling at the manor house; and after a brief interview with the squire, who had been so much annoyed at her obliging her son to forego his pony exercise to devote more time to study, that he was cold and even stately to the widow of one he had loved like his own child, she sought the doctor in his favorite conservatory.

The doctor was cold enough also, but one of

his peculiarities was his being unable to persevere in any thing like coldness towards a lady.

"I wanted you to dine with me to-morrow, my good friend," she said; "indeed I wished our lord of the manor to come also, but he has received me so strangely, that I had not the courage to ask him."

"We are two old-fashioned old men, my dear Mrs. Erris," replied the doctor; "but somehow you have got new-fangled of late, and we should not be able to avoid finding fault, one of the bad habits common to old friends: so that, perhaps, under these circumstances, it is better for us to stay away."

"I know what you mean," answered Mrs. Erris gently; "you allude to Albert and Lucy. I want you to come and judge for yourself; I want you to *see* how they are improved; that, in fact, is all I desire. I want you to examine the children of your old friend, and I think you will be satisfied that I have done my duty."

"I am quite satisfied you have *intended* to do your duty, my dear lady; quite satisfied of that; and if it had not been for the stimulus given to your maternal vanity by the arrival of this 'clever family,' I am certain you would have continued blessing and being blessed; not over-tasking, but permitting your children's minds as well as their bodies to strengthen while they grow; but we shall not agree upon the matter, my dear Mrs. Erris, so perhaps we had better not talk of it; we shall certainly not agree upon the subject."

"You were the friend my poor husband valued most on earth," said Mrs. Erris, after a pause; "and I cannot bear that you should labor under any false impression. I assure you neither Lucy nor Albert are ever driven to their tasks."

"So much the worse for children of their rapid yet delicate natures. If they had a disinclination to study, it would prove that their individual minds were not of a quality to injure their bodies; but the zeal for study requires to be regulated."

"And Mr. Salon does regulate it," said the mother.

"By increasing it," replied the doctor. "The structure of these precocious minds is easily disorganized. It has always seemed to me as extraordinary as unjust, that parents and teachers bestow double the pains upon what are termed *clever* children to what they do upon those who are dull of comprehension; whereas the heavier minds could be wrought with decidedly more safety, and in nine cases out of ten would produce, if not a richer, certainly a more abundant fruitage."

"But," urged Mrs. Erris, "you are arguing as if my children were suffering from too much mental exertion. I assure you the contrary is decidedly the case; they are full of life, full of energy. Mrs. Diggon said she never saw any thing in her children like the energy with which my children apply."

"I dare say she did not," replied the doctor. "In the first place, your tutor imparts *knowledge*, not its semblance; and in the next, your children have really a panting after information, a gasping for the beautiful and the ideal, a natu-

rally poetic temperament, which destroys ten for the one it crowns. I remember Albert restless in his cradle, and weeping at melancholy music; and as to Lucy, the difficulty with her was always to keep her tranquil. You have, my dear lady, applied excitement where you should, in my humble opinion, have removed it."

"But would you have had them grow up in ignorance?" inquired the lady.

"That is so like a woman," said the old bachelor, smiling sadly; "jumping from one extreme to the other. I talked of undue excitement, and you immediately fell back upon extreme ignorance; an excitement is the destruction of health and strength, and is to mind the very pestilence of education. The children were doing very well, learning as much as at their age they ought to learn without forcing—that is all that children should do."

"But some learn more quickly than others, my dear sir."

"So they do; some require keeping back, others bringing forward, but, with both, *time is the only safe developer and strengthener*. I never knew an instance where a precocious child was not the better for being kept back. It is positively offensive to come in contact with those forced children; to find mammas and papas absurd enough to mistake indications of talent for talent itself, and treating you to little miss or little master's poetry or prose. Well, my dear lady," he added, ashamed of his pettishness, "I have at least to thank you for your patience; you have listened to me, and I thank you. I will go, if you please, to-morrow, if it were only to prove how I value your forbearance; but just look at our flowers and this new forcing-house, which, I think, you have not seen, and which our gardener would have, because the clever family have one." Mrs. Erris looked at the flowers; the doctor having set aside the subject they talked of, she knew would not return to it; so she admired the plants, and the good old gentleman's anxiety for Lucy and Albert was for a few minutes obliterated by the interest he felt in his favorite flowers. On leaving the conservatory for the forcing-house, they found the gardener busied with some plants that had been placed upon a stand; amongst them was a white moss rose, its green leaves fading; the buds, through whose soft moss the faint streak of white was more or less visible, hung their heads, from their feeble and seemingly twisted stems.

"It won't do, Tom—all your care won't do now," said Dr. Russel to the gardener; "if you had been content to urge, not force the plant forward, it might have lived and flourished in the conservatory. Now it is gone—gone for ever."

"It was so beautiful, sir," said the man; "I never saw any thing more beautiful. I didn't like to be out-done in early flowering by Mr. Diggon's gardener, and got more heat on; and I'm sorry to say this is not the first plant that has served me so; the blossoms have dropped off many; so that, after all my care, and though willing to sacrifice the plant for one good flowering, it won't always give that, but die away—right away."

"The rose would have been healthy enough in the conservatory, I suppose," said the doctor.

"Bless you, sir, it would have lived long enough to make a timber tree if I wanted it; but such fierce forcing cuts them off even before they blossom. It's a principle in nature, sir; my old governor never would have any thing forced beyond nature. 'Thomas,' he used to say to me, 'let us help nature; let us assist the old gentlewoman as well as we can—she deserves it of us; and it is our duty, as well as our interest, to keep friends with her, for there's one thing certain, she won't stand no nonsense.' He was a plain-spoken Scotchman, sir; but, like all of his country, he had a great acquaintance with nature."

The doctor made no further observation; but a glance at Mrs. Erris showed him that her face was bathed in tears.

INDIA AND CHINA.—THE overland mail from India, with dates from Calcutta to the 23rd March; Bombay, April 1st; Canton, 22nd February, arrived in town on Sunday. The importance of the Indian news is limited to the fact already made known by the telegraphic despatch, of the annexation of Scinde to our Indian empire. In Hyderabad, the capital of Scinde, treasure and jewels amounting, it is said, to one and a half million sterling, have been discovered. Doubts have been entertained if this treasure trove is to be considered prize-money. The matter has been referred to the Queen in Council. In the mean time, the Governor-General has declared Scinde to be a British province, abolished slavery therein, and appointed Sir C. Napier to be Governor; and also declared all transit duties abolished, and the Indus open to the ships of all nations. Scinde is said to be a most fertile district, which, when cultivated, will repay every cost tenfold, and render the territories of the Indus something like the banks of the Ganges.

The Governor-General was at Agra. He has ordered the celebrated Somnauth gates to be locked up there. Bundelkund remained still in an unsettled state, some disturbances having occurred along the frontiers of Cutch, facing Scinde; but the rest of India was tranquil. Dwarkanauth Tagore has been excluded from his family caste, in consequence of his repeatedly eating with "the unclean Europeans."

The most conflicting accounts were circulated respecting the state of Cabul. Akhbar Khan is no longer popular there, and another was said to have seized the government. Dost Mahommed was going back from Lahore to Cabul, but it was not known how he would be received there. He wished to be aided by the Sikhs, but they did not seem inclined to give him any assistance.

The interest of the Chinese news is almost exclusively of a commercial nature. Doubts are said to exist of the durability of any arrangement now entered into. The Chinese were busy in repairing all their forts, and in strengthening their positions in the different places attacked last year. Trade was dull, but was expected to revive speedily.—*Court Journal*.

For the Eclectic Museum.

THE PRESS AND THE AGE.

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

From the Vierteljahrs Schrift.

TRANSLATED BY F. A. STRALE.

In the good old times, a hundred years ago, or so, a vast deal less was printed than at present. People did not read as much as they now do, but they talked a great deal more. The organ of the Press, as it is now called, was comparatively in the helpless state of a chrysalis, while the organs of speech were developed in full vigor, by their volubility in furnishing the prattle, pot-eloquence, sycophancy and gallantry of the age. The Frankford Post arrived only twice a week; the Bremen Intelligencer of Wit and Science appeared only once a month; but yet often enough to serve throughout the holy Roman Empire, in the nightly orgies of the Academicians, or at the tea-table of the literary epicure, as the accredited guides and oracles in questions of general interest, natural phenomena, and standards of taste and talent. How much sense and nonsense, how many sallies of wit and of vain conceit, were not wasted on the desert air, in discussing the passing events of the day; such as the bloody strife between Frederic and Maria-Theresa, the paper-war between Bodmer and Gotsched, the elevation of Madame Pompadour to the throne, and Christian Wolf's recall to Halle, the severe winter of 1740, and Lord Anson's voyage around the world. The same exhalations ascend from the heads of men in our day, like steam produced by the contact of water with iron at a white-heat, but an infinitely greater portion of the component particles are precipitated daily, and in thousands of placés, in the shape of types on paper. From this important change in the intellectual atmosphere of the world, proceeds in truth almost every thing, whether it be for the better or for the worse, in great matters or in trifles, which distinguishes the age of the semi-weekly snails-post (Schnecken-Post), the bag-wig, and of demonstrative philosophy, from the age of steam, kid-gloves and absolute ideas; from the age marked by the mighty impulse given to science and art, the revolution effected in the views of both rulers and people, and by the controlling power of public opinion; as well as by the great schism which has supervened between theory and invention, between the right of conscience and the cravings of mind, the desolation and yet sober awakening of the masses, together with

that practical egotism of individuals, which so strangely belies the philanthropy of theories and the charity of institutions.

Literature, in those days, was merely a sprinkling, a passing cloud, from behind which the cheering rays of the social sun burst forth the merrier; in our times, she shrouds the heavens in thick and portentous gloom, and were any one to represent this reading generation by a flock of geese, who forgetting their lively cackle in the storm, with contemplative gravity look up askance to the heavens; the comparison, if not very refined, would at least be an apt one, as predicable of a social state, where so much more is written and read than spoken, where familiar and cheerful intercourse is struck with the palsy, and very many of the social virtues, besides old-fashioned and honorable gallantry, have become defunct. Whence come the wild notions of many scribbling and reading women, but from their much reading, from their peevish habit of shaking the fruit off the tree of knowledge, and from the fact that the busy and abstracted lords of creation, do not so much after the old fashion pay their submissive homage at the shrine of beauty, by flowery speeches and wire-drawn compliments; that they do not every moment offer incense to the ladies as to their acknowledged and petted little despots, who by the fundamental laws of nature are disqualified from holding a seat and giving a vote in the graver councils of men.

In those days, when a man delighted in his own cogitations on passing events, he generally brought them to some gossiping market; he looked about for people to whom he could unburden his political weather-wisdom, his scientific projects or his artistical enthusiasm. That which now goes by the name of Society, consists of two classes: one, writing down their thoughts on politics, commerce, sciences and arts, while the other read what these have written. Interchange of thought through the medium of conversation, has only this in common with that carried on through the medium of printing, that they produce no result, abstractedly considered; for after all, every thing which at each succeeding moment is embraced under the heads of science, literature, political economy and the whole domain of research, is surely nothing else but the sum total of all the great and little accounts, which are constantly adjusting between millions of great and little individuals.

In an age where every body is writing; where words appearing in a book are fre-

quently hardly weighed more scrupulously than in daily colloquy, the writer will doubtless be permitted also to scatter on paper a few thoughts on the aspect of the existing era; thoughts which in the good old time he would have wasted in talk, while now, having the comfortable assurance, that no one will contradict him, while writing, he can think himself to be in the right, until he sees some criticism of his pages, and afterwards too.

The Press is that main engine of development, which for three centuries, uninterruptedly and in a progressive ratio of speed, is carrying the human race towards some goal yet undiscernible and unknown. It has left mankind, what they ever were; but it is a leaven (Gährungs-stoff) which has given a characteristic scope and direction to that momentous disjunction which is going on between us and antiquity, and has infinitely multiplied energies and relations, and then again simplified them. With the art of printing commenced a new era in the culture of the human mind, which before had enjoyed a holiday of two thousand years, since acquiring the accomplishment of writing. The Press is a machine embodying an idea, by whose developments, the heirloom of History itself, so to speak, has been re-constructed, to the effect that it incessantly throws off the antiquated materials of power, of thought and of passion, descended from our forefathers, in ever varying, ever increasing, ever bolder, finer and more elaborate patterns. As manual labor was the productive genius of the primitive and middle ages; so machinery is of modern times—but still it is the same genius which is at work. We are so accustomed to the common, all-pervading vehicle of thought, to the ability of scanning every movement in the worlds of matter or of mind, that it is with no small difficulty we are able to place ourselves in a bygone age; and the superficial thinker is utterly at a loss to comprehend the intellectual greatness of certain periods which were destitute of the present facilities for disseminating and interchanging ideas. The noiseless tread of the historical muse, led onward only by traditional legends, strikes us as gloomily as unearthly steps in the haunted chamber of Ugolino; while an old man would become bewildered with terror in beholding how, by the necromancy of printing, the hidden workings of the times are unmasked, how the levers and shuttles pass and re-pass with inconceivable swiftness, the wheels buzz and fly, the woofs are reeled off, and everywhere images and designs

unfold themselves in the remotest perspective. Once, the country-village was comparatively lively, and vocal with the commotion of debate; as has been said, even a hundred years ago, there was comparatively much more tale-telling and less printed news; while now, with the newspaper in his hand, the citizen quid nunc holds converse with every portion of the habitable globe, in the crowded coffee-room, or in the rail-car, without bestowing a single word on his neighbor, to give a jog to the intellectual faculties of either.

Mankind, when they had no printing, were divided in detached groups, each of whom enjoyed its own immunities and characteristic identity. Their thoughts and affections occupied the space of these hallowed inclosures, leaving the surplus, if any, to make excursions into the fields of nature and of religion. At first, indeed, before they were merged in states and kingdoms, communities resembled some isolated galvanic elements, within the contracted spheres of which, the affections and aspirations of the soul were forever gambling in self-exhausting gyrations. Time gradually added other elements; but slow was the progress which men could make in knowledge and power through the mere instrumentality of tradition and manuscript, both indifferent conductors, and the battery, though its multiplied parts endowed it with increasing force, soon wore itself into decay. Then the Press at once became the communicating medium of the ethereal fluid, and by its infinitely superior adaptedness, raised the civilized world to the proud eminence which it now occupies on the heaving galvanic pile of mind, which seeks to outstrip the farthestmost bounds of the very heavens.

Every unit, whether great or small, from the individual to the state or the nation, feels itself, in the midst of the whirl and commotion of conflicting powers, identified in its thoughts, purposes and actions, as a part of one undivided whole, and all may perceive how the materials of fate are disposed of in the fervent heat incident to the concentration of their powers at the poles of the ever-working battery; and how thus destiny is every instant evolved, be it through the agency of man himself, or be it in his despatch. It is pre-eminently this universal sensitiveness of the body social, this ever present consciousness of historical dignity, which stamps the present century as differing so strikingly and essentially from the last, so faintly acted upon by the Press, and which renders it so diam-

etrically opposite to the earlier ages of the world. Every pleasing and noble feature in the aspect of our times, as well as every equivocal and fatal distortion, springs from this psychological revolution; from this source flow all those schemes and efforts in state, in science and in art, which characterize the present generation.

Even long after the invention of printing, comparatively but a very few privileged individuals were enabled to watch the course of the world, to confront and measure the events which passed before their eyes, by the past, as recorded on the page of History, thence to draw definite conclusions, to set the horoscope of the city, the state or the age, and to announce all this to their contemporaries. With the progress of this "black art" the feelers of society became proportionably more numerous and acute, its vision into futurity sharpened, and the one half of what is now printed is made up of judgments abstractedly pronounced by this conscientious and self-criticising age, whether in a sober mood, or misguided by passion, on the past, present and future. It happens, however, in the arena of literature, as it does in the British Parliament. There, every speech being directed to the chair, the speaker is the focus, or rather the centre of all the radii of debate, and in a somewhat analogous manner every author or scribbler, in all his plans or strictures on the affairs of the world, addresses himself to the Public, that presiding hydra, which holds *in terrorem* the power of life or death in its grasp, over all Magazines, Journals, and Gazettes. The Public and the Speaker—both much less speaking, than spoken to—have no perceptible influence over the issue, the result of the debate; the same as in judicatory assemblies, a thousand valuable or silly thoughts fall to the ground, and that which is finally effected, often has no relationship, either to the efforts of genius expended, or to the end contemplated; so the assertions and demurrers, the demands and the refusals, the triumphs and the lamentations of the political press, are daily set at naught by the executive tribunal of History. The universal development of the go-ahead principle, which in modern times has been so wonderfully accelerated, is chiefly the effect of the inherent and ever augmenting power of the press; and consequently, while the plot thickens, while so many conflicting phenomena appear, while what is past, as well as that which is yet to come, arouses the most opposite passions; the energies of the press receive increased stimulus,

and the bustle among claimants and objectionists, among the contending masses, and in the consultations among Savans at the couch of diseased humanity, grows ever louder and more confused. Nothing can transpire in any of the provinces of metaphysics, politics, religion, art, trade or science, which does not produce manifold and heterogeneous results, in a society rendered thus sensitive through the agency of the Press. Where one sees only health and safety, another scents a gangrene; the identical fact calls up to the imagination of one a series of the most flattering images, to that of his neighbor it portrays nothing but the rake's progress—to one the beginning of a felicitous consummation—to the other the beginning of a gloomy end. The one cannot comprehend how it is that the world does not advance more readily, universally, or in this, and that and the other particular quarter, where genius such as *his* applies the lever. Another is astonished again to find his transcendent abilities baffled, and like Jonah becomes fretful at the failure of his prophecies; but is not the less positive, that with such elements of discord and destruction within, the world *cannot* long hold together. All admit, however, even those who draw the most favorable auspices for the future from the present, that with the present striking advance of certain elements of power, other certain elements which caused the peculiar bloom and glory of departed ages, have become extinct; but while A beholds in this deficiency, or rather substitution of energies, the prognostics of a universal dissolution, B adopts it as merely another round in the physiological ladder of the species.

Those faculties of man, by which in observing, experimentalizing, analyzing, dissolving, and again combining, condensing and making deductions, he penetrates deeper and farther into outward nature and into his own, have manifestly been exalted and enlarged through the revolution effected by the press. This is more especially apparent in the great strides which the present age has made in the various departments of natural science.

The rich and fair legacy of learned lore, transmitted from antiquity, even within the precincts of natural philosophy, was preserved during the middle ages by a few men of towering genius, and, though with considerable drawbacks on the one hand, it obtained on the other some slow and unequal acquisitions. The single-handed thinker and seeker after truth, cramped and fettered by authorities, could make but feeble,

unproductive, and withal hazardous exploring expeditions into the hidden chambers of nature's laboratory; and consequently the efforts of genius either soared away into the clouds, or else diverged into the winding and obscure paths of a labyrinth, where arose on some circumscribed basis of experiments, the speculative structures of the theosoph, the astrologer and the alchemist. The seeds of science, so vigorously deposited by the ancients, were barely kept scathless during the iron-age. The press prepared the soil to receive the seed, and scattered it abroad; it speedily produced a thousand-fold, and now the entire domain of civilized life, is clothed in luxuriant verdure, and a stately crop of true knowledge, hides, if it cannot choke, many a rank weed, the seed of which the press has, in its heedless race, also dropped. The same thought, which called forth a general interchange of mind, gave to science the principle of vitality, no longer of a stunted growth, a stagnant vegetation, and this vitality and growth kept exact pace with the increase of books. Once, the science of natural philosophy was a rigid, compact mass, easily scanned and mastered by one mind. Mathematics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Botany, Physic and Metaphysics, lay all huddled together in the brains of the Doctor mirabilis. In proportion, however, as the magic circle, which the press had thrown around the philosopher and thinker, became more and more intensely electrified with this vitality, the mass became more fusible, and the materials of science more redundant. Soon it could no longer be scanned, much less mastered by individual minds; it separated into ever various fragments and ramifications, each of which required its master workman, and thus was set on foot that division of labor, that unailing distribution, that constant gathering and re-issuing (*Wieder-abgeben*) of materials, which at the present day gives to the activity of genius a feature so much resembling a mathematical concatenation of productive mechanism, or rather of a fraternity of skilful insects. That which instinct effects in the little community of bees, a general wakefulness and sharp-sightedness bring to pass in the Republic of Science—all that has been done at every point, and all that is yet to be done. Inspired by the common impulse, the student knows as by intuition, which flowery chalice he must crush in order to extract the purest honey; cell is added to cell as by rule and compass in the prolific hive of scientific literature, and

the young brood of new discoveries are carefully nursed and fed after the most approved rules of dietetics.

The natural sciences are the boast of the age—yes, and in their alliance with industry, have made it arrogant. It is reasonable to suppose, however, that the achievements of the human mind, subsequent to the laws established by Keppler and by Newton, as yet have made but very few stages in its boundless career. Here the prospect is lost in distance; the re-actions on society, the re-modelling, emancipation and ennobling of the whole system flowing from a conquest of nature's forces, in great things or in small, in the aggregate or in the abstract, it is impossible to compute. But when this new movement first became apparent, about fifty years ago, after the great and important discoveries had been made in chemistry and in physic, mankind were affected somewhat in the manner of a man who for the first time travels on a rail-road. Though mounting the car very cautiously, and apprehensive of not being able to endure the rapid motion, he soon becomes reconciled to the novelty, and in a little while begins to suggest that the speed might very well be increased, without either inconvenience or danger. Just so people spoke then, in verse and in prose, in half jest and full earnest, of the gigantic undertakings of mind, of the flight of Icarus, and *pennis non homini datis*. But soon one became accustomed to the rushing locomotive of science, whose scintillations were as many seeds of the *utile dulce*; and now the faction of science and the multitude cried out vehemently to the other multifarious arts, *fa presto*, and the impatience to gain and to enjoy infinitely outstrips the sober and legitimate march of improvement. One prominent example will suffice; in *that* we may see reflected all the phantastic expectations, anticipations, misconceptions, misconstructions and fallacies through the medium of which one generation throws a halo of imaginary glory over the darkness of those yet unborn.

Mankind have scarcely succeeded in moving over the surface of their planet at the rate of forty miles per hour, scarcely do they anticipate with any degree of certainty, that the rail-road will infuse a renovated nervous system into the body social, before they grasp, no one can tell how many degrees higher, and pant for the immediate realization of the antiquated hobby, which so often is honored with fruition only in our dreams: they would fain fly on

the wings of the wind. Almost any one among us has some friend or acquaintance, who is enthusiastically taken with the idea of the thing, and who marvels, that earnest and united measures have not long since been adopted for its accomplishment. He tells you, this speculative son of Apollo, this Phaeton, that to mount into the clouds, to career about securely among and above them, and to defy the tempest, may well be considered as premature and chimerical: but that it would be enough to have the power to sail above the surface at the elevation of only a few feet, with the desirable command of ease, security and speed, in order to supersede roads and every conveyance by land or water, and yet without encroaching materially on the prerogatives of tolls and custom-houses. He means to say, that *he* could do all this, if he only had sufficient mastery over the sciences, especially chemistry and mechanics!—As it is, he stops at taking shares, without delay, in the aerial metallic packet-ship which is constructing at Nuremberg. But the Nurembergians do not hang people, &c.

Such fancies and experiments, by which the solution of the problem is so confidently and incontinently expected to be realized, indicate a misconstruing of those laws of our nature, which govern every new-born idea, but more palpably every notable invention, 'which obtains a "local habitation and a name," which possesses a distinct and characteristic existence, and which has advanced from the first dim conception in which it originated to its consummation, or rather its safe delivery through the process of an ascending scale of development in successive and harmonizing stages. The invention of locomotives and rail-roads as a general means of conveyance is yet in its infancy; but it is a very promising and precocious babe. No matter if it does not realize all that it now promises, still it must in the course of its farther development grow in importance and influence, it must reach a maturer age and experience, and when it finally shall be overtaken by some new, yet unheard of, and sublimer vehicle of speed, and be thrown aside in the grand lumber-room of History, it will only share the fate incident to ourselves. When we have become thoroughly trained and formed in the school of experience, we are worn out, and pushed aside with buoyant insolence, by some younger aspirant who continues our work with fresh ingenuity, and thinks himself so much greater than ourselves, because he stands

on our shoulders. Rail-roads resemble the blood-vessels, which are here and there apparent during incubation in the shapeless mass of an egg; as far as they are complete, they only point out the future channels for the circulation of the fluids and the shape and position of the limbs. As no one, without previous knowledge, can form a correct idea of the full grown animal, from the confused embryo of the chicken while in the egg, so we probably can form no adequate conception of the fashions which the world may yet put on, in connexion with the new locomotive power, and no one knows whether his fancy-sketch on this point, will prove too excursive or too circumscribed. Until the Rail-road as a distinct system, recoiling upon itself, becomes the ladder of improvement, and has continued such for a longer or a shorter period, men will not, if ever, learn to fly, or turn their skill to great account. True, every thing in our day develops itself more rapidly; even inventions enjoy a short life and a merry one, ripen quicker, drop off earlier than formerly; but with all this high-pressure, the old tracks and precedents of advance, of perfectibility, remain of necessity; and even our modern wonders of creative genius obey those laws which govern the whole kingdom of art. It will do no harm, if, bearing this reflection in mind, we not only look down upon our progenitors, but also endeavor to look up to posterity.

Every new discovery or important step gained in the march of improvement, calls up to the imagination the most pleasing images. At last, having had its day, it presents itself to the understanding only in a chastened, may be a pitiful form. At the outset, it is a revelation, a marvel; replete with life, comfort and beauty, and improvement is hardly conceivable. Seen from a distance, the same object appears flat, cumbersome and clumsy; with all its elaborate appendages, but of little use, and to the unreflecting it seems inexplicable that people did not directly hit upon those improvements, which are now appreciated at a glance, and which, having been adopted, every body thinks himself competent to have made. Thus when riding in the most commodious and well-appointed carriage, we look behind us with a feeling of pity mingled with contempt, not only on the chariot in which Telemachus visited Menelaus, but on the coach, the body of which hung on leather-straps; a lumbering, gilt and bedaubed machine, like a ferry-house or a lion's cage, dragged slowly and obsti-

nately over the rough and jagged pavement, or through the bottomless roads; ponderous, rickety, tasteless and ridiculous. How many lessons of experience, how many fruitless trials, how many discoveries in mechanics, in chemistry, in the use of metals, &c., were not needed gradually to effect the metamorphosis of this patriarchal piece of finery, into a whole family of present splendid, light and elegant equipages—coaches, Berlins, chairs, britschkas, tandems, quitrins, tilburies, &c., &c. Look at them: strength and compactness united with lightness; capaciousness with neatness, in the most ingenious manner imaginable; seats, and steps, and handles, all placed with scrupulous anatomical nicety, calculated to meet every position and motion of the occupants; every thing in most perfect equipoise and harmony—a very complicated piece of mechanism—and yet apparently so simple. Only by persevering training and industry, could the rude and unwieldy limbs of that primitive monster, be transformed into those graceful, slender, pat and pliant forms of the present carriage, and which has bequeathed its most prominent virtues on the passengers' car rolling on iron. And this car, with its inanimate phantom team, becomes in its turn an obsolete monster! Yes, the age will and must arrive, which will look back on the *ne plus ultra*, the vaunted gem of our polish, the rail-road, just as we look back on the first attempts of our forefathers to obviate the jolting of a clumsy wagon on a bad road. It will then seem perfectly in keeping with such bungling contrivances, that hundreds of people were at once maimed or killed outright, though the bungling contrivance itself may be wondered at; and a future generation will as little covet the car in which Dumont D'Urville was burned to death, as we do the coach in which Henry IV. was assassinated.

The steamer of our day has aptly been likened to heavy ordnance, at its first invention. After knowing how to put powder and ball into metallic cylinders, and fire off the charge, the whole mystery of gunnery seemed at once exhausted. The greatest effect was expected only from the largest caliber, and thus an invention remained in its infancy, which has but slowly followed in the track of military science, until it has reached to our shrapnels and the Paixhan guns. Long experience, many and often very dearly purchased experiments, were needful, before the true proportions of length, thickness, strength and

bore of the several kinds of ordnance were satisfactorily ascertained, the problem solved how to ensure the greatest effect simultaneously with the quickest manœuvres in the field; before the art of killing masses of men with despatch and precision, to annihilate them *secundum artem*, and with finished elegance, as it were, was brought to its present pinnacle of perfection. Very probable it is, that mankind now use the power of steam with no greater skill than they once did the powder; and the steam-boat, which we think so smart a thing, has yet to run through many long years of apprenticeship. Our steam-boat constructors and captains will not appear any wiser to their grandchildren, than the gunners and sappers which figured in the war of Schmalcalden do to our engineers. The four-and-twenty-pound carro-nade, which, if exploding, kills every body around it, and the mighty steamer "President," of several hundred horse power, which perished with every soul on board, equally indicate in their respective spheres, how far the artificial energies, as yet found out, may most profitably be applied, when directed by moderation. It is intrinsically the province of *time*, generally a long time, to elicit from any agent in nature's arsenal its true character, its domestic habits, so to speak, its virtues and its vices; to enlarge and multiply it by division and subdivision, to produce the greatest effect with the smallest outlay of means; to simplify and perfect its parts, to make them lighter, more fitting, more convenient and ornamental, until one transcendent idea shall supersede another, whose embodiment will seem a wonderful improvement to us, and to posterity again quite uncouth and imperfect.

Thus, in every age, the arts and inventions are like some curious tree, whose intertwinning branches promiscuously bear buds, flowers, fruit, and empty shells, on the same twig. But never has this tree of life glowed in more luxurious verdure than at present. Its sap, circulating with accelerated vigor, throws out forms and productions hitherto unknown. This rapidity and exuberance of vegetation is, however, the result of the league which science and art have, on the principle of mutual advantage, so systematically entered into, in these days of universal utilitarianism. Invention was indeed always, in the main, the foster-child of science; but so long as science herself had nowhere gained a firm footing, and looked forward to no definite and final purpose, achieving

her conquests only accidentally, her benefits were also fitful, partial, and anomalous. But towards the close of the last century, science rallied; she burst the fetters of authority, of faculties, and cathedræ, and struck with equal vigor into a two-fold track: one winding upwards, that of ideas and conceptions; the other lateral, that of application and execution. On the other hand, the trammels of guild were loosened or thrown off, whether gently or rudely; the hankering after established notions changed more and more into an eagerness after novelty, which science stepped in to gratify. The phenomena in both directions developed themselves conjunctively; it was chiefly, however, the fresh impulse imparted to chemistry by the help of the acids and of the galvanic pile, which broke down the barriers of science, and called her into activity and life, from the student's closet and the lecture-room into the work-shop, and vice versa; since when, a reciprocal and systematic productiveness has become more and more apparent.

But while the arts thus assiduously followed the foot-marks of science, she herself seems to have entered upon a new era, silently ushered in by concomitant circumstances. The effect of the phenomena incident to electricity and magnetism, the closer observation of the laws of light and heat, the discovery of a universal polarity and of the stoichiometrical relations of bodies, had materially altered former theories on the energies of nature, and the occupancy of space by matter. For some time, the most surprising discoveries have appeared, in rapid succession, which leave altogether in the shade those theories of the hidden powers of nature, in their most subtle and diminutive operations, which were broached fifty years ago. The phenomena of electro-magnetism and of magnetic electricity, in a great measure still enigmatical; the remarkable results elicited by attempts to measure the hitherto unmeasurable velocity of the lightning and of the electric spark; the all-important discoveries with regard to the chemical and physical properties of different rays of light; the certainty that whole wide-reaching species of the rocks and minerals of the earth, consist of the remains of animalculæ, thousands of which are imbedded in a grain of sand scarcely visible to the naked eye; the microscopic investigations made into the internal structure of animals and plants; the harmonious motion of many of the minutest atoms, as, for example, in the smooth, glossy surface of certain pitui-

tous tunicles or pellicles; the Daguerreotype, of much more consequence to science than to the art; and lastly and latest, the recent Berlin discoveries about those altogether undreamt-of and mysterious relations said to exist between the surfaces of bodies—all these are wonderful, a whole realm of new marvels. We are now aware, that while supposing ourselves to have been employed in dissecting nature's framework, we have only manipulated its outward covering; we have watched and counted the pulsations and respirations of universal nature, taken admeasurement of its movements, and laid open its secretions. Never has it been, until now, that, as by a magnetic transformation of the senses, we are able to catch a glimpse of the innermost organic springs and wheels of nature's machinery, seeing, as it were, every globule of blood coursing, and every fibre vibrating through the system. We as yet only perceive a confused throng of the minutest effects—a play, with the rapidity of lightning, of acting and counteracting energies, which strikes us with astonishment, confusion and awe. But we feel that in this a fresh problem is offered for solution to the human mind, of a more exalted and comprehensive range—a problem to which all our foregoing researches in the so-called inexorable territory of nature, were only preliminary. We feel a misgiving, or rather entertain an opinion, that with all these great and startling discoveries, we have as yet discovered nothing more than the Antilles, the reefs and the promontories of a new world. It is indeed more than possible, that during the lengthened process of solving a new and infinitely deeper problem, all our ideas of animate as well as of inanimate creation, will entirely change their character and scope; and it is certainly remarkable, that while mankind in general, from the prevalence of new facilities of locomotion, have become familiar with new estimates as to time and space, a revolution is also impending in the minds of the learned, respecting the relative meaning of these terms, in connexion with the universal economy of nature.

The human mind has evidently become excited to extraordinary activity in the pursuit of the natural sciences through these marked changes of modern times; it is in this department where it has achieved its greatest conquests, and gained its noblest and most decisive victories. The deductions at which science reaches from its height of observation in the regions within

the compass of intellect, its queries and its challenges militate, it is true, against many formulæ of religious belief. The old controversy between natural philosophy and theology is by no means ended; it has merely been thrust into the background by schisms in theology itself, by rationalism, neology, and theological criticism. The tendency of this, with us, has been a surrendering up of the Old Testament, long since, to the cross-examinations of science, and so long as such bitter disputations are carried on about the Gospels, orthodoxy finds no leisure to defend the Mosaic bulwarks of the faith. The verdicts of science often give umbrage to not a few; but the fruit so liberally depending from her thousand branches, daily enhancing the comforts and pleasures of life, is nevertheless freely gathered and tasted almost universally. While in the enjoyment of the benefits flowing from her discoveries and productions, scarcely one reflects that this very assiduity and impetus of the human mind, the reaction of which is felt in the growing ease and *bien-séance* of society, has been one of the principal causes of skepticism. No one stops to consider, while on the steam-boat, in the rail-car, in the blaze of brilliant wax-lights, (stearinkerzen,) while examining with admiration the cunning counterfeit of the photograph, scanning the charming landscape through the achromatic tube, or drawing fresh delight from Nature's miniature-wonders through the microscope, that the book of Genesis is dragged into darkness and contempt by the same endless chain of speculation and contrivance, which brings into day many of the comforts and elegancies of life.

Next in order after the natural sciences, in their most extended sense, come those which, with equally comprehensive grasp, take up human destinies and mutations as interlaced with time and space, past, present, and future—we mean History and Ethics. The temperature of the age has urged these branches of knowledge and research also into an unusually rapid growth, and quite singular developments. With equal force and from a similar impulse, they have made bold and successful incursions into that ideal world, that second nature, which the human mind, ever buoyant and ruminating, sees created and again demolished, acknowledging its existence only in memory and moral results, in the enchanted temples of language, of worship, of art, of manners, and of law, which though raised and adorned by every race,

every nation, and every tribe in varying style, yet in the groundwork betray the same outlines of humanity. But these sciences possess their chief glory and strength from receiving and applying those laws which regulate all sublunary matters, as being the immutable laws of unsophisticated nature itself. Philology, History, Antiquities, Arts and Literature, Jurisprudence, Politics, and Political Economy—and “alas! Theology too,”—in all and each of these, every diligent student may mark the point, a few generations back, where the light breaks in with irresistible force upon his path, the ancient landmarks of authority are exploded, the thickets of prejudice cleared away, the bogs of syllogisms and pedantry drained and made arable ground. He beholds, like the planter on the hydrometer of the Nile, the rising flood fertilizing the parched soil, and yet rising. He stands on an eminence, from which, if endowed with merely common capacities, he must look upon the learning of bygone ages, as far beneath him. He fearlessly grasps the most rugged plants, against whose piercing thorns a discreeter generation protected themselves with gloves; he plunges *in medias res* long neglected, the dissection of which was hitherto considered as too difficult or too hazardous; he reads trippingly from the page which was hieroglyphics to his grandfather, and demonstrates on his fingers the truth advanced as a dim hypothesis by some sage, regarded in his day as a visionary, a madman, or a witch. If a conceited fool, he thinks all his boasted wisdom indigenous to himself; if entitled to be classed under a more respectable category, he feels himself in inspired moments, as being the polished apex of an intellectual pyramid ever growing from an immeasurable basis.

This daring, scrutinizing, search into History, this reckless criticizing of the past and the present, is the legitimate characteristic of science in our day. With restless zeal she keenly examines every production in order to detect and rectify traditional errors and false computations, when necessary, she analyzes the materials thoroughly, so as to trace with nicest accuracy from the disclosed elements, the primitive evolutions of human affairs. It is only in an age such as the present, that this ardor could be generally and powerfully awakened; when thought is unshackled, when man is exonerated from hundreds of doubts, considerations, and points of punctilio, which, in a more courtly age, encompassed the conversational as well as

the book-making thinker, and which compelled him to observe numberless ceremonies in treating of things, measures and men, all the way even up to Adam—and as the new life infused into the natural sciences has communicated itself to arts and trades, and endowed them with the elements of an ever-acting progression, so the free and independent review of letters has, in many instances, had a purifying reaction on the State, on the entire relative union between sovereigns and subjects, on legislation in all its ramifications, on the general policy of nations; and the focus to which all these reacting influences tend is, universal commerce. On the one hand, the importing merchant, the manufacturer, the mechanic, on the other the prince, the ministers, dignitaries and office-holders have mutually become equally wary, alert and diligent, more enlightened as to the dangers of giving way to their obstinacy or caprice, in a word, more artificial and scientific. The purchaser as well as the tax-payer have been taught to look narrowly where they bestow their custom and their confidence, and choose to be served effectually and after the latest and most approved fashion in return for their money and their loyalty. Every one, it is true, is not reconciled to the actual course of the world, nor satisfied with the corollaries and deductions of the historical demonstrations of the day; but the intimate connexion between research and practical appliance, the influence of intelligence on the re-modelling of all public relations is, in specific cases, discernible only to the few, and hence it is that the universal seeking after increased knowledge, is so vehemently decried by the many, when directed to a quarter which unquestionably is the worst and weakest point in human nature.

This prying, analyzing criticism has wound the wires of its battery around the time-honored and sacred form of Christianity also. An intellectual under-current wears upon and undermines the historical pillars of faith, and pervades the human family; while many ponder deeply on the nature and tendency of this sign of the times, it calls forth, and with justice, the grief and indignation of multitudes. The mind has its undeniable claims; but they are counterbalanced by the at least equally valid claims and cravings of the spirit. The natural as well as artificial temper of mankind has always been affected in the most contradictory manner, by the historical records of Christianity, as well as by its doctrines. The same propositions,

which now give so much offence, are nearly as old as the church itself; church history winds its way through as many heresies, as the secular historian does over bloody battle-grounds; the rankest heathenism existed among individuals whether laymen or clergy, even in the most pious periods; more than once the most shameless infidelity filled the chair of St. Peter, and Deism, which in the last century made such havoc among the superficial and unwary, by means of its shafts of ridicule, has strutted through the world from the beginning with varying success. When, therefore, this unlicensed prying spirit of research, so long kept busy in every other field, comes to lay hands on Theology; when a number of its votaries cry out, "I cannot do otherwise," and following the prevailing practice around them invade their own territory, it matters, for the moment, but little to him who stands by watching what transpires, who is right, or who is wrong, whether the breaking down and building up, the casting away, or the gathering of stones together, is for good or for evil; he recognises in this, with other novelties in the horizon of science, and with the vicissitudes of theology itself, nothing more than an inevitable advance of things. Most other branches of historical knowledge had to pass through a noviciate of compromising, ambiguous rationalism, before they could launch into the higher regions of independent criticism, and now, when Theology follows in the wake, though it may be a movement fraught with evil, it is yet an unavoidable one, which can be denied only by impassioned bigots. In what respect do the theological strictures of our day differ from the heretical carplings of every age, but in claiming the real or imaginary vantage-ground, afforded by a general increase of knowledge, and in finding unobstructed access to every part of an argument-loving public through the Press? True religious feeling, as well as grovelling egotism, when exasperated at these and kindred offsprings of the times, must, to be consistent, go back to the first printing press, as the prolific germ of all that is grand and glorious not less than of all that is noxious and envenomed in the present nursery of mind. It was a puerile objection to modern transcendentalists in theology, though so strenuously urged, that they did not write in a learned and more occult language, that they did not challenge the learned in their own privileged tongue. As if such a piece of vain latinity, could even for a moment with-

stand the all-diffusing energy of the press! We behold, in the movements of late theological discussion, the prelude of a final and fatal solution of a long-standing problem, which the world is now called upon to decide as best she may. But not through science is the question to be solved, or a reconciliation of the openly conflicting elements to be effected; this can be done by a process of calm ratiocination alone. Even while reason descants on the primum mobile, the wonders on the soul, on gnosticism, mysticism, and every other *ism*, she finds no answer to questions of her own invention. Philosophical speculativeness mocks herself and her contemporaries, when by parcelling out the data of Christianity into certain set formulæ of speech, she pretends to comprehend and to prove, what to the spiritual mind ever was, is, and will be, truth; and which to its opposite remains as incomprehensible as ever. But this direction of the inquisitiveness of mankind, leads us immediately to the wounds and woes of the age in which we live, and though thus far we have looked only upon its more hardy and mercurial lineaments, we are now confronted by its deeply-graven traces of dissoluteness, confusion and impotency.

Every age has its strong and its weak points, its virtues and its vices, its boasted paragons and its canker-worm, its paroxysms of arrogance and of remorse, as well as every nation and every individual. And so at the present day, in a development, than which history knows of none more impetuous and profound, all is not pure light, genuine strength, unquestionable progress. Far otherwise; everywhere strength and weakness, soaring aspiration and humbling inadequacy, are next-door neighbors, and raise their voices in deafening discord. Thus it ever has been; it is the hackneyed tale of one human energy in its fitful blossomings impeding the shoots of another, and an infinitude of projections serving only to circumscribe the platform of human happiness. The prominent feature of our age consists in the extraordinary acceleration of its movements, and the particular expression imparted to them through the Press. This movement and ferment have evidently operated very differently on different attributes and powers of the human mind. If, on the one hand, we contemplate the many and stupendous monuments of the highest genius in science, manufactures and statesmanship; and on the other, the vague, flimsy and distracted state of every thing which emanates from

the soul, of religion and art, the conviction becomes irresistible, that through the same sudden and unexampled enlargement of the sphere of action, some capacities of man have become surprisingly elevated and expanded, while others seem to have evaporated, or where they have resisted the unusual tension, to have been thrown into utter confusion and spasmodic disease. It is evident that mankind from recent culture have, in one respect, become much more enlightened, free and powerful in their knowledge of nature and of themselves, yet in other relations more inconsistent, enervated, morose and bewildered than they were in the midst of a civilization not yet modified, or at least not long acted upon by the Press.

There are yet people enough, who muse and talk of a good old time, from the most excellent motives, one of which is self-interest; a time when, in order to be something, or somebody, yea and to pass for something great too, they and their compeers had no more ado than to take the trouble of coming into the world; who feel uncomfortable in a society where the distinctions of hereditary rank become more and more obliterated, and scarcely ever the question is asked, "who is he?" but "what *has* he?" or at the farthest, what has he, with the help of fortune, made himself? These people desire impossibilities; they wish to enjoy the advantages and commodities of our present state of refinement and culture without the present state of politics; they would have the cause without its effect. They are well pleased with the blessings attending the covenant which the Creator has made with these latter days, and yet they would that it were as before the flood, when there were "giants in the earth, mighty men of old, men of renown." They look upon steam-boats and rail-cars with benignity; only the arrangement must be delayed until their high mightinesses are ready to step in. We do not now speak of these; but in fixing our gaze on the cultivated and half-cultivated masses, to whom with the dismemberment of the German Empire nothing has become obsolete, nothing extinct, in noting the significance of their using or not using, with glass or pen in hand, the hunting-songs of the good old times, we shall find, that mankind are quite sensitive to the strong or weak points of our culture, even if they have thought ever so little or read ever so much, practices which so often go together. No man in his senses thinks of talking of the good old times, when the

phlogiston regulated all ideas of chemistry, and not much more was known of the wonderful qualities and vagaries of light, than of the spectrum of colors; when the bones of the rhinoceros were set down as those of giants; all unknown fossil remains as *lusus naturæ* or evidences of the deluge, and the sea allowed to have risen to that height of the mountains where shells, the supposed witnesses of its presence, were found; the time when the idea or name of Indo-Germanism had not yet been conceived; when Shakspeare had never been seen on the continent; when French poetasters were our pattern, and the gothic style was spoken of with the same contempt with which we now speak of the style of the Jesuits; when his Highness the Duke sold "four thousand of the children of the soil" to the Dutch, and the lady Abbess produced one trooper and a half as the contingent for her district; when universal History was handled on the model of the four monarchies, and the salaried Historian could, with most consummate unconcern and safety, falsify special passages, in courtesy to certain genealogical or territorial pretensions of certain houses. In such a world—a world of diligences and market-sloops, of pages, runners and lackeys, of French philosophers and Italian mistresses, of star-chambers, election-compromisings and the Wolfian system—no well-conditioned citizen wishes himself back. But how different the retrospect when we contemplate those apparitions in the world of mind which are more or less purely intellectual! The entire broad field of understanding, reasoning and knowledge, and of practical appliance, presents renewed life, plan, progress, originality, and a cheerful consciousness of power; in the equally excursive but more ethereal and hidden regions swayed by religious sentiment and enthusiasm of art, we behold inward anarchy and war, doubts and fears, shame and timorousness, an obsequious leaning on departed spirits and a ridiculous re-investment of their productions; *there* are as few *laudatores temporis acti*, as *here* there are many. There, as from a solid pyramid, we look down upon by-gone centuries; here, as from a dismal swamp, we look up to them. How much is there grand and noble, which we are not qualified to re-produce, on the parings of which we feast, with the threadbare fragments of which we endeavor to hide or to adorn our nakedness! How much, that was once the insignia of the highest spiritual functionaries, has become the degrading livery of menials, and is left

on the budget of the age, merely because it once appertained to the royal civil-list of genius!

When discussion turns upon Religion, creative art and poetry, the standards of the good old times afford abundant materials for choice, to suit every taste. Setting aside the servants of the Church and of the State, who find safety only within the bosom and unity of the old ecclesiastical establishment, or in the unrestrained inquiry into every thing this side of a line railing off the three last centuries—how many would wish themselves placed back in the times of the Emperor Joseph and the *Wolfenbüttel*-fragments! and how many pious minds would not be half so afflicted by the stale scoffings of the expounder as by the frigid demonstrations of the scientific analyzer! If we hearken to the tumult issuing from the Press, one of its loudest and most frequent outcries, is the old *Jeremiade* over the inanity of the higher arts, and on every side are heard voices of people seeking the lost Church, and with her, the new Arts, among the entangled thickets of modern culture, calling out to each other that they find nothing, and that they despair of ever finding any thing. The educated mind of the present day feels itself as strongly attracted by the productions of the age in which the religious sympathies of the people were stamped in ever-glowing characters on their Architecture, their Paintings, and their Sculpture, as the spirits of the middle ages were by the Holy Sepulchre. But of this we do not at all intend to speak; in the estimation of many hypochondriacal connoisseurs and amateurs, the *Rococo* is yet the good time compared with our productions: be it as bad as it may, yet it was the indigenous growth of the social mould, the portrait of society, the style of the age. And forsooth, Poetry and polite Literature! We have now among us old gentlemen enough, who, twenty, thirty years ago were popular writers, spirited critics, persevering readers, and theatre-goers; these gentlemen do not even extend their longing regrets to the great Weimar-era, much less to the Troubadours; since the conspiracy of young Germany, to create a new literature out of hand, they have forsaken literature, and to them the romances, the tragedies and the souvenirs (*Taschen-bücher*) of former days, is the good old time.

To be continued.

THE REIN-DEER OF THE LAPLANDERS.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

On the Rein-Deer of the Laplanders. By GUSTAV PETER BLOM, Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Drontheim, &c.

THE Laplanders are originally a Nomadic race, supported by rein-deer, and their principal branch still follows the same mode of life. Poverty, however, has forced many Laplanders to quit their native haunts in the mountains, and to descend to the Norwegian coasts, or to the plains of Lapland, to seek for the means of living. Thus two kinds have sprung up in Norway: the *Sea-Laps*, who live on the coasts, and are occupied with fishing, and the *Boe-Laps*, who have settled in the valleys, have brought small tracts of land into cultivation, and support themselves by agriculture and the rearing of cattle, combined partly with the rearing of rein-deer. The Laplanders who have withdrawn to Lapland may again be divided into two kinds: the *Forest-Laps*, who keep rein-deer, but take them along with themselves only within a certain region, and who at the same time are hunters; and the *Fisher-Laps*, who have established themselves on the shores of the great rivers and lakes of Lapland, and are engaged in the taking of fish. The best shots are among the Forest-Laplanders, who furnish the yearly markets of Vitangi and Kengis with a large quantity of game, which is carried to Stockholm by way of Torneo.

The rein-deer is the support of the Laplanders, and the object of their pride; in it consist their wealth and their happiness. Whoever is the possessor of many hundred rein-deer, has attained the highest pinnacle of good fortune; but he never on this account alters his mode of living in the slightest degree, or increases his enjoyments, except, perhaps, as regards the quantity of brandy he consumes. Besides the rein-deer, the whole wealth of the Laplander consists of a few articles of clothing, his tents for living in and for keeping his stores, a few wooden stakes with which he forms a kind of fold, into which the rein-deer are driven when they are to be milked, a few bed-covers made of rein-deer skins, a copper vessel in which his food is cooked, a few wooden dishes, and his provisions, consisting of rein-deer-cheese and milk, which latter he preserves for the winter in rein-deer stomachs. When he alters his abode, the whole of this splendor is placed on the pack-rein-deer, and conveyed to the new place of residence.

The rein-deer is the most important possession of the Laplanders, for it supplies them both with nourishment and clothing. The Laplander spends his superfluous money chiefly on the increase of his herd; and it is only when that is sufficiently large, that he begins to think of collecting silver and burying it; but he never dreams of procuring greater personal comforts, for their value is unknown to him.

The Laplander lives in a tent of a circular conical shape, provided with an opening above for the escape of the smoke. The tent is made of coarse woolen cloth, sometimes also of rein-deer skins, and the richer individuals construct their habitations with a double covering. The door consists of a curtain of the same material. The internal arrangement of the tent is just as simple; in the middle there are a few stones which form a sort of fire-place, and at the sides round about, twigs of birch are strewed, and rein-deer skins spread over them, so as to form a sofa during the day, and a bed at night. The dogs also partake of this place of repose. The dishes and kettles lie scattered about in the tent, and above are suspended the rein-deer stomachs filled with milk, which are completely blackened by the smoke. It is to be expected that cleanliness should not exist in such miserable dwellings, but the Laplanders have in fact no idea of it. A few of the race, who pasture their rein-deer on the coasts every summer, have built earthen huts in the form of tents; but these have no advantage over their usual abodes.

It is only in autumn that the Laplander kills his rein-deer, for it is only at that season that they are fat, and their flesh palatable. In spring the rein-deer has much to endure from the so-called rein-deer fly,—an insect which penetrates into the skin of the animal, and deposits its eggs, from which larvæ are produced. The animal is thus so tormented, that it becomes lean in summer, and the skin is of no value so long as the larvæ exist in it. The insects produce larger or smaller tumors on the backs and sides of the rein-deer, and the poor animals fall on their knees, on occasion of the slightest touch, in order to escape the pain. The female produces its young in the month of March, and from that time it is milked, by some of the Laplanders once, and by others twice a day. The milking of the rein-deer is one of the most interesting scenes in the whole economy of the Laplanders.

Towards evening the rein-deer are driven from the mountains to the tents. Their

arrival is first announced by the barking of the dogs, who run round the herd, to keep the animals together. Soon the whole herd is descried, forming a closely packed mass, which moves along like a gray cloud. As the animals approach nearer, the horns become a prominent object, resembling a moving leafless forest, and very various in their form and size. The fawns push through among the full-grown animals, and we at last hear a crackling noise, produced by the movement of their legs, and resembling the sound of some burning fir-trees, or rather that of electric sparks. Here and there is heard a sound somewhat like the grunting of swine. Near the tents there is a circular inclosure, provided with two openings or doors. When the reindeer approach it, they press closely together in order to enter, and one sees only the moving mass and the projecting horns. Should a deer or a fawn remain behind, or take a wrong path, a dog immediately pursues it, and the deserter is soon seen running back to the herd at full pace, followed by the dog. The animals now stand closely packed together within the fence, and are so tame that a stranger even can touch them without trouble or danger. In the centre of the inclosure there is a small erection to which the animal is strongly bound during the milking, in order that it may not become unruly, and upset both the milk and the milker. The milking is performed by men, women, and children; but the task of bringing the animals to the milking-place belongs exclusively to a particular man, and is accomplished in the following manner:—

This individual is accurately acquainted with every animal, even in a herd of several hundred, and knows if it is a male or female, and if it is milked or not. He goes with a noose in his hand, and throws it so dexterously over the horns of the animal he wishes to secure, that he never fails in his aim, even at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards, and when many other individuals are standing between him and his object. So soon as the noose is fastened around the horns, the animal is dragged to the milking-place, and there securely tied; another animal is afterwards taken in the same way, and so till all have been milked. The skill of the Laplanders in the use of this noose can only be compared to that of the savages of Africa, or the bull-takers in Brazil.

But little attention is paid to cleanliness in the milking, and indeed generally in the economy of the Laplanders. During the

summer, loose hairs fell abundantly into the milk, and these are but partially removed by sieves. The milk not used is poured into reindeer stomachs and suspended in the tent. The reindeer understands how to keep back the milk; and, in order to prevent her doing so, the Laplander often strikes her repeatedly with his fist, and thus much additional hair drops into the milk. But little milk is obtained; it is, however, as rich as cream, and the taste is by no means disagreeable, resembling that of the ewe. An exceedingly palatable cheese is prepared from it, which is used medicinally as a certain cure of boils produced by frost.

An important animal in the economy of the Laplanders is the dog, and every Laplander has a number proportionate to that of his reindeer, amounting to twelve or more. These dogs protect the reindeer from wild animals, give a signal when these approach, keep the herd together, so that they may not become scattered, and thus lose themselves in the mountains, and go in search of them when the latter occurs. They drive the deer by their barking, but when that is not sufficient, they bite their legs. In order to prevent injury being thus inflicted, the canine teeth are extracted when the dogs are young. It is rather a natural instinct than a regular training which teaches the dogs their duty. They have a natural inclination to the reindeer, and as soon as the latter are in motion, are ready to follow. The dogs are divided into two sections, of which the one accompanies the herd, and the other remains in the tents. As soon as the reindeer return from their pasture to the tents, the dogs which have been reposing start up and enter upon their duties, and those which are thus relieved lie down quietly in the tents.

The Lapland dog is not large, has long hair, a sharp snout, a long-haired tail, and erect ears; it has no claims to beauty.

The domestic reindeer are not always of a gray color, like the wild, but vary in this respect like all domesticated animals. Although the prevailing color is gray, there are reindeer of a white color with blue spots. For the most part they have white markings on the head and feet, by means of which they are recognised by the Laplanders, and by which the possessor can not only distinguish his own from strangers', but even every single animal in his herd.

Males only are used as beasts of burden, and chiefly those which are castrated, as they are the strongest. The female is too

tender for such work. The rein-deer is most valuable for dragging, for its power of carrying is not great, and while its progress when loaded is slow, the burden must also be small. On the other hand, when the snow is in a good state, it drags large loads with great rapidity. As is well known, travelling in Lapland in winter is only performed by means of rein-deer, and is accomplished at a very quick pace. The horse is useless at this season, because there are no made roads, and no places for repose or feeding. Such accommodations are not required for the rein-deer; for it runs on the untrodden snow, and when unyoked from the sledge, it scratches the snow with its feet and refreshes itself with the moss, which it is always able to discover on the mountains.

The knowledge of locality is just as remarkable among the Laplanders, as their power of recognising their rein-deer, and arises from the same cause, viz., from the development of their senses and perception, which is promoted by the necessity that exists among them, as among all people in their natural state, for relying on themselves for extrication from difficulties. Although the Alps of Lapland, and more especially the plains, offer but few objects which can fix attention, there is no example of a Laplander losing himself on a journey; if he has once travelled over a tract, it becomes known to him for his whole life. Fog alone, or drifting snow, can lead him into error; but he takes good care not to travel in such weather, and his meteorological knowledge enables him to foresee when any thing of the kind is to be dreaded. His acuteness of vision allows him to descry objects at very great distances, and thus to pilot himself. His eyes, however, become weakened at an early period, owing to the smoke in his tent, and partly to the dazzling whiteness of the snow. When a Laplander is caught, during a journey by night or a storm, he throws his *kaftan* over his head, lies down on the snow, and covers himself with it, waiting patiently for a more favorable opportunity of prosecuting his journey.

The mode of living of the Laplanders is simple in the highest degree, especially in summer; for at that season they are supported almost exclusively on rein-deer milk, and a kind of sorrel, which they find in abundance in the mountain valleys, and cook along with milk in an uncoated copper vessel, without, on that account, suffering bad effects in the stomach. Fish are very welcome to the Laplanders, but are a

dainty which they do not often enjoy, as the Alpine Laplander occupies himself but little with fishing. A favorite kind of food is the stalk of the *Angelica archangelica*, here named *slocke*, which the Laplander eats raw, after removing the outer fibres. This plant is also much eaten by the Northmen, and is considered as a good preservative against scurvy.

Meal is not used in summer; but in winter, the Laplander exchanges his rein-deer flesh for meal in the markets and coast districts; and he then eats the flesh, or the preserved milk, cooked with meal, or a kind of soup made of rein-deer blood and meal. His food in winter is very nourishing, and it is thus that he is able to endure the hardships and severe weather with which he has to contend.

Many travellers, and among them Brooke,* have asserted, that the Laplanders proceed yearly with their rein-deer to the coasts of Norway, and that it is a matter of necessity that the animals should drink sea-water every year; but this is not the case. The wandering of the Laplanders is by no means regular, and many rein-deer—nay, the greater number—have never tasted sea-water. It entirely depends on the locality, whether the Laplander goes to the sea-coast or not, and whether this takes place in summer or winter. In the districts Namdalen and Senjen, whose coasts are surrounded by islands having high cliffs, the Laplander drives his rein-deer to the coasts, and thence takes them to the islands in order to procure food for them. This transport presents an interesting spectacle. The Laplander attaches one or several rein-deer to his little boat by means of a rope, which is secured round the horns. He then rows across the sound, which is often more than an English mile broad; and the rest of the animals having been driven into the sea, swim after their leaders to the opposite coast. In other localities, the Laplander goes to the coast in the winter season, when the snow is too deep on the mountains, and he again quits it in April or May. In a valley, an English mile or two from the town of Tromsøe, a Laplander remains till the beginning of August, with 700 rein-deer. It is evident, from what has now been said, that no particular natural impulse takes the rein-deer at fixed seasons to the sea; on the other hand, it is an undoubted fact, that the rein-deer will not remain longer than about the end of August in the coast regions and in the Nor-

* For a portion of Brooke's Account of the Rein-Deer, see Jameson's Journal, vol. iii. p. 30.

wegian pastures—nay, that if the Laplander does not hasten, before the 20th August, towards the mountains, his herd will desert him, and proceed on their journey to the plains of Lapland.

The wanderings of the Laplanders generally take place in the following order: In winter, they remain partly in the vast moorish tracts, partly in the forests of Lapland; and in spring, the torment caused to the rein-deer by gnats and rein-deer flies, forces them to remove to the Norwegian confines, where these insect-enemies are less troublesome, and where the animals may enjoy the snow. Some Laplanders proceed to the valleys, and to the islands near the coast. In autumn, they return to the Lapland plains. In some districts, they spend the winter in the Norwegian Alpine valleys; but so soon as the snow drives them away, they seek the coasts, until the spring again renders the Alps passable. The Laplander always pitches his tent in the neighborhood of a forest, in order to obtain fuel; while in summer, the presence of a river or a spring is a necessary condition in the choice of a residence—melted snow supplying the necessary water in winter.

The fondness of the Laplanders for silver money is well known, and it is only those who have intercourse with the inhabitants of the coasts, who take paper money. It is asserted, that they are still in the habit of burying their money in the mountains, which is easily understood, when we consider, on the one hand, their timidity and mistrust; and on the other, that it must be extremely difficult for them to carry articles of value about with them, during their constant wanderings. The natural consequence is, that considerable sums are lost among the mountains, as death frequently surprises the Laplander before it is possible for him to reveal to his relations the spot where the treasure is buried; and as it is not possible to indicate it without being actually at the locality—a circumstance which does not often occur.

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX'S LIBRARY.—It is announced in the *Times*, that the Duke of Sussex's library is forthwith to be disposed of. It is stipulated in the will that it shall be in the first instance offered to the British Museum; and that, in the event of such national establishment declining to purchase, it shall be sold in such manner as the executors may direct. The library, it appears, consists of upwards of 45,000 volumes, most of them in excellent condition, independently of MSS., consisting of early copies of different portions of the Holy Scriptures.—*Athen'm.*

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON MOSER'S DISCOVERY,

Proving the effect is neither due to Light nor Heat.

From the *Athenæum*.

It is proposed now to demonstrate, that the radiation discovered by Möser is not invisible light, as he supposes, nor heat, as has since been supposed. For, first, where is the evidence that bodies absorb light? Some few, certainly, have been shown so to do; but surely not the metals, &c. &c., which exhibit the greatest facility in receiving and giving the impressions discovered by Möser. It seems, *à priori*, more probable that the radiation in question should consist of heat (which we know exists in all matter) than of light. Accordingly, Mr. Hunt has written an elaborate paper in favor of the supposition that such radiation consists of heat. In the course of this essay, however, it will appear, that neither of these suppositions is correct.

1. *With regard to the nature of the substances that produce spectra.*—Every substance I have tried has produced its spectrum when left on a polished copper plate. Coins, whether of gold, silver, or copper, platinum, nickel, brass, pieces of glass, waters (red, blue, and white), peppermint or rose drops, whale-bone, talc, gum, a horse-hair ring, lava from Vesuvius, Indian rubber (but slight), and sealing-wax. This last, left ten days, gave a whitish gray permanent* spectrum, clearer than any of the others, though the wax and plate were both kept dry as usual. The impression on a small brass seal (a P) was very obvious when the plate was breathed on. The seal had been left ten days.†

2. *Effect of dissimilar metals.*—It has been asserted, that when a gold or silver coin is placed on a copper plate, the effect is greater than when a copper coin, &c. is placed on the same metal. When heat is used, this position is true, as will be shown hereafter; but when the plates and coins are both kept cold, (exposed to external air, for instance, in March,) a farthing, on two different occasions, in an hour, left as good a spectral image as a sovereign,—I thought, a better one.

It was, however, remarkable, when a heat of 160° was applied to this plate, that the spectrum of the copper soon became invisible, while that

* By a permanent spectrum is always meant, in this essay, a spectrum that remains when the substances or coins are removed—not a spectrum which cannot be rubbed off by gentle friction, for all the above permanent spectra are yet soon effaced by friction.

† It left a permanent spectrum of its margin. Coins left a similar time do the same; the part where they have remained retaining its polish. The permanent spectrum then, in such cases, plainly depends on the substances preserving the plate from oxidation by contact or proximity. I add proximity, because a half-crown or penny resting on a fourpenny piece, placed on the plate, likewise leaves its permanent spectrum. The free circulation of the air is impeded here in consequence of the extreme proximity, just as it is by actual contact. Hence the oxidation being less in all such cases than in the parts external to the coins, we have of necessity the permanent spectra.

of the gold was apparently not at all diminished. This experiment was repeated twice with the same result. I likewise found that, though the spectrum of the copper was to appearance, *at first*, as good as that of gold or silver, yet that it began to disappear much sooner, after a few breathings on the plate, than did the spectrum produced by gold or silver. *On the whole*, therefore, it seems right to admit that the effect is greater when dissimilar metals are used.

3. *Effect of unequal heat on the plate and coins.*—It has also been asserted, that when the copper coin is heated, and the metal plate of copper kept very cool, that the effect is increased. I have, however, not been able to satisfy myself of the truth of this statement. A penny and a farthing, heated to between 130° and 160° , and laid on a cold copper plate half an hour, did not appear to leave even so good a spectrum as two of the same coins left to cool for half an hour outside the window, by the side of the plate itself, before being placed on the plate. All the coins were placed on the plate at the same time, and left the same time. Neither could I perceive any difference when one sovereign was heated and the other not, both being placed on the same copper plate.

4. *Effect of heat generally.*—In order to ascertain whether heat hastens the impression, the following experiments were made:—1. A bright half-sovereign, a bright half-penny, and a dull one, were heated to about 150° on a polished copper plate. The half sovereign left a *permanent* impression; and both the halfpence left spectra visible only by breathing. It was obvious from this experiment and others, that heat increases the effect where *contact is permitted*,* since the impression is permanent. Accordingly it was deemed right to try if heat has this effect when the coin is at a distance from the copper plate.

I put a silver fourpenny piece on the plate, and on the fourpenny piece I put a penny. I found that when these remained only twenty-four hours, that no spectral image of the penny was produced; but on remaining forty-eight hours one was apparent. In this last case, the lettering of the fourpenny piece became almost visible when breathed upon; but not being breathed upon, no mark of it at all was perceptible. The penny piece, however, left its mark without being breathed upon—an annular *bright* mark, which was not rendered more or less distinct by being breathed on. The spectrum of the fourpenny piece was alone brought into view by this.† The place where this had laid was ex-

* Although the mark is permanent in such cases, still it very easily rubs off, even when gold has remained five hours on heated copper plates; and no spectral figure is left when the part is breathed on, after the plate has been well rubbed. As this is the case, such permanent mark is not to be considered as a *different* effect, but only as a *higher degree* of the same effect as that caused by mere imposition without heat. I found all the things mentioned in Section 1. gave a *permanent* spectrum if left eleven days, but only one rendered visible by breathing, being left but a few hours.

† However, after six or eight days, *as this began to tarnish*, the spectrum of the fourpenny piece be-

came visible without breathing on it. Yet nothing had been done, except that the plate had been heated in about 150° once or twice for other experiments.

actly as bright as that covered by the penny. In fact, the copper plate seemed preserved from oxidation by the contact and proximity of these coins. Thus, then, it appeared to require forty-eight hours for a spectrum of the penny piece to be produced—the spectrum of a coin *not in contact*. The same experiment being made at a heat of 160° , no spectrum of the penny appeared after one hour, though the fourpenny piece had left a strong impression.

Ditto, continued for five hours, a spectrum of the penny was *just* visible, and only so when the plate was held in a particular position with regard to light.

A half-crown piece being laid on a half-sovereign, and the same heat continued five hours on the same plate, the half-sovereign left a still better impression than the fourpenny piece* above mentioned, and the half-crown had also made a *permanent* spectrum very visible.

A farthing, which had rested the same time on the plate, left no permanent spectrum, but only one slightly visible by breathing. Even when pressed upon by two pence, and left eight hours, it left only a *barely visible* permanent spectrum: so a brass medal. These spectra being rendered far more visible by breathing, could hardly be considered permanent spectra.

These experiments show:—1st. That heat much increases the rapidity of the radiation, *even when the object is not in direct contact*; and 2ndly. That it takes place much more energetically from gold and silver than from copper (a copper plate being used). They also show that a permanent spectrum is to be considered only as a *higher degree* of that produced or rendered apparent by breathing.

A sovereign, two hours on a very thin lamina of talc, at the above heat, gave no spectrum; talc alone gave its spectrum; nor did a half-penny, eight hours on the same at the same heat; nor a shilling (new) on a thin piece of glass, the shilling being under a half-penny. The talc and glass in these cases alone gave a spectrum; the talc a better and more permanent one than the glass.‡ I should have said the talc was on copper-plate.

The spectrum of the penny, in the experiment lately detailed, is equally visible when the experiment is made on glass; but polished metals seem to show it the best.

When glass is used, there is, after from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, a slight deposition of dust, &c., around the parts which are not covered by the penny, and thus a round mark (permanent spectrum) is visible on removing the penny, even before breathing at all; still on rub-

came visible without breathing on it. Yet nothing had been done, except that the plate had been heated in about 150° once or twice for other experiments.

* When the plate was rubbed pretty strongly with chamois leather only, the spectra of the half sovereign and fourpenny piece were soon effaced; while those of the half-crown and penny (not having been in contact with the plate) remained.

‡ A sovereign on a silver fourpenny piece two hours, gave only a very feeble permanent spectrum; the silver leaving, of course, a well marked spectrum.

bing it off *till nothing is visible*, and breathing on it again, the spectrum of the penny appears, as well as of the fourpenny piece, proving that dust adheres much more strongly than we should have supposed, or perhaps better—leaves its mark with much greater pertinacity.

That this is the true explanation of the appearance of a spectrum, when the coin is not in direct contact with glass, was to me rendered clear by another experiment, in which a half-crown was left on one sixpence, and a penny on another, on a clean glass plate *covered over with paper, and kept in a closet* for ninety-six hours; yet on examination, neither a permanent spectrum, nor even an evanescent one by breathing, was perceptible either of the half-crown or the penny; the sixpences alone had left spectra, (which, however, were only visible by breathing), that under the half-crown being the clearest. Yet the penny and half-crown were in the best condition for giving spectra, for the surfaces of both were tarnished, and that of the copper purposely so.

This result induced me to try the same with a copper plate, and I found that when a bright half-crown (having been well boiled in water and then polished) was placed on a fourpenny piece, similarly treated, and left forty-eight hours *covered* in the closet, as above, that the half-crown left no spectrum, even evanescent. Neither did a *purposely* tarnished penny placed on another fourpenny piece, and left the same time.

5. *As regards the distance from the plate at which images may be taken.*—A silver fourpenny piece is about the one-twentieth of an inch in thickness, and at this distance we have seen silver, copper, and of course gold, give a spectral image on a copper plate. But on putting a half-crown on two sixpences and a half-frank piece, making the distance from the plate more than the one-tenth of an inch, no spectrum of the half-crown was made, although the experiment was continued for twelve successive days and nights. Neither was any made by removing the half-frank piece (thus making the distance only one-tenth of an inch), and continuing heat of 160° or so for five hours.

A sovereign fixed at three quarters of an inch, and a small brass medal at somewhat less than half an inch, from a polished copper plate, and continued in such position for seventeen days and nights in a little closed deal box, gave not the least vestiges of spectra; neither did a fourpenny piece left at one-fifth of an inch, nor a card plate (engraved) left the one-tenth of an inch, for eleven days. The copper plate had remained *perfectly polished* in both experiments; and this is worthy of remark, as showing that in *confined* air copper does not oxidate perceptibly. Another plate left in the *same* room was completely tarnished in five or six days.

A fourpenny piece, about the one-twentieth of an inch, under a silver plate for eleven days, gave scarcely a perceptible spectrum; though a farthing, on which the plate *had rested*, gave a good spectrum, but not a *permanent* one, (*i. e.* breathing was required to show it).

A fourpenny piece is about the one-twentieth of an inch in thickness, and this seems the greatest distance an image can be taken by the above

plan. But even at this distance I have not succeeded, if the half-crown laid on the fourpenny piece is *perfectly* polished, and *all external dust, &c., carefully excluded* by the box just mentioned—(see Sec. 8, on the comparative polish of metals.)

6. *As regards impressions on glass.*—We have already observed that heat does not seem to increase the effect of *metal* coins on glass. Neither did *long contact*; for a fourpenny piece, left a *week* on a piece of looking-glass, only left the usual spectrum, no *figure* being visible. The same remark applies to large *printed* letters. At least, some paper with these, after remaining pressed two or three days without giving any impression, was then heated for five hours, so pressed, at about 160° , but no impression was made. On another occasion, print and writing were left a week on a glass mirror without leaving an impression. When, however, thinner paper and larger letters were used, and heat and pressure applied as above for four or five hours, these letters were plainly visible; but, as appeared to me, far more easily erased than were the spectra of *coins* on copper plates.* A slight touch of the finger, for instance, erased the letters in question. They were produced in this case in consequence, no doubt, of the thinner paper being *moister* than that first used.

Heat does not appear to increase the effect on glass. A fourpenny piece under a shilling for three hours, at 160° , left no spectrum.

On putting a penny on a sovereign, and leaving them for three hours and a half at the above heat, I thought the spectrum of the penny slightly visible; but as the image is never so apparent as on polished metal, I shall not venture a decided opinion on this point as regards glass.

A *polished, boiled*, and then well dried half-crown gave as good a spectrum on a glass plate in twenty-four hours, as did a dirty half-crown; but I thought the spectrum of the former disappeared sooner by breathing. On a far thinner glass plate, a bright, boiled fourpenny piece, left the same time, gave no spectrum at all.

7. *Polished surfaces not appearing capable of receiving the impressions.*—These exceptions from the general rule I have found to be talc, and, among the metals tried, steel to a certain extent, platinum, and gold.

Whether heated or not with the coins on it, I have found *no* spectrum produced on talc, except in one instance, where a tarnished half-sovereign had been pressed some days by a half pound; and even here the mere margin of the coin was *barely* perceptible.†

On steel, after remaining twenty-four hours, I

* On a copper plate also this *thin paper* (not being dried well first) gave a permanent and very visible spectrum, the lettering being clearer than on glass: not due to oxidation, for on rubbing it off, the surface of the copper was left polished—*i. e.* oxidation, in the usual sense of the term: for there, no doubt, was some *very slight* chemical action, as large printed letters on perfectly well dried paper were not taken off on a copper plate, the heat at 160° being applied for five hours; or on another occasion, the print remaining a week on the plate, and pressure being used.

† Talc, like platinum, is not easily acted on by acid.

found a *very* slight evanescent spectrum produced by a small piece of brass, and on one occasion by a half-sovereign very much tarnished; but as heat did not appear to increase or hasten the effect, we may consider steel as almost unsuspectible. The spectra just named disappeared entirely after breathing *twice*; and no *permanent* spectrum was produced, though the piece of brass above mentioned was placed even on the top bar of a grate, and of course kept very hot for two or three hours.

Under the head "Thinness of the plates," experiments, showing the incapability of platinum to receive images, are mentioned.

The same remark applies also to gold. I kept a shilling and a farthing, on two different occasions, for twenty-four hours or longer on a well polished plate of gold, yet they *barely* left a marginal spectrum; and this spectrum, as in the case of steel, disappeared *entirely* on breathing on it twice. As the gold used was not free from the usual alloy of copper, possibly this was the cause of its receiving even the very slight spectrum it did. However this be, these experiments seem almost sufficient to establish the important general principle—viz., *that the less metals are oxidable by exposure to the air, the less is their susceptibility to receive spectra.*

8. *As regards comparative polish in metals.*—

1. A new sovereign, a new half-crown, and new farthing (all well polished) were kept on a bright copper plate, at 160° or above, on *two* successive occasions, for four or five hours. The gold and silver left only *very* slight permanent traces of their margin, the copper left none at all, but its spectrum, when the plate was breathed on, became, I thought, even rather more evident than the spectra of the gold and silver, these being likewise breathed on. 2. A *tarnished* sovereign and a *tarnished* half-crown being laid on the same copper plate, and kept at the same heat *only three-quarters of an hour*, a permanent, and *far more apparent*, spectrum was produced than in the former case; the *whole era*, where the half-crown had laid, was covered with a whitish cloud, and the impression dimly sketched. 3. By selecting a half-penny *very much* tarnished, and letting it remain five hours on a bright copper plate, heated to 160° or so, and subsequently for thirty-six hours in the cool, a *permanent* spectrum was produced, in which all the *lettering* of the coin was *beautifully* visible; yet here was copper on copper. But as I found this impression to go off completely at a heat far below what the impression did, at exp. 5, below, the general principle, that silver gives a *stronger impression*, remains. 4. A *well polished* new sovereign and a *tarnished* sixpence being laid on a bright silver plate for four hours, and kept at 160°, the sovereign had left no spectrum, but the sixpence had left a *permanent* one, in which almost all the lettering appeared, so plainly was it visible. 5. A *perfectly* polished half-crown was laid on a pretty-well polished sixpence, and a *purposely* tarnished one on a purposely tarnished sixpence, and put on the same plate with the half-penny (exp. 3, above), heated five hours and left thirty-six hours afterwards. The lettering, &c., of each sixpence was visible, but *far* more of the most tarnished;

and also this was the case with that of the most tarnished half-crown, as regarded its spectrum. That of the polished was scarcely visible. But the lettering of neither half-crown was visible, though they had remained so long and been heated. This experiment also shows how much the effect is strengthened by *actual contact*. A similar experiment was made in the closed deal box (mentioned in Section 5). The copper plate was laid upon a *polished* and boiled fourpenny piece, and this on a half-crown similarly prepared; after ninety-six hours, no spectrum whatever of the half-crown was visible, by breathing or otherwise, but the fourpenny piece, in actual contact, had left the usual spectrum. The plate had remained *perfectly* polished. All these experiments show that the dissimilarity of metals is not of such importance as has been conceived: they show the difference wanted to produce the effect, is a difference in brightness or oxidation, i. e., as far as a *permanent* and good impression, *showing the lettering, &c.*, is concerned; for I find, when left on the plate half an hour or so, tarnished or polished metals give equally good spectra. But in this case the spectrum is only made apparent by breathing, and of course shows *nothing* of the lettering, &c. However, even in this case, the spectrum of the tarnished sovereign disappeared less soon by breathing on it than did that of the polished one; so in reality the spectrum of the former may be said to have been the most perfect.

The same remark applies to a glass plate (see Section 6, as regards glass, &c.).

9. *Which metal receives images fastest, copper or silver?*—My experiments lead me to say copper, whether heat be applied or not. When the same degree of heat was applied, I found a sovereign produced a good *permanent* spectrum (impression) on a bright copper plate, although only an evanescent one (one seen only when the plate is breathed on) was produced on an equally well polished silver plate, placed at the same time at the same heat. When heat was not applied I found the copper received *an evanescent* spectrum first.

10. *As regards the effect of interposed substances.*—As every substance tried left a spectrum, I did not much expect that the influence would permeate any lamina, even of the thinnest description. Accordingly, when a sovereign or shilling was left twenty-four or forty-eight hours on a piece of stiff, though very thin, paper, it gave no spectrum, but the mark of the paper was alone visible. The experiment was repeated, half the coin resting on the copper plate and half on the paper: and although it remained a fortnight in this position, the half only *in contact* with the plate was visible by breathing on the paper, leaving *its own* spectral image just as if no coin had rested on it at all.

The same experiment was repeated with the thinnest possible layers of talc, gum, cork, and whalebone, glass, plane and concave,* with the same result. Each substance left its spectrum,

* With the glass the experiment was only continued forty-eight hours; with the paper, talc, and cork, a fortnight, silver coin being used; with the whalebone and gum, ten days, gold coin being used.

the part where the coin rested on such layer not being at all distinguishable. The spectral image of the square piece of talc was perfect to the minutest outline, and left its straight mark under the sixpence equally well as at other points. These experiments render it clear that the effect is not due to latent light, for otherwise how could it happen that a coin does not leave a spectral image when left on *transparent* substances, glass or talc, *even a fortnight*? They also show it does not depend on heat (at least alone), for a heat of 160° soon passed through thin glass and talc, and I found it impossible to keep my finger on glass or talc so placed. Yet we have seen above that even gold left two hours on talc so heated left no spectrum, permanent or temporary. So great is the effect of interposed substances, that even a *slight tarnish* on the metal exerts a very obvious effect.* One shilling was left twenty-four hours on a polished part of the plate, and another on a part of the same slightly tarnished (but yet sufficiently bright to see one's self perfectly). A very slight image only was left in the last case, that entirely disappeared when breathed on twice, while that on the polished part of the plate remained, after being breathed on twelve or fourteen times.

A sovereign left twenty-four hours or above, tarnished, gave scarcely a perceptible spectrum, and a sixpence none at all. On such a surface a sovereign was left on two different occasions, under a penny, for three hours, at a heat of 160°, and barely left a permanent spectrum of its *outer margin*; while on a well polished surface, at the same heat, the outline of the impression also would have been left as a permanent spectrum in an hour or two.

11. *Mass.*—Mr. Hunt considers that mass exercises an influence and increases the effect. In my experiments, however, I could not detect this. A farthing on a copper plate gave as good a spectrum as a penny, and when heated to 160° the farthing gave far the best, though the penny had a halfpenny laid on it. A fourpenny piece, too, gave as good a spectrum as a half-crown, pressed by another above it, in the same time, the contact being equally good in each case. *The contact in these cases was made as equal as possible with the copper plate.*

12. *Does the thinness of the plate exert an influence?*—A farthing (in two experiments) pressed by twelve or fourteen pounds weight, on a polished piece of platinum foil, in thirty hours left no spectrum at all; neither did it on a fourpenny-piece, or a sovereign, or half-sovereign, when kept three or four hours at 160° under the same weight. I found a spectrum could be made on nearly equally thin zinc plates (zinc foil), by leaving a sixpence on it an hour or two. Zinc, not being elastic, allows the pressure to be equal. The particular chemical nature of platinum has, however, much to do with this effect; for I found that when a fourpenny-piece, or another small brass metal object was left on

* One spectrum, however, may be made on another; thus, after talc had remained eight hours on heated copper-plate, and left a permanent spectrum, a sovereign put on this an hour left a permanent spectrum.

a highly polished lamina of steel,—heated to 160° or not—a spectrum was scarcely made. That elasticity and consequent *imperfect contact* is not the sole cause of the incapacity of thin lamina of platinum and steel, for receiving spectral images, was to me rendered *probable* by observing that coins, placed on a thick copper plate, seldom were in *perfectly* close contact, yet gave good spectra. In order to come to a more definite conclusion on this point, I got a lamina of bright copper, even thinner, and as elastic as the platinum lamina above mentioned. Gold or silver coins left twenty-four hours on this, gave a spectrum scarcely visible; but on leaving a half-sovereign for two or three hours on it, exposed to a heat of 160°, as above, and pressed down by exactly the same weight, the half-sovereign left a *permanent* spectrum very well marked indeed.

The result of this experiment obviously shows, that although thinness and elasticity may have some little effect, the principal cause for the formation of the spectrum is the peculiar *chemical nature* of the metal, and that a *spectrum cannot be produced on a non-oxidable metal, such as platinum*. Bright silver and copper plates are well known to *tarnish* by exposure to the atmosphere (the former, perhaps, rather by forming a sulphuret than an oxide), but no matter how. I have also found that spectra could be formed on tin and zinc plates, both of which, of course, are oxidable. So on copper coated with mercury, the mercury in such case no doubt readily tarnishing (see section 7, polished surfaces not receiving spectra). Having decided that the effect in question is due neither to light nor heat, to what cause, it may be asked, is it to be ascribed?

Conclusions.—1stly, As *brightness* of the plate is indispensable, and with brightness must exist an *increased tendency* to tarnish, or enter into chemical combination; 2ndly, as the plate must be of an oxidable metal, and judging from the experiments with silver and copper, the more oxidable the better; 3dly, as the more perfectly the coins are cleaned and dried* the less the effect, and as a dry perspiration (so to call it) must exist in a greater or less degree on all coins, since they pass through so many hands, and as perspiration is slightly acid: 4thly, as even with *clean* coins the effect† by *actual contact* must be admitted, but still is greater when there is a difference in the nature‡ of the metal; and 5thly, as when the metals are not in contact (being removed only the one-twentieth of an inch apart), no action or spectrum is evident, if the free circulation of air, and the connection

* Moisture much increases the effect. Thus, when one surface of a shilling was rubbed over with ink, and such surface put on the copper plate and heated to 150°, a mark *much* more difficult to be effaced was left than when this degree of heat was applied without moisture.

† This is equally true, as will be remembered, with regard to glass plates.

‡ The *general* result of all the above experiments shows this; and of course an alteration of affinity from contact, is far more probable when metals are different than when the same; though if one be dirty, this makes it approach the nature of a different metal.

with dust be prevented—taking all these and minor considerations into account, we come to the conclusion that the effect in question is dependent on a *chemico-mechanical* action, or what Berzelius has called, *catalytic* action. No doubt it may be urged against this view, that the action takes place when the coins and plate are both heated, and hence quite dry. But this is no solid objection, for the adage, “*Corpora non agunt nisi sint saluta*,” is not true, as hundreds of examples in chemistry show. The very fact of heat itself increasing the effect is all in favor of a chemico-mechanical view; for heat increases the tendency of copper to oxygenation, and tends also to volatilize any feeble acid matter on the coins. But again, if it be said the spectrum rubs off, even when *permanent and clearly defined* (as we have shown), and *leaves polished surfaces under it*,—this we admit; but still this surface has suffered an *almost imperceptible degree* of oxygenation; for so slowly does this effect take place, that it is only visible when much advanced, as will be evident to any person who watches the gradual tarnishing of copper plates. M^öser's discovery shows that *very slight* chemical action is often going on, *which has been previously overlooked*.

The chief difficulty that occurs to the above view is, that the effect takes place, to a slight extent, on glass; but in all my numerous experiments I have found that the effect is *much less* on glass than on well polished copper; for in no case has a *permanent* spectrum been made on glass, even by the longest contact.* It will also be remembered, that I found no effect whatever produced on talc. Now the talc scratches easily, glass of course does not; but talc is probably less soluble in acids than glass; at least in my trials it did not seem at all acted on either by nitric, muriatic, or sulphuric. To be sure, you *perceive* no effect of these on glass, but it does not seem impossible but that some *very slight* effect takes place, and that the alkali is *very feebly* acted on, as glass is a *compound* body. *Contact*, at all events, may be presumed to have an influence on the affinities of one of its elements, whether there be even the *slightest* degree of decomposition or not. Now this influence is the catalytic influence; for it has been shown above, that without actual contact, and *when all dust is kept off*, neither silver nor copper, even at the one-twentieth of an inch from the glass plate, produce any effect, though kept there ninety-six hours. (See section 4, of heat generally, end). In consequence of this slight alteration in affinity, the parts of glass which have been in contact some time with coins or other substances, condense the breath differently from those parts which have not: hence the spectrum.

The effect of glass, *supposing it not susceptible of a gradual change by the action of air similar to oxidation*, is rather in favor of the spectrum depending on a mechanical than a chemical action. I have in consequence ascribed the effect to a mechanico-chemical action, or a

* A permanent spectrum has been proved (see experiments) to be but a higher degree of an *evanescent* one.

catalytic action, meaning thereby an action so slightly chemical as, in the present state of the science, to be scarcely appreciable.* The attraction of glass and oxidable metallic plates for *dust, &c.*, is very great; and is perhaps dependent on the same cause as their attraction for oxygen. Whether or not, I feel pretty well convinced, after a laborious investigation of the discovery in question, that it is not of that wonderful character that M^öser and others have supposed; nor calculated to alter our ideas of vision or of the nature of light. On the contrary, I think with Fizeau (a short notice only of whose memoir I have seen) that no effect of *any consequence* is produced *where organic matters are carefully removed by boiling water and polishing*; for such is perhaps the philosopher's opinion just named, and in as far as our opinions agree, he has the priority. Begun by a purely catalytic action, it is only continued and developed in any *marvellous* degree when those circumstances are present that permit it to assume a more strictly chemical character.

PUNCH'S OSSIAN.

DUAN I.

MORNING rose on St. Giles's. The sun, struggling through mist, tinged the summits of the Seven Dials with the yellow hue of autumn.

Sleepless was the wife of M'Finn. Gloom hung on her brow. Gone was M'Finn, of the light heart. To join his countrymen was he gone. Sacred was the day to Patrick.

Why did gloom darken the brow of the wife of his bosom? Supreme in her heart he reigned. Great was her love. Why burst the sigh from her lips?—

Hearken.

By her not unseen was his danger.—Bereft was the wall of his blackthorn. His tongue was swift, careless his heart, and his arm strong. Neither was his soul patient of wrong.

—A vision wraps her. On her spirit gathers darkness. She foresees evil.—Is it M'Finn they bear lifeless to his habitation?—Her breast heaves sighs. Her hair streams loose on the winds. She shrieks! She swoons!

Pledged was M'Finn to Matthias to drink the purling stream.—Loud was the laughter of his friends. Broken was his pledge.—Thrice was the cup filled to the brim. Thrice raised to his lips. Thrice was it returned empty. His spirits rose. Loudly rang his laughter through the Hall.

* In coming to this conclusion I have not forgotten another difficulty, viz., why a well *polished* and boiled copper coin produces a spectrum on copper plate. The effect, even when continued an hour or two at a heat of 160°, is *very slight*, and I found it to disappear entirely by twice breathing on the plate. *Contact*, then, of the same metal *slightly* modifies chemical properties; such on the present view is the inference to be drawn from this fact.

His lips were opened :

"Sons of Erin," listen to the words of M'Finn.

His soul is great within him. It swells. Unable is his body to contain it.—Where are his friends?—Hath he not one among all his brothers to repress his swelling spirit? Is he alone, that they heed him not? And despised, that they do not regard him? M'Finn throws down his hat on the earth, cold as marble; is there no one to kick it? His coat, and will no one tread on it?—Is glory departed from Erin? Are her sons cowards?—

—Speaking, his rolling orbs flashed fire. Sore was his spirit moved.—

—Arose O'Flaherty of the auburn locks.

"Ye sons of Erin!—Sons of the sea-girt emerald!—Are we cowards?—Shall the cur snarl, and we not spurn it?—The wasp sting, and be not crushed?—Shame to M'Finn! and wooden shoes to his children!"—

—He spoke. And the gathering storm broke forth in thunder. Lightning flashed from opposing eyes.—Grasped was the shillelah, and the threatening arm extended.—In equal bands the sons of Erin form around their chiefs. Their souls are kindled.—The hall resounds with fearful crash of arms.—Like the hill-streams, roaring down,—the fierce blows of M'Finn descends.—Frequent as hail-stones are the blows he wards.—Stout is his heart; despising danger.—The walls, re-echoing groans, are sprinkled with the blood of the brave.—Hot is the fury of the battle!

Fast fall the mighty. One by one they fall. Overpowered, the friends of M'Finn retreat, heedless of the voice of their leader.—Turning to rally them, a treacherous blow brings him to the earth.

* * * * *
Sounds of mirth and misery, wo and gladness,
fill the hall; groans and rejoicing.

* * * * *
The wailing is for M'Finn.—*Charivari.*

ANNUAL RHENISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The great annual Rhenish Musical Festival is to be held this year at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 4th and 5th of next month. Upwards of fifteen hundred performers will be assembled on the occasion. The *programme* will include, *First day*, a Magnificat by Durrant; Mozart's symphony in G minor, and Handel's oratorio of "Samson." *Second day*—the "Sinfonia Eroica" of Beethoven; an unpublished psalm, by M. Reisseger (under whose direction the performances will take place); a hymn by Cherubini; another by Volger; and the overture to "Les Francs Juges," by M. Berlioz. This eccentric composer, by the way, is exciting a sensation in the Prussian capital. A second concert at which some of his works have been performed, seeming to have been more successful than his first. Our next news from Berlin will probably tell us of the first performance of the "Medea" of Euripides, with Mendelssohn Bartholdy's choruses.—*Athenaeum.*

THE WORDS OF FAITH.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FROM SCHILLER.

"Drei Worte nenn' ich euch inhaltschwer."

Vailed in three words a solemn meaning lies,
And though men's lips those words oft times impart,

Yet not from outward things do they arise,
And he who knows them learns them from his heart.

Man would of every virtue be bereaved,
If these three words should be no more believed.

Man is created free, and he is free,
Though born in chains where stern oppression rules.

Let not the people's clamors weigh with thee,
Nor the wild outbreaks of misguided fools:
Fear the rude slave who rends his bonds in twain,
But fear not him who never felt the chain.

And virtue lives—it is no empty name;
Still by its light we shape our wanderings,
And though our stumbling footsteps miss its aim,
Yet do we strive for high and holy things
Hid from the wise—its power unseen, unknown—
It dwells in child-like hearts, and in those hearts alone!

There is a God! there lives a holy will,
Although our hearts are wandering and weak—
High over time and space it ruleth still,
And bids us after high and holy things to seek.
Eternal change on all things is imprest,
But o'er eternal change that will exists in rest!

Guard well these words!—in them deep meaning lies;

Let men from lip to lip those words impart;
Yet not from outward things do they arise,
And he who knows them learns them from his heart.

Man of his virtues ne'er can be bereaved,
While those three words are steadfastly believed!
"ΜΥΤΑ."

CARICATURES.—There is a new artist and humorist in the field, or we are mistaken. Here we have an etching, by "Pam," of Sir Robert as an Income Tax collector presenting his demand to the keeper of a china shop, who significantly, but with savage resolution not to be shaken, bids him "Take it out in China." The very crockery seems to threaten, and a brace of brandy-flasks in the form of pistols are ominous of the issue. The state of trade and circumstances are cleverly intimated by the accessories—the spiders have woven their webs in places which good ale should have moistened—the ugly "mugs" grin at the collector—a little Staffordshire poodle has turned his back on a Staffordshire Wellington, and looks unutterable things—even a China jar has a history on the face of it.—*Athenaeum.*

JUNE REMINISCENCES.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

Coleridge.

WHAT a glorious day it is! Talk not to me
of Italian skies—

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in such sameness of splendor:"

But give me the broken clouds of a June day,
sailing about in the blue depths of the sublime,
yet lovely sky. How deliciously clear and fresh
the air is, as one sits somewhat in the shade,
looking forth upon those tall elms, whose tops
are swayed backward and forward as the summer
breeze rises and falls. What strange, wild,
pleasing fancies come into the mind as one gazes
upon these graceful undulations, not unaccompanied
with a gentle murmur of the leaves!

But is not this shocking idleness?

"Have you nothing better to do than loll like
an idiot upon that garden chair in the portico,
looking apparently at nothing, and sometimes
closing your eyes as if you invited sleep? Is
this a way in which a rational being should
spend his time in this enlightened age—an age of
unexampled activity—an age of steam—an age
of railroads—an age to make idleness ashamed
of itself—an age—consider the ant, thou slug-
gard, consider her—"

"My dear aunt, I do consider you very much,
and I do think you have the most comfortable
chairs, and such a charming view from your
portico."

"Come, come, my good friend, no playing
upon words; really it is a shame to see how
some young people do dream their time away;
and yet you are not so young neither. Did you
not tell me you had never had time to read
Wilberforce's Call to the Unconverted? I can tell
you where you will find the book."

"Thank you, my dear aunt; but may I ask,
did you ever read Wordsworth?"

"Wordsworth? No: but I have heard read
something of his; he wrote poetry, did he not?"

"Why, yes, my dear aunt, he certainly did.
There are some 'poets' by name and common
report, of whom I should be cautious of saying
that they had written poetry; but you may draw
upon Wordsworth with certainty. He is as good
as the bank."

"Well, that may be; but what has that to do
with the matter? I was speaking to you of activity
and Wilberforce's book."

"Now, my good aunt, sit you down beside me
in that tranquil and placid mood which becomes
you so well, though it pleases you to repeat the
praises of activity; sit you there, and inhale the
odors of the honeysuckle, which twines so de-
lightfully about that pillar, while I chant for you
a stave. Yes, that is a very good listening atti-
tude, so now attend."

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

'Where are your books?—that light bequeath'd
To beings else forlorn and blind!
Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed
From dead men to their kind.

'You look round on your mother earth,
As if she for no purpose bore you;
As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you!

'One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

'The eye—it cannot choose but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against, or with our will.

'Nor less I deem that there are powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

'Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

'Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

"The verse goes very smoothly and musical-
ly," said my aunt; "but I am not sure that I
understand it."

"'Tis as easy as possible," said I; "only you
must consider it for a little. Wordsworth's po-
etry is intended for persons who have some
powers of reflection, and who exercise those
powers; and therefore, my dear aunt, it is espe-
cially fitted for you."

"Well, then, if you will lend me the book—"

"It is here: I have it in my pocket, and you shall
read it at your leisure; but listen now to two or
three stanzas more, which, I am sure, you will
understand readily:"

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet;
How sweet his music! On my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

"And hark! how bright the thrush sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things;
Let nature be your teacher.

"She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom, breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

"Enough of science and of art;
Close up the barren leaves:
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

"This, my dear aunt, is excellent: it is not a
mere diversion of the spirits with a picture of
pleasing natural scenes; but it is instruction of
the best kind, save one, that can be given to ra-

tional and reflective beings. For next to the study of divine things, whereby the mind is informed by direct beams of light from the great source of all intelligence and goodness, what so excellent as to be taught, and not only taught, but led on and assisted, as it were, by the pleasing images and soothing cadences of poetry, to gather a theory of moral sentiments from nature herself, and all her forms of loveliness and shows of beauty? I allow that you may gather a very agreeable and not altogether unphilosophical theory of moral sentiments from the book of Adam Smith on that very subject; but I own, that for myself I can read no book of his without some associations of disgust, arising from the use which has been made by the dull, the heartless, and the covetous, of his treatise on the wealth of nations. Moreover, I do believe that, to confess the truth, the man was little less an infidel than his friend Hume, and therefore shut out from such knowledge and such sympathy as most assuredly are necessary fully to develop the theory of moral sentiments. But to return from this digression, and to apply our minds more directly to the instruction which the verses I have repeated are so well calculated to convey, only imagine, my dear aunt, how very many impressions of beauty and of truth (or both in one, for truth is beautiful, and beauty rejoices in the open sunshine and undisguisedness of truth)—only imagine how abundantly such impressions might be conveyed to the soul, if we only went forth properly prepared: that is to say, with awakened hearts, or, as in the words of the poet, with a heart that watches and receives. True it is that the great mass of mankind—and womankind, my dear aunt, must, I fear, be included—true it is, that they pass through the world, and all the things of utility, and beauty, and instructiveness which nature provides, as if they were deaf and blind. They may see and hear with their corporeal senses; but with respect to natural truth, as well as to divine, it may be affirmed of them, that seeing, they see not, and hearing, they do not understand. They pass on without taking notice. Their eyes may be very good, but they are afflicted (though they do not know it) with blindness of the heart. They have *not* "a heart that watches and receives;" and without *that*, they walk in vain through the sunshine and the shade: the dews of the morning bring no refreshment to their souls, and the solemnities of night bring no elevation to their thoughts. This is the truth with regard to them; but as I have said, they know it not, neither do they conceive for a moment the depth of their loss. This is the common condition of ignorance; for, as Plato says—(you have heard of Plato, my dear aunt, though you cannot imagine how beautifully he wrote, unless you learn Greek, which you may do, for Cato learned Greek after he was sixty, and Mrs. Carter, though an Englishwoman, was a very good Grecian)—for, as Plato says, "Nor do the ignorant philosophize, for they desire not to become wise; for this is the evil of ignorance, that he who has neither intelligence nor virtue, nor delicacy of sentiment, imagines that he possesses all those things sufficiently." Here I looked up to my respectable relative for some applause—applause which I trust I should not

have thought of seeking for myself; but when Plato was in the case, it was, as you will admit, a very different matter. The good lady, however, applauded not, for by this time she was in a profound and tranquil slumber.

* * * * *

I had almost forgotten my motto from Coleridge, which would have been unpardonable. Did ever four short lines bring the loveliness—the tranquil, balmy, soothing loveliness of a summer's night—a night far away from the noise and artificial glare of the town—more distinctly before the mind? How beautiful is night! But hear Southey upon this point. The *man* is gone down into the grave, but the voice of the *poet* still rings through the earth with its rich and stately tone.

"How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray,
The desert-circle spreads
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky!
How beautiful is night!"

This is a majestic picture—"Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free!" How oft has one witnessed such upon the nights in June, vainly endeavoring however to give form of expression to the impressions of pure and lofty beauty which crowded upon one's heart, till even tears essayed to express what one's powers of language could not. This is the fate of those who, having at least some glimpses of "the vision and the faculty divine," are yet wanting in "the accomplishment of verse." But it was not of this I meant to speak; it was of Coleridge's exquisite allusion to the June night amid the silence of the woods and the murmurings of the brook. You have read the "Ancient Mariner;" I suppose, from which the lines are taken. If you have not, read it by all means at the first leisure opportunity. I do not mean any half-leisure snatch of time in the midst of disturbing avocations. You are not to read the Ancient Mariner as you would a smart article in a newspaper. You are not to put it in your bag with the hope of reading it at the Four Courts, between the cause of A. *versus* B., and that of E. *versus* F., neither C. nor D. being your client. No; this is truly a wild and wondrous tale, enough to set your brains on end, if not your hair, for a good hour or so at the least, and the more you are alone in reading it the better. It is a thing to think upon I promise you. All the men of the ship die around the ancient mariner, but for his sin and his suffering he lives on. At last the dead that lie around begin to work the ship like living men, though animated by other souls than had before belonged to those bodies:—

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools,
We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee;
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
Be calm thou wedding guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest.

"For when it dawn'd, they dropp'd their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on,
A pleasant noise till noon;
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune."

The sleeping woods! I never heard them snore, but I'll be sworn I have seen them in their dusky slumbers, and felt as it were the heavy breathings of their sleep. And who that has ever lived beyond the region of gas lamps and granite pavements, but must have paused now and then on a June night, in pensive admiration, to listen to the voice of the brook, down hidden among over-hanging trees, murmuring away for ever and ever its quiet tune as summer's quiet influence prevails? Maiden of the downcast eyes (for which thou art forgiven in consideration of the rich fringes of thy silken eye-lashes thus more fully revealed), blush not that I call to thy remembrance such a scene, or that thy heart was softened by it to the confession of a trembling emotion, that no pleading would have wrung from thee in the broad light of day. And dost thou remember how the low rich trembling tones of thy voice harmonized with the scene, the hour, the distant murmur of the brook, even more than that of the nightingale itself, whose notes at intervals rang through the woods with flute-like sound?

But who is that that calls, and our names too? Listen! Thomas, to tell us that the strawberries and cream are mixed, and that we are waited for. Delightful repast—yet have a care, O man, that eatest! Think you that you have possessed yourself of the stomachs of one calf and of five thousand snails? for how else do you expect to digest a quart of cream, and the first fruits of a whole wilderness of strawberries? Milk undoubtedly does agree, for the most part, with calves, even though taken in large quantities, and I have never heard of an army of snails having to send for the surgeon of the forces on account of a surfeit of strawberries. But nor calves nor snails could take the mixture you are now taking without great danger, nor can you. In vain will you seek to make all sure with a

glass of the undiluted "native" in these parts. There is nothing stronger than sherry or ten year old ale in the house, if you were to die for it. But stay, there is I know a large bottle of castor-oil kept for the occasional physicing of the village. It shall be ordered up to your bed-room, and you may take a hearty pull if you find things going wrong. You may smile, but there is a grim look at the end of your smile, which satisfies me that you are aware of the wisdom of my precaution. As for me, I take the fruit after the manner of an epicure—just a slight sprinkle of powdered sugar to bring out the flavour, and then a glass of fair water. In this way you imbibe the true fragrant flavor of the strawberry, but then you must proceed leisurely, and ponder upon the taste. If you gobble up your strawberries, craunching them as a hungry donkey does thistle-tops, or as if you feared some one else might get a second helping before you, you never can have any correct notion either of the profound strength, or of the delicacy of sentiment, which are bound up with the true and properly-tasted flavor of the strawberry.

* * * * *

Eheu! fugaces labuntur anni. One's feelings are not what they were; but still June is as beautiful as ever, though we may regard it differently. Our admiration is not less, but it has different associations, and for so far its character has changed. We observe more carefully than in the days of old, because in all things we are more calm.

—"And so I dare to hope,
Though changed no doubt from what I was when first

I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasure of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What I then was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe.
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore I am still
A lover of the meadows and the woods

And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth."

This is the whole matter, as beautifully told as it is possible to imagine. The vivid, passionate sense of beauty which hurries us along in an indistinct rapture—that it is which passes away, but other gifts follow which are abundant recompense, and fitter for minds which experience begins to render "deep contemplative." We do not see, and feel, and pass away; but we pause, and ponder, and connect thought with thought, and thus make the beauties of nature more thoroughly our own than in the days of our aching joys and dizzy raptures.

It is long ago now—perhaps the year 1828—that one fine day in June, Scarlett had been opening brief after brief, in case after case, taking the whole affair as easy as if he had been plucking crowslips in a meadow. Tindall was musing over piles of papers, and Taunton writing opinions on the ends of briefs, while Brougham twitched his nose, and made mistakes in law which were good-humoredly corrected by Mr. Justice Bayley. Why should I remain who had no certain business but to look on, and who had a gig and horse standing at Charing Cross, and an invitation in my pocket to spend the next two days near Croydon in Surrey? A certain Mr. Marryatt, and a sudden burst of sunshine, two things as unlike as possible, settled the matter. Marryatt got up to move for a new trial, and I to move off; and soon the Thames was between me and Westminster, and I was in full trot for the rising grounds of Surrey.

Brixton hill is not an ugly place, though people who do not know it associate it with the ideas of snug citizen's boxes along a dusty road, and with a treadmill which is kept in the vicinity for the benefit of the London vagabonds, who "snap up unconsidered trifles" on the south of the Thames. Then you come to Streatham, along a fine road, commanding a magnificent view to the right of "woods, and lawns, and palaces," stretching away to Kew, and Wimbledon, and Richmond. Streatham itself is a nice clean country-looking place, and was more rural-looking then than now, for the graceful wooden spire that rose so picturesquely against its back-ground of trees has been burned down by lightning, and they have built a more stern-looking stone one in its place. A beautiful country lies to the left, as one dashes down the slope from Streatham towards Croydon, and now we are upon the broad Brighton road, as smooth as a bowling-green, and dry as a carpet, then perpetually travelled over by Brighton coaches; but now a comparative solitude, for the multitude prefer the railroad, with all its noise, its steam, and its close carriages. This is all very well in a day of pelting rain or snow, or any day when a saving of two hours in a journey of fifty odd miles is a matter of importance; but give me the open road and the fresh air from the fields in fine weather, without accompaniment of smoke, or steam, or noise. I can remember that day even now, how sweetly blew the western breeze over bean-fields and clover, and how delicious were the odors wafted from the meadows where hay-making was already in progress, and from the hedges, still white with

hawthorn blossoms, which in these parts goes universally by the name of "May." How great was the contrast between the fresh air thus perfumed, and the warm, stagnant, breath-polluted atmosphere of the King's Bench! Greater still the contrast between the choky, husky voice of that laborious gentleman, Mr. Marryatt, quoting case after case to prove that his own, or his client's view of some wretched squabble involving a matter of thirty-five pounds three and sixpence, was that which should be taken by the Judges—greater still the contrast between his huskiness and the singing of innumerable birds—

" Sometimes arising to the sky,
I heard the sky-larks sing;
Sometimes, all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the earth and air
With their sweet jargoning."

These sights, sounds, and smells of the country, which I ever loved in fine weather, soon put all thoughts of neglected attendance upon the wisdom of the law out of my head, and I arrived in great spirits at my friend's house. It was a sort of place that one sees only in England. It was not extensive, not magnificent—not so picturesque, perhaps, as one often falls in with in Ireland or Scotland—no dashing, sparkling stream, no view of mountains in the distance. But all that art and elegant taste could do within a limited space to make house and grounds delightful was here done. All that expense, combined with nice judiciousness, and scrupulous neatness could effect, was here effected. The lawn as smooth as a table covered with green velvet—the shrubs grouped with careful attention both to combination and contrast; the flower-beds trimmed of every leaf and stalk that was past its prime, and exhibiting only what was in perfect flower, or about to become so. The walks of shining gravel, without an intruding weed or even a particle of unseemly dust. The windows of the sitting-rooms, opening upon the garden, led by a few steps to beds of mignonette and heliotrope, which cast up their fragrance into the apartments, where were gathered all the luxuries of furniture and table ornaments—books, pictures, vases, and ornaments in china and alabaster, carved wood, and buhl.

I found in the drawing-room the prettiest young lady in the world, who was quite a stranger to me. She was good enough, however, to say that she had expected me, and had staid at home to write letters and receive me, while our friends, the owners of the house, were gone out a visiting. To say the truth, I did not care how long they staid, having left so agreeable a person to do the honors. Bright, blue, and beautiful were her eyes, and fair and silken were her tresses, and never were red and white more charmingly commingled than in her brilliant complexion. She had a mouth shaped like Cupid's bow, and teeth of ivory. But what was more fascinating than all these—for to be alone with a dull beauty is a dull business—she talked well, and with the utmost vivacity about every thing in the world that one ventures to talk about with women. We discussed, in the most admirable manner, every thing about the weath-

er, and gardening, and rural affairs in general—about Waverly, and Woodstock, and Walter Scott, then writing away, with undaunted vigor, at his life of Napoleon—about the pictures at the Royal Academy Exhibition, and fifteen other exhibitions—about the opera, and Sontag, and Donzelli, and Curioni, and the rest of them who then were in vogue; and my young lady seemed as much pleased with my criticisms as I was with hers, and without any familiarity that was unbecoming, treated me as if I were an old acquaintance. She was easily prevailed upon to put on her bonnet, in which, of course, she looked even prettier than without it, and walk through the grounds with me. Never was a June day so delightful: the flowers bloomed more charmingly, and smelled more deliciously than usual, and the birds sang with unwonted sweetness.

As dinner hour approached, my friends came home, and then more company, and we dined. I had not the felicity of leading my new acquaintance out to dinner, but I sat opposite, which was agreeable. We had excellent cheer, elegantly served, and we took our cool claret in moderation, according to the English fashion. I liked all the dining folk very well save one, a young man, tall and bottle-shaped, that is, of long neck, with narrow shoulders, and a frame which widened as it descended. He talked much, and, as it seemed to me, with an authoritative air, as if he had been accustomed to regard himself as a Sir Oracle, and he exhibited surprising powers of appetite. After we got back to the drawing-room, my young lady talked as well as ever, and sang most delightfully to her own harp accompaniment. I thought I could have looked and listened forever. We petitioned against candles being brought in, on account of the heat; but partly the twilight, and partly the lovely light of a summer moon, shining from a cloudless sky, poured its soft radiance into the room, and this, with the smell of flowers, the charming sounds of song and stringed music, and the beauty and gracefulness of the performer, made up a whole of extreme deliciousness. At last, the company went away and my young lady retired, and I was left alone with mine host and hostess. It was time to go to bed, if that time can be said ever to come on a lovely night in June; but of course I could not refuse myself the delight of talking about the young lady who had just vanished. I mentioned how much I was indebted for her reception of me.

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. ——. "I thought you knew my cousin. Surely you have met her before with us."

"No," said I, with earnestness; "she is not one of those that one may see, and then forget that one has seen—how very charming she is!"

"She is, indeed, a very charming girl," said Mr. ——"and a very good girl too, which is better; but I give you warning, my young gentleman, that you must not fall in love with her, for she is engaged to be married."

I felt as if my friend had given me a blow on the left side of the chest; however I soon recovered, and began to indulge myself in very fierce

hatred of the unknown person to whom this beautiful young lady was to be married.

"He must be a happy man," I said, "who has won so fair a lady-love."

"One would think so," replied my friend, "but you saw no particular signs of happiness about him, he dined with us to-day."

What was my surprise and disgust to find that the bottle-shaped, much-talking young man, was the affianced *futur* of this charming creature. What could she see in him? How could she have any affection for a man who ate so much? Soup, salmon, mutton, fowl, tongue, besides an infinity of potatoes, cauliflowers, asparagus, and early peas! How could any but a monster do such havoc upon gross victuals in the very presence of the creature he loved, and such a creature! He did not love it was clear. He was incapable of any tenderness or delicacy of sentiment.

Very likely he was, but he was the second son of an exceedingly rich London merchant. He had been to Cambridge University. He had taken his degree with some honor, and his friends said he would have been among the wranglers, had not the answering of his year been unusually good. His father and all his uncles and aunts looked upon him as the eighth wonder of the world, and thought that, barring the highest order of nobility, any woman in England would scarcely be good enough for him. His father had just bought an estate to which a valuable living was attached, and the gentleman was forthwith to be ordained, presented to this living, and married to the charming young lady I had seen, whose beauty and cleverness of conversation had attracted his attention when visiting at my friend's house. It was much doubted, I believe, whether the lady cared two straws for the gentleman, but she could learn to care for him, and it was not in the nature of things to be indifferent to the prospect of eight thousand a year eventually, and two thousand a year to begin with. And there was nothing against the young man. On the contrary, he had always been very steady, and had a mind to comprehend mathematics. The whole matter, therefore, was soon arranged. All this I gathered in about ten minutes talk with my friends while the bed-room candles were bringing in.

I would willingly have ordered my gig, even at that late hour, and have driven back to town, but it would have seemed ridiculous. I told some story, however, of business to be attended to in Westminster next morning, and arranged to leave before breakfast. I believe the morning was as fine a one as ever came, but I do not think I took much notice of its beauties as I drove rapidly back along the road which I had so much enjoyed the day before. When eleven o'clock came, I found myself again amid the hum, and squeezing, and professional jokes of the third row in the Court of King's Bench. To this day, I sometimes heave a half sigh as I pass through the country to the west of Croydon. The fair *fiancée* of by-gone days is now a fine woman, inclined to be fat, and the mother of seven promising children.

KEEPING SECRETS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

—Break, my heart, for I must *hold my tongue*.
SHAKESPEARE.

CHARLES GLIB has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from every other bustling chattering inhabitant of this blabbing world. In the course of a pretty long life he has never been known to reveal a single secret—for nobody ever trusted him with one.

He is the very opposite of that celebrated lover of taciturnity, who having walked twenty miles with an equally silent companion, not a syllable having escaped the lips of either, exclaimed, in acknowledgment of his friend's observation, on arriving at a cross-road, that the left would be the best path to take,

“What a talkative fellow you are!”

Glib is, to an equal degree, a lover of loquacity. The sound of his own voice is to him the music of the spheres. Other people have their fits of sullenness and reserve—he never has. Other people pause to take breath, which he never does. Other people like to chatter away only on their favorite themes—their own rheumatics, or their neighbor's extravagance—but no topic ever came amiss to Charley Glib. *He* never sinks into taciturnity, merely because he happens to have exhausted all the scandal of the neighborhood, and trumpeted his own perfections of mind and body in fifty different keys. Such silence is simply the natural consequence of over-talking to which ordinary folks are liable; but, as for Glib, he still goes on, still finds something to say, even when he has torn his grandmother's reputation to tatters, and related the history, with all the minutest particulars, of his last cold in the head. While there are words to be uttered, a subject is never wanting. The words bring the thoughts, or he talks without them. He is nothing if not loquacious—he associates death with silence. To talk is to enjoy;—the original bird of paradise was, in his judgment, the Talking bird, and should be so described by every ornithologist.

As there is good in every thing, there is convenience in this clack, for it puts us on our guard, and warns us to keep our secrets to ourselves. One would as soon think of pouring wine into a sieve, as of intrusting precious tidings to his keeping. Whatever is published at Charing-cross, or advertised in the morning papers, there can be no harm in communicating to Glib; but for any thing of a more confidential character,

it would be just as wise to whisper it to the four winds of heaven.

A secret indeed is a pearl which it were egregious folly to cast before such an animal. Secrets are utterly wasted upon your great, loud, constant, unthinking talkers. They are delicacies never truly relished by people of large appetites for speech, who can utter any thing, and who fare sumptuously on immense heaps of stale news of the coarsest nature. Their palates are vitiated by vast indulgence, and their ravenous hunger after the joys of holding forth, forbids the possibility of a keen fine taste, the nice and exquisite relish of an original secret. If they can but relate to you something particularly well known about Martin Luther or Queen Elizabeth, provided there is enough of it to ensure them a full meal, they are as contented and as happy as though they had a hundred dainty little secrets to disclose, every one of them profound, startling, and hitherto close kept. Yorick gave the ass a macaroon, but we do not find that the experiment succeeded much—the beast would no doubt have preferred thistles.

No, no; a secret is delicious food for the man of a sly, quiet, seemingly reserved turn of mind, who does not talk much, but speaks to the purpose; who has no overweening fondness for the sound of his own voice, but who fervently loves a breach of confidence; who feels that pleasures are a thousand times sweeter for being stolen; and who, while quietly disclosing some important and interesting fact of which, with many injunctions to keep it ever under lock and key, he had been the depository, is not only sensible of a relief in freeing the mind from its secret burden, but conscious of a superadded charm, the pleasure of betraying a verbal trust.

Just such a man is he who now passes my window, Peter Still. He is well-known to half the town, although his voice was never heard by any two people in it at the same time. He has whispered in the ears of a vast mob, taking each individual separately; and he has made a large portion of London his especial confidant, by catching the people who compose it, each by his button, at some season or other, and committing a precious secret exclusively to his care.

Every one of that great talking multitude looks upon himself as the sole-selected sharer of the secrets which Peter Still once held solitary in his own bosom; and each is furthermore convinced, that for caution, closeness, trustworthiness—the power of

keeping a thing entirely to himself until the proper moment arrives for discreetly whispering it to a valued friend—Peter Still has not his fellow either in the parish of St. Giles or of St. James—nor in any parish between the celebrated two which mark the wide extremes of the metropolis.

And to look at Peter, to observe his manner, to hear him talk, you would decide that all the town was individually right—however the mob of confidants, on comparing their means of judging one with the other, might collectively pronounce a different verdict. His appearance begets an impression that the rack would have no power to unseal his lips, and wring from him the important secret you had confided to him some time before—how Miss Jane in her vexation had written a smart copy of verses on Mr. Wimple's nuptials—or how your wife had promised to favor you with a ninth heir to your books and teaspoons. No, these deep and awful secrets, once whispered in that close man's ear, must, you would swear, lie buried there for ever. Though faithful to the Catholic church, he would die unshriven rather than confess them to his priest—so say appearances. And yet, really and truly, when you have published the two events alluded to in the close ear of Peter Still, you may as well, as far as publicity is concerned, send the verses on Mr. W.'s nuptials to be printed, addressed to the Editor of the *New Monthly*; and—having the pen still at your finger's end—draw up the form of an advertisement, in readiness, to appear hereafter properly filled up among the births in the morning paper—

"On the —th instant, in — street, the lady of —, of a —."

Peter Still's various powers commence with the faculty of attracting people to confide in him. You look in his face, and unbosom. His seems no sieve-like nature, and to it you intrust your most delicate secrets, convinced that they will never run through. He never asks for your confidence—he never seeks to worm himself into your faith and esteem—but he quietly wins you to speak out, and communicate to him what was only known to yourself.

If you hesitate, and say, "Perhaps, after all, the matter had better never be mentioned—no, not even to you!" he calmly agrees, and advises you to confine the secret to your own breast, where it is sure to be safe; well knowing that a man who meditates the disclosure of a secret can have no spur like a dissuader, and that he will immediately after tell you every word.

Nobody would suppose that beneath his most placid, passionless demeanor, an agony of curiosity was raging—that amidst so much dignified composure, he was actually dying to hear your story; as little could it be imagined when he presses your hand at parting, with your solemn secret locked up in his soul, never to be revealed even in a whisper to himself, that he is dying to disclose it to the first babler he may meet.

But although like Hamlet's, his heart would break if he were condemned to hold his tongue—although he *must* unfold the delicious but intolerable mystery, the faithful keeping of which would drive him mad—yet he never falls to a rash promiscuous chattering upon the subject—he is not open-mouthed when he meets you—he never volunteers the prohibited statement without a why or wherefore. The breach is never effected in this way—

"Well, I declare, this meeting is fortunate. You must know I called at the Cottage yesterday, and there I heard—no, I never was so astonished! Our friend, the farmer, told me of it in the strictest confidence—the very strictest—such a secret!"

"Did he? What is it?"

"Why then you must know—"

And out comes all the story—not with many additions, perhaps, on this occasion, as it is only one day old.

This is the common style of the common world; where the "What is it?" as naturally follows the mention of a secret told in the strictest confidence, as extensive publicity follows the first dishonorable disclosure. But this is not the style of Peter Still. He never loses sight of form and ceremony—never enlightens an inquirer on such easy terms. Though more anxious to tell you than you can be to hear, he dandles and procrastinates. Though burning to accomplish the revelation, he seems ice. He compresses his lips, and drops his eyelids—shakes his head very slowly, and is tremendously emphatic with his forefinger, which always seems to point a moral when he is most violating morality.

At last, when the mixture of mysterious signs, unintelligible sounds, and stray syllables, are duly mingled, the charm begins to work, and the secret bubbles up. Depend upon it, he makes much of it. His secrets are secrets. Impressed and edified you cannot fail to be, whatever may be the disclosure. Perhaps it may be a thing of very trifling import—that Q. is going to give up his town-house—that X., unknown to X.'s wife, has a nice little flaxen-haired boy at school near Turnham Green—that

Z., or some other letter of the social alphabet, intends to pay his debts;—no matter for the intelligence, it oozes from Peter Still as though it were

— dear as the ruddy drops
That visit his sad heart.

Every word is a nail driven into your memory to fasten the fact there; and although he had only told you in his impressive way, and with a painful sense of moral responsibility, that *two* sheriffs will certainly be chosen in Guildhall next year, yet you are satisfied for a time that he has surrendered a secret worth knowing.

But whatever he may choose to reveal, he is sure to leave you with the impression—this is invariable—that he has concealed more than he has discovered. Having told all, and a little besides, he stops short—and desires you to excuse him. When perchance he has related in all its particulars the very secret that you could have told him, and when he has found this out, he makes a sudden pause, puts on a much-meaning look, and regrets that the rest is incommunicable—a something which he dares not disclose.

And above all, does Peter Still preserve the spirit of secrecy, in constantly enjoining, with a solemnity befitting his character, every erring mortal, in whose ear he whispers a bit of forbidden news, never for his life to divulge it. What he has acquired gravely and anxiously, he never parts with lightly. He may tell the secret to fifty persons in a day—but then he tells it only to the discreet—and each one registers the vow of secrecy before he is intrusted with the treasure; so that when Peter has informed five hundred, he feels that he has informed but one.

No man was ever more sincere than Peter Still is, in delivering these injunctions and admonitions. When he beseeches you not to tell again—when he implores you to keep a Chubb's patent on your lips—be sure that he is in earnest;—for a secret diffused all over the town is a secret gone, and when every body can reveal it to every body else, why it follows that there is nobody left for him to betray it to exclusively.

He accepts a secret as he accepts a bill of exchange, deeming it of greatest use when put into circulation; but he does not wish it to go quite out of date, before he says, "Don't let it go any further." He is like those poets who print their verses to circulate amongst friends—who publish privately; so Peter publishes his secrets.

Who could possibly suppose that such an impersonation of the prudential and the discreet as Peter seems—a creature so calm, close, cautious—so thoroughly safe, so every-way to be relied on—was as hollow as a fife, which cannot be intrusted with a little of one's breath without speaking. The secret which we cannot confide to the talkative, we often repose with greater peril in the reserved.

Charley Glib walks and chatters about town, labelled "Dangerous," to warn off every unwary whisperer of tidings not intended for the public ear; but Peter Still appears, of all vehicles for the carrying of secrets, the "patent safety," and we intrust life and limb to him. With Loquacity we run no risk—with Reserve we are ruined. Confiding in Glib, we know that we cast our secret upon the stream, and it is borne away upon the first flowing tide of words into the wide ocean of babble, where it is lost in an overwhelming din which nobody listens to; confiding in Peter Still, we equally cast our secret upon the stream, whence it is conveyed through innumerable water-pipes, intersecting every quarter of the town, and is laid on at every house.

The most sly and circumspect betrayer of confidence is liable to make mistakes. The liar needs a good memory, so does the secret-monger who tells truth when he should not. One of the greatest calamities to which he is liable, is a confusion of persons, arising out of a multiplicity of confidences, which is very apt to bring him round with his profound secret, after he has travelled over the whole town to tell it, to the source whence he originally derived it—and to lead him into the fatal blunder of retailing it confidentially to the very man who had first in confidence retailed it to him.

It was by such a blunder of memory that I first found out Peter Still—first discovered that although he seemed "close as oak," he was in reality porous all over;—incapable of retaining a private fact, even though it should happen to be that he himself was Mrs. Brownrigg's grandson.

"It must go no further," said I to him innocently one day; "but since you are speaking with such interest of our friend the Rev. Mr. Hectic, I must tell you—and to you only shall I mention it, in strict confidence—that he is now very decidedly imbued with Puseyite opinions."

"By the way," he remarked to me three weeks afterwards, "as we are talking of friend Hectic, I may whisper to you confidentially" (and here his voice took an in-

ward and most significant tone), "that the clergyman in question discovers of late a decided leaning to the principles of Puseyism."

Peter Still, the sly dog, conceives himself to be far from destitute of a defence, should these charges of betrayal of trust be ever cast in his teeth. His answer to the accusation of publishing secrets will doubtless be, that he never promised concealment; and it is very true—he never did.

No; when you desire him to understand that you speak with him in confidence, he makes no comment; he utters no assurance of secrecy; but he just throws out his hand loosely, and with the back of it taps your elbow, or, perhaps, with a superior smile, gives you one or two light pats between the shoulders. The effect is electrical; the action has the air of an oath registered in heaven, and you feel what a comforting thing it is to deal with a man who never speaks but when words are wanted.

There is an old saying, undeniably true, that if three people are to keep a secret, two of them should never know it. One of these two should be Peter Still, that respectable moralist, who holds curiosity in contempt and keeps such a guard upon his tongue. The other must belong to the class represented by our loquacious acquaintance—a class that might take warning by the hero of Wordsworth's ballad, "Harry Blake," whose teeth are chattering to this hour—

Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

But the danger of being betrayed—betrayed perhaps in some tender point of confidence, and that without the smallest atom of malignity, or even unkindness—does not exist only in these two directions. There are myriads of good, trustworthy people, who never in all their lives revealed in so many words a secret confided to them—nor indeed ever employed words at all in telling it—and yet it is as good as told. This is the middle compound class of betrayers, the great bulk of society; who, although they would all die rather than openly disclose what they have faithfully promised to conceal, will nevertheless frankly tell you that there *is* a secret, and that they happen to know it.

Then perhaps, on another occasion, when a little off their guard, they will hazard an allusion to a place, or a person, or a date—or to some circumstance on which the speculative listener is able to establish a tolerably fair guess at the concealed fact, or at the very least to build up a theory

which, in its character of suspicion, is as mischievous as certainty.

Or, if hints of this nature be conscientiously withheld, there are nods and shrugs, expressive looks, and explanatory gestures; and when the true guess is at last made, there comes, to crown every other consistency, a positive refusal to afford the least further clew!—a virtuous and fixed determination *not* to say whether the guess be right or wrong!—which is all that the successful discoverer requires.

It is amongst this class, the largest and most frequently encountered, that dangers are most thickly sown. Promises of secrecy, though well-intentioned and firm, here travel over pitfalls, and the most faithful are swallowed up when entirely confident in their own integrity. People who are selfish in every thing besides, are unselfish in secrets, and cannot bear to keep them to themselves. They are seized with a desire to please persons whom they do not like and have no faith in, and to commit a grievous offence against others whom they do like and who have faith in them.

If they do not at once yield up the whole treasure they were to guard, they divest themselves piecemeal of the care of it. To keep it sacredly and entire, is to sink under an overwhelming sensation, a crushing consciousness. No matter how trivial the thing is, it becomes weighty if committed exclusively to their keeping; and the very same fact which mentioned openly and carelessly would be utterly insignificant in their estimation, swells in its character of a secret, into "a burden more than they can bear."

Every little secret is thus of some consequence; while the really important one acquires, under this state of feeling, such an insupportable weight and magnitude as not to admit of being safely kept by less than twenty persons at the least.

Where so very few can keep a secret quite close, however honorably engaged to do so, and where the tendency to whisper in half words, even when the interests of confiding friends are concerned, so fatally prevails, it is strange that the trumpeters of their own merits never hit upon the expediency of conveying their self-praises in the wide and sure vehicle of a secret.

Trust a bit of scandal to a whisper, and how fast and far it flies—*because* it is whispered. Might not the good deeds, for which so very few can obtain the desired credit, become equally celebrated—might not the fame of them be so wide-spread, if instead of making *no* secret of them, we in-

trusted them to the ever-circulating medium of secrecy!

People fall into the capital mistake of publishing to all the world their private virtues, their benevolence, disinterestedness, and temperance; but what if they were to keep the reputation of these noble qualities in the background, and just permit a friend to whisper the existence of them as a great secret, respecting which every lip was to be henceforth sealed! Universal circulation must ensue.

Let it be once stated, in strict confidence, that you stripped off your great-coat on a winter night, and wrapped it round a shivering, homeless wanderer, and the town will soon ring with your deeds of philanthropy—but the little incident must always be related as a profound secret, or its progress towards the popular ear will be slow. Such is the natural tendency of a secret to get into general circulation, and to secure the privilege of continual disclosure, that it will even carry the heavy virtues with it, and obtain popularity for desert. The gallery of the moral graces is a whispering gallery.

The title of the old comedy written by a woman makes it a wonder that a woman should keep a secret; the real wonder is, that man should ever have had the desperate assurance to assume a superiority, to claim a more consistent fidelity, in such engagements. The sexes are doubtless well-matched, and the ready tongue finds a ready ear.

How many of those who stand, and will ever stand most firmly and strongly by our side in the hard battle of life, are weak in this delicate respect! How much of the divine love that redeems our clay from utter grossness, the hallowed affection that knits together the threads of two lives in one, is sullied and debased by this mortal frailty—the propensity to whisper when the heart prompts silence—to breathe, by the mere force of habit, into an indifferent or a curious ear, some inklings of the secret which the hushed soul should have held sacred and incommunicable for ever.

Let us, however, do justice to the just, and wish they were not the minority in the matter of keeping secrets. Let us even spare the weakness that errs through accidental temptation, so long as it does not degenerate into the vice that wilfully betrays. Let us remember how the crime of treachery carries with it its own punishment; and how the abject thing that deliberately reveals what was confided to it in reliance upon its honor, makes in

the very act a verbal confession of its own unutterable falsehood. The secret so betrayed should be published as a lie.

Let it moreover be some consolation to think that there are more people incapable of a breach of confidence, than those who, like the prince of praters, Charles Glib, never had a secret intrusted to them in their lives. One of them I met this morning—it was a friend to whom, of all others, every man would feel safe in confiding his private griefs, the dearest secrets of his soul.

“After the stab I have just received,” cried I, encountering my friend, “in a base betrayal of confidence, how pleasant to fix my trusting eyes once more upon such a face as yours—the face which is the mirror of your mind, but without revealing any one thing that requires to be concealed in its close and friendly recesses. It is now fifteen years since I intrusted to your sympathizing bosom that dreadful and most secret story of my quarrel in Malta, and of my sudden flight—of the monstrous but reiterated charge of murder that dogged my steps, through so many cities of Europe, and cast upon my onward path a shadow—”

“Eh! what!”

“Yes,” said I, in continuation, with a fervent, a most exalted sense of the steady affection which had kept my youthful secret unwhispered, undreamed of by the most curious, the most insidious scrutineer—with an idolatrous admiration of the constancy and the delicacy of the fine mind and the warm heart on which I had so wisely relied—“yes,” I exclaimed, “fifteen or sixteen years have elapsed since I committed to your holy keeping the ghastly secret, and not even in your sleep have you allowed a single syllable of the awful narrative to escape you! Who, after this, shall so far belie his fellow, as to say that a secret is never so safe as in one’s own bosom.”

“What you say, my dear fellow,” returned this faithful possessor of my confidence, “is quite right: but I don’t exactly know what you are talking about; for upon my soul, to tell you the truth, I had entirely *forgotten* the whole affair, having never bestowed a thought upon it from that day to this!”

ORDER OF THE BATH—Her Majesty has appointed his Royal Highness Prince Albert to be the First and Principal Knight Grand Cross, and also Acting Great Master of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, in the room of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.—*Britannia*.

THE LATE DISCOVERY.

From the Athenæum.

SHE stood where hills were high and green,
Where flowers were sweet and wild,
Where ne'er before her steps had been,
The city's toiling child;
But even the glorious spring that shed
Its sunshine o'er her now,
Could ne'er restore the spring time fled
From that young heart and brow.

She saw the happy hamlet homes,
In valleys fair and free;
And heard, among the meadow blooms,
The voice of childhood's glee;
But from those early shaded eyes
The tears were falling fast,
As thus, amid her dying days,
The blighted spoke at last:

"Ah! had the earth such glorious things
Beneath so blue a sky,
While all my cheerless, hopeless springs
In darkness glided by?
Did all these lovely scenes expand,
These happy hearts exist,
And yet, amid the pleasant land,
How was my portion mist?"

For I have seen the palace hall
In distant splendor gleam,
And heard the midnight festival
Awake my weary dream;
And all that wealth from farthest shore
Or distant wave could bring,
Mine eyes have seen, but ne'er before
Beheld the blessed spring.

Though oft such visions long ago
My lonely dreams have cross'd,
Yet never knew my soul, till now,
The all that it had lost.
Oh, lovely vales! oh, glorious skies!
Oh, flowers of balmy breath!
How will ye gladden other eyes
When mine are sealed in death.

Alas! for human sacrifice,
The stain of every clime;
For all whose youth unpitied dies,
The lost, the doomed of time.
Ah! well, well, may that promised shore
Be bright with tearless bliss,
If it to withered hearts restore
Their summers lost on this."
April 4, 1813. FRANCIS BROWN.

THE CHINESE PRESENTS.—During the past week, these curious gifts from his Imperial Majesty have been unpacked at Buckingham Palace. The tent is of very large dimensions; the color, borders and ornaments beautiful. The bed is an extraordinary specimen of elaborate workmanship. The four posts are of gold, the entire surface being embellished with a continuous pattern, of remarkable richness. The hangings and furniture are of a bright green color, variously adorned at the corners and borders. A large carpet, the design of which corresponds with the draperies of the State bed, is also among the number of presents. *Court Jour.*

MISCELLANY.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—Lord Brougham, in the British House of Lords, on Tuesday April 11th, rose pursuant to notice given on the previous day, to lay on the table a bill for the better prevention of the slave trade. He had enjoyed the aid, in framing the measure, of various noble and learned persons, and they had found, as, indeed, they had expected, the difficulties to be encountered very great. He had had the assistance of his noble friend the President of the Board of Trade, now, unfortunately, not in his place from ill-health, together with that of his learned friend Dr. Lushington, and that of his gallant friend Captain Denman, and also the invaluable assistance of Mr. Bell, the barrister, who had studied the slave trade law more, he believed, than any man who had not, like Dr. Lushington and himself, been occupied in framing it. He should shortly state an outline of his measure. There were three main objects in his view. The first was the prevention of that slave trade which had hitherto prevailed to a considerable extent, but about which there were legal doubts, and the highest authorities were divided. The question was whether a British subject residing abroad, not within the bounds of a British settlement, buying slaves in a foreign island or place, and carrying them in a boat to his plantation, was guilty of felony or not. The question was not settled in Westminster Hall, he must say somewhat to his surprise, and, therefore, some enactment was wanted to put an end to all doubt upon the point.—It was necessary that the doubt should be set at rest by a declaratory act. It was quite clear that Parliament meant to prohibit this, that a man should be able to go to Cuba to buy slaves, and carry back the slaves to his plantation; that should be prohibited, and, as the present law was not held sufficient to accomplish that end, it was necessary to declare what the law was to be in future. The first object of the act was to declare that this system should not be tolerated, and to abolish it altogether. The next object was to legislate respecting persons holding foreign slave plantations; for as foreign slave plantations could not be cultivated without slaves, and as such an estate might come to him by inheritance, devise, marriage settlement, or gift, and unless he did some act he ought not to be considered as an owner of slaves, as it was intended to excuse all those who, without any act of their own had come into the possession of slaves. The next object of the bill was to prevent joint-stock companies established for carrying on projects abroad from buying and selling slaves. Many of the partners in those companies in this country, not knowing about the matter, knowing only that they were buying a certain quantity of scrip, had, in fact, been employing slaves. Another object was, if possible to strike at the traffic on the coast of Africa, and this was to be done in two ways: the first was by establishing a better mode of trial, and an easier trial, of slave trading practices by British subjects. The next object which he wished to effect by this measure was to increase the facilities for obtaining evidence, to be used in this country, or in any places abroad where legal proceedings with reference to the slave trade might be adopted. He proposed to adopt the practice which was introduced by the East India Judicature Act, which enabled a party prosecuting to obtain a *mandamus* from the Court of Queen's Bench, and so to put in motion the judicatures of the colonies, and to procure through them, under certain regulations, evidence which might be received by the legal tribunals in this country, and in other places. Another, and indeed the great object of this bill, was to endeavor to prevent practices in this country, which, if not amounting to actual

trading in slaves, at least tended to the encouragement and promotion of the traffic on the coast of Africa. In order to do this, he proposed to vest in her Majesty in Council the power of making certain orders for the purpose of placing persons engaged in the African trade under similar obligations, superintendence, and restrictions, to those which he had proposed to apply to joint stock companies engaged in mining, and to other slave trading companies. The bill contained other provisions, into which it was unnecessary for him to enter at present; for his only object now was to give a general outline of the measure, in order to facilitate its consideration by their lordships during the recess.—He would move the first reading of the bill to-night, and the second reading would not, of course, take place until after the recess. He begged to move, "that this bill be now read a first time."—*United Service Gazette*.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.—The General Assembly and the Free Assembly have both adjourned: the former until May, 1844; the latter until October next. After the passing of the resolutions on either side for legally completing the separation of the seceding body, the Assemblies were principally occupied with routine business. The total number of seceders is 430, of whom 399 have signed the protest. This is something less than a third of the entire Presbyterian ministry. The Marquis of Breadalbane has joined the Free Assembly, and it is rumored intends to contribute £10,000 to their funds.

On adjourning the General Assembly, on Monday last, the Moderator, in his short address, said:—"I congratulate you upon the measures which you have taken to sustain the admirable schemes of your church, and to provide for the efficient supply of those charges which have been vacated by your seceding brethren; and I shall humbly pray with you that the spirit of your Great Master, the God of peace and love, may guide and strengthen you."

Dr. Chalmers, the Moderator of the seceding body, in closing the Assembly, spoke at great length. He adverted, among other things, to the position which they were to hold with reference to the Establishment, and spoke of its downfall as a probable result of their labors. That must not deter them from going forward. If their principles were worth sacrificing their place in the Establishment for, they were worth the Establishment itself. They had no ill-will towards those who remained, and would have no pleasure in seeing them lose their stipends; but, if the assertion of their principles caused them to leave their own livings, surely they would not now give up those principles, simply because it risked the loss of the livings of others. That would be to love their neighbors not as, but a great deal better than, themselves—(Great laughter). The Rev. Doctor concluded his address with many exhortations to zeal, and a fervent recommendation to them to abound in prayer. He then dissolved the Assembly in the name of Christ, and the proceedings were closed with prayer and praise about one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday last.

The consequences of this remarkable movement yet remain to be developed. If, as is most improbable, both bodies should continue to exist, they can only do so in opposition to each other, and by a division in nearly every parish in Scotland. Dr. Chalmers, it will be seen, expects the dissolution of the Establishment, including much the larger portion of the Scottish clergy. The Establishment, on the contrary, looks for the gradual dispersion of the seceders, as the zeal and excitement created by their separation dies away. If numbers are to prevail, it would seem from the subjoined paragraph given by the *Glasgow Herald*, that the seceders will be the strongest party:—

Much interest was yesterday (Sunday) excited throughout the city in consequence of the announcement that those ministers of the city churches who have adhered to the new secession would no longer preach in their own pulpits, and had provided themselves with separate places of worship. It was originally understood that they were to continue their ministrations till the first Sunday in June, when they would finally and formally demit their charges; but the steps taken by the General Assembly for declaring the churches vacant, and providing for their supply, rendered this course no longer practicable. Accordingly seven of the city churches were yesterday vacated by their former ministers, and others provided in their stead. St. George was occupied by Professor Grav; the Tron by Professor Hill; St. Enoch's by Dr. Graham, of Killearn; St. Paul's by the Rev. Mr. Beveridge of Inveresk; St. David's by Dr. Macnaughten of Arran; St. John's by the Rev. Mr. Fisher of Rosebank; and St. Andrew's by the Rev. Mr. Smith of Cathcart. The attendance in each of these churches was much thinner than usual; and we are not aware that any public intimation was made in any of them in reference to the disruption that had taken place. The seceding clergymen were variously distributed throughout the city. Dr. Brown (St. John's) preached in the City-hall in the forenoon, and Dr. Buchanan (Tron) in the afternoon and evening. Dr. Henderson (St. Enoch's) officiated, forenoon and afternoon, in the New Corn-exchange, Hope-street. Dr. Paterson (St. Andrew's) occupied the Black Bull Hall; Dr. Forbes (St. Paul's) the Methodist Chapel, Cannon-street; Dr. Smyth (St. George's) occupied Willis's Church, Rentfield-street; and Mr. Lorimer (St. David's) preached in the Assembly-rooms. Such of these temporary places of worship as required alteration were comfortably fitted up for the occasion with pulpits and forms, and all of them crowded to overflowing with respectable audiences. In the City-hall especially the crowd was immense. Upwards of 4,000 persons must have been present at each diet of worship, and hundreds withdrew unable to obtain admittance.—*Britannia*.

THE CITY OF HAMBURG has resolved to present to the Sovereigns, who assisted the inhabitants after the conflagration of last year, letters of thanks, to be painted upon tablets of oak saved from the ancient city hall, and framed in bronze of the bells of the churches that were destroyed. Each individual who contributed to the relief is to be presented with a medal of the same material, and those foreigners who on the spot assisted in checking the progress of the calamity are to be honored with the freedom of the city.—*Athenaeum*.

M. GAULTIER D'ARC.—On looking over the obituaries of the past week, our eye has been caught in the Paris Journal, by a name, having some pretension to a record as of an oriental scholar, but principally remarkable as a great historic designation, which dies with the subject of this notice. M. Gaultier d'Arc was the last descendant from Pierre d'Arc, the brother of the great French heroine—had long been secretary, in Paris, to the School of Living Oriental Languages, and was recently Consul-General in Egypt.—*Ibid*.

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC.—The Statue of Joan of Arc, the fine work of the late Princess Marie of France, presented by her royal father to the Department of the Vosges, was inaugurated, on the 9th of the present month, in its new abode in the house at Domremy, where the heroine was born, amid an immense concourse of spectators collected from all points of the department.—*Ibid*.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SILVER PLATING.—Plating on copper was first introduced in the year 1742, by Mr. T. Balsover, a member of the Corporation of Cutlers at Sheffield. It was not, however, until about forty years afterwards that the ornamented parts of plated articles, called mountings, were constructed of silver. This great improvement caused the manufacture of plated wares to become one of the staple trades of Sheffield. The process of manufacturing plated articles may be described as follows:—an ingot of copper being cast, and the surfaces carefully prepared by filing so as to remove all blemishes, and a piece of silver, also having one surface perfectly cleaned, are tied together by means of iron wire. A mixture of borax in water is then passed round the edge with a quill; the mass is then placed in a common air-furnace heated to a proper temperature, with a small aperture in the door for an inspection of this part of the process. As soon as the union of the two bodies is effected, which is known by the loosening of the metal when the fusion of the two metals has taken place, the bar is removed from the furnace. The quality of the silver used in this process is what is termed standard, containing about 18 dwts, of copper to the lb. troy. The ingot being thus prepared, the next operation is to form it into sheets, by passing the bar several times through large cylindrical rollers, generally moved by steam-power; the lamination which the silver undergoes during the operation of rolling shows the perfect unity of the two bodies. From the sheet of metal the article required is manufactured by hammering chiefly, but also by stamping when the shape is very irregular; the article, if hollow, being filled with pitch, the receding parts are forced inwards, so that the projections remain of the thickness of the sheet before being wrought, while the indentations are somewhat reduced in thickness. The dies consist of blocks of steel, on the face of which the pattern of the ornament is accurately drawn: the dies are moderately heated in an open fire, and then placed upon a leathern sandbag. The die-sinker then proceeds to cut out the ornaments with hammer and chisel; when sunk to the proper depth, the surface of the sinking is dressed off, and prepared for the ornaments to be stamped in. The stamp consists of a vertical frame of iron, the uprights of which are formed with grooves, in which the hammer or drop slides. The foundation of this machine consists of a square stone, and on its upper surface is fixed an iron anvil, to which the uprights are firmly attached; the hammer is raised by a rope passing over a pulley fixed in the head-piece of the frame; the die is placed on the anvil immediately under the hammer, and is kept in its proper position by screws. A luting of oil and clay is placed round the edge of the sink of the die, and melted lead is then poured into the cavity; when cool, the hammer is allowed to fall upon the lead, to which it firmly adheres by means of a plate of iron roughed as a rasp, and which is called the lick-up. The silver used for the purpose of the mountings is also of the standard quality, and is rolled to the required thickness: several pieces of the requisite size are then placed between pieces of copper of the same substance, and put upon the face of the die; the hammer is then raised, and allowed to fall gently upon them. This operation is continued for some time, gradually increasing the fall of the hammer, and diminishing the number of pieces struck, until they are forced to the bottom of the die; it is necessary occasionally to anneal the mountings. The mounts, being struck as described, are now filled with solder consisting of tin and lead; and afterwards secured by wires to the article to be ornamented, the body being covered with a mixture of glue and whiting to prevent the

solder from straining the surface; they are then soldered on by means of a hydro-oxygen blow-pipe. The article is next boiled in a solution of pearlsh or soda, and scoured with fine Calais sand; the mounts are polished by a lathe, as silver articles, with rotten-stone and oil; then cleaned with whiting, and finished with rouge. A scratch-brush of brass wire is used for deadening the parts required; and the plain surfaces are burnished with tools of blood-stone or steel—soap and water being used in this operation, which is performed by women.—*Lit. Gazette.*

THE QUANTITY OF CARBONIC ACID GAS EXHALED IN RESPIRATION.—Messrs. Andral and Gavarret draw the following conclusions from a series of experiments instituted by them, to discover the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled from the lungs in man:—1st. The quantity of carbonic acid gas, exhaled in a given time, varies according to the age, sex, and constitution. 2d. In man, as well as in woman, the quantity is modified according to the age, independently of the weight of the individuals experimented on. 3d. At all the periods of life, between the age of eight years and extreme old age, men and women are distinguished by the difference in the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled by their lungs in a given time. All things being otherwise equal, man always gives forth a much more considerable quantity than woman. This difference is especially marked between the ages of sixteen and forty, at which periods man furnishes nearly twice the quantity of carbonic acid gas from the lungs that a woman does. 4th. In man, the quantity of carbonic acid gas is constantly increasing from the eighth year to the thirtieth, the increase becoming suddenly very great at the period of puberty; from the thirtieth year the exhalation of carbonic acid gas begins to decrease, the diminution becoming more marked as age advances, so that at the extreme point of life the exhalation of this gas may not be greater than it was at the tenth year. 5th. In woman, the exhalation of this gas increases according to the same laws as in man during infancy; but at the period of puberty, at the same time that menstruation appears, this exhalation, contrary to that which happens in man, is suddenly arrested in its increase, and remains stationary (nearly as the amount which it exhaled was in infancy) as long as the menstrual function is duly performed; when it ceases, the exhalation of the gas from the lungs is increased in a remarkable manner, after which it decreases, as in man, in proportion as the woman advances towards extreme old age. 6th. During pregnancy, the exhalation of the gas for the time equals the quantity given forth by woman in which menstruation has ceased. And, 7th. In both sexes, and at all ages, the quantity of the gas exhaled is greater when the constitution is strong, and the muscular system well developed.—*Medical Times.*

ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS.—"On accidents and traffic upon the railways in Great Britain, in 1842," by Mr. C. R. Weld. This paper consisted of an analysis of the various returns made to the railway-department, at the Board of Trade. The most agreeable feature is the remarkable diminution in the number of accidents of a public nature as compared with the returns of 1841. During 1841 the accidents of this description amounted to 29, with 24 deaths, and 71 cases of injury; but during 1842 the number of accidents of this description has been only 10, and the number of deaths of passengers while travelling by a train, and observing a proper degree of caution, was only 5, the number of cases of injury being only 14. These do not include the accidents that have happened to the servants of the company. A new clause in the act of parliament compels the railway-companies to give returns of all

accidents of a public nature unattended with personal injury, and it appears that there were 21 accidents of this nature during the past year. The aggregate length of railway-lines has been increased by 179 miles, 9 lines having been extended, and thus the total length of railways is now 1829 miles. The number of passengers carried upon 50 railways during the twelve months from 1st July 1811, to 1st July, 1842, amounted to 18,453,504; of whom 2,926,980 were first-class passengers, 7,611,966 second class, 5,322,501 third class, and 2,582,057 passengers whose class is not distinguished. The gross receipts of the railways from passengers amounted to 2,731,687, and from goods to 1,088,835. The number of trains amounted to 298,974, which gives 61 persons to each train. The average speed exclusive of stoppages, on all the lines is 21½ miles per hour, the greatest speed being 36 miles per hour.—*Ibid.*

CHEMICAL ACTION OF A SINGLE VOLTAIC PAIR.—*Paris, April 22, 1843*.—M. de la Rive read a memoir on the chemical action of a single voltaic pair, and on the means of increasing its power. The object of M. de la Rive's investigation was, whether instead of using a second pair to augment the current of the first, he could not employ the first so as to increase its own intensity. And this he effects by a very simple apparatus, which he calls *condensateur electro-chimique*. Its principle is the production of an inductive current, which causes the same effect in a single pair as the addition of another pair would. The apparatus consists of a piece of soft iron, surrounded by thick metallic wire, covered with silk. The current of the pair is made to traverse the wire and magnetise the iron; immediately a copper shank, armed with iron, is attracted by the magnetised iron, and raised so as to break the circuit. There is then developed in the wire a current of induction, which traverses the voltaic pair, and which, joined to the current of the pair itself thus reinforced, passes through the voltmeter and decomposes water. But the soft iron not being magnetised, the copper shank falls back, the metallic circuit is again closed, the iron is again magnetised, and the same phenomenon again presents itself. By means of this arrangement, a pair of Groves' which only slightly decomposes water, or a pair of Daniells' which does not sensibly decompose it, becomes capable of doing so with great energy. By employing it, the gases are not at all mixed, and they may be collected separately with great facility. M. de la Rive, in concluding, summed up the results of his researches; he believed that he has established that a single pair may produce even powerful chemical effects: he has proved it—1st, by showing that, *in vacuo*, where the adherence of the gases to the surfaces of the electrodes is less, the current is much better transmitted; 2d, by showing that the current of a pair rendered alternate by the employment of a *condensateur*, traverses easily a platinum-plate voltmeter charged with acidulated water; 3d, that it is the same as a direct current of a pair, when it is made to traverse a voltmeter through which a current of induction passes at the same time, although in a contrary way to that of the pair; 4th, in constructing a pair in which the platinum is replaced by an oxide, and especially by the peroxide of lead, which renders this pair, even when only charged with a single liquid (acidulated water, 1-9 sulphuric acid), capable of decomposing water with great energy, giving off the gases well separated; 5th, in employing the current of the pair itself to produce a current of induction, which, by traversing the pair in a given way, increases its

electro-chemical power so much, that this power, almost nil or very weak, becomes equal to that of a pile of several pairs.—*Ibid.*

THE SPEAKING MACHINE.—I have as yet seen no notice in your valuable periodical of an invention, which is, at present, attracting great attention here, and which certainly merits every praise that can be bestowed upon unwearied perseverance and successful ingenuity. It is the *Sprachmaschine* or the Speaking Machine, not quite appropriately called Euphonia, of Mr. Faber, the result of a beautiful adaptation of mechanics to the laws of acoustics. You are aware that the attempts of Cagniard in la Tour, Biot, Müller, Steinle, to produce articulate sounds, or even to imitate the human voice, have not been very successful; in fact, our knowledge of the physiology of the larynx and its appendices has been so limited, that we have not even an explanation of the mode in which the falsetto is produced. Mr. Faber's instrument solves the difficulties. I can only give you a very imperfect idea of the instrument. To understand the mechanism perfectly, it would be necessary to take it to pieces, and the dissection naturally is not shown the visitor—less from a wish to conceal any thing, than from the time and labor necessary for such a purpose. The machine consists of a pair of bellows at present only worked by a pedal similar to that of an organ, of a caoutchouc imitation of the larynx, tongue, nostrils, and of a set of keys by which the springs are brought into action. [The further description would be unintelligible without diagrams.] The rapidity of utterance depends of course upon the rapidity with which the keys are played, and though my own attempts to make the instrument speak sounded rather ludicrous, Mr. Faber was most successful. There is no doubt that the machine may be much improved, and more especially that the *timbre* of the voice may be agreeably modified. The weather naturally affects the tension of the India rubber, and although Mr. Faber can raise the voice or depress it, and can lay a stress upon a particular syllable or a word, still one cannot avoid feeling that there is room for improvement. This is even more evident when the instrument is made to sing, but when we remember what difficulty many people have to regulate their own chordæ vocales, it is not surprising that Mr. Faber has not yet succeeded in giving us an instrumental Catalani or Lablache. Faber is a native of Freiburg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden—he was formerly attached to the Observatory at Vienna, but owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to retire upon a small pension; he then devoted himself to the study of anatomy, and now offers the results of his investigations and their application to mechanics, to the world of science.

Hamburg, March 31. I am, &c. S.
—*Id.*

MARINE GLUE.—Mr. Whishaw read a paper before the Royal Institution, London, April 7, on Mr. Jeffrey's Marine Glue, the peculiar properties of which are, its being *insoluble* in and *impervious* to water, *elastic*, so as to expand or contract, according to the strain on the timber or the changes of temperature, sufficiently solid to fill up the joints and add *strength* to the timber construction, and *adhesive*, so as to connect the timbers firmly together. Several practical experiments have been made in Woolwich and Chatham Dockyards; among these may be mentioned the following:—Two pieces of African oak, 18 inches long by 9 inches wide, and 4½ inches thick, were joined together longitudinally by the marine glue, with a bolt of 1½ inch in diameter, passed through each of them from end to end. The day after the marine glue had been applied, the

blocks were tested by means of a hydraulic machine. A strain was applied to the extent of 19 tons, at which point one of the bolts broke, but the junction of the wood by the glue remained perfect. Two bolts of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter were inserted on the following day, and the strain was again applied until it reached 21 tons, when one of the bolts was broken, the junction of the wood still remaining perfect, and apparently not affected. Another experiment was tried with two blocks of African oak of similar dimensions, but bolted in a different manner, so as to apply the strain at right angles to the junction made with the glue at the centre. The wood split at a strain of 5 tons, but the joint remained perfect. The glue in one case was applied to elm; it resisted a strain equal to 368 lb. on the square inch. This trial was made while the block was in a wet state, which state is considered most favorable for the effect of the glue. Several large pieces of timber were glued together and suspended to the top of the sheers at the dockyard at Woolwich, at a height of about 70 feet above the ground. From that elevation they were precipitated on to the granite pavement, in order to test the effect of concussion; this wood was shattered and split, but the glue yielded only in one instance, in which the joint was badly made, and after the third fall. An experiment was made with reference to the composition being used as a substitute for copper sheathing. This composition was applied without poison to four sides of wooden blocks, and on the two other sides it was applied in combination with poison equally destructive to animal and vegetable life.—After the lapse of twenty three months, these blocks were taken up, and were found to be covered with small shell-fish on the four unpoisoned sides, while the two sides charged with the poison were clean. The whole of the composition was slightly changed in color, but was not deteriorated or affected in respect to its useful qualities. Another use consists in its application to the construction of masts. Its powers of adhesion and elasticity fit it for the purpose of joining the spars of which masts are composed. A great reduction of expense is likely to follow its adoption for this purpose, as shorter and smaller timbers may be rendered available, and most, if not all, the internal fastenings may be dispensed with. The mainmast of the *Eagle*, a 50 gun ship, and the *Trafalgar*, 120 gun ship, have been put together with this glue, and the mainmast of the *Curacoa*, now reducing from a 32 to a 24-gun ship, are in progress of being joined. This invention may also be applied in the construction of dock-gates, sluices, piers, wooden bridges, &c.—*Athenæum*.

COMETS.—M. Arago made a communication of the discovery of a telescopic comet, by M. Mauvais, on the 2d instant, (*ante*. p. 470). M. Arago joined to this communication some remarks on the most celebrated of all comets, that of Halley, which made its last appearance in 1835. Our readers are aware that several astronomers have examined the Chinese records, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any observation had been made on the appearance of Halley's comet. The researches of M. Biot have shown that Halley's comet was observed in China on the 26th of Sept. 1378; and M. Arago has compared the observations made in Europe on Halley's comet, and finds them coincide so perfectly with the observations made in China on the comet of 1378, that he entertains no doubt that the comet was that called Halley's comet.—*ib.*

LARGE METEOR.—The *Journal de la Meurthe* gives the following account of a meteorological phenomenon, which on the 4th of the present month, affrighted the town and neighborhood of

Nancy. "A globe of fire," says that paper, "three or four mètres in length, traversed the heavens from west to east, about two in the morning. This immense meteor was of a brightness so intense, that the inhabitants of the country, who witnessed this extraordinary spectacle, were terrified into the belief that they were instantly to be destroyed by it. The meteor appeared not more than thirty mètres above the earth, travelled at the slow rate of about one kilomètre per minute, and was preceded by an electric detonation. The horses of the diligence from Metz to Nancy took fright at its aspect, and overturned the carriage.—*ib.*

PELLETAN LIGHT.—This light, like the "Boccicus," and others, takes its name from the inventor, a professor of chemistry, we believe, in France, now residing in Fitzroy-square, where some weeks ago we witnessed the brilliant effects of several burners. The light was beautifully white and pure, emitting no smoke, nor showing color, even when raised to a considerable height, and was free from smell. At that time the patent was incomplete, and of course, the material and apparatus employed were kept secret; we therefore refrained from noticing it. Now, however, it appears that the vapor of naphtha is the only combustible ingredient: and that the invention consists in the construction and arrangement of a machine by means of which this vapor can be delivered to the lamps.—*Ibid.*

TENDENCY OF PLANTS TOWARDS LIGHT.—"Inquiries into the tendency of stalks and stems towards the light." It had long been known that plants placed in the dark incline towards any opening which admits the light, but it was not known which of the solar rays caused this tendency. M. Payer has resolved the point. He examined the solar action first by movable colored glasses used as screens, and, secondly by a fixed spectrum. The four glasses which he used allowed only certain rays to pass, viz.—No. 1, red; No. 2, red, orange, yellow, and green; No. 3, red, light orange, yellow, green, and blue; No. 4, red and violet. The two first caused no inclination; but the other two rapidly produced that effect.—*ib.*

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Mr. G. Newport, president, in the chair. Amongst the donations were a series of volumes presented by the Royal Society, and a large and singular ant's nest, found between the floor and ceiling of a cottage near Cobham Park, presented by Miss Combe. Mrs. Saunders exhibited a box of insects from New Holland—some of great rarity, including a fine and large new species of *Rhipiceræ*. Mr. Bond exhibited specimens of some of Mr. Cuming's *Manilla Curculionidæ*, from which he had entirely removed the grease and restored the brilliancy of the metallic scales, by plunging them into pure naphtha, and then covering them with powdered chalk. Mr. Waterhouse read descriptions of some new exotic *Curculionidæ*; and Mr. Westwood the continuation of a memoir "On the *Geotrupidæ* and *Trogidæ*."—*Lit. Gaz.*

HANDCOCK'S IMPROVED AXLE.—Capt. Hancock produced a brass and cone of his improved axle, which had been used under an engine on the Southampton Railway, and had run upwards of 21,000 miles; the brass scarcely exhibited any signs of wear, while a brass of an axle of the old form, which had only run 8,000 miles, was nearly one inch shorter than when it was first put on, besides having worn considerably into the journal and the box.—*ib.*

OBITUARY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D. *March 21.*—At Keswick, aged 68, Robert Southey, Esq. LL. D.

Dr. Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. His father was a linen-draper in Wine-street. He was sent to school when six years of age to Mr. Foote, a Baptist minister; was subsequently taught by a Mr. Flower, at Corston, near Newton St. Loe, and by Mr. William Williams, a Welshman, from whom little scholarship was to be got; and was subsequently placed at Westminster, in 1788, by his maternal uncle, Mr. Hill; and finally at Baliol College, in 1792, with the design of his entering the Church. But Southey's Oxford career closed in 1794; for his tendency towards Socinian opinions made the plan of life chalked out for him altogether distasteful. In the same year he published his first poems, in conjunction with Mr. Lovell, the friends assuming the names of Moschus and Bion. About that time, too, he took part in the famous Pantisocracy scheme, to which all the eager contributors brought golden theories, but of more tangible coin so little, that the Utopian project was necessarily relinquished. In the November of the following year, 1795, he married Miss Fricker, of Bristol, the sister of Mrs. Coleridge. In the winter of the same year, while the author was on his way to Lisbon, "Joan of Arc" was published. He returned to Bristol in the following summer; in the subsequent year removed to London, and entered Gray's-Inn. He passed part of the years 1800—1 in Portugal, and was for a short time resident in Ireland, (as secretary, we believe, to Mr. Corry or to Mr. Foster.) His final establishment at Keswick, in the lake-country, took place early in the present century. On the decease of Mr. Pye, in the year 1813, Southey was appointed laureate; he received his Doctor's degree from the university of Oxford in the year 1821; and June 4, 1839, contracted a second marriage with Caroline-Anne, daughter of the late Charles Bowles, Esq. of Buckland, North Lymington, one of the most pathetic and natural among contemporary authoresses. That he was at different times offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament are facts well known to his friends; the rest of his career is to be traced in the works which he poured forth, with a versatility, a care, and a felicity unrivalled in these hasty and superficial days.

To give a complete list of his labors would be difficult. The principal poems are *Wat Tyler*, *Joan of Arc*, *Thalaba*, *Metrical Tales*, *Madoc*, *The Curse of Kehama*, *Carmen Triumphale*, *Roderick*, *The Vision of Judgment*,—to say nothing of fugitive pieces. His prose works comprise translations of the poems of the *Cid*, of *Amadis*, and *Palmerin of England*:—*Essays*, allowing the *Letters of Esprigla*, *Sir Thomas More's Colloquies*, and the slighter *Omniana* to bear his name:—*Histories*, among which are *The Book of the Church*, *The History of the Peninsular War*, *The History of the Brazils*:—*Criticism*, including his voluminous and important contributions to the *Quarterly Review*,—and *Biography*. Foremost in this last department were—the *Life of Nelson*, one of the most popular and perfect specimens of its class which our language possesses, noble in feeling, and faultless in style,—the *Life of Chatterton*, the *Life of Kirke White*, the *Life of Wesley*, and the *Life of Cowper*, all of which are in different degrees valuable contributions to our literature.

For the last three years Mr. Southey had been in a state of mental darkness, and a twelvemonth ago he was not able to recognise those who had been his companions from his youth. Scarcely could his wife console herself with the poor hope

that he recognised even her. Excess of mental labor in every department of literature—poetry, history, biography, criticism, and philosophy, continued from year to year, without cessation, bowed his strong spirit at last, and obscured the genius which had so long cast a glory upon the literature of the age. As a poet, with an exuberance of imagination seldom equalled, and a mastery of versification never surpassed; and as a prose writer, at once elegant and forcible, his name will endure as long as the language in which he wrote. In all the relations of life Mr. Southey was universally allowed, by those who knew him best, to be truly exemplary. His house at the Lakes was open to all who presented themselves with suitable introduction, and there are few persons of any distinction who have passed through that picturesque region who have not partaken of his hospitality. He enjoyed a pension of 300*l.* a year from the government, granted in 1835 by Sir R. Peel, and has left personal property amounting to about 12,000*l.* By his will, dated the 26th of August, 1839, he has bequeathed to his wife all the personal property possessed by her previously to their marriage, together with the interest of the sum of 2000*l.* during her life. The residue of his property, including the above 2000*l.* he has bequeathed to his four children, Charles Cutbert Southey, Edith Mary Warter, Bertha Hill, and Katharine Southey, equally, and, in case of the death of any of them before the testator, their share is to be divided amongst their children (if any.) The executors named are his brother Henry Herbert Southey, M. D., of Harley-street, and Mr. Henry Taylor, of the Colonial Office, who possesses a voluminous and valuable collection of his letters, which we presume will be published.

The library is consigned to the charge of Mr. Leigh Sotheby for public sale, and will speedily be brought to London. The collection, inasmuch as very many of the books bear internal evidence of their constant use by the late Poet Laureate, will no doubt create considerable interest. Dr. Southey was ardently fond of Spanish literature, in which his library is particularly rich.

The remains of Dr. Southey were interred in the burial ground attached to the parish church at Crosthwaite, where repose the ashes of different members of his family, and were followed to their final resting place by all the wealth and respectability of the neighborhood.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, Esq. *April 23.*—At his residence, Willersley, Derbyshire, after an illness of only four days, Richard Arkwright, Esq.

Mr. Arkwright was born Dec. 19, 1755. He was consequently in his 88th year, and, notwithstanding he had attained this very advanced age, yet the vigor of his mind remained unimpaired until he was attacked with the paralytic affection which terminated his valuable life.

This highly respected and deeply lamented gentleman was the only son of the celebrated Sir Robert Arkwright, of whose invention of the spinning frame, and great improvements in the cotton manufacture, &c. it would be superfluous here to speak. On the decease of his father in 1792, Mr. Arkwright took possession of the beautiful mansion at Willersley (built by Sir Richard Arkwright, but we believe never inhabited by him), where he continued to reside until his death, he had for some years previously been living at Bakewell, and his great fortune had its commencement from the cotton-mill at that place, which his father had given up to him. Inheriting the wealth of his father, and the still more valuable endowments of his sagacious and comprehensive mind, Mr. Arkwright com-

menced life with prospects vouchsafed to few. Accustomed early to habits of business, to strict method and punctuality in the arrangement of his time, and not being led aside by the allurements of wealth, he carried on the extensive concerns established by Sir Richard Arkwright with so much success that he was probably at the time of his death the richest commoner in England. To attempt to detail the various incidents of Mr. Arkwright's long, happy, and most useful life, or of the unexampled prosperity which marked the whole course of it, would far exceed the limits allotted to a notice of this kind. We shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief sketch of his character, the varied excellencies of which we shall have difficulty to compress within narrow limits. The basis of all excellence, strong, natural good sense, Mr. Arkwright possessed in an eminent degree. His knowledge was various and extensive, accurate and ready for use, his judgment sound and clear. His whole life was one of observation and of practical usefulness, and his opinions of men and things so accurate as to give his conversation an aphoristic style, although chastened and subdued by his innate diffidence and modesty.

The native vigor of his mind enabled him to unravel the most difficult and complicated questions and subjects. With the science and doctrines of political economy, of finance, the monetary system, &c., Mr. Arkwright was quite familiar, and had formed clear and definite opinions on these controverted subjects, which have perplexed, and still continue to perplex the most intellectual and thoughtful men.

It is much to be regretted that his views on these important inquiries have not been given to the world. Indeed, had Mr. Arkwright been able to overcome his reluctance to appear in public life, his talents would have been of the greatest service to the country, and he would have adorned any station. In his political views he was decidedly Conservative. But he was guarded in his opinions, and, adopting none without deep thought and reflection, he was not the indiscriminating advocate of any ultra or party question. On the subjects of trade, commerce, &c. he was inclined to the doctrines of the late Mr. Huskisson; indeed, many of his opinions assimilated with those of that distinguished statesman. Mr. Arkwright was well versed in the science of mechanics and in most of the useful arts of life. He thoroughly understood the principles of warming and ventilating houses and manufactories, and the great salubrity of his mills and the more than average health of his work-people demonstrated the success with which he applied his knowledge.

The beautiful and picturesque grounds and productive gardens of Willersley (which through his kindness were shown to the public) are at once a proof of his taste and the correctness of his information in landscape gardening and horticulture. The medal of the Horticultural Society was awarded to him for his successful and improved method of cultivating grapes, an account of which he published in their Transactions.

The qualities of Mr. Arkwright's heart were equal to those of his head. He was generous without ostentation, and charitable without parade. In his grants to public charities and institutions he was liberal and judicious, but his true benevolence was most shown in his extensive private charities. In seeking out the objects of his bounty he was careful to avoid publicity, and the seasonable and frequent relief he gave to numberless indigent families he wished to be known only to themselves. In his charitable donations as well as in his other good offices, he strictly followed the scriptural injunction "not to let thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

In every sense of the word Mr. Arkwright was a perfect gentleman. He was accessible to all, and most kind, obliging, and courteous in his manners. No one ever left his presence with his feelings wounded by an unkind or supercilious remark, or humbled and degraded in his own estimation. His high and delicate sense of honor, his inherent love of justice, and his inflexible rectitude and integrity, led him however to despise and to avoid the society of those in whom he found these qualities deficient. He was exemplary in all the relative duties of life, a kind and indulgent parent, a good and beloved master, an excellent landlord, and a zealous and sincere friend.

Mr. Arkwright married, in 1780, Mary, daughter of Adam Simpson, Esq. of Bonsall. By this truly estimable lady, who died in 1827, he had issue six sons and five daughters. The former were—

1st. Richard, who was in Parliament many years, and died after a short illness, without any surviving issue, at his residence, Normanton, Leicestershire. He married Martha Maria, the daughter of the Rev. W. Beresford of Ashbourn, who died in 1820.

2. Robert, of Sutton, near Chesterfield, a magistrate, and deputy lieutenant of the county. He married Frances Crawford, the daughter of Stephen George Kemble, Esq. and has issue four sons and one daughter. His eldest son George is M. P. for Leominster.

The handsome mansion of Sutton, with the large surrounding estate, was purchased by the late Mr. Arkwright of the Marquess of Ormonde in 1824.

3. Peter, of Roche House, near Matlock, a magistrate of the county. He married Mary Ann, the daughter of Charles Hurt, Esq. of Worksworth, and has a numerous family, two of whom are married, viz. the Rev. Henry Arkwright, Vicar of Bodenham, Herefordshire, to Henrietta, the daughter of the late Rev. Charles Thornycroft, of Thornycroft, near Macclesfield; and Susan, to the Rev. Joseph Wigram, Rector of East Tisted, Hants. Mr. Peter Arkwright, who emulates the good qualities of his father, and treads in all his footsteps, is, we understand, going to reside at Willersley.

4. John, of Hampton Court, Herefordshire, a magistrate and high sheriff of the county of Hereford in 1831. He married Sarah, the eldest surviving daughter of Sir Hungerford Hoskyns, Bart. of Harewood, and has a large family. The Hampton Court estate was bought by the late Mr. Arkwright of the Earl of Essex, in 1639.

5. Charles, of Dunstall, Staffordshire, a magistrate for that county and Derbyshire. He married Mary, the daughter of the late E. Sacheverel W. Sitwell, Esq., of Stainsby, near Derby, and has no family.

6. Joseph, in holy orders, of Mark Hall, Essex. He married Anne, the daughter of the late Sir Robert Wigram, Bart. of Walthamstow, and has a large family, of whom Mary is married to the Rev. Edward Bruxner of Aston.

The daughters were—1. Elizabeth, married to Francis Hurt, Esq., of Alderwasley Park, late M. P. for the southern division of Derbyshire. This amiable and excellent lady died in 1838, leaving issue one son and six daughters, of whom the two eldest are married; Francis to Cecilia, the daughter of Richard Norman, Esq., and niece of the Duke of Rutland, and Mary to the Hon. and Rev. Robert Eden, brother of the Earl of Auckland, and vicar of Battersea.

2. Anne, married Vice-Chancellor Sir James Wigram, and has a large family.

3. Frances.

4 and 5. Mary and Harriet, who both died in their minority.

The will of this wealthy commoner has been proved in Doctors' Commons, by the oaths of Robert Arkwright, Peter Arkwright, and Charles Ark-

wright, three of the sons and executors named in the will, which is dated 16th December, 1841. Mr. Arkwright gives to his son Robert, £100,000; to his son Peter, £40,000; to his son John, £50,000; to his son Joseph, £80,000; to his grandson Francis Hurt, £35,000; to six of his granddaughters, £14,000 each; and to all of his other grandchildren, £5,000 each; to his daughter Ann, wife of Vice-Chancellor Wigram, £25,000 absolutely, and a life interest in £50,000 with power of disposal at her death; to the Derbyshire General Infirmary, £200; to the General Hospital near Nottingham, £200; to the Lunatic Hospital and Asylum near Manchester, £200; to his butler, £100; and to his housekeeper, £100. The residue of his property is given to his five sons, who are named executors. The property has been sworn to exceed in value £1,000,000, but this may be only a nominal sum, as the scale of stamp duties goes no higher. The probate bears a stamp of £15,750, and the legacy duty will amount to a much larger sum.—*Ibid.*

M. JOVET, OF AUTUN.—Formerly a pupil of David, he was one of those appointed by the great painter to the management of his *atelier*, when exiled into Belgium. Subsequently he returned to his native town of Autun—of which he was appointed librarian, in 1825; and there his career has been, as it were, a provincial copy of that of M. Dusommerard in the capital. His museum includes a superb collection of engravings of all masters, with remarkable MSS. of Holbein, Lucas Van Leyden, John of Bruges, Hemlinck, Salvator Rosa, Poussin, and Benvenuto Cellini. All that the revolution, and the pillage of tourists had left to Autun of her ancient splendor, he had collected together. But one of the most important of his discoveries was that of the grand mosaic on which he constructed his dwelling. To the preservation of this relic, one of the most curious that the soil of Gaul has given up, he sacrificed his fortune; it became the basis of his collections; and eight years of his life were devoted to its patient restoration. M. Jovet has desired to be buried in the midst of his collection—thus making the pleasant labor of his life his monument in death.—*Ibid.*

JOHN VARLEY.—This eminent painter in water colors, and eccentric man, died suddenly, at the age of 64. Mr. Varley has long been among the artists most distinguished in a branch of art peculiarly English; and in very many of his productions displayed both feeling and grandeur equal to the highest efforts of this school. Mr. Varley was quite as famous for his astrological propensities. *Ib.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

The Life of Joseph Addison. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

MISS AIKIN states in her preface that "she has undertaken, in these memoirs, to supply a real deficiency in our literature." Why is there no life of Addison, while there are lives of Pope, and Swift, and Dryden? It is not easy to say why, unless that there was less to tell of so correct and fortunate a person as Addison that the world cared for hearing, or beyond what had already been made known in the lives of his contemporaries, and in Johnson's preface to Addison's works. Yet the life of so distinguished an English classic surely deserved to be written with all the care and amplitude which literary research and talent could supply. Among the myriad books published on all manner of subjects, that one could not be considered super-

fluous, which had for its subject the most conspicuous writer in the *Spectator*, the life of the reformer and refiner of English manners and English style; the moralist of the social circle and the fireside. Qualified for this task by her previous habits of historical and biographical research, Miss Aikin possesses, in addition, that unbounded, and almost enthusiastic, admiration for Addison, which is no mean element in writing the annals of a man of calm passions; never, though in all apparent modesty, wanting to his own interests, who glided smoothly and *cannily* through life. If she has not been able to give her hero a strong interest in the affections of her readers, the fault is certainly not with her. She has thrown startling doubts on many of the most disparaging anecdotes that have been currently received as to the habits of Addison, and of his conduct in particular instances; and some of the worst of these she has clearly disproved. This quiet, unpretending, but sagacious and worldly fortunate man was, not improbably, the object of some small envy among his early friends and literary contemporaries.—*The Irish Sketch-Book.*

The Life and Times of John Reuchlin or Capnion, by FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq., &c. fcp. 8vo. London: Whitaker & Co.

A companion volume this to the "Memoirs of Savonarola," of which we gave a notice in a late Number, and one still more interesting; for in point of mind and character the German was much superior to the Italian religious reformer; if, indeed, the latter term is properly applicable to the eloquent and zealous monk of Florence. For notwithstanding his merits, which were of a very high, and his sufferings, which were of a very painful, description, we have always had our doubts as to whether Savonarola was any thing more than a Roman Catholic, incited by local circumstances to a career of tragic agitation. Reuchlin, on the other hand, was a man whose influence in the reformation was powerful and direct. In his mind its principles were clearly impressed, and they prompted him to organic changes. On this account, agreeable as Mr. Barham's volume is, we could have wished for more details, for more of the man, his thoughts, and writings. There is nothing in biography like making the subject of it, tell his own story. Michelet in his *Life of Luther*, and D'Aubigné in his *History of the Reformation*, have given excellent examples of this admirable mode of daguerreotyping a life, whom every author who henceforward undertakes to delineate the career of a great man, will do well to imitate closely. At the same time we are bound to add that we have derived great pleasure from the work. It is well written, displays an extensive range of reading, and is particularly commendable for the liberal spirit it breathes in many places. We highly commend the perceptions and feeling of the writer, who refers with satisfaction to Justin Martyr and the ancient fathers, who, like him, recognize Plato and Socrates as eminent Christians, who treat their philosophy as a civil handmaiden of Christian theology, and would devoutly use it as a subordinate revelation of God's eternal truth to the Greek nations.

A few Observations on the Increase of Commerce by means of the River Indus. By T. POSTANS, Bombay Army. London. P. Richardson.

The events in Scinde, whatever be the ultimate destination of that country, must have the effect of making "the navigation of the Indus free to all nations." This great marine highway will open a direct commercial intercourse not only with

Scinde itself, and the territories on the banks of the great river, but with the Punjab and all parts of Central Asia, where our cotton manufactures and metals are in great demand. These countries, Lieut. Postans tells us, promise, even in their present neglected state, a certain trade; "but are capable, in process of time, were the demands only made, of producing to an unlimited extent many of those staple commodities which form the great return trade in our Indian commerce."

The local knowledge and observations of this active and intelligent officer are valuable upon this subject, and he expresses his "firm conviction, as the result of experience, and having given the matter due attention, that our mercantile relations with the countries bordering the Indus are capable of extensive increase; that the command of that important river is not to be considered lightly, but as worthy of our most strenuous exertions, being a field amply calculated to repay our commercial enterprise; and that, in the navigation of the Indus by steam, on an extensive scale, will be found the only means to remove those impediments hitherto existing to trade with the countries on and beyond it."

Portraits of the Reverend John Williams and the Reverend Robert Moffat. Designed and printed in Oil-colors by the Patentee, George Baxter.

Two striking oil-colored portraits of eminent missionaries, and apparently characteristic likenesses of remarkable men. Mr. WILLIAMS's published works, and his sad fate—slain by the natives of Erromanga—have extended his celebrity beyond the circle of Missionary Societies. Mr. MOFFAT, less known to the public at large, has a countenance so animated and expressive, that his portrait, with its background of Hottentots assembled in Parliament, denoting the scene of his missionary labors, is the more attractive of the two.

These prints, if we may call them so—for they have the appearance of highly-finished water-color-drawings, though they are produced by the operation of printing in oil-colors—are very extraordinary and successful specimens of Mr. BAXTER's patent process; and so completely do they resemble original productions of the pencil, that it requires a close scrutiny to detect the evidences of their being engravings printed with oil-color. The flesh-tints of both are stippled; but the other portions appear to be done in one case in mezzotint and the other in aquatint: the dress and background of Mr. MOFFAT's portrait are in aquatint, and the effect is more clear and lively than that of Mr. WILLIAMS's, which is comparatively dull and heavy.—*Spectator.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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Austria: its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions. By W. R. Wilde, M. R. I. A.

Letters from the Virgin Islands; illustrating Life and Manners in the West Indies.

Selections from the Dramas of Goethe and Schiller. Translated, with Introductory Remarks. By Anna Swanwick.

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Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth. By his Son, Lord Teignmouth.

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GERMANY.

Talmud Babylonicum, cum scholiis, etc., I. Tractatus Macot, cum scholiis hermeneuticis, etc., auctore Dr. H. S. Hirschfeld, Rabbino. 8vo. *Berol.*

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THE GREAT HOLLOW
OF THE MOUNTAIN

THE
E C L E C T I C M U S E U M

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1843.

LORD STRAFFORD.

From the British Critic.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. II.—
Eminent British Statesmen. By John Foster, Esq.* London: Longman and Co.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

We cannot withhold from our readers an article so interesting as the following, although there are some sentiments in it we do not admire. As might be expected, there are a few severe hits at the Puritans; but their descendants well know how to bear such things without offence. The reader will find many eloquent passages, and much graphic description, especially in the latter portion of the article. We feel ourselves, however, compelled to divide it, as it occupies nearly ninety pages of the British Critic. Those who prefer to read it unbroken, need only postpone it until the issue of the next number.—ED.

WE have no fear of opening, in the present article, on what our readers will consider a stale or threadbare subject. It is with pleasure we observe, that if ever the *decies repetita placebit* has applied to any portion of history, it does to the times of the great Rebellion, and antecedent to them. It may be, that that was the last break up of the old system in Church and State; of the hierarchical pretensions in the one, of the feudal and chivalrous in the other. It may be again, that times of danger and commotion are most favorable for great and noble manifestations of human character. It may be, that when men die for their

principles they are supposed to have something to say for themselves, and that, with peculiar significancy, they being dead yet speak. The deaths of such men are great facts, which, amid the shadows and uncertainties of history, posterity lay hold of, recognize, and feel, beacons in her troubled and stormy atmosphere which fix the eye. Look to the end, says the moralist; the historian says the same; and as the orator placed the essence of his art in action, action, action, just so between a nation and her great man—the end, the end, the martyr consummation, concentrating the energies of a life in one grand blow, is the appeal which staggers and overcomes her, which vibrates through her frame for ages. Facts like these are the arms and engines of history, her two-handed swords and battle-axes, her sledge-hammers and battering-rams, that beat down prejudices, crush subtleties, level the pasteboard argument into a high road for her truths. These and these only can meet the inextinguishable appetite in human nature for the distinct, the definite and positive, in truth or error as it may be; that aching void which clamors for supply, and which the teacher, political or religious, must somehow fill, or must give way. No cause can prevail, no principle conquer without them; a system that has not these must crumble and die. Happy and glorious that highborn regal line, who from the foundation of the world have one and one been singled out

for this especial office, who in evil and stormy days, when the flood was coming in, have filled the frightful gap up with *themselves*, and given to justice and truth the testimony of their being. More, far more than recompensed are they for what the hand of violence and the tongue of calumny inflicted during their brief sojourn, if enabled to bequeath to the cause for which they fought the splendid patronage of a name; if history adopts them for her own; if around their footsteps linger the fascinations of poetry, and upon their brow sits honor crowned sole monarch of the universal earth.

We need go no further for reasons why the names of Laud, Charles, and Strafford, still maintain that interest in the public mind, which even their appearance in the picture-gallery and the shop-window shows them to possess. It is a fact in the trade, we believe, that the demand for engravings of Charles has almost drained the stocks of the dealers in the metropolis and other places; and the artist at the elder university has recently supplied casts of the three heads for lack of older memorials. We are disposed to connect these and many other symptoms with the general longing which has begun to be felt for a deeper ethics and religion than what the last century supplied us; and not aspiring to the research of those generous travellers who have lately threaded with such skill the forest gloom of mediæval antiquity, shall content ourselves with a nearer and more cognate age over which, notwithstanding a tremendous revolution, the shadow of former things still brooded—an age in which Shakspeare wrote and Strafford acted; and without further preface shall beg to renew the reader's acquaintance with one, in spite of alloy and extravagance, a genuine great man, a statesman and a hero of whom we may be proud.

Thomas Wentworth was born in London, April, 1594, of an ancient and knightly family, that had been seated at Wentworth-Wodehouse, in the county of York, ever since the Conquest. The paternal line had gradually absorbed into it many of the first families of the north. Wentworth represented, as the eldest son, the ancient blood of the Wodehouses, Houghtons, Fitzwilliams, Gascoignes, and alliances with the noble houses of Clifford, De Spencer, Darcy, Quincy, Ferrars, Beaumont, Grantmesnil, Peveril, and finally, through Margaret, grandmother of Henry VII., mounted up to the Lancasters and Plantagenets. Though his whole political career was one

continued fight with the aristocracy, no feudal baron, prince of the empire, or lord of the isles, had ever more of the genuine aristocrat. The feudal relation of the lord to the tenant of the soil was just to his taste; nor was he without pride in the regal part of his pedigree, and the corner of his escutcheon, which bore the three lions. The compliment might have been returned:—*nec imbellem feroces progenerant aquila columbam*, often a deceptive proverb, was not balked in his case; and a heathen poet might have drawn, in old epic style, crusading Richard in the Elysian fields, and the seer directing his eye through the vista of ages to the unborn shade of the last of the Plantagenets. Difficult it might have been to persuade the royal fighter that parliaments were as awkward bodies as armies of Saracens, and orders of council as hard weapons as two-handed swords. But doubtless convinced of this, the shade of Cœur de Leon would have stalked the prouder over the plains of Asphodel, as his eye caught the vision of the second "Lion" (so nicknamed) of the Plantagenet stock.

Of his youthful days we know little. He early attained proficiency in the fashionable accomplishments of the day, and on the ample Wentworth manors imbibed that taste for field sports, especially hawking and fishing, which he always retained. To the last he was a keen sportsman; and thought himself too happy if from the toil and cares of his Irish administration, he could only escape for a week or two at a time to Cosha, his "park of parks," in Wicklow county, and hawk or fish for hours ankle deep in mud and wet. His correspondence with Laud, at some of these seasons, contains an amusing mixture of political, ecclesiastical, and sporting intelligence. Presents of dried fish, of the Lord-deputy's catching, went up for the Lent table at Croydon, but the announcement of the intended generosity mingles with a lament over the "decay of hawks and martins in Ireland," which deficiency he consoles himself he shall be able to supply by establishing woods for their especial protection. Nevertheless there is an imperfection attending on human schemes, sporting as well as other; if the martins are encouraged, the "pheasants must look well to themselves;" meantime the archbishop shall have all the martin skins that can be procured either for love or money. Laud keeps up the pleasantry—is duly grateful for the fish, but entreats him to send no more hung beef from the Yorkshire larder; the last having been posi-

tively too tough to eat. Strafford apologizes, but will not give up the merits of his hung beef; no, the beef of Wentworth-Wodehouse was not to be despised; he was certain, if the General Assembly (the Scotch were just invading) once got a taste, their mouths would water for it ever after, and there would be no getting them out of the country.

Such is the playful cover under which he disguises the feeling for his ancestral home and the scene of his youth. Strafford had in a remarkable degree that habit of mind which, if not peculiar to English statesmen, may still be called highly English, which subordinates entirely to the original of the private, the aftergrowth of the public man; disdaining the pomp which identifies the *man* with the *station*. With the same mixture of pride and humility, with which Warren Hastings left his native Daylesford with the noble ambition of being its squire, conquered India in the interval, and became squire of Daylesford, he ever in the thick of public life clung to his Yorkshire association, and to the circle of his home—to others, what the world had made him—to himself, *himself*, Wentworth of Wodehouse. And when he tore himself from their endearments, to embark for the last time for Ireland, and enter on the wind-up scene of his life, it was the parting consolation with which he braced his mind, “*I shall leave behind me as a truth never to be forgotten, the full and perfect remembrance of my being.*”

The field sports and other kindred reminiscences of Wentworth-Wodehouse were thus not without their more serious effect on Strafford's character. Mean time a solid education was going on, in Latin, French, and the best English authors. From his early days he paid great attention to his English style, and in writing common notes and letters would take pains to do them well. Nor when he entered at a very early age at St. John's College, Cambridge, was he at all backward in appreciating the advantages and the pleasures of a place of learning. On leaving the college he travelled abroad with a tutor, Mr. Greenwood, a member of the sister university. For both college and tutor he retained ever after the warmest affection. In the Strafford correspondence with Laud we glance over a variety of facetious challenges to one another upon their rival St. John's, and their respective “*Johnnisms.*” “*What means this Johnnism of yours?*” is the laugh of the primate at a puritanical slip of his friend's pen—“*What means this*

Johnnism of yours till the rights of the *pastors* be a little more settled? You learned this from old Alvye or Billy Nelson? *Well, I see the errors of your breeding will stick by you; pastors and elders, all will come in if I let you alone.*” Greenwood remained his intimate and constant adviser till he left for Ireland, whither Wentworth endeavored to bring him, but could not prevail upon him to leave his cure. Though separated, however, they kept up an affectionate correspondence. Greenwood was confided with all plans and secrets of the family, and “*one who, on a good occasion, would not deny his life to you,*” did the Lord-deputy, with heartfelt gravity of gratitude, subscribe himself to his old tutor.

His university education and continental travels completed, introduced him a scholar and a cavalier into political and fashionable life. He had a tall and graceful person, which, even when bowed by years of sickness, retained its symmetry; aristocratical features not handsome, but full of dignity and command: a head of thick dark hair which he wore short, and a singular complexion at once “*pallid*” and “*manly black.*” like polished armor, heightened the Strafford physiognomy. The cares of state and his terrible illness added a ruggedness he had not naturally; and his enemies, in allusion to the savage character which they were so fond of attributing to him, discovered a likeness in his face to the lion. Strafford had a disgust for this resemblance, which an assumed carelessness and a never-mind *leonis facies facies hominis*, as the proverb says—ill concealed. After all, to look like a lion is not to look like a fool, a knave, or a coward; but he could not bear the imputation which it implied. One article of beauty he had on the highest authority—a pair of delicate white hands, pronounced by Queen Henrietta Maria to be “*the finest in the world.*”

When with all the advantages, however, of connexion, wealth, talent, and education, Sir Thomas Wentworth (for he had succeeded to the baroncy) found himself at the age of twenty fairly launched into London life, the possessor of a paternal estate of six thousand a year—an immense income in those days—representative of his native county in parliament, and husband of the eldest daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, far from aiming at the character of a public man, he does not seem even to have regarded his education as finished. He continued it only with the differences that distinguish the grown up person's from the boy's tasks. There is

something highly significant in that year after year's patient attendance on the proceedings of the Star Chamber, which commenced from this time. The Star Chamber in those days, besides being the highest in point of rank and of ultimate appeal, had the most comprehensive and miscellaneous routine of business of any court in the kingdom: a crowd of causes, civil, political, ecclesiastical, fiscal, daily rolled in; a mixed and parti-colored body of judges, bishops, lawyers, secretaries of state, and lords of the household, presided. The names of Bacon and Coke, Car and Buckingham, Abbot and Laud, Weston and Coventry, reigned during this period. Seven long years did Strafford devote to this attendance; and, out of this rich and intricate scene, the great facts of law, politics, and human nature, gradually submitted themselves to his observation, formed into groups, fixed upon rules, subsided into principles.

His private exercises were of the same practical character. He would often compose speeches on subjects on which some distinguished specimen of rhetoric or argument was extant, and afterwards compare his own with the classical model, noting accurately the different points in which his came short of it: a practice by the way highly illustrative of his general habit of mind. He was always a severe judge of his own performances of whatever kind, great or small, and would have criticised his whole career of statesmanship, from its opening to its close, with the same candor and coolness with which he saw the defects of half a morning's task at composition. General literature, poetry and the fine arts came in as a relief to his severer tasks. Chaucer and Donne were his favorite poets; the metaphysical or internal character of Donne's pieces, so descriptive of a struggling, melancholy, uneasy mind, seems to have constituted their charm. He was fond too of the pastoral poetry of the classics. In his letters we come across various traits of a taste for painting and architecture; and he enjoyed the acquaintance of the two illustrious masters of those arts, Inigo Jones and Vandyke, which he found time to cultivate, even in the very thick of his Irish administration.

It should not be forgotten, that the parliaments of which he was throughout this period a member, were as exciting and alarming ones as England had yet seen. The first entered into the famous contest with James about the royal imposts on merchandize; the second impeached Ba-

con and Middlesex, and was dismissed in anger after the celebrated "Protestation," for which Sir Edward Coke, Pym, and Selden, were imprisoned, and others of its most distinguished members banished on the king's service to Ireland. The romantic journey of Prince Charles to the Spanish court, the rupture with Spain in consequence, and Buckingham's transient gleam of popularity, gave it additional interest and animation. Throughout these movements, which extended over a period of ten years, we look in vain for any speech of Strafford's in the journals of the House. He was active as a country gentleman, and paid the greatest attention to his duties as *Custos Rotulorum*, which he was glad to do for practice and county feeling's sake; but on the great theatre of the world he was silent—contented apparently to bide his time, to work under ground till he came up naturally to the surface, and mounted by the force of events to the position for which nature intended him.

The movement which did eventually lift him to this position is a part of his life which has been much canvassed, but of which neither the facts or the motives have been fairly given. The ordinary statement is, that having been throughout his parliamentary career a member and leader of the democratical party, he all at once went over to the Court, and accepted office. This is not true. Strafford was always a royalist, which King James showed his sense of by giving him a high appointment in his own county. He was moreover silent throughout the period mentioned, the speeches that have been attributed to him being spoken by a different person of the same name—a Mr. Thomas Wentworth, representative for Oxford. True, however, it is, that after a long career of silence we find him suddenly, in the parliament of 1628, at the head of a party with whom he never acted before and never after. Ten years of suspense and neutrality, a momentary alliance with the republicans, and then war with them to the knife—this requires explanation, but is not to be explained upon the ordinary ground of political inconsistency and self-interested ambition.

The nation was at that time in a transition state, divided between the two great principles of authority and liberty, monarchical and popular power. The former, however, was in possession of the field, and had a right to consider itself the legal constitutional principle, if the precedents and the sanctions of a thousand years are to go for any thing. Whereas now the

throne is the formal, the parliament the real part of the constitution, in those days the throne was the reality, and parliament the form: monarchy, not of the limited and ambiguous, but *boni fide* character, was the constitutional government of the country, up to the time of the Rebellion, triumphing over and *ipso facto* deadening and nullifying whatever of charter or document was technically opposed to it. We know not what is to constitute legitimacy, what is to be considered as *establishing* a principle in politics, and *authorizing* any form of government whatever, if it is not the uniform practice of centuries. Facts constitute in time prescription, and surely in matters of state prescription is every thing; we are not contending against those who think a strict monarchy in itself unnatural and immoral. A long course of acknowledged and admitted acts of power, a standard formed, a tone and a feeling created and sustained, a certain impregnation of the whole political atmosphere—in a word, the action of uniform precedent settles and establishes that monarchy, or that democracy, as it may be, which it favors. People are not slow in admitting its virtues in the one case, and why should they deny it in the other? Antiquarians may refer us to Saxon Wittenagemots, and talk of a theory of liberty which was never obliterated in our national charters; we ask simply what was the *matter of fact* with respect to the government of the country—we want to know not what was in parchment, but what was *done*. The grave historian who informs us that monarchical precedents “had for centuries thwarted the operation and obscured the light of our *free constitution*,” answers us most satisfactorily if he will only allow us to separate his fact from his mode of stating it. Monarchy was the working principle of the state in those days; and it is miserable trifling, and standing upon a play of words, to assert the identity of an assembly of burgesses, who met compulsorily, and were dismissed gladly, because it called itself a parliament, with the parliament of the present day—to antedate English liberty five hundred years, and pare down the monarchy of Edward the First to the model of De Lolme upon the Constitution.

The monarchical principle was indeed gradually weakening and sinking under the Stewarts, and the popular one rising into strength, reinforced by a formidable ally in the spirit of religious fanaticism. The old line of kings gone, the Stewarts unfortunately flagged, just in the very talents

which were necessary for the times; they could interest and attract, but had none of the iron of rule in their constitution. And their appointments of ministers did not supply their own deficiency: Car, a mere spoilt child, shamed his royal employer in the eyes of the world, and Buckingham, gallant, generous, and not without address, governed the king and left the nation to itself. Still the old monarchy had even now possession of the field, had descent and precedent on its side. The constitution of 1688, now the law of the land, was as yet the intruder and innovator, just beginning to lift its head, and peep above ground: its successful establishment since cannot antedate its rights: nay, that middle system had hardly peeped; the contest was, *as its issue under Cromwell proved*, between monarchy and republicanism. It was the right and it was the duty of any loyal subject of the day who hated revolution, of any one who, upon whatever theory, chose to prefer absolutism to a mixed polity, to defend if he could the monarchy of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and drive the popular spirit into its hole again.—And if these were Strafford's politics, they mingled at the same time with far higher and more ethical ideas of the monarchical position, than ever Plantagenet or Tudor had realized. No advocate for the domination of brute force, or an oriental despotism, wanton, indolent and luxurious, he wished to establish simply an *effective* monarchy—one that would *do its work*—look after the people in real earnest, and feel itself responsible for their physical, moral, and religious improvement. If he thought that such a government, strong and self-confident in conscious purity and greatness, would be invincible against pressure from below, let it be so; and let it be called a despotism: it was a despotism perfectly consistent with popular assemblies and popular rights, because it undertook to carry the nation along with it, to make the popular mind conform itself, and bow all hearts to its legitimate and well-earned supremacy. The concordant will of sovereign and people combined absolutism and democracy in one system. But of this further on.

Strafford had just the head and arm necessary for such a project; he knew it, and he had the wish naturally accompanying such knowledge. The gatherings of a long course of labor and observation, moulded into statesmanlike form within his mind, longed for their practical development and trial; and that right arm, which sub-

duced Ireland, hung heavy and listless by his side. He longed to try the bow which favorite after favorite, and courtier after courtier, had tried and could not bend. Nor, if we may trust a certain indefinable importance which had grown up about him, (strangely enough considering his parliamentary *inertia*,) had such an idea escaped others; or the determined neglect of effort and display prevented the rise of a political reputation, which marked him out inevitably for state employment. There was one great obstacle however: Buckingham was then the only avenue to office: and the whole soul moral and political of Strafford nauseated the thought of accepting office as the *protegé* of Buckingham.

Strafford's character—we discern it immediately—ran into what may be called poetical excess on the article of *proper pride* and independence. In the political and social department alike, while some are for ever pushing and others for ever insinuating themselves, while obtrusive minds force, and amiable ones coquet with the embraces of society; a man here and there is all self-respect, will not part with one jot of secret honor, will not stifle a whisper of internal law, will not be enticed from the home within, will not move from beneath the high, overhanging, overawing shadow of himself. Strongly as Strafford felt his vocation for government, he would rather have died in inactivity, obscurity and oblivion, than have lowered himself by the process of admission to it, were it only the ordinary obsequiousness which is thought legitimate by the courtier. It went utterly against his nature to make advances, to beg and ask for what he wanted, to force an alliance which was not offered, or incur obligations where he had not sympathy and respect. He made no difference between an enemy and no-friend: and would perish, he said, before he "*borrowed his being*" from either.

On the other hand the favorite would have his supremacy duly recognized by all aspirants to office; he would be courted, and on Strafford's withholding this attention, formed a dislike for him, assumed the court bully, and commenced a series of irritating personal attacks. Sir John Savile's notorious incompetency had originally vacated the post of *Custos Rotulorum*, which Strafford now held: Buckingham chose to believe that Savile had been unfairly ousted, and proposed his reinstatement. His opponent's address, however, foiled him. Strafford made out his case so clearly that the minister was obliged to sound a retreat,

which he did in that showy, handsome way which so became him, with many courteous bows and apologies. He even went so far as to give the obstinate man an opportunity of recovering his ground, and getting into favor. A most amicable message reached Strafford, the drift of which could not be mistaken; which as much as said, do court me, do beg me to befriend you, do be humble and put yourself under my patronage—do make me your channel to the royal presence—I will give you employment and make a great man of you. A polite but guarded answer was returned, that Strafford was ready to pay the Duke all the attention and deference which he could as "an honest man and a gentleman." The concession, such as it was, was to appearance taken well, and the haughty antagonist shook hands at the meeting of the Parliament at Oxford. But the peace was a hollow one, and the very next act of the minister was to prick him for sheriff, to disqualify him for sitting in the ensuing parliament. Wentworth was urged by the popular party to follow the example of Sir Edward Coke, Sir Francis Seymour, and Sir Robert Philips, in pushing his election notwithstanding. But, though indignant in the extreme, the advice of his father-in-law Lord Clare prevailed; he decided that the king's service took precedence above that of parliament, quietly took the sheriffdom, and entered into the routine of county business. The apologetic Buckingham immediately disclaimed having had any concern with the act, declaring that he was in Holland at the time: nevertheless a still harder blow followed; as Strafford was presiding over a full meeting of his county, a writ was put into his hand, once more dismissing him from the post of *Custos Rotulorum*. The insult in the face of day was too much for a choleric temper, and produced an instantaneous and vehement appeal from Strafford to the feelings of the meeting.

"My lords and gentlemen,—I have here, even as I sit, received his majesty's writ for putting me out of the custodship I held in the commission of peace, which shall by me be dutifully and cheerfully obeyed: yet I could wish they who succeed me had foreborne this time this service—a place in sooth ill chosen, a stage ill prepared for venting such poor vain insulting humor. Nevertheless, since they will needs thus weakly breathe upon me a seeming disgrace in the public face of the county, I shall crave leave to wipe it away as openly, as easily; seeing I desire not to overlive the opinion of an honest man among you, which in the course of the world we see others regard too little.

"Shortly then, I have for divers years served

the last King of ever-blessed memory, his Majesty that now is, and this county, in the commissions of Oyer and Terminer, that of the peace and counsel. I have been employed from hence in parliament, as oft as most men of my age, and now attend, albeit unworthy, as sheriff. Throughout I am ready under the great goodness of God, yet with all humility and modesty, to justify myself in spite of any detraction or calumny, even upon the price of my life, never to have declined forth from the open and plain ways of loyalty and truth toward their Majesties, never to have falsified in a tittle the general trust of my county, never to have injured or overborn the meanest particular, under the disguised mask of justice or power.

"Therefore shame be from henceforth to them that deserve it, for I am well assured now to enjoy a lightsome quiet as formerly. The world may well think I knew the way which would have kept my place: I confess indeed, it would have been too dear a purchase, and so I leave it."

The Rubicon once crossed, open hostilities alone remained for either party. Strafford was soon visited by a privy seal demanding a contribution to government; he refused it, and was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and afterwards at Deptford. These proceedings infuriated him. His contempt was unbounded for the whole class of courtiers; even when in the very height of office he could never bring himself to speak of them but as "*court vermin*," the pests and plagues of the community; and to be ridden over by their intrigues would have been an unpardonable political dishonor in his eyes, compared to which the ignominious fate, of being kicked to death by spiders, was no hyperbole. Political views conspired with the sense of honor. He had always disliked, and stood taciturnly aloof from the policy of the Stuart ministries; he now found himself singled out as the victim and butt of this very policy. The statesman and the individual were agreed: he wished to give Buckingham a blow, and was in no humor to be scrupulous in what company he gave it. Misery makes strange bed-fellows: the House was divided between the Court and the opposition; he had for a time a common object with the anti-Buckingham side, and he was a man who if he acted in earnest could not well help *taking the lead*. In fine the Parliament of 1628 presents us with the curious and astonishing spectacle of the fierce royalist Strafford taking the field at the head of the "Prynnes, the Pym, and the Bens," against the King's government. The effect was instantaneous and triumphant. Hardly had the silent and sullen man shown himself in his new character, and uttered a fiery speech or

two, than the Court gave way; whether they saw, as the poet says, the flame upon his helmet, or heard the Achillean shout, Buckingham and his clique fell flat before him, and Strafford walked over them into office an unpledged politician and an independent man.

We do not however strictly justify the whole of Strafford's part in this contest. Quick and stormy, a smoke, a flash, and then all over—it must be regarded as one of those rough proceedings into which great men have been sometimes carried, even by an excess of an honorable and lofty principle. It should be considered that the enmity of self-respect is not the enmity of malice, and may be intense and energetic without being selfish. Because a man will not court you, you persecute and bully him—what follows? he is only ten times more resolved against unbending—nay more, to fortify himself against weakness he assumes the aggressive, and the fear of being a dastard turns him into a foe: a patriot Coriolanus brings down the Volsci upon Rome, and a royalist Strafford marches "the Pym, the Prynnes and the Bens" upon an inconsiderate and ostracizing Court.

He was made successively a Viscount, Lord President of the North, and Deputy of Ireland, not without murmurs of surprise and dissatisfaction, which once or twice took an ominous form. A trifling anecdote indicates what many felt. At his installation as Viscount, which took place with great pomp and ceremony at Whitehall, his emblazoned descent from the blood royal attracted notice; and Lord Powis vented his spleen thus briefly: "*Dammy, if ever he comes to be King of England, I will turn rebel.*" With deference to his lordship's valor, we think he would have thought a second time about it. Another story is more of the sober earnest character. On the eve of Stafford's elevation, he and Pym casually met at Greenwich, when, after a short conversation on public affairs, they separated with these memorable words addressed by Pym to Strafford—"You are going to leave us, but I will never leave you while your head is upon your shoulders." Strafford needed no such warning to impress him with a sense of his danger. The favorite oath which marked the Lord Deputy's communication of an inflexible resolve, "on peril of my life," to which upon notable occasions he added,—"and that of my children"—tells a tale.

If the advantage of a minister's post is to be measured by the scope it gives for his

talents, no more fortunate department could have fallen to Strafford than Ireland. The country presented at that time, in most awkward combination, the difficulties of a civilized and an uncivilized state. Under King James, who prided himself, not undeservedly, upon his attention to her, English law had superseded, to a great extent, the power of the old chieftains; the natives had been brought down from their mountains, and the establishment of the Scotch in Ulster, and of English plantations in various parts, had given a move to agriculture, and encouraged more settled and industrious habits in the people. On the other hand, the looseness of the monarchical reins, in the Stewart hand, had increased the difficulties of government. The Irish, while they had not been untaught all their barbarism, had also imbibed notions of political liberty which they had not before; and the new Scotch population, as Strafford proved to his cost, were a set of subjects that no government could congratulate itself upon. The power of the chieftains had been succeeded by the license of a disorderly nobility, who, if they could not control their inferiors as they had before, had no notion of being controlled themselves; corruption had crept into every department of the public service; justice was feebly and partially administered; an ill disciplined and ill provided army preyed upon the substance of the common people; monopolists swallowed up one source of revenue, the nobility, who had possessed themselves of the crown lands, the other. Church property was in as bad case, devoured wholesale by the nobility, and the wretched remnant seized in the shape of commendams and fraudulent wasting fines, by a covetous puritanical episcopate, and higher clergy. In church and state alike, from the council board, the judicial bench, and the episcopal chair downwards, every man, high and low, was engaged in the noble employment of feathering his own nest; and Ireland was one Augean stable of corruption. Such were the chaotic materials out of which Strafford undertook to evolve his darling project of a regeneration of the monarchy.

In July, 1633, he arrived in Dublin, settled himself in his post, made new arrangements in the vice-regal court and household, sounded the people about him, tried his strength in various encounters with individual noblemen; and after he had thus felt his way, and got information enough, decided on his great plan.

Before the monarchy could raise its head

and do any thing for the country, one thing was absolutely and indispensably necessary: its means and resources must be increased—in other words, *the king must have money*. Good and evil have fought for this ally since the foundation of the world: the highest contests of the middle ages assumed the form of mercantile strife, and from ideas, that spanned the universe and pierced the sky, leaped by a step to money. Strafford's monarchy, grand and sacred source of good, sovereignty of virtue, empire in the clouds, wanted money; and how to replenish the royal purse, was the all-absorbing question. The difficulty under which the dynasty of the Stewarts had writhed, Strafford had a notion he could settle, and proposed a bold move for the purpose—an Irish Parliament.

Of all the projects that could be thought of for extricating the monarchy out of its difficulties, the most repulsive, the most alarming, and the most nauseous, to a Stewart, was that of a Parliament. A menagerie of wild beasts let loose, an army of locusts, monsters from the vasty deep, Goths, Huns, and Tartars, were but faint symbols of the terrible political image which an assembly of his faithful subjects presented to him. Parliaments were intrinsically odious, unmanageable things; time after time had they been dismissed, till it seemed part of their constitution to be so dealt with; a dogmatic catena condemned them; they were King James's five hundred tyrants; Charles's "hydras cunning and malicious," and "cats that grew cursed with age;" *three* had recently been dismissed in succession; and the king had quietly made up his mind to go on without them. Do menage without a parliament—any thing in the wide world but a parliament, was the almost supplicating language of the English cabinet to Strafford, on his first branching the thought. Nevertheless, Strafford saw that he *must have* a parliament—that odious as was the encounter, it must be tried: parliaments there had always been; they were ingrained in the English constitution—its *working* constitution—and it was absurd to think of doing without them: facts could not be unmade by being *not seen*, by shutting your eyes to them, by turning your back upon them. A parliament therefore must be held. More than this, he aspired to making a parliament not only an engine of supplies, a mere necessary evil, but a positive gain, and addition of strength to the royalty.

The general feebleness of the Stewart

governments may be reduced almost to one defect—they did not face the nation; the nation looked *them* in the face, steadily, resolutely, and—fearful symptom of a falling cause—they did not return the look, but shrank from its eye. Discomfited in parliament, they consoled themselves at home with *theories* of the regal power; and a most miserable contrast was of course the result, of a royalty potent in *theory*, inefficient in *practice*; “*I make both law and Gospel,*” said King James, and did not uphold his omnipotence with his little finger. Amidst high-sounding definitions of sovereignty, the privy seals came tremblingly forth, afraid of the light of day, and scraped up money by hole-and-corner methods, by forced loans and benevolences, from the private subject. This was not the method of the Lancasters and Plantagenets: no theorizers, but practical men, *they* boldly rode forth upon their royalty, and the nation, like a generous steed, exulted in the strong hand of its rider. What did such men care for parliaments? thought Strafford: a regular Plantagenet, he said, Meet your parliament, catch the wolf’s eye first, he will retire if you confront him. Let this be the test: if you can stand it, you are not merely saved, but raised, lifted up sky-high; if you *cannot*, your monarchy is good for nothing.—“I did always,” were his words on the scaffold, for which he has been charged with hypocrisy with no sort of reason—“I did always think parliaments to be the happy constitution of the kingdom and nation, and the best means, under God, to make this king and his people happy.” A parliament accordingly was summoned.

There was one part of the constitution of an Irish parliament, which made it much easier of management than an English one. By an act passed in the reign of Henry VII. commonly known by the name of “Poynning’s Act,” the houses could only debate on those propositions which the lord deputy or council put before them. Strafford, we need hardly say, strongly appreciated the merits of this statute; but, strange as it may appear, its very monarchical character made the home government afraid to stand upon it; it seemed to be too much of a privilege to claim in such times; and what took away from the perilousness of a session once begun, required greater courage in the first instance to seize and take the advantage of. Moreover, a sort of legal haze had gathered about the act; an historical interpretation was claimed for it in contradistinction to the letter by the popular party, and King James, it was said, had

introduced subsequently to it the Magna Charta into Ireland, one corollary from which great document was freedom of debate. Strafford insisted on the letter, and with a side sneer at King James’s administration, for not “understanding the rules of government,” snatched the statute from the scissors of Mr. Attorney-General and the lawyers, who were preparing to cut and pare it down to modern shape, and safely deposited the precious document in his cabinet, in the most honored compartment of Irish records.

So far, so good—Poynning’s Act was gained; but this very act brought him, as a very first step, into contact with a minor legislative assembly, in the shape of the Irish Council, who were to be taken into his deliberations upon the subject of the propositions to be made to parliament.

The class of official men in Ireland, owing to the distance and laxity of the home government, as well as a succession of indifferent lord deputies, had become any thing but a safe and honorable set of advisers. Their general practice was to get round the lord deputy on his arrival, coax and flatter him into a course of negligence, or some precipitate or rapacious act; after which they hung *in terrorem* over him, and with his exposure in their power, followed their own devices in security. Strafford soon discovered their character, and looked about him with very like the caution and distrust which the vicinity of pickpockets excites. “God deliver me,” he says, “from this ill sort of men, and give me grace to see into their designs.”—The council was composed of various noblemen and high officers of state, one of whom, the chancellor, as second in the country permanently, considered his post not at all inferior to the changing office of lord deputy. The whole body, grown enormously insolent and untractable, put the lord deputy virtually at defiance, dictated to, harassed and bullied him.

Strafford had, very early on his arrival, taken pains to teach these officials their proper place. One order, procured from the king, forbade any member of the council sitting covered in the lord deputy’s presence: by another, they were not allowed to speak to one another at the council board, but obliged to address every word to the lord deputy. Discipline still more humbling to the stomachs of these great men was added, *ex abundanti*, by Strafford himself. The most punctual and business-like man in the empire, when he chose, he assembled his council, and kept them for

hours waiting, "attending on his leisure." Thus tamed and brought into something like training, they had also been augmented by two friends of his own, Sir George Radcliffe and Sir Christopher Wandesford. Strongly averse as he was to the interference of official counsellors, no man living had more respect than Strafford for advisers of his own choosing. Years of uninterrupted friendship, during which he had habitually, and on all occasions public and private, consulted them, had proved the ability and affection of these two: he brought them with him to Ireland, and they formed his cabinet, and never left his side. They three met every day, debated on whatever question was coming on, argued *pro* and *con*, discussed circumstances and probable consequences, and thoroughly sifted it before bringing it into public.

He was threatened with more plagues, in the shape of councils and official advisers, even than the Irish Council-board. A certain body existed, known by the name of the "Lords of the Pale," of whose privileges it was difficult at that time to say what they exactly were, and how far they had grown obsolete and been superseded by political changes. The body existed, however, and claimed to be consulted upon the opening of parliament; and it numbered many noblemen among its members, the weight of whose family names was a respectable addition to the more venerable, but less ascertainable claims of the body. The representative of the Pale on this occasion was the Earl of Fingal, a somewhat empty-headed nobleman, who, on the strength of being a leader or tool of the disaffected party, assumed the man of importance, and gave himself consequential airs. He waited in due form and ceremony for and in the behalf of the Pale, on the lord deputy—had heard a report that there was to be a parliament—was anxious to know the truth of the matter, as in that case their Lordships of the Pale would prepare themselves for deliberation as to the course to be pursued upon so critical an occasion; their Lordships of the Pale were exceedingly desirous to promote the good of their country, and their Lordships of the Pale thought their advice and counsel highly necessary for that end—all this, says Strafford, *in a grave electorate kind of way*.

Strafford had a variety of modes of answer, according to the merits of cases and individuals; but for one he had a great partiality—the *round answer*—a phrase of very frequent occurrence in his despatches. The answer to the representative of the

Pale was, it may be readily supposed, a very round one indeed: "*As he was the mouth which came to open for them all, I thought fit to close it as soon as I could.*" The Earl of Fingal was simply informed that his question was ignorant, impertinent, and presumptuous, and the claims of himself and colleagues utterly contemptible; and his lordship retired from the presence-chamber, himself "a little out of countenance," and the Pale wholly extinguished.

The important meeting of the council-board still remained. Strafford's proposition to parliament was simply a demand of six subsidies of thirty thousand each; and he sent in that proposition for discussion at the board, purposely keeping away himself, that he might elicit the more freely their real sentiments, but ready to interpose on the first symptom of matters going wrong. That symptom very soon appeared.

We have mentioned some Stewart mistakes of government; the *bargaining policy*, a descent from high ground, and *ipso facto* confession of weakness, was one. King James had gone on, throughout his reign, buying and selling with his parliament, piecing offer and demand together: I will give this, if you will give that—so much prerogative for so many pounds sterling—till the royalty and the nation seemed at last exhibiting themselves as two market-women, at a stall, bating and cheapening and cheating each other. The blunder still went on; and the Council had hardly laid their wise heads together, before they made it. They spread the annual payment of the subsidies over a year and a half, and then coupled even this diminished demand with a monopoly and a pardon bill, as a *quid pro quo* to the popular party to buy off the opposition. But Strafford was at hand, and waiting in his cabinet: information reached him from Radcliffe and Wandesford of the turn things were taking; his mind in a moment fastened on the weak point, and before the discussion could proceed further, the lord deputy was *in propria persona* at the head of the council board, giving his sage councillors as rough a set down as ever set of erring politicians received. Did they imagine that the king would degrade himself by such wretched, paltry shifts? No, no: my great master, and my gracious master, and my royal master, and my sovereign master, would act very differently. "Like all other wise and great princes, his majesty expected to be trusted; he would not in any case admit of conditions, or be proceeded withal as by way of bargain or contract; he would

be provided for as the head, and care for his people as members; as a gracious and good king, but still according to the order of reason, nature, and conscience—himself, his people afterwards. They had begun altogether at the wrong end, thus consulting what would please the people in a parliament, when it would better become a privy council to consider what might please the king, and induce him to call one." Think no more, he continues, of your monopoly bills, of your parliament pardons—"poor shallow expedients! The king has no fancy for them. It is far below my great master to feed his people with shadows or empty pretences: if the noble and real favors of a gracious and wise king will not carry it, he will do without your money, and expect with patience the honor that will attend him, the repentance that will fall upon yourselves in the conclusion."

Full of his own majestic illimitable idea of the monarchy, Strafford went on, and poured forth the whole of his royalist soul upon the assembled council. He rose from eloquence to poetry; the beams of light and truth were invoked upon the demon of suspicion—"That spirit of the air that walked in darkness between king and people;" and from the midst of a magnificent labyrinth of sentences, and an overshadowing cloud of imagery, the board was informed that in case they and Parliament refused to accept the Lord-deputy's view he should forthwith *put himself at the head of his majesty's army, and there persuade them fully that his majesty had reason on his side*—the puissant Straffordian oath—*on peril of my life and that of my children*—followed the threat.

"*Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*"—The council was fairly taken aback and overwhelmed by this portentous display of energy; the proposition of the six subsidies passed free from all degrading appendages; and no wills or councils intervened now between Strafford and his parliament.

One thing more he thought proper to attend to, because he would lose no chance of success—the ceremonial department. He resolved to have the most stately and gorgeous ceremonial of a parliament that had ever been known in Ireland.

On Strafford's first arrival he found every thing connected with court etiquette in the lowest possible state of neglect. A *mêlée* of all ranks used the vice-regal castle in club-house fashion, parading galleries, swinging doors, and making themselves free every where. Strafford showed his

acuteness in making it one of the *first* acts to correct this disorder—when change would be less invidious than afterwards, and would come as a simple order from the king, without any appearance of personal pride on the deputy's part—"I crave such a direction from his majesty," he says, "that they may know it to be his pleasure: otherwise I shall be well content it may be spared, having in truth no such vanity in myself as to be delighted with any of these observances." Nevertheless he sent with his letter as accurate a table of etiquette, for the king's approval, as the most rigid master of the ceremonies could desire. Noblemen were admitted on days of meeting to the presence chamber; the drawing chamber was assigned to the untitled class below them, who were not however allowed to bring in their servants; the gallery to the members of the council. The audacity of the gentlemen ushers, who had been in the habit of following their masters the lord chancellor and the treasurer into the lord deputy's presence, was repressed, and they were enjoined to stop at the gallery-door: the purse-bearer, who had ambitiously mixed himself with the councillors in the gallery, received the same direction; and the lord chancellor, it was added, ought to be too proud to carry his own purse in the lord deputy's presence.

Policy and feeling combined produced these arrangements. Strafford's awful ideas of the monarchy colored every thing down to a king's little finger with majesty. If the king wrote a letter, it was his "sacred pen" that officiated: if he went from one place to another, it was his "blessed journey." And as the representation and reflection of royalty, he regarded himself as raised far above nobility: he taught the proudest of Irish lords to feel their "immense distance," and hide their diminished heads before the shadow of a king. He had a natural, even a simple love of pomp and ceremony, and, but for a strong intellect, would have been bombastic; as it was, nobody was less so. "I am naturally modest," he says of himself, with real simplicity, "and extreme unwilling, to be held supercilious and imperious among them"—and his social habits formed a sufficient contrast to his haughtiness as viceroy. He was fond of conversation and shone in it, especially in the entertaining department; and, whenever he could spare the time, after supper walked off his friends into his cabinet, where he smoked and told good stories, of which he had a copious supply, or at Christmas time played at

Primero and Mayo, at which he was an adept. At his *public* table he was very conscientious in playing the don on one point. It was always splendidly provided, though he partook but sparingly of it himself; but he allowed no *toasts*, except on solemn days the King, Queen, and Prince, in order to mark his discountenance of the habits of drinking then universal in Ireland.

As the great day of the opening of parliament drew near, vast pains were taken to collect all the information on the ceremonials which had been observed on such occasions; tables of forms and precedence were ransacked, solemn rolls and parchments reproduced from the dust of ages, and heraldry, with her inspiring insignia and mystic antique glare, summoned to the scene. On July 14, 1634, with the sound of trumpets and wave of banners, a magnificent procession moved to the parliament house, through the streets of Dublin, such as Ireland, it was said, had never seen before—her whole aristocracy (according to exact order of rank and date of patent)—knights and squires, dukes, earls and barons in their robes, bishops and archbishops in their rochets, privy councillors and ministers of state with all the badges of office; the courts of law were emptied of their judges and serjeants: heralds, pursuivants, and troops, filled up the interstices, and serjeants-at-arms with naked swords flanked; the long line wound up with Strafford himself, who marched surrounded with all the paraphernalia of vice-regal pomp, Lord Brabazon bearing his train, Lord Ormond the sword, Lord Kilmore the cap. The procession halted at the great entrance of St. Patrick's, where the chapter and choir met them, and, with the Archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, headed them into the cathedral, singing the *Te Deum*: and after service and a sermon from the Primate, Strafford opened the session.

Step by step all had succeeded hitherto, and Strafford determined not to be wanting to himself at the wind-up scene. Summoning every nerve and muscle, and straining every joint, for a last effort, he threw down the gauntlet, declared in a speech of unshrinking swing and power his full resolution, and dashed the royalty in the face of the Irish parliament. "And albeit," he continues, after a general sketch of affairs—

"Albeit his Majesty need insist upon no other argument to bow you to his just desires, but his own personal merit, and those sovereign duties you owe him for his justice and protection, in comparison whereof I confess indeed all that

can be said is far subordinate, yet you will admit me, that sees how much the whole frame of this Commonwealth, by a close consent of parts, is like to settle or suffer with the good or bad success of this present meeting, as a person that hath no end but uprightly to dispense my master's justice amongst you, without acceptance of persons; nor expects, hopes for no other reward, than through the monuments and testimonies I trust I shall be able to leave behind me, to be acknowledged when I am gone, by you and your children, a true lover of your country: give me leave, I say, as a person thus qualified, thus affected, to tell you plainly, that if you do not perfectly and cheerfully conform yourselves to fulfil his Majesty's desires, you render yourselves to all equal minds the most unwise, the most unthankful, the most unpardonable people in the world.

"For lay your hands upon your hearts, and tell me if ever the desires of a mighty and powerful king were so moderate, so modest, taking, asking nothing for himself, but all for you. His Majesty hath contracted a vast debt merely in the service of this crown, and now wishes you to ease him of the burden. His Majesty issueth all he hath willingly for your protection and safety—nay, hath entered into a new charge of seven thousand pounds a year for safeguarding your coast. His Majesty and his royal father have had but one subsidy from you, where England hath given them thirty subsidies; and can you be so indulgent to yourselves as to be persuaded you must ever be exempt: if it should be so, certainly the stars were more propitious to you than to any other conquered nation under heaven. No, no; let no such narrow, inward considerations possess you; but roundly and cheerfully apply yourselves to the contentment of his Majesty after your long peace.

"Suffer no poor suspicions or jealousies to vitiate your judgment. Take heed of private meetings and consults in your chambers. Here is the proper place. His Majesty expects not to find you muttering and mutinying in corners. I am commanded to carry a wakeful eye over these private and secret conventicles; therefore it behoves you look to it.

"Finally," he concludes, "I wish you a right judgment in all things, yet let me not prove a Cassandra among you—to speak truth, and not be believed. However, speak truth I will, were I to become your enemy for it. Remember, therefore, that I tell you, you may easily make or mar this parliament. If you proceed with respect, without laying clogs or conditions upon the king, as wise men and good subjects ought to do, you shall infallibly set up this parliament eminent to posterity, as the very basis and foundation of the greatest happiness and prosperity that ever befell this nation. But if you meet a great king with narrow circumscribed hearts, if you will needs be wise and cautious above the moon, remember again I tell you, you shall never be able to cast your mists before the eyes of a discerning king; you shall be found out; your sons shall wish they had been the children of more believing parents; and in a time when you look not for it, when it shall

be too late for you to help, the sad repentance of an unadvised breach shall be yours—lasting honor shall be my master's."

The speech, delivered with rude fiery vehemence of action and tremendous force of lungs, fairly overcame the house. Without staying to balance arguments or examine motives, they were thoroughly taken aback and surprised by a voice which made their ears ring again, and the old walls reverberate, and they instinctively reasoned that a man who had such lungs at such a time, was not to be trifled with. No barbarian leader indeed, Thracian or Caucasian, could have hit upon a more aboriginal theory of power, a nearer approach to elemental government before chaos was reduced to order.—And the Irish lords, descendants of the chieftains, staring in mute wonder at their magnificent Norman viceroy—one man singly confronting and beating a nation—was indeed a scene of old Plantagenet fire, a wild autumnal lighting up of the monarchy before its sun set. The six subsidies, a larger supply than an Irish parliament had ever given, were passed whole, without opposition.

"My lords and gentlemen" would not have been extremely pleased, could they have overlooked Strafford's shoulder, as he penned a paragraph to Laud shortly after—"Well spoken it is, good or bad. I cannot tell whether: but whatever it was, I spake it not betwixt my teeth, *but so loud and heartily that I protest unto you I was faint withal at the time, and the worse for it for two or three days after.* It makes no matter; for this way I was assured they should have sound at least, with how little weight soever it should be attended. And the success was answerable; for had it been low and mildly delivered, I might perchance have gotten from them, It was pretty well; whereas this way filling one of their senses with noise, and amusing the rest with earnestness and vehemence, they swear (yet forgive them, they know not what they say) it was the best spoken they ever heard in their lives. Let Cottington crack me that nut now."

The last allusion carries a train of melancholy with it. The height of Strafford's success was the moment which brought peering from its hole that court envy which pursued him to his dying day. Even now the canker had begun; a too sensitive mind, a body worn by illness, depressed, though they did not sour him. He felt himself *ὀλιγοχρόνιος*, and talked of old age and gray hairs;—"In good earnestness, I should wax exceeding melancholy were it

not for two little girls that came now and then to play with me."

The following December witnessed another equally successful session of parliament; and simultaneously with it, an Irish convocation met for the discussion of a most fundamental point, which called all Strafford's zeal and activity as a churchman into requisition.

The Church had been the very first and earliest care of the lord deputy on his entrance into office: it needed reform full as much as the state, and it appealed more forcibly, because more directly, to his religion. Strafford's was essentially a religious mind: he regarded himself as on a mission for the cause of good against evil, as all heroic minds since the foundation of the world have done, as even in our own day, with all his miserable alloy, did Nelson feel in his battles with an atheistical power.

It was the fight of the Church of England against puritanism,—a complex fight. The puritan was a compound of the democrat and the fanatic, his mind the visionary seat of a religious republic, and the scene of a grotesque imagery of drum and pulpit, sword and Geneva gown: he looked onward through fields of blood to the battle of Armageddon, the new empire of the "saints," and crown and mitre trampled under foot. The Royalist had as deeply felt a theory, on the other side, of Church and King. The hierarchical system which had co-existed with the nation from the first, was embraced in his idea of the national life; and to puritanize the Church involved a sort of death or metempsychosis of the nation. A theory real as the solid earth in its day, now passed. Alas, one age has a mode of linking and associating, which another has not, and time after time the cubical verity, the primordial ideal atom betrays its joining and comes undone. The two sides were on the eve of gathering their embattled fronts: Strafford, imaginative, intense, in the royalist view, seemed destined and marked out for the antagonist of the fighting visionary on his way to Armageddon, and his Irish mission bound him both to purge a puritanizing and to fortify a despoiled Church for the approaching struggle. But he had, moreover, on this subject an intimate friend and guide, to whom he owed the strength of his convictions and whose suggestions wholly ruled him.

Amid the crowd of intriguing, bustling, short-headed statesmen, that thronged the court of the Stewarts, Strafford had observed *one man with a view*—who had taken his

line, and who kept to it with an unwearying and dogged pertinacity, from which no human power could divert him. A continual resident at court through a most busy period, Archbishop Laud had maintained, amidst the business levities and distractions of such an atmosphere, one grave uniform imperturbable course, which only waited now for Buckingham's death, to raise him, a simple king's chaplain to begin with, to the premiership. Strafford's observations at the Star Chamber had impressed him with a vast respect for the future primate: on the other hand, Laud's critical and experienced eye observed in his admirer the statesman whom it was of the utmost consequence to engage for the Church's cause. It was his policy to lay hold of and indoctrinate such men: he had gained an influence even over the light-hearted Buckingham; and now that more difficult times were approaching, he was not sorry to see within his reach a politician of a new and more serious school. The connection thus begun on public grounds cemented into the closest and tenderest private friendship. Though most different men—it is almost absurd to compare them—they had many points in common; the same union of an irritable and sensitive with a most affectionate temper; the same untiring patience, the same indomitable courage. The subtle Hamilton well described their two kinds of courage, when, on the meeting of Charles' last parliament, he warned the king of the approaching fate of his two ministers, because the *"one would be too great to fear, and the other too bold to fly."* The feeling of a common cause and common danger strengthened their intimacy as time went on: there is no basis for private friendship like the *public* one, like union in a great cause, where there are no differences of opinion about it; and Laud and Strafford had none. On all the questions that came on in Church and State they felt absolutely alike, and reflected like two mirrors each other's views. Higher feelings mingled with those of affection. The mind of Strafford, naturally formed for reverence, honored the Church in the person of its Primate: the Archbishop's *"Salutem in Christo"* met its response; and *"your son,"* and *"my ghostly father,"* and *"the glory of that obedience which I have set apart for you,"* expressed the deeper regard of the churchman towards his spiritual superior. Laud accepted the submission with a smile. "Well, you have given me the freedom; I will make use of it; and as long as you shall retain the obedience of a son, I will take upon me to be your ghostly father. If

therefore from henceforward I take upon me to command, lay down your sword for the time and know your duty."

The Irish Church campaign opens with a series of irregular encounters between Strafford, with Laud at his back, and a variety of earls, barons, knights, bishops, archbishops, deans, and dignitaries of all kinds, lay and ecclesiastical, to get back sundry Church spoils in their possession. There is a mixture of seriousness and fun in the correspondence of the two on these opening transactions; both in high spirits at the new prospects in Church and State; and Strafford getting his hand in, and taking no small pleasure in the exercise. He had in a remarkable degree what Bishop Butler calls "indignation at public vice;" a case of oppression roused all the knight-errant in his breast; he was famed in his county as the protector and avenger of the poorer class, and the poor Irish Church, appealing to his justice from the extortion and sacrilege of the great, was just the object to rouse him. "I foresee," he says of Church spoliation, "this is so universal a disease, that I shall incur a number of men's displeasures of the best rank among them. But were I not better lose these for God Almighty's sake, than lose him for theirs? So you see I shall quickly have as few friends as may be." Thus excited, the Primate and Lord-deputy begin hallooing and answering one another across the Channel, like voice and echo—*Arcades ambo et cantare pares at respondere parati*. Backwards and forwards goes the watchword "*Thorough*," the symbol of political force and vigor—a heathen reader would imagine it some Ossianic deity, from its extraordinary personality; and in rapid succession pass and repass the names of "my Lord Cork" and "my Lord Antrim," "my Lord Clanricard" and "Sir Daniel O'Brien," and "Sir Henry Lynch,"—and then my lords the bishops, his grace of Cashel, their lordships of Down, Cork, Waterford, Killala—"*The Church cormorants!*" says Laud—"they are fed so full upon it that they have fallen into a fever." "*Have at the ravens,*"—replies Strafford, "*if I spare a man of them, let no man ever spare me.*"—"Your lordship is a good physician," writes back Laud—"no phisic better than a vomit, if given in time, and you have taken a judicious course to administer one so early to my lord of Cork. Join Sir T. Fitz Edmonds to the rest of his fellows, and make him vomit up Cloyne." "I shall trounce a bishop or two in the castle chamber," writes Strafford—"The

Bishop of Killala—I warmed his old sides—the Bishop of Down, the Dean of Londonderry, &c. &c.” “*’Twill be a brave example,*” is Laud’s reply—“he deserves it plentifully—I have a nice set of charges against a friend of yours, a St. John’s man,” writes Strafford, and is answered, “If but half of them are true, make an example of him: keep the bishops from their sacrilegious alienations; turn the chief offenders out of their bishoprics,—’twill do more good to Ireland than any thing that hath been there these twenty years.” “*Go on,*”—wrote the Primate in the midst of these fights with the nobility and hierarchy (Strafford’s sympathy unbosomed all the fire in his breast)—“*Go on, my Lord, I must needs say this is thorough indeed—you have decyphered my note well—thorough and thorough. Oh! that I were where I might do so too—go on a God’s name.*” The “Lady Mora,” the personification of the half and half moderate system on which the English cabinet went, fares but ill—“The Lady Mora as heavy as lead”—“My lady commends her to you, and would make more haste, but stays to accommodate private ends.” And then another “*thorough and thorough,*” re-echoed by a “*thorough and throughout,*” assures the two correspondents of their mutual courage and fidelity.

By dint of a continued fight with the aristocracy, Strafford actually contrived during his administration to increase the property of the Church thirty thousand a year—an incredible sum for that day. Other more important cares however accompanied the pecuniary one. The churches were in shameful repair; the service in many omitted altogether, and in none performed creditably; the surplices and other externals getting into general disuse. The clergy were a disorderly class, grossly ignorant, and steeped in puritanical prejudices. The miserable poverty of benefices excuses in a measure their inordinate pluralities: sixteen livings were hardly felt by the Archbishop of Cashel, and it was reckoned that in some cases six hardly furnished the parochial priest with clothes. Laud consented to put off a stringent law against this abuse, on the assurance of Strafford that it was simply impossible to enforce it as things were. “Indeed, my lord,” replies the primate, excusing himself, “I knew it was bad, very bad in Ireland, but that it was so stark naught I did not believe. Stay the time you must.”

Under Strafford’s administration these corruptions met an unsparing and vigorous

correction. Pluralities, though they could not be taken away, were restrained; the introduction of English scholars gave a move to learning; Laud, much against his will made chancellor of the University of Dublin, presided over an improved system of clerical education; and a party of theologians, of which Bramhall was the head, occupied itself zealously in the dissemination of high church views. Vestments and church externals were enforced, the fabrics repaired, and Strafford had even determined on king’s letters patent for rebuilding all the cathedrals in Ireland.

A trivial anecdote shows the spirit of his restorations. The Earl of Cork had three years before erected a large family monument at the very east end of St. Patrick’s, in the absence of the altar, which in those puritan times had been made to travel down towards the body of the church. As it entirely blocked up all return of the altar, Strafford, at Laud’s suggestion, insisted on its removal to some other place. The Earl of Cork felt his family pride offended, and did not understand these new ecclesiastical pretensions. He urged that the chapter had consented to its erection, and that three years had passed without any objection being made: and, lastly, appealed to Laud’s consideration on the ground of his own good character and charities. Laud, in reply, was happy to hear that he spent the money, he had robbed the Church of, so well, but insisted on the removal of the monument. The earl wrote up to his friends in the administration, told the lord keeper that the tomb contained “the bones of a Weston,” and, after stirring up all his interest, appealed to the king in council. Charles refused to interpose; and the earl, much to Strafford’s amusement, transported his monument in packages out of the church, in too high dudgeon to remove it to any other part of the building. “The Earl of Cork’s tomb is now quite removed,” he tells Laud, “how he means to dispose of it I know not: but up it is put in boxes, as if it were marchpanes and banquetting stuffs, going down to the christening of my young master in the country. The wall is closed again, and as soon as it is dry it shall be decently adorned.” It was natural that the Earl of Cork should complain when even Archbishop Usher allowed his chapel at Drogheda to remain without an altar. Strafford, on visiting this place, in the course of his peregrinations through Ireland, expressed his disgust at the sight of such an irregularity in an archiepiscopal

chapel, and communicated the fact to Laud —“no bowing there, I warrant you.”

But the root of the disorder under which the Irish Church labored lay deeper than the above reforms could touch: she had all along an incubus upon her most vital part. The articles of Lambeth, an exhibition of pure unmitigated Calvinism, and the production of an era of the English Church, when the views of the foreign reformers still triumphed over the greater part of our episcopate, formed her confession of faith. Such a creed poisoned the *ἡθος* of the Church at the very source, and was a puritanizing element in her constitution, which would infallibly absorb and conquer her if not extracted in time. It was necessary to reform the doctrine of the Irish Church, if any other reforms were to be availing; and it was determined accordingly to abolish the Lambeth confession, and impose the English Articles in its place.

The Primate Usher was taken into the plan. He was a divine of a mediocre school, half puritan, half churchman, and felt secretly against the change; but overawed by Laud's and Strafford's determination, consented to be the instrument of carrying it. Not a hint was then allowed to escape to awaken the alarm of the clergy, and the design only transpired on the day of convocation.

Convocation met, and every thing went wrong: Usher was deficient either in heart or tact, and the Irish clergy were not to be surprised. A committee of the lower house entered the Lambeth Articles in their book to be imposed under anathema. Strafford, wholly occupied with the work of an agitating session, had not had a moment to spare for convocation, which he trusted to Usher entirely, and only heard of the failure of the scheme when it appeared too late to interfere. It was not, however, too late for him: in high wrath he sent instantaneously for the chairman of the committee, Dean Andrewes, “that reverend clerk,” and proceeded to rate mercilessly —“I told him certainly not a Dean of Limerick, but an Ananias had sat in the chair of that committee: however sure I was Ananias had been there in spirit, if not in the body, with all the fraternities and conventicles of Amsterdam; and that I was ashamed and scandalized at the proceeding above measure.” The whole action of the committee was suspended, Andrewes marched off home and forbidden to communicate with them, and the members of the committee and several of the bishops peremptorily summoned to the castle the

next morning, when Strafford renewed his rebuke. “I publicly told them how unlike clergymen that owed canonical obedience to their superiors, they had proceeded in their committee; how unheard a part it was for a few petty clerks to presume to make articles of faith without the privity or consent of state or bi-hop; what a spirit of Brownism and contradiction I observed in their *deliberandums*, as if they purposed at once to take all government and order forth of the Church. But these heady arrogant courses, they must know, I was not to endure; nor if they were disposed to be frantic in this dead and cold season of the year would I suffer them to be mad in convocation, or in their pulpits.” In fine, the English Articles were commanded to be put again, yes or no, to convocation; no deliberation; not a word allowed; simply yes or no. The committee were indignant; and murmurs escaped from a free synod: Strafford was threatened with resistance, and Usher in alarm came to tell him the measure could not pass against so strong a feeling. Strafford replied that he knew how to manage such matters better than Usher: in short, the question of the Articles was put, and carried unanimously.

“*There is nothing I am liker to hear of than this,*” is Strafford's pithy comment to Laud upon what he had done. “I am not ignorant that my stirring hereina will be strangely reported and censured on that side; and how I shall be able to sustain myself against your Prynnes, Pym, and Bens, with the rest of that generation of odd names and natures, the Lord knows. Sure I am, I have gone herein with an upright heart, to prevent a breach, seeming at least, between the Churches of England and Ireland. Yet in regard I have been acting out of my sphere, I beseech your lordship to take me so far into your care, as that you procure me a letter from his majesty, either of allowance of what I have done, or of my absolution, if I have gone too far. *If it stand with your mind that the articles of Ireland be by a canon enjoined to be received, I will undertake they shall be more thankful unto you for them upon their next, than they would have been this meeting of convocation.*” Strafford was not out in his apprehensions: the act was a strong and decided blow to puritanism, and armed all the prejudices of the age against him.

The question of doctrine carried, that of discipline naturally followed. A new body of canons was carried at the same time with the thirty-nine articles, which on some points spoke out more strongly than

the canons of the English Church ; among others, on the practice of confession. The leaven soon began to work, and the Irish Church to show symptoms of alarm. Croxton, Strafford's chaplain, one of the high church circle alluded to above, took an open, perhaps an indiscreet and too early, advantage of it. The Primate Usher, and various dignitaries, looked black ; Laud himself was afraid that the zealous chaplain had rather exceeded his commission, and acted prematurely, and was making up his mind to the necessity of allowing him to be snubbed, when Strafford, declaring in favor of auricular confession as the doctrine of the Church, and the practice of her good and holy men, threw his shield over him. Though sympathizing, however, with the more spiritual and internal department of discipline, he naturally took the external to come more under his province. *To enforce religious unity by Church discipline, and to invigorate Church discipline by the secular arm,* was his maxim—with one exception, however, in which his gentleness and moderation contrasts somewhat singularly with the line of the popular party of that day. Even his strong views of conformity held back from the notion of forcing the Irish Church in its then state upon the Roman Catholics ; he even relieved *them* from the tax of tweldepence per head which had been levied upon recusants. Let us reform our own Church first, was his dictum, and then push it—but do not oblige men to change their religious system before you have a good one to offer in its place. He was not so considerate to the Presbyterians, with whom he kept up a constant fight on the subject of uniformity. There were not many bishops who acted with him, but those who did were warmly supported : the authority of the bishops' courts was upheld, even in their contests with men of station, and their excommunications backed with sheriffs' writs. But these efforts required systematizing and putting on a firmer basis, and Strafford entertained a project for invigorating Church authority in Ireland, which, had there been time to realize it, would have made a most sensible change in the position of the Church in that country.

Pure Church authority, exercised by the Church in her own name, and by her own judges, independent of all state alloy, there was none then, as there has been none since. A great revolution of opinion had subjected and tied the Church to state interference, and the only question with high Churchmen for that time, as practica reformers, was how to get the state on the

side of the Church ; an end which seemed most likely to be accomplished by throwing their whole weight into that side of the scale, that power in the state which favored her pretensions. The common law had inherited a strong Erastian bias from the precedents of the Reformation era, which put it in opposition to such claims ; the law courts persisted in revising and thwarting the sentences of the courts ecclesiastical, and a deadly feud between the common lawyers and the ecclesiastics was the result. "The Church," said Laud, complaining bitterly of their interference, "is so bound up in the forms of the common law, that it is not possible for me or for any man to do that good which he would, or is bound to do. For your lordship (Strafford) sees, no man clearer, that they who have gotten so much power in and over the Church will not let go their hold ; they have indeed fangs with a witness, whatsoever I was once said in a passion to have." The royalty was the Church's refuge from the common law and the Erastian spirit of the day. In the High Commission Court and Star Chamber she spoke through the Prince's mouth, and we may add, with effect—she made herself odious by her bold rebukes of the vices of the higher classes : whatever persons may say, those courts, mixed and anomalous as they were, asserted an ecclesiastical discipline which really *told* : we wish we could say the same of any other ecclesiastical tribunal since the Reformation. The Church's line thus necessarily set up the Royalty versus the Common Law ; and Strafford sympathized entirely with it—"I know no reason," he tells Laud, "but you may as well rule the common lawyers in England, as I poor beagle do here ; and yet that I do and will do in all that concerns my master at the peril of my head. I am confident that the king being pleased to set himself in this business, is able by his wisdom and ministers to carry any just and honorable action through all imaginable opposition, for real there can be none ; that to start aside for such panic fears, fantastic apparitions as a Prynne or an Elliot shall set up, were the meanest folly in the whole world ; that the debts of the crown being taken off, you may govern as you please—and that it is a downright *peccatum ex te Israel*, as ever was, if this be not effected with speed and ease." The result of such views was a resolution to establish a High Commission Court in Dublin, to exercise supreme authority in Irish ecclesiastical matters. It was never fulfilled, probably because he thought

he could for the present act quite as advantageously for the Irish Church, by himself; and it simply remains a record of his intention, which we want in order to complete consistently the plan of his government.

Church and State had now taken a fresh start; the Church had risen a great step above puritanism within and oppression without; the monarchy had *faced*—nay *outfaced*—the nation. What a strong arm had begun, a strong arm must carry through, and the cause which rested upon the lofty but intangible support of a commanding mind, must be kept up by the same influence, ever advancing, never flagging. With something of the spirit of that exemplar of chivalry, cited by Don Quixotte, who ran tilt singly at an army of twenty thousand Saracens, or of the Rhunic demigod, who annually hacked the Jotins or Giants in their winter quarters, Strafford proceeded to cut his way through the proud aristocracy of Ireland.

A grand project for the increase of the king's revenue and of the national resources had been long working in his mind; the recovery, viz. of a portion of the royal lands, and the establishing agricultural colonies from England upon them. Side by side with the rise of the monarchy went *national improvement* (we take the word in its modern and mercantile sense) in Strafford's view: to separate them would be simply *not understanding* the administration of one who, in addition to being royalist and bigot, was as ardent and scheming a political economist as was ever a Pitt or a Huskisson, a Macculloch or Ricardo.

Landed property at this time throughout Ireland was generally in an unsettled state, having so frequently in recent periods of rebellion and anarchy changed hands; the royal lands especially, tracts extending over the whole province of Connaught and other large districts, were held under an ambiguous and obscure title, disputed between the crown and the occupants. To take one instance: the whole province of Connaught had lapsed by confiscation to the crown in the reign of Henry III., who granted it to the family of de Burgh, from which by the marriage of Ann de Burgh into the House of York, it ultimately returned to the crown in the reign of Edward VI. The Irish parliament in the reign of Henry VII. confirmed the crown in the right, and a commission appointed by Queen Elizabeth made a composition with the occupants for an annual rent charge in lieu of the old fees. An interval of confusion and rebellion succeeded; and an ignorant body of commissioners, in the 13th

of James I., cheated into the belief that Queen Elizabeth's arrangement, instead of being merely an exchange of a regular for an irregular rent, had been a cession of the crown right of property altogether, accepted the farce of a surrender of the lands to the crown from the occupants, in pretended humiliation for never having paid the rent charge, and then reinstated them in the ownership. Strafford denied the legality of the whole transaction, on the ground that there could be neither surrender nor restitution of a title which had never been possessed. The occupants themselves confessed their difficulties, and the late parliament had petitioned for some general measure to establish defective titles. Nothing is clearer, we think, than that the crown had been defrauded; at the same time no remedy could be applied which would not both appear and be severe. It was one of those cases in which either way there was a something to get over; either great injustice to be tolerated, or an unscrupulous strength of arm exerted against it. Strafford chose the latter alternative; and the issue of the late session had established his authority sufficiently to warrant his commencing without delay.

A Commission of Plantations, composed of the Lord-deputy and some members of the council, proceeded to take the round of the province of Connaught. The occasion first brought Strafford into contact with the body of gentry and commonalty, and sharply tested his views of managing the Irish temper—"good words" for some—"sound knocks on the knuckles" for others. They collected a grand jury in each county, and proceeded to claim a ratification of the rights of the crown. The gentlemen on being impanelled were informed that the case before them was irresistible, and that no doubt could exist in the minds of reasonable men upon it. His majesty was in fact "indifferent whether they found for him or no," inasmuch as an ordinary writ from the Court of Exchequer, which had only to be moved for by the Attorney-General, would instantly give him the benefit of the law; but out of his high and princely consideration for his subjects, he wished to deal thus openly, and satisfy them by proof. "And there I left them," says Strafford, "to *chant* together, as they call it, over their evidence." The counties of Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo instantly found a title for the king; and Strafford, who always proportioned his civility to the loyalty and submission of the parties, was all sweetness and grace, and much bowing

and smiling passed between him and the good people of Roscommon.

But Galway presented a different front to the commission. The Lord President of this county was Lord St. Albans and Clanrickard, with whom Strafford had already come into collision on the question of church lands; indeed the suit was pending against him at the very time in the Castle Chamber. As proprietor of half the county, he had a preponderance there, which, in connection with his office, amounted to a species of sovereignty; and he was the head of a numerous and powerful clan—every body in Galway was a Bourke, or next to one. The sheriff knew whom he was amongst, and packed a jury accordingly; and Donellan, the Earl's steward, had made all arrangements while the commission were on progress to them. The whole county, on Strafford's entré, bristled with opposition, and on the day of the court opening, long before the verdict, Lord Clanmorris, nephew of Clanrickard, openly exulted, and only wished that Galway had come first in the list of counties, that its example might have invigorated the others. The Bourkes displayed the utmost contempt for the formalities of court. Another of the Earl's nephews, "Richard Bourke of Derrimachloglin," impudently pulled a juror by the sleeve whom Strafford was in the act of addressing, and prevented him from attending. The result of course corresponded. Donellan, who was among the jury, dictated the verdict; the rest obeyed order.

Strafford's measures on this announcement were prompt, vigorous, and complete. The jurymen were summoned to the Castle Chamber to answer for their contumacy; the sheriff was fined a thousand pounds for packing the jury; the squire of Derrimachloglin five hundred. Proclamation was made in the king's name, inviting all subjects to acknowledge his majesty's undoubted rights; the county was cleared of the Clanrickard retainers; and the strong forts of Galway and Athony garrisoned with the king's troops. Galway thus left in military occupation, the commission moved off to the other scenes of its labors. Eventually the county was obliged to submit; those who would not obey the proclamation lost, some a third, others a half of their estates, and the king's title was enforced by writ of exchequer. The earl died not long after, his party declared of a broken heart, in consequence of these proceedings,—“at the age”—Strafford not unreasonably put in—“of seventy.”

The commission, on leaving Galway, proceeded through Munster with great expedition and success. Strafford experienced here, as he had in Roscommon, the advantage of a popular manner applied to the proper persons. At the last session of parliament a young peer had entered the house with his sword, contrary to the express order of Strafford, who knew the temperament of the Irish enough to dislike trusting them with weapons. The serjeant-at-arms requested to have it, and was told that if he had it, he should have it through his body. Strafford sent for the daring youth, and proceeded to interrogate him fiercely. The young peer answered him with equal spirit, and pointed to the clause in the king's writ which summoned him to parliament—“*cinctum cum gladio*,” or “*cum cincturâ gladii*.” This was just the behavior to take Strafford: he conceived an affection for young Ormond on the spot, made trial of him, gave him promotion and took him into his confidence. The Ormonds possessed an extensive and princely domain in Munster, and their name ranked with the noblest in Ireland. The king's title laboring under some difficulties here, the young head of the family came immediately to the rescue, and he and Strafford together carried the point gallantly. The lord deputy acknowledged with warm gratitude in his despatches home the service of the young nobleman, afterwards the great Ormond, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

By the successful progress of this commission, a large quantity of land—the occupiers being generally glad to compound with a fourth part—returned into the king's possession; and Strafford proceeded to turn it to its designation. He had carved out a wearisome task for himself. The transplanting and settlement of English colonists was a slow heavy business, a continual drain upon him, all the time he was in Ireland. He had his heart, however, thoroughly in the work, and watched over his infant colonies with an almost parental anxiety. The infusion of English enterprise and activity into Ireland was a favorite object which he cleaved to, to the last, in spite of Irish prejudice, and the feeble support of the English cabinet; and the plantations of Galway had made considerable advance before his departure.

The commerce and trade of Ireland came no less under his reforming eye, and remarkable was the metamorphosis which they underwent. Before Strafford's time the country had no manufactures, except

an inferior coarse woollen one, on a poor meagre scale. Alive to this great deficiency he had even before his arrival planned and matured in his head the remedy for it; it was at Chester, amid the noise and hurry of his first embarkation for Dublin, that he penned the important despatch which originated Irish manufactures.

His line was bold. The woollen manufacture, though tempting as a foundation, ready to hand, to build upon, he foresaw would never succeed, as it would bring England and Ireland into competition. England at present indraped Irish wools: he would not deprive her of the advantage, and benefit one portion of the kingdom at the expense of another. Consequently a new line must be fixed upon. The Irish women were good spinners, the Irish a fine soil for growing flax; he resolved upon and got the king's approval for a linen trade.

So new an undertaking required an extraordinary start to set it going, and commend it to Irish enterprise; the best recommendation was example: Strafford set up a manufactory of his own, and became *in propria personâ* the founder of the illustrious order of Irish mill-owners. Six looms, with workmen for them, from the Low Countries, procured through Sir William Boswell, the English agent, were the humble commencement of the scheme; yet no sooner did Strafford see his little mill at work, than his sanguine spirit leapt to the result.—“We shall beat,” he said, “the Hollander and the French twenty per cent.” The cool audacity of the prophecy is amusingly characteristic of the man. Never mind how extensive, how systematized, how long established, the two master linen trades of the world must retire and hide their diminished heads before “me and my six looms.” His imagination made magicians of his half-dozen Flemings, endowed these six looms with miraculous energy, and saw by anticipation from their prolific restless sides, bales, mills, and warehouses, and pushing crowds roll in living tissue over the land. The following year he purchased a thousand pounds' worth of flax-seed, and enlarged the scale of his exertions.—“It will be the greatest enriching of this kingdom that ever befell it,” he writes to Boswell; and the event has corresponded.

Schemes of equal boldness for the foreign trade of the country have not, amid European fluctuations, had the same permanence. The great maritime power of the world at that time was Spain: large and splendidly equipped fleets annually set out from her ports to her possessions in South

America and the West Indies; the lucrative trade of victualling them was at present enjoyed by the Hamburg merchants. Ireland abounded just in the very articles necessary for it—meat, butter, salt fish; droves of cattle even in that day left its rich pastures for English consumption. Strafford formed the scheme of robbing Hamburg of her victualling trade, and entered into treaty with Seignior Nicholhaldie, one of his catholic majesty's provivadors at Hamburg, for its transference to Ireland. Nicholhaldie was favorable, and one point only remained to be attended to—an important one. England was in no good odor with the Spanish nation; the Spanish nation still less with England. For the latter prejudice, connected as it was with the puritanical feeling, Strafford entertained sufficient contempt; the former, should it take the turn of impeding the regularity of his catholic majesty's payments for Irish produce, was regarded with more respect. He took in Signior Nicholhaldie himself as a partner and sharer of the profits, thus securing the Irish a faithful paymaster, in fact, making them, as he said, “their own paymasters.” The whole arrangement was concluded before he had set foot in Ireland.

But Strafford's chef-d'œuvre in the department of commerce was the complete reform of the customs—immediately a revenue measure only, ultimately a general commercial one.

The customs of Ireland, before Strafford's time, were farmed almost exclusively by two ladies of the English court, the Duchess of Buckingham and Lady Carlisle: they produced just £12,000 per annum, and the Irish council assured Strafford positively and dogmatically, that they could not be made to produce more, and insisted, as people obstinately do, on the absolute perfection and finality of a palpably grossly bad arrangement. The ladies were difficult also to manage, and could not be overruled with Strafford's usual high hand. Some situations inspire peculiar pertinacity on pecuniary matters, and a fashionable dowager, who has her town establishment and rounds of parties to provide for, watches her source of income with the vigilance of a half-pay officer, and the dexterity of a hackney-coachman. They knew the value of their patent to Strafford, and stuck out for high compensation. At last, after much respectful solicitation, and much backwards and forwards debate, a capital interest in one of the new crown estates, and a bribe of

£8000, purchased Lady Carlisle's patent; and ample equivalents prevailed upon the Duchess of Buckingham.

Strafford, now master of the customs, put them up to competition at an enormously advanced rent. From £9500 a year, the Duchess of Buckingham's share was raised to a rent of £15,500, the payment of five-eighths of the annual proceeds to the king, and a fine of £8000 besides. But competitors were not so easy to find, an increased rent could only be met by an increased impost, which stood a chance of defeating itself, by lowering the consumption of the article. The undertaking was felt to be a risk. Two men, Henshaw and Williams, came forward, but Henshaw died, and Williams then withdrew, contenting himself with pressing Sir Arthur Ingram to take his place. Sir Arthur Ingram demanded security; no security was better than the partnership of the lord deputy himself; Strafford saw the necessity of giving it in order to prevent the scheme from falling, and, as he had before turned manufacturer, headed the new revenue-farming speculation. It turned out eventually profitable, and Strafford was of course accused of self-interested motives. He gave the manly straight-forward answer, that he had made the venture, and had a right to success; nor is there the shadow of a ground for attributing to him any other intention in the matter than a strictly public spirited one.

From the immutable £12,000 the customs thus rose quickly to £40,000, with every prospect of continual increase as old farms fell in. The tobacco farm of £200 a year expiring was put up for £7000, to rise in a certain time to £12,000 a year; and was taken, when every one else declined, by Strafford himself.

An augmented revenue was not allowed to end with itself: Strafford's aim was by means of a revenue to enlarge commerce; by means of an enlarged commerce to increase revenue: to allow what was collected out of the nation to transpire through the nation again, and thence recall it with interest into the treasury. The national resources would thus pass and repass through a fructifying, expanding process, and a healthy ebb and flow of commercial life be produced.

A mint was the most effectual security for this appropriation of the revenue, converting it at once into Irish coin for circulation through the country. The scarcity of money was severely felt in Ireland, and Strafford, before completing his negotiations for the Spanish trade, had bargained

with the English cabinet for the establishment of a mint to convert its profits into specie, to stay in the country, instead of going up straight for absorption in the English treasury. A constant fight went on between Strafford and the home government on this point. On every increase of revenue the English treasury instinctively opened its jaws for the precious morsel; greediness was indeed an excusable fault in its sad necessities; but Strafford was obstinate. Do not be in a hurry, he said, allow us the money for the present: Ireland wants specie: it is necessary for her commerce, she cannot get on without it: only wait, and you will be repaid ten times over in the customs that an improved commerce will bring you; but do not by eagerly catching at the seed, forestall the harvest. The home government sent for the rents of the Londonderry land, and Strafford refused to part with them; the home government sent a second time, and received not the money, but a lecture on political economy instead. The spare corner of a despatch ejaculated "specie," and the merits of specie were again and again dinned into their ears.

What is so striking in Strafford's statesmanship is its restless saliency, elasticity, fecundity. Spring and impulse its very *state*, the bent bow abhorred quiescence; design advanced beyond itself, and sight saw further than the object. One thought was the parent of another; hint swelled into form and dimension, scheme developed scheme; and his administration shows like a good composition in which thought flows and expands freely, producing a harmonious whole.

Equally striking is his love of detail—no taste from a mere hobby with him, but an accuracy of the whole eye. The acute glance split at once the smooth surface into lines and sections, details pricked their way upwards, and the vague teemed with minute life under his eye, as animalcules multiply under the sunbeam. A court ceremonial, a table of revenue, a valuation of a crown estate, statistics, estimates of wools, wines, tobacco, soap, tallow—any thing—had each the charm of a hobby for him, producing the accurate sum, the neat official report. Your hobby and your details are what give the relish and wed the man to his task: secret of depth and intensity, source of glow and richness, from the temple of truth down to the workshop, from the laboratory to the farm-yard—mystic bone, gas, and gallipot inspire the philosopher; bright harness-hook and bell, the rustic wagoner.

Ireland was Strafford's hobby—a work and creation he felt to be his own, as it rose out of chaos into shape before him; he felt parentally towards his child, and acted the nurse hanging with minute attentions about her charge.

A universal hobby puts a man in a philanthropic but not very easy position. Business increased in a cubic ratio upon Strafford, one day's work was the seed of many more, and Ireland with her parliament, law, revenue, manufactures, commerce, Church, clergy, university, spun like a top round and round in his brain, till the constant whirl would have dizzied any other head than his own. He worked like a horse, like a steam engine; and he had his triumph. The feeling of *getting things done*, became an intense pleasure, and the long laborious report goes off with an ecstatic jump of his pen—"Deo gratias (to Laud); for I am now at the end of all your letters. O quamam crowda, quamam pressa, profecto fere meltavi pinque meum—Ignoramus's own words, coming piping hot from Westminster Hall: you make no such Latin in Oxford."

Strafford's great experiment had now been tried, and succeeded; and in one part of the dominions, at any rate, a lazy timorous government had become an effective and bold one. His great theory and beau ideal of a *popular monarchy*, a monarchy that did its work and looked after the people, was in a measure fulfilled, and his government was grateful to the mass: he liked the Irish, notwithstanding some sharp dicta; and the Irish took to the Lord Deputy's bold, frank carriage, which set off the *bonâ fide* attention to their interests. The people cheered him as he went his progress on the plantation scheme, because, said Strafford, they were better off than they had been for ages; and felt the leniency of the royal arm, compared with "the oppression of their petty imperious lords."

There was, unfortunately, another class, the oligarchy, whom Strafford had deprived of their long and misused sway. They caballed, whispered, threatened, and poisoned the public mind with rumor and misrepresentation to an extent which no government, that valued its own safety, could overlook. Strafford resolved to make an example of the first man upon whom any overt act could be fixed; and if the claims of expediency and justice were ever completely united, they were in the man who was eventually pitched upon. Of mean condition, to begin with, which he had advanced by low industry, and servile arts, to an ample fortune, a title, and a seat in

the privy council, Lord Mountnorris had played with impunity towards a succession of governments, with whom he was connected, the part of hypocrite, scoundrel, and traitor. Deliberately and systematically he got hold of the deputy on his arrival, crept into his confidence, corrupted his integrity, wheedled preferment out of him during his administration, and then accused him on his retirement: he had done so toward Lord Chichester, Lord Grandison, and Lord Falkland; and even Clarendon, who is far from an admirer of Strafford, and allows him no higher motives than those of individual self-protection in this affair, admits that "either the deputy of Ireland must destroy my Lord Mountnorris, whilst he continued in his office, or else my Lord Mountnorris must destroy the deputy as soon as his commission was determined." Two trifling, but characteristic occurrences form the introduction of the story.

On a review day in Dublin, Strafford inspecting his troop, observed on officer named Annesly out of his place, disordering the ranks, and rebuked him. Annesly, on the lord deputy's back being turned, gave vent to some insolent, jeering expressions, which were heard. Strafford, not a man to be insulted, especially upon military ground, rode back, and, in the sight of the whole field, quietly laying his cane upon Annesly's shoulders, without striking him, informed the petulant officer, that upon any such demonstration occurring again, he should "lay him on the pate." The Ther-sites was cowed, and the act of contempt served the purpose of a more formal punishment.

But Mr. Annesly was once more destined to come in contact with the lord deputy's cane. Attending upon him as gentleman in waiting, he let a stool fall upon his foot—his gouty foot, and Strafford, in a moment of irritation from the pain, struck him. While the affair was fresh, and circulating rapidly, Lord Mountnorris happened to meet a large party at the table of Lord Chancellor Loftus, a kindred spirit with himself, and mortal enemy of Strafford. A number of military men were present, whose feelings would be naturally excitable on the subject of the harsh or contemptuous treatment of a comrade: the troops had not yet dispersed from their late meeting, and still crowded Dublin; an inflammatory inuendo would spread as soon as uttered, and take effect in a hundred circles. It was in such a scene and circumstances that Lord Mountnorris chose to say, alluding to

Annesly letting the stool fall, that perhaps it was done in revenge for that public affront that my lord deputy had done him personally ; *but he had a brother who would not take such a revenge*,—"who would not have taken such a blow," is Clarendon's reading.

This speech was an overt act ; and Strafford, resolved upon producing a sensation, brought down the whole pomp and terror of the law upon the speaker. Mountnorris, as an officer in the army, came under military law ; the articles of war punished with death any one guilty of " words likely to breed mutiny in the army ;" a court martial met, the words were proved, and Mountnorris was condemned to die.

The whole proceeding was a solemn farce, meant to strike terror into the Irish disaffected. Pomp and bombast produced an impression upon the Irish ; Strafford made plentiful use of it during his administration, and now wished to try what a bristling, moustachioed tribunal, with the aid of nodding plume and dazzling breastplate, and the clang of trumpets could do. That he never, from the first, had the smallest idea of putting Mountnorris to death, or of doing him the least bodily harm, is quite certain ; and it is a simple blunder and misunderstanding upon such a supposition to ground, as people do, a solemn charge of barbarity. All the advantage that was taken of the sanguinary sentence, was to put Mountnorris into temporary confinement, from which he was liberated simply with the loss of office. The proceeding humbled him considerably ; and when Strafford, to prove that he had never entertained personal animosity, but only wished, on public grounds, for his disconnection with the government, offered to give up a suit pending against him in the Star Chamber, Mountnorris acknowledged the generosity with much apparent warmth. And the whole affair would have passed off with the news of the day, if Pym and his associates had not revived it.

The hydra of the council board had not lost its productiveness. The celebrated case of the Chancellor Loftus, though at first sight not of a political, but personal bearing, plainly derived its deadliness and sting from the unfathomable abyss of hostility which Strafford's independent government had opened between himself and the Irish oligarchy.

Sir Edward Loftus, eldest son of the chancellor, was married to a lady of distinguished birth, and large fortune, daughter of Sir Francis Ruishe : the chancellor

had bound himself at the time of the marriage to meet the wealth on the lady's side with a handsome settlement on his own, but afterwards refused to fulfil his agreement ; and the case came before the council board. The council decided against him, but he still persisted in his refusal : more than that, the lord deputy was charged with being the secret plaintiff in the case, and with having instigated his own servants to get it up. Strafford denied the charge, and the chancellor gave him the lie—"he wished to God he had not found it so." Strafford immediately exerted a power which, perhaps, no deputy had done before him, and committed the lord chancellor to prison. The withdrawal of the personal charge, with a humble apology, was the speedy consequence ; but the money still stuck to the chancellor's purse. He appealed to the Star Chamber : the Star Chamber confirmed the judgment of the council board.

There is another subject connected with this case, some allusion to which, in justice to Strafford's memory, cannot be avoided. A cloud still rests upon a noble character ; and the contemporary scandal of an unlawful connection of Strafford with Lady Loftus still receives credit.

We will take the liberty of being plain. Every body who has lived in the world knows that this is just the subject, above all others, upon which men revel in whisper and innuendo at their neighbor's expense. No character for correctness, or even severity of life, can guard the man compelled by his station to be a man of the world, from the look, the sign, the insinuations, developing at last into the circumstantial anecdote. Rather the disagreeable fact, that he is better than his neighbors, positively elicits this mode of answer ; and the significant shake of the head, and the all-powerful "yes, but—" give to folly, ill-nature, or pollution, their petty triumph over the judge who unconsciously awes them. The dialogue in "Measure for Measure" is no caricature of the low backbiting of the day upon this very subject ; and we know that circumstantial stories, with their customary got up show of evidence, impugn the morality of Charles I. and George III. The whole life—laborious, severe, rigidly abstemious—of Strafford, even the grave step and melancholy countenance, were a hint to the busy tongue to pare him down to the measure of ordinary men ; and he had the misfortune, we may add, of living when veracity in the nation was at a low ebb, i. e., when puritanism

was on the ascendant. Though every human jaw were an oracle, and imbecile credulity a law of nature, sense and instinct would rise in rebellion against the mendacity of the puritans. We need only mention, as a sample, that the Scotch Commissioner Baillie accounts for Strafford's emotions, in his last speech, at the thought of his deceased wife, by a story in general circulation, that he had *killed* her; that finding, on returning home late one night, a letter from his mistress on the table, which she had opened, he immediately struck her on the breast with a fury which caused her death. The circumstantial lie lived, and received only the other day its complete contradiction from the liberal and democratic biographer of Strafford in Lardner's *Encyclopedia*.

The scandal of Strafford's connexion with Lady Loftus would not in fact demand an answer, were it not adopted by Clarendon. That writer, knowing nothing of Strafford personally, but taking it for granted that he had his amours as all gentlemen had, and such as he, Clarendon himself, with "a pickthank chuckle of old good humor," freely confesses to, inserts it simply as he finds it, not aiming at being any thing more than the reflection of the talk of the day. With respect to the only evidence referred to—"certain letters of great familiarity and affection, and others of passion," to the lady, which were read at the trial—we need only say that Strafford certainly does speak of her in his correspondence with great affection, but at the same time in a language which utterly repels the notion of a sensual adulterous love—lofty, ethical, and refined. It is impossible to believe that that pure high-principled person, that model of correct feeling was his mistress. His style always tended to the high-flown and intense, and his letters to Lady Loftus doubtless partook of it—but to a loose man's loose interpretation of them, we need only say—*honi soit qui mal y pense*. The authority of Clarendon's name, however, is the ground on which the case against Strafford rests.

On the other hand—not alluding specifically to this case, but replying to the charge of incontinence *universally*—which is more important still—a dear intimate friend and constant adviser, who clung to Strafford through life, lived at his side, saw more of him than any other man in the world did, and whose love had thoroughly conquered that disguise which keeps one man's heart a stranger to another—the affectionate and religious Sir George Radcliffe comes forward to inform us that Strafford had often

had conversations of the most private nature with him on the subject of religion, and the state of his own soul; but on two occasions especially: one when in the deepest agony of mind on the death of his second wife, Sir George never left him day or night, for several days: another on a Good Friday in Dublin, when Strafford was preparing himself for his Easter communion. On both these occasions Radcliffe thought his friend had unfolded all his heart; but on neither did he allude to this particular sin. Now this was not a subject which in a serious and religious communication between one man and another need have been omitted: it is a common sin of the higher classes at all times; it was a common sin of that day; why should Strafford have concealed it from his confessor if he had been guilty of it? disguise to one to whom he professed openness was not part of his character. So thought Sir George Radcliffe, and he said—"at both these times I received such satisfaction as left no scruple with me at all, but much assurance of his chastity."—This was written after Strafford's death.

We may observe here that while the absence of all allusion stamps the Loftus case with insignificance, the general defence completely covers it. Radcliffe was in Dublin, close to Strafford at the time; he could not have avoided a glimpse, a suspicion of such a connection, had it been going on: even had he, a thousand malicious eyes would have seen, and could have certified it to him. Strafford, moreover, was recently married again, to a lady for whom he felt and expressed all the fondest feelings of a husband. Whatever the reader may think of these arguments, we do ask him not to think a story indestructible because it is in books. Many a time has a bullying fiction got possession of history, and hectoring and stalked over the ground, when a look has afterwards sent the coward scampering to native Orcus, and the realms of smoke.

On another point, however, we are not prepared to justify Strafford. He was obviously not so careful as he ought to have been, to avoid the *appearance and reputation* of a man of gallantry; and he did not do himself justice by encouraging a lax set of cavalier acquaintances, with whom he had nothing in common, but a taste for the humorous, and hatred of the puritans. It is annoying to see the free and easy tone which Lord Conway, quite a representative of this class, assumes to him. At the same time it is plain that these men were proud of their great acquaintance, and naturally

made as much of it as they could. And some consideration is due to Strafford if in the midst of toil and care, he found relief in an acquaintance who tickled his love of the ridiculous with amusing letters of court news. Radcliffe probably alludes to such features of Strafford, when he says,—“I knew his ways long and intimately, and though I cannot clear him from all frailties, (for who can even justify the most innocent man,) yet I must give him the testimony of conscientiousness in his ways, that he kept himself from gross sins, and endeavored to approve himself rather unto God than unto man, to be religious inwardly and in truth, rather than outwardly and in show.” Every body knows that there is such a thing as reserve and disguise on this subject to the world at large. Strafford, it is plain, had much more religion all along, than others thought or than he cared to be known—a man of the world externally, while he maintained a high standard within.

We return to our history. Had opposition from the men of power in Ireland been all that Strafford had to bear, he would have been comparatively at ease. What really touched him, and went to his heart, was the coldness and distrust of the home government.

Amidst a variety of Straffordian maxims two are conspicuous: one was, that a minister, in order to effect his object, ought to be *entirely trusted* by his king. It was absurd to think that the political machine could work without singleness of impetus, and unity of action. The other was, that a minister in this fortunate position, ought to be ready to pay for it with his head. These two maxims were his north and south poles of the ministerial sphere, and it is melancholy to think that he should have realized the severe, without having benefited by the advantageous one.

Of the members of Charles I.'s cabinet, Lord Cottington, Lord Holland, and Sir Francis Windebank had positively hostile feeling to Strafford,—especially the first named, who was at the same time the deepest courtier of the three. The foe within the camp is of course the most formidable, and the profound dissembler, the cool, steady, watchful Cottington, made no agreeable rival at head quarters for a distant deputy to cope with. Strafford felt him all along a thorn in his side, and the disdain of the genuine statesman for a mere court intriguer,—for “my Don with his whiskers,” (allusive to Cottington's disgraceful Spanish proceedings,)—the adept in “making of legs to fair ladies,” was mingled

with a sort of fear of the power of a wily narrow mind in its own sphere. The rest, including secretary Coke, with whom he seems to have been on even friendly terms, were men of no particular talent, or influence, and did not press the scale either way. One and one only, his dear friend Laud, stuck to him and fought his battles through thick and thin. Laud, singly and solely, opposed to the whole influence or the indifference of the English cabinet, kept him in office from the first; Strafford would not have been a month in Ireland but for him.

But Strafford felt the most deeply, the most unkindly, the coldness of the king himself. His personal attachment to Charles was of that peculiarly affectionate kind, which often marks the intercourse of the strong mind with the amiable weaker one. Charles had powers of attraction which should have quite made up for his want of statesmanship. The countenance of calm beauty and benign grace, the temper of sweetness, the mild but kingly manner, the incomparable finish, had imaged themselves indelibly upon his minister's mind; and could he have got rid of his fears, and trusted this one guide, he was safe: his high-mettled charger would have carried him over all the Pym's and the Hampdens right speedily. A man who could command the devotion of a Strafford, was no contemptible monarch. But a weak, timorous, disappointing politician he was; and Strafford was always uncertain and uneasy about him. In vain did Laud argue at the council board, in vain after every arrival of the Irish couriers, was the Archbishop's barge seen to cross over to Westminster, and return when some hours were spent. It was Strafford's misfortune, (they are the remarkable words of the primate himself,) to serve a mild and gracious prince, *who knew not how to be or to be made great*. Charles was afraid of the power which his own fascinations had raised, and all that Laud could do was barely to keep the bold minister in office.

Moreover, men are generally influenced in their political views by their own particular art or skill, by what they know they can do well. Charles had really a talent for keeping men together, and he took that line; instead of choosing which side to take, he applied himself to keeping a divided cabinet going. And to the credit of his tact, it must be admitted that he did it where others would have failed. But what was the good of it when it was done? What was the advantage of keeping the

party of Thorough, and the party of the Lady Mora looking black at each other at the same board? Far better would it have been to let the discordant compound blow up of itself, and leave a clear atmosphere to breathe in.

As it was, Charles's government contracted all the odium of a rigorous, with none of the advantages of a strict policy: it had just courage enough to show its teeth and no more; it betrayed its inclinations, and no thanks to you, thought the popular party, for not executing them; we see the virulence of your intentions notwithstanding the poverty of your acts, and we hate your malice none the less for your cowardice. The puritan faction never really felt the force of a well sustained crushing line of attack, and the irregular sally, and occasional sharp blow, were paralyzed by some mixture of weakness, which converted the severity into a stimulus and encouragement. The puritans only preached and scribbled, reviled and pamphleteered the more, and grew stronger and stronger under a relaxed government, without having one bit of their rancor and insolence softened. Laud saw all this with disgust and impatience go on under his eyes, himself unable to stop it, or to put more nerve and spirit into Charles, than Charles was capable of receiving. He forced the council indeed to inflict punishment on Prynne, Burton and Bastwick,—“but what think you of Thorough,” he writes immediately after it to Strafford, “what think you of Thorough when there can be such slips in business of consequence? What say you to it, that Prynne and his fellows should be suffered to talk what they pleased while they stood in the pillory, and win acclamations from the people? The triumviri will be far enough from being kept dark. It is true that some men *speaking* as your lordship writes,—but when any thing comes to be *acted* against them, there is little or nothing done, nor shall I ever live to see it otherwise.” Prynne was publicly fêted by the corporation of Chester on his way to Carnarvon castle; and all three were allowed to enjoy in open day the full honors of martyrdom which their party paid them. “Strange indeed,” observes Strafford, “to see the phrenzy which possesseth the vulgar now-a-days, that the just chastisement of a state should produce greater estimation to persons of no consideration, than the highest employments for others of unspotted conversation, eminent virtues, and deepest knowledge—a grievous and over-spreading leprosy, not fitted for the hand

of every physician; the cure, under God, must be wrought by one Esculapius alone. Less than Thorough will not overcome it; there is a cancerous malignity in it, which must be cut forth, which long since rejected all other means, and therefore to God and him I leave it.” And so with the recommendation, that Hampden and the brotherhood should be well whipped into their right wits, and putting the rod into the Archbishop's hands, he ends his advice on English affairs,—“send for your chimney sweeper of Oxford, who will sing you a song made of one Bond, a schoolmaster of St. Paul's, and withal show you how to jerk, to temper the voice, to guide the hand, to lay on the rod excellently, (sure I am he made me laugh heartily when I was there last:) the chancellor of the university might with a word bring him up to your lordship at Lambeth,—and then for Mr. Hampden and Mr. Bond,” &c., &c. Laud was too melancholy to joke: I have given up, he says, as if his view was made up, *I have given up expecting of Thorough.*

[To be continued.]

CHINESE POPULAR POETRY.

The following verses were circulated in Canton, in 1840; the translation appeared in the *Canton Register* :—

HUMAN affairs are multifarious and endless.

The cause of the calamities of China arise from the *ocean smoke*.*

Which the foreigners have schemed to exchange for the precious commodities of the midle and flowery land.

The ruin to the nation and injury to the people words cannot express.

The noble Lin received the imperial commands to drive it out;

A supereminent worthy, devoted to his country, and loving the people;

But before his laborious efforts had obtained the victory, he was dismissed;

Cringing, seditious flatterers, and traitorous statesmen, forwarded confused reports,

And the partial Keshen came to the province of Yué

To ruin the faithful and good, who reside on the borders.

At the present time, if there were a will to embattle the troops,

How would the barbarous foreigners dare to advance!

But he has no heart to establish plans for the leaders and troops to do battle;

His thoughts are only bent on the selfish receiving of bribes;

He, taking advantage of changing circumstances, seeks for concord by dividing the land;

But neither the military nor the people will submit, and his words will be vain and empty.

Were the emperor to restore the noble Lin to office,

The barbarous foreigners would bow their heads to the dust, and give thanks to the *azure heavens*.†

* Opium.

† The emperor.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF SOUTHEY.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LETTER I.

John Bampfylde.—Gifford and the Quarterly.—
Moses Mendez.*Keswick, 14 Nov. 1829.*

DEAR SIR:

THE account which I sent you so many years ago of John Bampfylde, as collected from Jackson of Exeter, in conversation, is at your service for any use which you may be inclined to make of it. I am pleased to find that you should think it worthy of remembrance and of preservation. Your whole letter, indeed, would have been to me as entirely pleasing as it is full of interesting information, if it were not for the tone in which you speak of yourself and of your own labors. That you might have taken a high place among English poets had you received the early encouragement which ought to have been given, and had you submitted to that patient labor, without which no great work can be accomplished, I do not doubt: for I know not any poem in any language more beautifully imaginative than your sonnet upon Silence and Echo. Circumstances have led you to raise for yourself a distinguished reputation in another branch of literature, in itself of a very interesting kind. No other person, I believe, has contributed so largely and so well to the materials for a literary history of England. And this, as it is a lasting benefit, will draw after it a lasting remembrance. I have profited, and hope to profit more, by these your labors, to which in due time I shall make my thankful and respectful acknowledgments. Your edition of "Collins's Peerage" I have never chanced to see; but I have heard it so spoken of in various quarters as to satisfy me that you have brought to that branch of our antiquities also the feeling of a poet as well as the diligence of a genealogist.

You have done much, Sir Egerton, for which to be remembered, far more than many of your flourishing contemporaries, whose reputations will fade as rapidly as they have flourished. And, if you have fallen short of your own youthful aspirations, who is there that has not, if he aspired at any thing generous? Who that can afford to compare what he has done with what it was once his ambition and his hope to do? Grey hairs bring with them little wisdom, if they do not bring this sense of humiliation.

My paper upon Hayley, in the Quarterly, (No. 62,) was so offensive to Mr. Gifford, that after it was printed he withheld it from two successive numbers; and if he had not then ceased to be editor, and had persisted in withholding it, I should probably have withdrawn from the Review. There neither was nor could be any reason for this, but that he could not bear to see Hayley spoken of with decent respect. Poor Gifford used to say that I was not "well affected" to the Review, because I protested from this.

Your letter contains many interesting particulars which were new to me, and some names which I had not before heard, or not remember-

ed. Moses Mendez, if my memory does not deceive me, published a collection of poems by various authors, in one volume, which I have seen bound uniformly with Dodsley and Pearch. I have now upon my shelves (a schoolboy purchase) "The Loves of Othniel and Achsah," translated from the Chaldee (2 vols. 1769), of which the preface says that the first book was translated by Mr. M...s M...s, the former possessor of the (pretended) MSS., and that the rest had been pursued amidst the vexations of a very troublesome employment, increased by disappointments from pretended friendships. The author was probably a Jew.

LETTER II.

Lord Buckhurst.—Sir Philip Sidney.—Fielding.—The Evangelicals.—Gondibert.—D'Israeli.—Wither.—Davenant.—Richardson's Portrait.—Jeremy Benthamites.—Romilly.—Sir Edward Der-
ing.—Sismondi.—Unpublished Stanzas.

Keswick, 8 April, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR:

I reply thus immediately to your very interesting, and, indeed, affecting letter, that I may endeavor in writing (were it possible, I would, willingly, in person) to assist you in beguiling some little portion of your wearying confinement. The severe pain which you were suffering indicated I suppose a gathering in the part originally affected, from which a discharge, though it leave you greatly exhausted, may, I hope and trust, give permanent relief. There is a *vis vitæ*, on which much reliance may be placed, in an unconquerable spirit like yours.

Lord Buckhurst is, beyond all doubt, the immediate father-in-verse of Spenser; he was by far the greatest and (which is not always, nor even often a necessary result,) the most influential poet of his generation. But he is included in Warton's History; and my agreement with Longman is, that I may embody these lives hereafter in my intended continuation of Warton's work, should I live to undertake it seriously. From my very boyhood, when I first read the Arcadia, in Mrs. Stanley's modernization of it, Sydney took possession of my imagination. Not that I like the book the better, just in proportion as she had worsened it, for his own language would have presented nothing strange or difficult to me, who had read Shakspeare, and B. and Fletcher, as soon as I could understand enough of them to follow the story of their plays; but she had thrown away the pastoral parts, and the miserable metre with which those parts are encumbered; and, therefore, I had nothing to interrupt my enjoyment of the romance. Spenser afterwards increased my veneration for Sidney; and Penshurst, where I first saw it (in 1791) was the holiest ground I had ever visited.

Forty years have not abated my love and veneration for Sydney. I do not remember any character more nearly without reproach. His prose is full of poetry, and there are very fine passages among his poems, distinguishing them from his metres, in which there is scarcely even a redeeming line, thought, or expression.

I was introduced one day, in St. James's Park, to the Fielding of whom you gave me so lively an anecdote. He was then a fine old man, though visibly shaken by time. He received me in a manner which had much of old courtesy about it; and I looked at him with great interest, for his father's sake. This must have been in 1817. The year afterwards a book was sent me with this title, "Eternal Punishment proved to be not suffering, but privation, and Immortality dependent on Spiritual Regeneration; by a Member of the Church of England." There came a letter with it, in which the author, (James Fontaine,) supposing me to be well acquainted with Mr. Fielding, spoke of him as his friend, and as holding the opinions which were maintained in this book. And I heard afterwards, from the friend who had introduced me to him, that he was supposed to have fallen into some peculiar religious notions, and that something like enthusiasm was imputed to him,—which, judging from the book, could only have been by persons who had bestowed no serious thought themselves upon the most serious of all subjects; for Fontaine, (though far from an able writer,) as a very sober and deliberate judgment, established, upon scriptural grounds, the only doctrine in which the heart and understanding can fully acquiesce, and which clearly vindicates the ways of God to man. Fielding, therefore, appears to have avoided those errors into which men so frequently fall, when they begin earnestly to look beyond the mortal state. Mr. Park will not have avoided them if he has got among the Evangelicals, who, as a body, bring both by their tenets and practices, a reproach upon Christianity. The volume which he sent you, and which missed its way, was probably his "Morning Thoughts and Midnight Musings." There are some very affecting pieces in it,—the best he ever wrote.

I will ask Quillinan to look at the notes upon Davenant. D'Israeli has some curious particulars about Gondibert, in his "Quarrels of Authors;" but he supposes Dr. Donne to have been one of his assailants,—who was dead long before. There is a most atrocious libel upon Wither in one of Davenant's plays:—he is introduced as an assassin, and all but named, the intention being plainly denoted by an allusion to his "Abuses Strip and Whipt."

Wither's family is inosculated with a branch of mine. My late uncle (Mr. Hill) married a sister of Mr. Bigge Wither, of Manidown, and the children of that marriage are now my wards. It was thought at one time by his sisters, that Mr. B. Wither intended to marry Miss Austin, whom you mention, and whose novels are more true to nature, and have (for my sympathies) passages of finer feeling than any other of this age. She was a person of whom I have heard so well, and think so highly, that I regret not having seen her, nor ever having had an opportunity of testifying to her the respect which I felt for her. I inquired if any papers of poor George Withers could be traced, but without success.

There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby, with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morritt told me when he pointed it out. It had

been painted for one of his female admirers, and when long Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have there, in company with persons of high degree; so the canvass was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue riband and a star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole! You may be sure Mr. Morritt, when he restored to the picture its right name, left it in possession of these favors.

Edward Romilly is expected, with his bride, in the immediate neighborhood. I have seen a little of him formerly, and generally meet one of his brothers at a breakfast-party, once, during my rare visits to town, among a knot of Jeremy Benthamites,—able, active, and ambitious men, some of whom are right in their feelings, but all wrong in their opinions, and likely (most of them) to do all that in them lies for increasing the evils and dangers of this ill-fated country. I do not recollect the Christian name of this Romilly, but he is a mild, agreeable man, and of prepossessing countenance. The friend at whose rooms I have met him is the author of "Isaac Comnenus," a tragedy, which was noticed some two years ago in the Quarterly; a man of rare genius, and (though possessed in a less degree by the same evil spirit) the most intimate friend I have among those who are a generation younger than myself.

The fact which you notice of the likeness to Sir Edward Dering (of Charles's age) in his family at this day is very curious. Did you ever observe how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses,—which having been kept, as it were, in abeyance, while the passions and the business of the world engross the parties, come forth again in age (as in infancy), the features settling into their primary character before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this,—brother and sister, whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, when they never used to appear. But, of Sir Edward Dering, very few of his speeches are given in Cobbett or Howel's Parliamentary history, the worst part of which is that of those times, and this owing to some negligence on the part of the editor, who has not resorted to such separate publications as he ought to have done, nor to Rushworth, and still less to Nalson. Dering's speeches, with his beautiful portrait, I found in the library at Lowther; where I found also, in the same collection of tracts, a life of Sejanus, (levelled against Buckingham,) by P. M. Some former owner of the same age had written under these initials—*Philip Massinger*. I communicated this to Gifford, as deserving inquiry on his part, which he said he would make, but I believe never did.

Sismondi is less fully informed than I expected to find him respecting the literature of Spain and Portugal, especially that of the latter country. I have never seen his historical works. Having a library within reach, I live upon my stores, which are, however, more ample perhaps

than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And when I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on,
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

The stanzas in the last page were intended for my Colloquies, in which (following Boëthius) I thought at first of interspersing poems, but, giving up that intention, this little piece was left unfinished, and so it remains.

Mrs. Harriet Bowdler, at the age of seventy-eight, has just died of the small-pox, of the most virulent kind: This I hear to-day from Mrs. Hodsou, formerly Margaret Holford.

God bless you, Sir Egerton, and restore you! I shall look anxiously to hear of you; but with hope.

Yours, with sincere respect,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Sir Egerton Bridges, &c. &c., Geneva.

LETTER III.

Sir W. Davenant.—The "Gnomica."—Life of Sidney.—Pepys's Memoirs.—Collection of English Poetry.—"The Pastime of Pleasure."—"Piers Ploughman."—Scenery near Keynsham.—Lucien Buonaparte.—Sidney and Fulke Greville.—Portrait of Sidney.—Conduct of the Earl of Leicester.

Keswick, 16th June, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR:

I thank you for your letter,—for Oldy's notes concerning Sir W. Davenant, which your son has obligingly transcribed for me,—and for some very interesting and valuable books, part the produce of the Lee Priory Press, and part the result of your unweariable industry on the Continent. The "Gnomica" I have been reading with the greatest delight, which has been not a little enhanced by perceiving too frequently my thoughts have been travelling in the same direction with yours. Charges of plagiarism, indeed, have often been made upon lighter grounds than might be found in this volume of yours for accusing me of it, in my last work. Had I known this a little sooner, it should have been

noticed in the second edition of that work. Few books have ever fallen in my way which contain so many golden remarks as these "Gnomica."

That portion of the "Theatrum Poetarum" which you printed at Canterbury I purchased when it was first published; and was very glad now to receive the whole work, with more of your own remarks, and in so beautiful a form.

Your edition of "Sir P. Sydney's Life" I have been fortunate enough to borrow, by means of Longman. There is a curious passage respecting it in "Pepys's Memoirs," relating to a passage of prophetic foresight concerning the Dutch. This "Life," which is everywhere characteristic of its author, has led some writers astray concerning the age at which Sydney began his travels, owing, I have no doubt, to a mistake of figures in the manuscript, where 17 must have been so written as to be taken for 14. You may have seen an impossible attempt of Dr. Aikin's to comprise a complete "Collection of English Poetry," in one volume. He begins with a few pages of B. Jonson, and then comes Milton. Longman put it into my hands when it was just published, and I remarked to him that Dr. Aikin had begun just where I should have ended; for every thing which that volume contained was already accessible to readers of all classes. He remembered this, and applied to me to include such works of the earlier poets as the limits would admit, in a similar volume. I could have made a most valuable book if he would have consented to let the volume be supplementary to Chalmers' and Anderson's Collections; but this did not suit his views; so I could only reverse the proverb, and cut my cloth according to my coat. I have, however, given the volume a special value by Hawes's "Pastime of Pleasure;" and, if Longman could have been persuaded, I would have commenced it with that copy of "Piers Ploughman," which is the intermediate one between Whitaker's and the old edition; but he did not think the great service which might thus have been rendered to our literature would be beneficial to *his book*. And I must think myself fortunate in getting in Old Tusser, Lord Brooke, and Chamberlain's "Pharonnida," which fell in my way when I was a schoolboy. I did not know that any of my Cid's blood was running in English veins; still less could I suppose, when translating the account of those proceedings at the Cortes, when he revenged the wrongs of his two daughters, (which is one of the sublimest passages of the kind,) that it was a part of your family history. No descent can be more distinctly made out, and none could possibly pass through a more illustrious channel.

There is a path leading from Keynsham toward Bristol, through what was formerly the park. It was very little frequented when I discovered it, six-and-thirty years ago, at which time I was in the habit of walking between Bath and Bristol, from one place to the other; and I felt very strongly the picturesque and melancholy character of the scene,—melancholy only because its days of grandeur were gone by. A small lodge was the only building which remained; but the grounds, though disparked,

had still a park-like appearance, in the old hawthorns which were standing here and there, and in the inequalities, making it look as if there ought to have been deer there. It was the only part of the walk in which I habitually and involuntarily slackened my pace.

I have very recently added your edition of "Collins's Peerage" to my library, and it makes me regret the more that you should not have executed your intention of writing biography upon an extensive scale. It can never be well written except by one whose mind is at once comprehensive and scrutinizing, and who unites an antiquary's patience with a poet's feeling. The poem regarding your own life I trust you will finish, and entreat you so to do; but at the same time to bear in mind, that if you have not done all you dreamt of doing, and could have done, this is the common, and, perhaps, the inevitable lot of all who are conscious of their own powers; and you have done much which posterity will not willingly suffer to pass into oblivion.

Lucien Buonaparte applied to me to translate his poem; the application was made in a circuitous way by Brougham; and I returned, as was fitting, a courteous answer to what was intended for a flattering proposal, not thinking it necessary to observe, that an original poem might be composed at less greater expense of time, and with the certainty of satisfying one person at least, whereas in the translation it was as likely to displease the author as myself. I read the original when it was printed, which few persons did. One part of it pleased me much. The whole was better conceived than a Frenchman could have conceived it; but I could not forgive him for writing it in French instead of Italian, nor for adapting it to the meridian of the Vatican. Butler's translation I never saw. He has restored the character of the school of Shrewsbury, which was upon a par with the best in England, when Sydney and Fulk Grevill were placed there on the same day; and when the boys represented plays in an open amphitheatre, formed in an old quarry, between the town-walls and the Severn. Churchyard describes it.

The stanzas in the "Gnomica," p. 163, might have passed with me for a fragment of Gondibert. They have just that tone of thoughtful feeling which distinguishes that poem above all others, and owing to which (faulty as in many respects it is) I never take it up without deriving fresh pleasure from it, and being always unwilling to lay it aside. A little, I think, he learnt from Sir J. Davies; more from Lord Brooke, who is the most thoughtful of all poets. Davenant had less strength of mind or morals, (as his conversation and popery prove,) but more feeling; with him the vein ended. You trace a little of it in Dryden's earlier poems, not later. You have admirably characterized the poets of Charles the Second's age.

Do you recollect the portrait of Sydney prefixed to Dr. Zouch's life of him, from a picture by Velasquez, at Wentworth Castle. It is a good likeness of Professor Airey, the Cambridge mathematician, who was a youthful prodigy in his own science; but it bears no resemblance

whatever either to the miniature which you have had engraved, or to the portrait in the Sydney papers. I am inclined to suspect, therefore, that it is not his portrait, especially as that want of resemblance leads me very much to doubt whether Sydney ever could have sat to Velasquez. The countenance in the miniature is feebler than I should have looked for,—more maidenly;—and that again in the Sydney papers has a character (quite as inappropriate) of middle age, and is not without a certain degree of coarseness.

The Sydney papers have induced me to judge less unfavorably than I used to do of Leicester, and rather to agree with Sharon Turner in thinking his character doubtful, than decidedly bad. The strongest fact against him is what Strada states,—that he engaged, through the Spanish ambassador, to bring about the restoration of the old religion, if Philip would favor him in his hopes of marrying the Queen. Strada affirms this upon the authority of the ambassador's letters; and I cannot explain his conduct as being only part of a scheme for obtaining the confidence of the Spanish court, and becoming thereby better acquainted with the schemes of its confederates in England. On the other hand, the character of Sir Henry Sydney seems to me in a certain degree a guarantee for Leicester's intentions. So is Sir Philip's too; and Leicester's friendship for his brother-in-law, and evidently sincere affection for his nephew, tell greatly in his favor. There are also expressions in his will, and touches of feeling, which may surely be considered as sincere indications, not merely of the state of mind in which the will was written, but of the habit of mind. What a most affecting thing is his mother's will! In the reverence which Sydney must have felt for *her* memory, and in his grateful affection for his uncle, you may, I think, account, and perhaps find an excuse for the manner in which he speaks of his Dudley descent. Even his father taught him to pride himself upon it.—Farewell, my dear sir, and believe me, &c.

To Sir Egerton, Bridges, Bart., &c., Geneva.

LETTER IV.

Sir Samuel Romilly.—Samuel Whitbread, Esq.—Lord Liverpool.—"History of Brazil."—Sidney's "Stella."—Greene's "Euphues."—State of Political Parties.—Gloomy forebodings.—John Bunyan.—Southey's Life of Sidney.

Keswick, 10th Oct., 1830.

MY DEAR SIR:

I was about to write to you, and apologize for a seeming neglect which began to weigh heavily upon my conscience, when your miscellaneous sheet arrived by this day's post. The characters which you have drawn in it of Romilly, Whitbread, and Lord Liverpool, I am very well able to appreciate, and admire them accordingly. They are beautifully and most discriminately delineated. I did not like Romilly. He was more an antique Roman, or a modern American, than an Englishman in his feelings. One of the best speeches which I remember was made by Frankland, in 1810, in answer to a motion of his

for altering some of the criminal laws; and Romilly was disingenuous enough to speak of it with contempt as something unintelligible. Whitbread I like still less. A hint was once thrown out in the Edinburgh Review that it would be proper to call me to account for the freedom with which I had commented on some of his speeches in defence of Buonaparte: his party took the hint, and it was proposed to bring me before the House of Commons. I was informed of this, and should have been in no want of supporters there; but upon further consideration they deemed it better to let me alone, somewhat to my disappointment.

Lord Liverpool wanted nothing but courage to have been the best and wisest minister of modern times; he was always well-informed, always considerate, and always judicious when he ventured to act upon his own sense of what was right. But in compromising a great principle he virtually (not intentionally) betrayed it; and more evils are likely to follow from that compromise than broke loose from Pandora's box.

The transcript reached me safely; and I am very much obliged to you for it, and to Professor Horner. I would fain send you the "History of Brazil" (my best work), that you may judge by the labor already bestowed upon it how greatly I prize any information which may enable me to render it less imperfect; but three thick quartos are of unseemly bulk for travelling from London to Geneva. I will consign them, therefore, to Mr. Quillinan's care, that they may be deposited for you at Lee Priory.

I had noticed that paper in the Quarterly Review, not having the slightest suspicion that it was yours, as containing an unusual portion of knowledge, and being in a strain of thought and feeling with which I could wholly accord; and I made a note of reference to it, respecting Sir Robert Dudley. Sydney's Stella cannot have been Lady Rich, because his poems plainly relate to a successful passion; and because the name was applied to his widow. Is he the first person who used it as a feminine name? I incline to think so, because it is evidently used in relation to *Astrophel*, for which conceit I suppose he fixed upon it, though he must have known that it was a man's name among the Romans. The better to estimate Sydney's deserts, I have been reperusing "Euphues," and such of Greene's works as you have printed in "The Archaica." The latter I read when you published them; the former ten years ago, when the book first came into my hands. The most remarkable thing in "Euphues" is, that it contains some specimens of what Swift calls Polite Conversation,—that sort of vulgarity had undergone little or no change from the days of Elizabeth to those of Q. Anne. It is strange that this book should ever have been popular, and still more so that any one should have rendered it into modern English in 1716. This modernization I should like to see. It contains, also, something upon a miniature scale of those rapid and fine-drawn conversations which were carried to the farthest point of wearisomeness and absurdity in M. Scudery's romances; but of this there are earlier examples, but in French and Italian. I

do not suppose any thing in "Euphues" to be original, except the mannerism of its pedantry.

I hope to be in London at the meeting of Parliament: since the Long Parliament no meeting has been looked for with so much expectation, nor has expectation ever before worn such a "cast of fear." Matters are to be considered—and *must* be considered—which would require all the strength of the strongest government, and all the wisdom of the wisest; and ours is at present weak, miserably weak, in every sense of the word. There is a likelihood that it may derive support from some of those persons who are beginning to see the danger which threatens all our institutions; but, on the other hand, fear is just as likely to make others fly, and that has usually been the policy of feeble and timid men, and of none more than those who now compose the British cabinet—that of yielding to one demand after another, though with the certainty that every concession will bring on a more unreasonable demand. It seems as if they cared for nothing more than how to smooth their way for the session. There is a talk of giving a representative to Manchester, and other large towns: and, indeed, there is so little chance of preserving the old system, that those who most regret the impossibility of maintaining it, will be contented and thankful if they can only avert the mischief which must ensue if the elections should everywhere be placed in the power of the populace.

There are more than rumors that some measures are intended against the church property: men who ought not to express such fears make no scruple of saying that they expect to see the clergy placed upon the same footing as other sects,—that is, left to be supported by the voluntary contributions of their respective flocks. This I have more than once heard from persons in influential stations; and the effect is, that people begin instinctively to reconcile themselves as well as they can to an evil which they are thus led to expect: for in losing hope, we lose in such cases most of the strength for resistance, and almost all the motives for it. While the Catholic question was afloat, there was a strong body of feeling and principle in the country, not only ready to have rallied round the Government, but eager to do so. That body the Emancipation has broken up. And by removing that question the ministers, instead of obtaining the peace for which they paid so dear a price, find that they have only unmasked batteries which could never have opened while that question occupied the ground in front. The cry of Parliamentary Reform is raised, with the example of the Parisians, to encourage the Radicals here: Brabant is held forth to the Irish as an example for dissolving the Union; and then will follow the demand for a Catholic Church establishment in Ireland; and the troubles which might have (been) averted by the imprisoning three or four agitators a few years ago, will not be settled a few years hence, without the most dangerous war that has ever shaken these kingdoms. Add to this, that infidelity and fanaticism are advancing *pari passu* among the middle and lower orders, and that agrarian principles are

sensibly making a progress among those who have nothing to lose.

Gladly would I abstract myself wholly from such subjects, were it possible, and live in the uninterrupted enjoyment of literary pursuits; but political considerations are now like the winds and waves in a tempest; there is no escape from them, no place where those who are at sea can be at rest, or cease to hear and to feel the storm.

The paper upon Bunyan in the last Quarterly Review is by Sir Walter. He has not observed; and I, when I wrote the life, had forgotten, that the complete design of a Pilgrim's Progress is to be found in Lucian's *Hermotimus*. Not that Bunyan ever saw it there; but that the obvious allegory had presented itself to Lucian's mind, as to many others. My only article in the number is a short one upon the Negro New Testament: as a philological curiosity that Testament is the most remarkable that has fallen in my way.

My life of Sydney lengthens before me, and I shall not be satisfied with it till I can get at the two other collections of Hubert Languet's letters, besides those which were addressed to Sydney himself. Then, too, I shall better be able to form an opinion whether Languet has been rightly supposed to be the Junius Brutus of that age; at present, what I have gathered of his character inclines me to think otherwise. I wish, and ought also, to read the letters of Mornay du Plessis, which not long ago were published. Montaigne and I differ in this respect, that he liked better to forge his mind than to furnish it; and I am much more disposed to lay in knowledge than to lay doubt. Mere inclination now would induce me always to read, and seldom—very seldom, to write. This upon me is the effect of time. I hope this may find you again restored.

Yours sincerely, R. S.

To Sir Egerton Bridges, Bart., &c., Geneva.

(There are several clerical errors in the concluding part of this letter, which appears to have been ended in some haste.)

THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

TRANSLATED FROM DE LAMARTINE.

High on a rock lashed by the plaintive wave,
From far the mariner discerns a grave,
Time has not yet the narrow stone defaced;
But thorns and ivy have their tendrils bound,
Beneath the verdant covering woven round,
A broken sceptre's traced.

Here lies—without a name his relics rest,
But 'tis in characters of blood impressed,
On every conquered region of the world,
On bronze and marble, on each bosom brave,
And on the heart of every trembling slave
Beneath his chariot hurled.

Three little steps may measure the low mound,
And not a murmur from the grave resound;
The warrior may be spurned by rival's feet,
Insects may buzz around that lofty brow;
For his imperial shade hears only now
The surge unceasing beat.

Proudly disdain what the world admired,
Dominion only his stern soul required;
All obstacles, all foes his might o'ercame,
Straight to the goal, swift as the winged dart
Flew his command, though through a friend's
warm heart,
And reached its deadly aim.

Never to cheer him was the banquet spread,
Nor wine all crimson in the goblet shed;
Streams of another purple pleased his eye;
Fixed as the soldier watching braced in arms
He had no smiles for gentle beauty's charms,
Nor for her tears a sigh.

His joys were the clang of arms, the battle peal,
The flash of morning on the polished steel;
His hand alone caressed his war-horse fleet,
Whilst like a wind the white descending mane
Furrowed the bloody dust, and all the slain
Lay crushed beneath his feet.

To be the thought and life of a whole age,
To blunt the poignard—enmity assuage—
To shake, and then establish tottering state;
And by the lightning his own cannons pour
To win the game of empires o'er and o'er,—
Proud dream!—Resplendent fate!

'Tis said that in his last long dying moan,
Before eternity subdued alone,
A troubled glance did up to heaven ascend.
That mercy's sign had touched the scornful man,
That his proud life a holy Name began,
Began—but dared not end!

Complete the word!—pronounce the sacred Name,
Our deeds and heroes are not weighed the same.
God pardons or condemns, He crowns, He reigns;
Speak without dread, — He comprehends thy
thought,
Tyrants or slaves each to account are brought
For sceptres, or for chains!

CANAL ACROSS SUEZ.—A private letter from Alexandria announces the intention of the Pacha of Egypt to proceed with the execution of the long proposed work of joining the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, by means of a canal to be cut from Suez to Palusium.—*Court Journal*.

EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF NINEVEH.—By order of the French Consul at Mossoul, excavations are being made on the ground formerly covered by the city of Nineveh, which was situated on the Tigris, opposite the present town of Mossoul. The remains of a palace, the walls of which are covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions in cuneiform characters, have recently been brought to light, a discovery the more important, as no sculptured monument of the Assyrians was supposed to be in existence. The government have desired M. Botta to prosecute his undertaking.—*Ibid*.

THORWALDSEN'S COLLECTION. — Thorwaldsen has thrown open his splendid collection of pictures and marbles to the public at Copenhagen, and it is said that he has declared his intention to bequeath the whole upon certain conditions, to that city.—*ib*.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND THINGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS A GOOD MEMORY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND DE GENOUDE.

THE first time I saw Chateaubriand was in that very garden at Lausanne of which Gibbon has written—

“Instead of a small house between a street and a stable-yard, I began to occupy a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of M. Deiguerdun; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the lake of Lemane, and the prospect far beyond the Lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintances had been first united in London; but this happy position of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Lausanne.”

And who that has read his eloquent descriptions of the commencement and termination of the history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, can forget that, whilst—

“It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing that work first started to his mind;”

it was in the garden at Lausanne just referred to, that he terminated his labors:—

“It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summerhouse in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my *History*, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.”

Yes!—there we were in the self-same garden. The acacias still waved their golden hair; the summerhouse yet existed; the “*berceau*” was not destroyed; and Chateaubriand was walking with the aged Madame —, the first love of the self-same Gibbon.

Ah! how time had rolled on! How its effacing fingers had left scarcely a trace of

those features where beauty had once loved to dwell! And how now she described the person of her former enthusiastic admirer, who, having prostrated himself on one occasion at her feet, imploring her to accept his hand and heart, was unable to raise himself from the ground and gain his erect posture, until she rang for her servant, and directed him to assist the abject lover from the ground! What a host of historical and biographical remembrances rushed to my mind when I beheld the French poet and philosopher engaged in a cheerful “*causerie*” with one who had been the friend and companion of the writer of the most eloquent history the world hath yet seen in any language or in any clime!

And there was the deep blue lake, on whose magical waters Gibbon had so often gazed! And there the same garden in which Lord Sheffield, Necker, Charles James Fox, and Prince Henry of Prussia, had so often wandered with this extraordinary man! And there were those glorious mountains on which their eyes had so often feasted! And there was the dark grandeur of retreating rocks, but lighted on their tops with eternal snow! And there was that placid village of Ouchy lying quite meekly in the valley, with the slopes covered with roses and vines, flowers and luxuriance down to the water's edge! And we talked of other days, and beings long since consigned to the earth and the worm, but whose works, unimpaired by time, or unchanged by the lapse of years, were still the admiration of successive generations. So we talked of Tell, and of La Harpe, and of Madame de Genlis, and of the Swiss reformers, and of men of all sections of the Christian Church, and of a heaven where there should be no divisions, no sections, and no sectarians!

Chateaubriand was full of Rome, of the imperial city, of the infallible chief of an infallible church, of the privileges and advantages he was about to enjoy as ambassador to his Holiness from Charles the Tenth,—for he was on his way to the Papal States when I met him; and his conversation was most eloquent when he talked of the continuity of the Catholic faith, of the *invariable* essence of the Catholic religion, and of the repose of his own spirit when he thought and believed that he also was an engrafted member of that holy fellowship which was begun on earth to endure for ever.

Chateaubriand had undertaken the mission on which he was proceeding, more for the purpose of absenting himself during

an approaching period of severe political conflict, in which his voice would have been lost in the Babel of party hostility and clamor, than from any other motive, either moral, political, or religious. With his fine discriminating mind he beheld the coming storm. He perceived that the party of the "Counter-Revolution" had resolved on urging the king to a reaction; and that the opposition of such men as Roy, Perier, and Royer Collard, had become less dispassionate and more intense. He was accused of fear, of want of consistent energy, of nervousness, and tremulousness; and Martainville, with his satires and his venom, spoke of such men as the author of *The Genius of Christianity* as being infected with "the poison of liberalism." Whilst Martignac and Chateaubriand defended the monarchy with the Charta, Martainville and the men of the old monarchy called for "*coups-d'état*," and asked, "What need have we of any other Charta than the will of the best of princes?" They sought to bring into disgrace or contempt the man who, in 1814, had written his celebrated brochure, *De Buonaparte et des Bourbons, et de la nécessité de se rallier à nos princes Légitimes, pour le bonheur de la France, et celui de l'Europe*. Fourteen years had passed away. The services of Chateaubriand, though not forgotten, were too remote to be kept steadily in view, and "he is infected with Constitutionalism!" was the cry with which it was attempted to degrade him. And yet it should have been remembered that with truth could he exclaim,—

"Since the epoch of the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien, I have been accustomed to run all the risks of fortune! Every six months I have been threatened that I should be shot, or put to the sword, or imprisoned for the rest of my days. Still I did not the less follow the course which my duty indicated, as one I ought to pursue."

But so it was. Peace and plenty had brought with them not satisfaction and gratitude, happiness and repose, but a spirit of rebellion, and a determination, on the one hand, to demand more than the Charta granted, and, on the other, to withdraw concessions which had been wisely made. Thus the monarchy was placed in peril, and public liberties were rendered less secure. The poet, the orator, the Christian philosopher, perceived all this; and, faithful to his past life, he did not hesitate to assure the princes he had served with such devotion, and to whose illustrious race he continued so warmly attached, that a counter-revolu-

tion and a restoration of the monarchy of 1788 was impossible.

One of the senseless calumnies at that time heaped on Chateaubriand was, that "his tastes were English, that he had been one who had eulogized that mixed form of government which had been consecrated by the Charta; and that France owed all her modern calamities, and approaching woes, to the *parliamentary system*!"

The truth was, that Chateaubriand had not been an idle and an ignorant spectator of the events of the then past forty years. It could not be said of him "that he had forgotten nothing and learned nothing." His expansive and noble heart had certainly forgotten many acts of injustice and cruelty exercised towards him both by the Revolution, the Republic, and the Empire; but he had well observed what France had been and what she was, and he therefore sought to render her government popular without being democratic, and monarchical without being reactionary. When his friends denied that he was "*too English*," and adduced in proof of this the very pamphlet I have already mentioned, in the first edition of which he had even forgotten to acknowledge the immense debt of gratitude which the Bourbons, as a race, owed to the English nation, they were met by the cry, "Ah! but read the appendix to the *second* edition, in which England is glorified at the expense of all besides! This Chateaubriand is one of those to whom we owe the infliction of a parliamentary system."

And as the noble and beautiful language of Chateaubriand on this occasion has been so unjustly and unkindly produced against him, in order to excite the prejudices and the hatred of the Anti-English party in France, I am delighted to have the opportunity of recalling public attention to his glowing panegyric of the Prince Regent and of the Duke of Wellington:—

"Several persons," said Chateaubriand, "have remarked, not without astonishment, that in my last work when speaking of the generosity of the great powers who have of late delivered us, I should not have made mention of England! I admit the justice of this reproach, and I am grieved to the heart at my omission; but my excuse must be the real one,—the grandeur of the spectacle which I was contemplating, and the rapidity with which I wrote the pamphlet in question. * * * But, sir, no Frenchman can ever forget, I trust, that which he owes to the *Prince Regent of England*, and to the noble people who have so powerfully contributed to our emancipation. The flags of Spain also floated in the armies of Henry the Fourth; and they reappear in the battalions which restore to us our Louis the Eighteenth. We are

too sensible of true glory not to admire this *Lord Wellington*, in whose character we see so strikingly reproduced the virtues and the talents of our own *Turenne*. Do we not feel touched even to tears when we contemplate this truly great man, *Wellington*, promising, at the time of our retreat from Portugal, two guineas for each French prisoner who should be brought to him living? By virtue of the force of his moral character, and its influence over his contemporaries, this same *Lord Wellington*, more as the effect of that character, than as the result of military discipline, miraculously brought into a state of subjugation, on entering into our provinces, the resentment of the Portuguese, and the vengeance of the Spaniards; and, in one word, it was around his standard that the first cry of "*Vive le roi!*" aroused our unfortunate country; and, instead of a captive French prince, this new Black Prince was brought back to Bordeaux as the king of emancipated France!"

The concluding passage is so delicate, eloquent, and touching, that I dare not translate it:—

"Lorsque le Roi Jean fut conduit à Londres, touché de la générosité d'Edouard, il s'attacha à ses vainqueurs, et revint mourir dans la terre de sa captivité, comme s'il eût prévu que cette terre serait dans la suite le dernier asile du dernier rejeton de sa race, et qu'un jour les descendants des Talbot et des Chandos recueilleraient la postérité proscrite de la Hire et des Duguesclin."

That the Buonapartists, the remnants of the roughshod republicans, and the once devoted lovers of the barbarous politics of Robespierre and of Marat, should have hated Chateaubriand for language so creditable to his heart and his understanding, would have excited no surprise; but that the polished courtiers of a once banished dynasty should have so far forgotten the obligations they owed to the English and their government, as to have attacked him for his expressions of gratitude and love to Great Britain, is a fact which reflects no credit on the men who were so oblivious.

But I have headed this Reminiscence, "*Chateaubriand and De Genoude!*" Why have I done so? Why have I not kept distinct the memorials and reminiscences of the author of *Atala et René*, of the *Correspondence of the Baron de Grimm and Diderot*, and of *Le Génie du Christianisme*? And why have I confounded them with the political writings of De Genoude, the apologist of the Jesuits, the counsellor of demi-measures of a reactionary character, and the able and most accomplished editor of *La Gazette de France*? I shall answer this inquiry with as much brevity as possible; but my reasons being connected with the

history of the last fifteen years, cannot be comprehended in a few sentences.

In 1826, 27, and 28, the *character* of the opposition to the Bourbon government became materially changed. Many years of very great physical prosperity, and of undisturbed peace, had placed the middling classes in France in a condition of considerable ease and enjoyment. An immense annual expenditure by foreigners in Paris of large incomes, all drawn from foreign lands, and expended in precious metals, tended to raise the fortunes of tradesmen, shopkeepers, and merchants, every year; and, as is always the case in France when purses get full, the lesser educated classes become insolent and dominating. The Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, backed by the clamorous demands of out-of-door legislators, were less prudent in their speeches, and less careful and monarchical in their acts, and the press was daring and insolent in its unconstitutional demands. The *Gazette de France*, at the head of which was M. de Genoude, a young man full of fire, eloquence, and convictions of a very decided monarchical tendency, engaged with zeal and talent in the cause of insulted royalty; and defended with genius, taste, and ardor, a cause which he really believed to be in danger. The gentleman just named was a layman, full of enthusiasm for his church, of devotedness to his king and princes, and of zeal for monarchical institutions. He believed not in the democratical articles of the Charta of Louis XVIII., and he was convinced that if the Romish clergy exercised their just influence in the provinces, that a revolution for popular principles would be impossible. "*No concession!*" was his cry and his watchword; and he would point out day by day, in his most talented *Gazette*, how Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and the old dynasty, had been lost, ruined, by a system of concession to unjust demands and to revolutionary factions. The royal family was thus placed in a difficult and most arduous position. They relied on such men as De Genoude. They were urged on by such men as Martainville. The Benjamin Constants, the Periers, the Roys, and the Colbards, of the Chambers exclaimed, "No reaction!" Their opponents replied by demanding that "the rights of the monarchy should be respected!" "France is older than her princes!" cried the opposition. "France is the Bourbons, and she is nothing without them," replied M. de Genoude. This war of words ended in a war of blows, and the court was induced to believe that

M. de Martignac was too constitutional for the French monarchy. When he cried, "We march in the midst of anarchy!" the journal of M. de Genoude entreated the king to dissolve the chamber, to call together new deputies, to make an appeal to monarchical France, and to issue a proclamation which should shake most terribly the Liberals. The advice was taken, the experiment was made, and the Prince de Polignac was called to office. It was at this period, which preceded this entry of M. de Polignac into power, that I first saw M. de Genoude. Young, handsome, fascinating, eloquent, persuasive, full of deep love for France, and of earnestness almost unexampled, in manner and style, De Genoude was the most attractive of companions, and the most winning of conversationalists. The *Courrier Français* and the *Constitutionnel* were then carrying on a desperate war against the monarchy and the princes; and songsters, caricaturists, and feuilletonists, all joined in the yell, which proceeded from multitudes of most jarring and discordant voices. It was then that Chateaubriand besought the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon not to be intimidated by the hectoring of the opposition, by the fury of the De Corcelles, Salvettes, Lafayettes, and Lafittes of the press, or the deputies, on the one hand; and not to be goaded, or excited, or driven to acts of political reaction, on the other. Less matured in his views, though not less sincere in his attachment to the Bourbon dynasty than Chateaubriand, M. de Genoude thought a certain amount of reaction necessary, but was by no means prepared to advise a line of policy which should hazard the possibility of a second revolution. He was less prudent than Chateaubriand, undoubtedly; but he, also, was by no means satisfied that violence or threats would advance the cause of the princes he loved. "Be firm!" cried De Genoude. "Resort to the protecting clauses of the chamber! Dissolve—dissolve, again and again, as the charter authorizes you to do." But this system was one of legality, and did not include, even in its spirit, the principle of "*coups d'état*."

When the great and the good Chateaubriand accepted the post of French ambassador to the court of Rome, M. de Genoude regarded the nomination as one of too liberal a character; and afterwards, when, on the nomination of the Polignac ministry, he resigned that post, the *Gazette* positively blamed him. But what says the Abbé de Genoude now? He admits, that

if the counsels of Chateaubriand had been followed, the events of 1830 would not have occurred. From that period to the present hour, on all vast questions of dynasty and of principle, these two distinguished patriots and philosophers have agreed; and they both now perceive the errors committed on all sides, and the results of which can still only be partially and imperfectly understood. For these reasons, I have always associated in my mind the names of Chateaubriand and De Genoude together. He who said, in very troublesome and tempestuous times, in moments of great irritation and personal danger, when addressing himself to the Duchess of Berry, "*Madam, your son is my king,*" has in De Genoude a contemporary every way worthy of being so, both for his courage and his dignity. Neither Chateaubriand nor De Genoude desired a counter-revolution. This is certain. But the former perceived, before the latter, that it must take place; whilst the latter, when it occurred, made amazing efforts to save the royalty from being involved in its disastrous consequences. Then, however, it was too late; and both Chateaubriand and De Genoude have subsequently labored together to rescue their country from the evils in which it was involved from 1830 to 1835. Since that period they have been, as before, conservative rather than anti-revolutionary; and as their efforts have been similar, and the result of those efforts satisfactory, I cannot but associate them in my mind, and now produce them in the same picture.

As Paganini was the Apollo of the violin, and Huerta is still of the guitar, so Chateaubriand and De Genoude are in conversation the most seductive of men. I do not mean of women's hearts or of women's admiration, though of both they have had their full share, but I mean that they spellbind you by their tongues, rivet you down to your position, from which you cannot extricate yourself; and whilst Chateaubriand is the Paganini, De Genoude is the Huerta of the concert. The one, rich in classic lore, with an imagination fertile in both the fables and realities of Greece and Rome, and with a ripe and unctuous flowing of old things and new, passing to you from his well-stored memory, now causes you to breathe less freely, and your heart to beat less frequently, as he converses of by-gone days adorned as they are by classical illustrations; and then makes your pulse move quicker than before by strains of love, and descriptions of scenery, which

no one can give with equal grace and animation. But De Genoude succeeds him! He speaks to you only of France. He is not ignorant, indeed, of other lands, people, or dynasties. He also could converse of fabled deities and of fabled climes; but France is now the one great object of his affections, as the Church of Rome is that of his obedience and veneration. There is so much of similarity in these great men, that I have yoked them together, not from ignorance of the points on which they differ, but from acquaintance with those on which they are agreed.

When first I saw De Genoude he was a layman, a married man, one of the best and most admirable of husbands, and who rendered his wife one of the happiest of her sex by his true-hearted and most devoted love. His case was one of many, many others, I am always happy to adduce, of French matrimonial bliss. It is a vulgar calumny, and nothing better, which asserts that connubial bliss, in France, is restricted to the poor. I have seen examples, almost innumerable, in the higher as well as in the middle ranks of French life; and I proclaim it as an indisputable fact, that if marriages are made in heaven, they are often most harmoniously and happily celebrated in France. However, when first I saw De Genoude, he cost me the loss of a very excellent dinner; for I had the happiness to sit next to him, and to enjoy the music of his voice and the thrilling eloquence of his conversation. He began with the soup. I took but one spoonful. The rest was cleared away. Fish, flesh, and fowl, game, entremets, and all sorts of "sweet things," shared the same fate; and by the time the repast was terminated I was literally awfully hungry! I have conversed with many men and in many lands, and have been amused, profited, and delighted;—but I really think, without exception, that the most absorbing of all conversationalists is De Genoude. Deep thoughts, rapid conceptions, varied descriptions, exciting and appropriate anecdotes, a grouping of men and things most bewildering by their number and witchery, are all happily combined in his conversational powers; and the feeling and energy with which all is uttered, bearing upon some great and magnificent principle, form together an amount of attractiveness which defies the best powers of the mind at all to resist, much less effectually to withstand. I have seen violent Buonapartists and ultra-Liberals so "mesmerized" by his syren song, so baffled by his enchanting elo-

quence, or so led captive by his close and logical reasoning, as to be wholly unable to reply. The next day they were angry, nay, indignant, with themselves at their own defeat, and sighed to renew the conversation of the eve. But when the opportunity has again presented itself, they have been once more silent in his presence, not from fear, but from joy, from a sort of intellectual delight arising out of the development before them of commanding powers and of astounding eloquence.

One of the favorite maxims of De Genoude, and which for years he has enforced on the readers of the *Gazette*, is this, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" That is to say, that God does not authorize rebellion; that justice does not authorize rebellion; that the welfare of man, as a race, does not call for it; that the laws of society are opposed to it; that the redress of wrongs does not sanction it; that even the rights of men are opposed to it; and that there is no slavery so severe, excessive, and tyrannical, as the slavery inflicted by successful rebellion. It is a magnificent treat to listen to De Genoude when he takes in hand such a maxim as this, and illustrates and enforces it. Oppose him if you will, that does not annoy him; question him if you will, that does not disturb him; abuse him if you will, that does not vex or irritate him. Still, still he proclaims, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise!*" He begins with the garden of Eden. He brings the trees and the flowers, the umbrageous walks and the perennial foliage, the bright heavens and the spangled fields, the warbling birds, and the voice of a sinless and undying creation before you; and he asks you whether the principle of revolt was there? No! all was submission, obedience, love. But the principle of rebellion was introduced, the sense of shame and of degradation followed, the dignity of man fell with the loss of his obedience; and reproaches, addressed both to God and to his helpmate, showed how happiness depended on dependence. But did God permit this rebellion? Did he allow it to succeed? Was it a triumph more than momentary? The angel with the flaming sword answered all such inquiries. The curse on the woman, her subjection, and her sorrow, were the best replies to all suspicions that God would admit the principle of revolt into His code, or into His dominions. And the serpent biting the dust, closed the exhibition of the practical proofs that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" by Heaven.—But yet man increased! That

increase was painful, but it was prolific. Though man was a sinner, he multiplied; and though his dominion was accompanied with toil, misery, and woe, yet he *had* dominion. His sins became as enormous as his race, and his rebellion was desperate and decided. But was that revolt permitted? The deluge replied to the inquiry; and "Rocks, save us!" "Mountains, fall upon us and hide us!" were the exclamations which proclaimed by their vehemence and their misery, "*Non—la revolte n'est jamais permise!*" And what was the atonement itself? that great, that wondrous mystery—a Saviour dying for a rebellious world? a God becoming man to suffer for rebels? to obtain pardon, reconciliation, and mercy? but a new consecration of the self-same principle, *La revolte n'est jamais permise!* And what is the fire that is never quenched, and what the worm that never dieth, but the eternal and practical evidence of the truth, that rebellion is never allowed?—And what are the crimes against society, but rebellion against the laws? And what are the penalties of such rebellion inflicted by those laws, but so many re-assertions that rebellion is not allowed? All the crimes of society are so many acts of rebellion against the majesty of the law,—that majesty being derived from the laws of Heaven, of the *principle* of which they are so many representations. So the sufferings of humanity for the excesses of humanity, are signal triumphs of the same principle carried into action. The laws of nature indicate temperance to man: and excess, therefore, tends to disease, paralysis, and sudden death. The laws of nature indicate providence to man; and improvidence, therefore, is followed by want, misery, and ruin. The laws of God point out virtue and religion, abstinence and continence to man; and when man opposes these laws, and rebels against these requirements of almighty wisdom and eternal truth, the consequences, immediate, as well as future, point out the heinousness of rebellion.—Man is a rebel. The history of the race is one of rebellion! But man has not been permitted to profit by his opposition, his revolt, and his disobedience. The earliest known history of man affords abundant examples of the truth of this statement. The destruction of cities, the swallowing up of tribes, the overthrow of empires, the utter annihilation of dynasties, the engulfing by earthquakes, or by other phenomena, of whole districts and countries, are so many more facts all attesting the truth of this one overruling

maxim, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" Then comes the long train of other facts of unsuccessful revolts, of crushed revolts, of revolts followed by great national disasters, and of revolts which have changed the whole course of events in this world, not for the increased happiness, but for the additional misery, of man. Thus revolt is never authorized by the laws of God, of nature, or of society.

It is in this way that De Genoude prepares you for the examination of the modern history of France. He shows to what new crimes, misery and degradation, each new revolt has conducted his fellow-countrymen. He commences with the period which preceded the horrors of 1793, and points out the distinction between improvement and revolt, between the union of the king and the country in a great work of national amelioration and the infringement of the royal prerogatives terminating in royal assassination. The woes and wrongs of upwards of twenty years are to be dated back to the rebellion of the *Place de la Revolution*; and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814 was a striking and most signal declaration of the truthfulness and rightfulness of the principle that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*"

When De Genoude shows in detail how every infraction of this principle has led to corresponding disasters, and how in proportion as man has been obedient, not erecting himself against the laws, but seeking by legal means to establish and to improve them, he has been happy and progressive,—it is then that he is incomparable, and his fine face lightens up as he sees conviction strike the consciences of those to whom he is addressing himself. As it is with his conversation, so it is with his writings. He is so closely logical, that you must make up your mind to retain your previous convictions, though you know they are wrong, or else to be carried away by a power of reasoning you are unable to resist. And when he addresses himself to the objection that this maxim is slavish, and degrading, and is opposed to the cause of progress and civilization, he is indeed magnificent. Then it is that he examines the slavery on the one hand, and the despotism on the other, of the ancient republics. Then it is that he lays before you in all its nudity and helplessness the system of popular government. Then it is that he points to democratical America, with her slave population: to the Polish nobles who revolted against their sovereign, yet the veriest taskmasters of their serfs;

to the Swiss cantons, where to this hour peasants cannot dance without the permission of the Landermann; and to all the castes and distinctions created by municipal and other civic institutions. Lastly, when he attacks that principle of self-adulation, self-confidence, and self-exultation, which leads men to set themselves up against the power, authority, and wisdom of ages, and to enthrone individual opinion and private judgment, he indicates with the finger of a master and the profoundness of a sage how all these efforts of man to deify himself have ended in moral, physical, and social ruin. "*Non, non*," he cries, at the termination of his address or his conversation, "*la revolte n'est jamais permise.*"

But it is time to return to Chateaubriand, and to take up the thread of his later history. Before, however, I do this, it may perhaps be permitted me to say a few words of his earlier life. I am not ignorant of the fact that this good and great man has many enemies. How is this? Some dislike him for his plea for the Jesuits. Some declare that his celebrated work had "as little of genius in it as it had of Christianity." This is unfair and untrue. It has much of both. I will not concede even to the editor of the *Record*, that he is a more decided, though he is, doubtless, a more enlightened Protestant than myself; but Chateaubriand writes as a Romanist because he felt as one, and though we hold that Loyola was disloyal in his metaphysics, neither himself nor his leading followers have merited our contempt or our abuse. Chateaubriand was always what he is—a zealous Romanist. As such he was received at Rome, and brilliant was that reception. That which he has written of his own church he believes, and he will die in the faith he has so long professed and defended. Let those who attack him for his zeal imitate him in his perseverance, and then we shall have fewer schismatics and much less of schism.

There are some who call Chateaubriand a political *girouette*. He does not deserve the appellation. The ultra-Romanist party attacked him under the restoration, because he would not join them in all their fury against the Protestants of Nismes and other parts of the south of France. The infidel party assailed him because he would not consent to be sneered out of his faith by the followers of Voltaire. The ultra-monarchical party could not tolerate him because he was of opinion that the *Charta given*, voluntarily given, at a moment of victory, popularity, and fame, when

not the remotest shadow of compulsion could be said to be exerted over Louis XVIII., was a wise and a prudent measure. Whilst the lovers of democratical institutions, on the other hand, held him up as "the priest-ridden votary of a blind and besotted church!" But that which he was during years of despotism, he remained during periods of national liberty; and he who was so often threatened by Buonaparte and his satellites with prison or death, remained, and still remains, faithful to the principle of his whole life, since that which De Genoude contends for with so much of eloquence, he likewise defends, that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*"

The next time I saw Chateaubriand he was being borne in triumph on the shoulders of the mob in Paris to the Chamber of Deputies. There is, after all, a discernment amongst the common people which at once pleases and surprises; and this is particularly observable among the Parisian working classes. They knew that Chateaubriand was a religious man, and that they were irreligious; that he was a decided Romanist, and that they were indifferent, if not opposed to Romanism; that he was attached to the eldest branch of the House of Bourbon, and that they had just overthrown that branch, and driven even its most innocent members to a foreign strand; that he did not recognise a revolution which had visited upon the third generation the transgressions of the first, whilst they had punished the Duke de Bordeaux for the political sins of Charles X., and yet they knew that he was a friend to constitutional liberty, an enemy to "*coups d'état*," an encourager of science, literature, and the fine arts, and, above all, that he had separated himself from the reactionary and the counter-revolutionary party under the Restoration, and had counselled the princes he loved and the dynasty he had served with fidelity and honor to remain faithful to the spirit of the *Charta* of Louis XVIII., and not to be tempted, for the sake of obtaining a momentary triumph, to endanger the security of that throne which had been re-established by Europe at a most unparalleled sacrifice of blood and of treasure! So they caught hold of the poet, the diplomatist, the Romanist, the man of letters, of taste, and of refinement, and they bore him away in triumph to the Chamber of Deputies! How curious was that scene! If Martainville, the bitter and sarcastic writer of the ultra-Romanist party could have been there, he would have said,—

"Did I not tell you so? Did I not say that he and the revolution understood each other? Did I not caution you against his advice, and bid you beware of the men he courted or admired? And what do you see now? The false eulogist of the Jesuits hoisted on the shoulders of the *canaille!* and the affected defender of royalty, the idol of the greasy and noisy rabble on the *Place Louis Seize!*"

I cannot say that Chateaubriand looked either pleased or "at home" in his novel position, but he took care to tell them in a few and expressive words that he was, above and before all things, "the friend of justice," and that the exclusion of the Duke de Bordeaux from the throne was unjust and uncalled for. The populace understood him, and evinced no signs of disappointment or mortification. "*Vive Chateaubriand!*" cried the mob; and then they added, "*Vive la Charte!*" "*Vive la liberté!*"

The conduct of Chateaubriand during the whole of the trying and difficult period of the revolution of 1830 was admirable and sublime! He who had cautioned the old dynasty against resorting to measures of reaction; he who had gone abroad to avoid any amalgamation with the men or the system against which he had so loudly protested; he who had *resigned his post of ambassador at Rome when the Polignac administration was named*, so convinced was he that it was opposed to the reasonable desires of that portion of the French people whose wishes ought to have been regarded and respected: he who had returned to France to take his share in the obloquy which was for the time being heaped on those who did not support what was absurdly designated "a movement in favor of the monarchy;" this same man, calumniated, disgraced, out of favor, when he saw the PRINCE DE POLIGNAC brought to the bar of the Chamber of Peers to be tried for having countersigned royal ordinances, for the issuing of which Charles X. had been banished for ever from France, and a whole race of princes excluded from the throne of St. Louis, rushed to the relief of his former political opponent, and boldly asked permission to plead for one with whose principles he could have no sympathy, but who had evinced a devotedness to a dynasty which to them was mutually dear, and had to that passion sacrificed his ease, his peace, his fortune, his rank, his all. True, the prince was a mistaken, misguided man! True, he was weak in his counsels and irresolute in carrying them into execu-

tion! True, he had not taken the necessary steps to put into effect ordinances against which he *must* have known a revolution would be attempted! True, he exposed the royalty by its aggressive acts to personal reproach and indignation without placing that royalty in a position of defence! True, he lost all command over himself when the conflict really began, and when personal courage could alone be sufficient to save any vestige of power! True, he had taken to flight and concealed his person in the habits of a servant, that he might escape from popular vengeance or from arrest! But yet Chateaubriand demanded, "By what laws will you try him? Against what laws has he offended? You have yourselves taken all law into your own hands and inflicted punishment on his royal master! Although the Charta declared the person of the king to be inviolable, you have made it otherwise. You have not been satisfied even with banishing the royal head of the nation, but have included in your act of popular vengeance the wholly guiltless! Yet you would now return upon your steps, retrace your own proceedings, and whilst but lately you set at naught the Charta, and declared the king responsible and his ministers inviolate, you would now make them responsible too, and involve both king and ministers in an indiscriminate punishment!"

So the next time I saw Chateaubriand was at the Chamber of Peers. There stood the Christian philosopher, not to defend the ordinances of Charles X., not to maintain that the fourteenth article of the Charta had an omnipotence which belonged not to the rest, not to insist that the ill-starred monarch had done well or wisely to try the question of force with the men of the barricades, not to attack constitutional governments, or to plead that France could only be governed by a rod of iron; not to vindicate all the acts of the past life of the peer and the gentleman who stood before his judges; but he stood there to maintain that he had *really* no judges at all, that *really* no offence against the laws had been committed, that this was a revolution and not a revolt, that it was a question of conqueror and vanquished, that the conqueror had already taken the law into his own hand, and had made both the law and the punishment by excluding the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon for ever from the throne, that the judges who now sat were not legally authorized to try, that there was no legal prosecutor, that old things had passed away and all things had become

new, and that it was monstrous to make a king responsible for the acts of his ministers, and then seek to render ministers responsible for the self-same acts.

That was a splendid moral position for Chateaubriand when he appeared at the bar of the House of Lords to defend the Prince de Polignac. All Paris was in a state of commotion. The drums beat to arms. In every "*Mairie*" in the arrondissements of the capital there was felt a sort of indescribable emotion. It was known that France was in a state of volcanic agitation. It was felt that if the "ex-ministers" should be acquitted, the populace would again rise and demand "vengeance!" It was felt that if they were condemned to death, La Vendée, Brittany, the South, the West, would rise to arms. Some said, "Death is impossible!" Others exclaimed, "They must die." A few, indeed, pleaded the possibility of saving M. Guernon de Rainville, and some voices were heard for M. de Peyronnet. The part, or the supposed part, which each of the ex-ministers took in preparing the fatal ordinances of July, 1830, was discussed with precision; but it was Chateaubriand alone who ventured to say of the Prince de Polignac, "No, he shall not die!"

It was not that Chateaubriand had too great confidence in his own wondrous and captivating eloquence, for he is far from possessing a vain or egotistical spirit; it was not that he relied on his powers of persuasiveness, or on the interest which his own personal position could not fail to excite; it was not that he thought he could rely upon his influence over the judges. Just the contrary. The royalist peers with whom he had spent years of private friendship, and many of whom, at least, had been accustomed to think of and feel for him with respect and affection, had been unjustly and iniquitously excluded from the chamber by one of the most unfounded and unprincipled decisions ever before adopted, even by tribunals of faction and by revolutionary cabals. The peers remaining were principally Buonapartists, and they could not forget that Chateaubriand had thus expressed himself of him who was not only their object of attachment, but even of their devotedness and idolatry. After having described the odious tyranny of Buonaparte, Chateaubriand had said:

"Au reste, les derniers momens de Buonaparte justifient assez mon opinion sur cet homme. J'avais prévu depuis long-temps qu'il ne serait point une fin honorable: mais je confesse qu'il a surpassé ce que j'attendais de

lui. Il n'a conservé dans son humiliation que son caractère de comédien et d'imitateur; il joue maintenant le sang-froid et l'indifférence; il se juge lui-même; il parle de lui comme d'un autre; de sa chute comme d'un accident arrivé à son voisin; il raisonne sur ce que les Bourbons ont à craindre ou espérer; c'est un Sylla, un Dioclétien, comme auparavant c'était un Alexandre et un Charlemagne. Il veut paraître insensible à tout, et peut-être l'est-il en effet, une certaine joie cependant éclate à travers son apathie; on voit qu'il est heureux de vivre. Ne lui envions point son bonheur, quand on fait pitié, on n'est plus à craindre."

There are few passages more sarcastic or pungent in any satires than those which constitute these two last sentences, and Chateaubriand could not, therefore, hope for personal aid or consideration in the course of the mighty task he had undertaken from the peers of Buonaparte, the remains of the senate of Napoleon.

Upon what, then, was based the real and undoubted conviction of Chateaubriand, that in spite of popular fury, of the cries of the populace for blood, of the march of the rabble to Vincennes specially to scream within hearing of the dungeon in which were confined the ex-ministers of Charles X., "Death to Polignac!" "Death to Peyronnet!" "We will have their blood!" and finally, notwithstanding these cries were again heard before the palace and prison of the Luxembourg, where the ex-ministers of Charles X. had been conducted—still that his client would not be put to death?

I think his conviction was based on the following principles and facts, mixed together as they were in this extraordinary and wholly unique proceeding. He felt then, first, that we had made so much progress in Europe generally during fifteen years of peace in the humanizing and softening down of capital punishments, that death could not be inflicted for legally undefined offences. Second, that no great act of national vengeance could be committed, unjustified by the laws of the land, since Europe would, on her part, have demanded tremendous reparation for the setting so awful and injurious an example. Third, that Louis Philippe had already communicated to Laffitte one portion of his policy, which was, that he was determined to maintain peace with Europe. Fourth, that the appointment of M. Laffitte as minister to carry France through the Polignac trial and the ferment it occasioned, was a great master-stroke of policy. Fifth, that he could, if permitted, demonstrate to the whole world that to try Prince de Polignac, the ex-minister, and condemn him to death

for acts which had been imputed by the same public voice to Charles X., and have him punished as such, would be little short of murder! And sixth, that the king of the French had so great an aversion to capital punishments for political offences, that even he, at the last, would be induced to exercise the royal clemency, especially as he had alone profited by the change which had taken place in the French dynasty. "How," he asked his friends, many of whom predicted certain death to Prince de Polignac, "how can Louis Philippe, who has ascended the throne by virtue of the dethronement of Charles X., now consent to the death of men whose acts led to that very dethronement and to the founding the Orleans dynasty?"

I shall never forget the deathlike silence which prevailed when he who had been so often the representative of the fallen dynasty, and who at Verona had associated with the Emperor of Austria, with Metternich, Gentz, and De Floret; with Esterhazy and Zichy; with Lehzoltern; with the Emperor of Russia and his five adjutant-generals; with Nesselrode, Lieven, and Pozzo di Borgo; with Wellington and Clanwilliam; with Londonderry, Strangford, and Burghersh; with the King of Prussia, Bernstaff, and Humboldt, was now about to plead at the bar of the Chamber of Peers for the Prince de Polignac.

Of that speech it scarcely becomes me to speak, for surely I am not competent to criticise it. It overcame me by its magnanimity, by its intrepidity, by its "convenable" daring, by its justice, its integrity, its incomparable pathos, and its unanswerable logic. "If Polignac had slain my wife and my children; if he had carried their mangled bodies before my eyes and had thrown them into the Rapids; if he had robbed me of happiness, fortune, competency, fame, and had reduced me to slavery as well as to beggary," said an American writer of distinction, "and if I had been called on to judge, condemn, and punish him for his alleged crime as minister of Charles X., I could not, after the speech I have just heard, pronounce him guilty. My personal abhorrence, curses, and hate, must be otherwise expressed and avenged; but I could not pronounce him GUILTY upon this indictment."

"He is saved, sire!" said Laffitte, as he entered the presence of Louis Philippe after that memorable oration. "God be thanked!" replied the admirable monarch, who has evinced in a manner more remarkable than was ever displayed before by any

prince in any epoch how great is his aversion to capital punishments for political opinions!

In vain did the "sanguinary" portion of the Paris press seek to incense the inhabitants of the faubourgs, and fruitless were the efforts of the descendants of the provincial republicans to get up a cry of "Death to the ex-ministers!" The voice of justice had been heard. Truth had come to the aid of humanity. The sincere and enlightened lover of a limited monarchy and of moderately representative institutions had pleaded in the face of the world. To all parts of the globe his oration was next day forwarded. The ambassador at Verona was now the Parisian pleader; and his voice was once more heard, who had never listened to other inspirations than those which were dictated by humanity, virtue, and civilization. The result is well known. Prince de Polignac was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but he is now living in freedom and quietness, devoting his days to active benevolence and to the charms of retirement and peace. If Chateaubriand had never during his long, valuable, and useful life, done any other than this one noble, spontaneous, and wholly disinterested act of throwing all the weight of his eloquence, reputation, piety, and patriotism, into the scale of misfortune and misery, he would have entitled himself to the epithet of being a great and a good man!

I left De Genoude enforcing his favorite maxim that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" I will take him up again at my own table, with but a very small party, convened not to dine and talk, but to talk and dine. That was one of the greatest treats, at least of an intellectual character, I ever remember to have experienced, for it was at a time of immense excitement, and when the revolution of 1830 seemed threatened with suicide. "Ah! ah!" cried De Genoude, in one of his paroxysms of excitement, when contemplating the present and the past, and deducing the moral and political results which must spring from such a position, "Ah! ah! you English gentlemen, you Tories, you Conservatives, you what-you-will, you who were the first to recognize the incarnation of revolt! you begin to perceive, do you, that men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Ah! ah! you who were the foremost, your court of St. James's, to give the most cordial assurances to the new dynasty that it was not the intention of Great Britain to

come to the aid of monarchical against the invasion of democratical principles,—you begin to perceive, do you, that principles are more powerful than facts, and that they will have *their* consequences, and that *their* results can never be doubtful?"

This exclamation was justified by the indignation expressed by the English press on the reception of the news of M. Casimir Perier's sudden and extraordinary directions to land French troops at Ancona.

"So you thought M. Perier was your quiet, easy man, did you?" continued De Genoude; "you thought he could tame by his voice and his demeanor the lion of the revolution! You thought that lion could be bound by silken cords, or be led by a weaned child! All was over, you told us in your journals, when the trial of Prince de Polignac terminated without bloodshed! The *model* revolution was to desire no conquests! Algiers was to be given up to Lord Stuart de Rothsay! Spain was to be left to fight her own battles! Portugal to settle her own disputes! Germany and Poland, Belgium and Saxony, to follow their own inspirations! And even the states of Italy were to be left to the protection or the discipline of Austria. This was the language of your journals, then, sir; but now all is changed! A descent at Ancona hath troubled your waking dreams, and you have begun to discover, what will, ere ten years shall have revolved, have become much more palpable, that the principle of revolt is ever the same, and that the revolution of 1830 must be strangled, or that it will strangle many a state and many a people! You will see how the revolution will love you in 1842!"

De Genoude has been accused of cowardice during the first few days of the revolution of 1830. He left the *Gazette* office, quitted Paris, allowed the rabble to do what seemed right in their own eyes, and buried himself in secrecy, or, at least, in deep retirement. Well, and what then? Although De Genoude had very far from counselled the ordinances of Charles X., and had never approved of them, yet the *Gazette* was royalist, and was an object of most especial hate on the part of those who were masters of Paris and head of the mob during the period of organized rebellion. The *bureaux* of the *Gazette* were attacked, the life of De Genoude was threatened, and neither the destruction of his property, nor the assassination of his person, could possibly have aided the cause of the ex-dynasty, or of royalist and monarchical principles. He did right and wisely then, whilst it was

wholly uncertain whether the former generals of Napoleon, and his then living son, the Duke de Reichstadt; or whether the ultra-republican party, with its sanguinary chiefs; or the old-woman "*coterie*" of Lafayette—Laffitte and Co.—would triumph; or, finally, whether a new combination would succeed, thus to remain master of his own person, and, therefore, of his influence and usefulness. But no sooner did he perceive that intrigue, and not club-law, would be the order of the day, than he hastened back to the metropolis, and unfurled his white *drapeau*, on which he at once inscribed, "*La revolte n'est jamais permise.*" During the first eighteen months which elapsed after the revolution of 1830, the *Gazette* was exposed to numberless seizures and prosecutions; but it continued its manly and straightforward course. To England and the English government it was, indeed, continually opposed. But why? Because M. de Genoude thought, and still believes, that the recognition of the revolution of 1830 by the British government was the one great act which secured the recognition of the other powers of Europe, and prevented the accession of Henry V., the Duke of Bordeaux, to the throne. I undoubtedly deplore that M. de Genoude should devote so great a portion of his vast powers and of his valuable time to the keeping up a feeling of inveteracy against Great Britain, but I cannot be so unjust as to forget that, with such views as he takes of the leading cause of the success of the revolution of 1830 with the rest of Europe, viz., its recognition by the cabinet of St. James's, his opposition and indignation, as a devoted French Royalist, are not to be condemned.

M. de Genoude defended the cause of the ex-ministers of Charles X. with great boldness and consummate talent in the columns of his *Gazette*. He made an admirable *exposé* of all the absurdities and contradictions, both constitutional and otherwise, involved in the proceedings before the Chamber of Peers, and assisted, at least, in preparing the public mind for that fortunate decision which did not permit a throne to be overturned as an act of popular vengeance, and yet suffer the penalty of the measure which led to the overthrow, to be visited on the heads of its advisers by capital punishment.

M. de Genoude was one of the first to proclaim, that after the events which had occurred, and after the acts of abdication of Charles X. and the Duke d'Angoulême, their reascending the throne would be im-

possible, but that the rightful monarch of France was HENRI CINQ. Now to the mere cursory observer of events this would seem very natural and easy, but it was wholly otherwise. Not only did the constant companions of the banished princes seek to persuade them that those acts of abdication were null, but the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême assisted, by their patronage, correspondence, and even pecuniary aid, certain writers and journals which asserted that Charles X. was King of France; that after the death of his majesty, Louis XIX., i. e. the Duke d'Angoulême, would be entitled to reign; and that not till both of these should have expired, would the Duke of Bordeaux have the right to the title of king.

Whilst De Genoude was contending in the *Gazette* against these rival pretensions, and was upholding the cause of the young duke, M. Chateaubriand published his memorable pamphlet, *Madame, votre fils est mon roi*. This was a letter addressed to the Duchess of Berry, and was replete with noble thoughts, expressed in finished and most captivating language. Never did a *brochure* create more sensation. The day it was published, couriers were despatched with copies to all the principal governments of Europe, and the whole body of French Legitimists forgot, for the moment, that Chateaubriand had, by some of them, been regarded as a "demi-liberal." De Genoude, too, availed himself of this surprising production to bring more distinctly under the consideration of the royalist party the claims of the Duke de Bordeaux to their loyalty and allegiance; and although "*La France*" continued to plead for the rights of Charles X. and of Louis XIX., the *drapeau* of the infant prince became the only one really popular with the mass of the Legitimist body. I remember seeing the Duke de Fitz-James with the pamphlet in his hand enter the Paris Exchange; he was greatly excited. Those who knew his temperament feared that he might indulge in some extravagancies, and when the Marquis (now the Duke) de Valmy joined him, they gave vent to their long pent-up feelings in severe and bitter predictions, which I will not, however, record.

And here I think it advisable to state that it is not because I estimate the zeal, honor, and devotedness of the Legitimist party in France, or because I admire, for their wonderful talents and exalted genius, such men as Berryer, Chateaubriand, and De Genoude, therefore, that I regard them as capable of governing "New France," or

that I am desirous of seeing the restoration of the elder Bourbon branch to the throne of that country. I admit that the Duke of Bordeaux possesses a chivalrous temper, a noble bearing, an affectionate disposition, a well-informed mind, and a patriotic heart. I admit that he has the purest principles, both moral and religious, and that he is gracious, graceful, and good. But has he really a large national party in his favor? Is his reign desired by the middling and upper classes of society? I speak not of a few hundred noble and great families, who inherit not only the names and titles, but even the virtues and the capacities of their ancestors, but I speak of the mass of the upper classes, such as exist now in France after half a century of revolution.

And what use is it concealing the fact, could it even be hidden, that by far the greatest portion, nay, three-fourths of the upper classes in France of our days, do not belong to the old families of 1780, and of periods antecedent thereto? The greatest part of those families have become extinct, or enjoy only the name, without rank, precedence, or fortune. The upper classes in France to-day, with only the exceptions to which I have just referred, are members of the two houses of parliament, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, retired tradesmen, wine-growers, stock-brokers, speculators, placemen, public functionaries, lawyers, medical men, naval and military officers, notaries, and barristers. Many, very many of these have obtained the cross of the Legion of Honor. Many more are also officers in the National Guards. They are invited to court-balls and court-banquets; they dance with the princesses; they are the companions of the new royalty; and they look on the monarchy, which they call "citizen," as the realization of the idea of Lafayette, viz., "THE BEST OF REPUBLICS!" The real good old families of France, the names dear to the lovers of the bright court-days of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, do not exist in France. The first revolution decimated both them and their fortunes. The Empire created senators out of soldiers, and courtiers out of generals. Some of these indeed remain,—"the illustrations of the empire," as they are styled; but the real good old French families, which are so deeply impressed on our memories by old associations, boyish readings, and more matured reflections, exist no longer.

Thus the Duke of Bordeaux has not a powerful, i. e., a national party in France; for the present upper classes are either

Buonapartists or Orleanists, with the sole exceptions I have mentioned; and desire ease, quietness, much of animal comfort and luxury, and plenty of the good things of this life. To them the court is fairy scenery, the present royal family angels in human clothing, and "*esto perpetua*" is their constant cry and desire at the termination of each day's and each month's enjoyments. The Buonapartists are divided into two categories; the one still dream of halberts and *drapeaus*, of drums and battalions, of storming towns and sacking cities, of expeditions, and armies, and mines, and rockets, and all the machinery for the destruction of life and property,—but they would never fight for Henri V. The other category are satisfied to repose on their laurels, to enjoy "with ease and dignity" the reputation they obtained by undoubted valor on the field of battle, and now wish to hear no other cannon than those of the "Invalides," announcing either that his majesty Louis Philippe is about to review the National Guards, or has left the Tuileries to open a new session of parliament. There are none of these men who would cross from one side of the palace gardens to another to cheer on his passage that "Henri Dieudonné," who was once declared to be the "God-send to France."

And if this be a true picture of the political feelings and sentiments of the upper classes, what shall we say of the chances of success of the young prince among the middling and lower order of society? The answer to this inquiry, as far as the middling classes are concerned, may be comprised in three words,—Who are the officers of the National Guards? Who are the members of the municipal bodies? Who constitute the majority of the Chamber of Deputies? Legitimists? No! not more than one out of ten. This is no vague assertion, but a positive and ascertained fact! As to the lower orders in France, they are too irreligious and too immoral to attach themselves to any cause which has a savoring of the church about it. The mere fact that the priests are favorable to the cause of the Duke of Bordeaux would be with them a strong argument against its excellence. Undoubtedly in certain well-known departments of the west and south-west, there is still a "*prestige*" connected with the names of the Duchess of Berry and the Duke of Bordeaux; and some few thousand half-ragged, half-disciplined partisans might be found to fire a few rounds of cartridges in their defence. But these cannot be said to re-

present the nation; and, in spite of all the efforts of M. de Genoude, there is not a national party in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux.

That the Legitimist party in the Chamber of Deputies possesses many eminent and admirable men, no one can with truth deny, and they exercise an important influence when parties are nearly balanced by throwing their thirty or forty votes into one scale or other of their political opponents. But this power will never conduct them to office. They may be able to make or to unmake ministries by joining with or opposing them for the moment. This is, however, the extent of their authority, and here their limits are placed. In like manner they can never carry any measure unless supported by one or the other category of the men of the revolution. For these reasons I insist that the return of the Duke of Bordeaux to France, and, above all, his accession to the throne, would be wholly impossible, unless a European war should break out, and his royal highness should, by the force of foreign bayonets, be restored to that of St. Louis.

M. de Genoude and Berryer labored with much talent and assiduity for years to define the duties, and limit and circumscribe the attributions of royalist, electors, and deputies. The great and skilful M. de Villele maintained that to take the oath of allegiance to the throne of Louis Philippe would be an act of perjury on the part of every royalist. And this opinion of a man so acute and influential as the former minister of finance during the Restoration, had a powerful effect on the minds of others, especially in the departments. For many years, therefore, the Royalist electors in the departments refused to proceed to the electoral colleges, or to become candidates to be returned. They quoted the example of Chateaubriand. They said, there is a man who is entitled to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers,—a man who was not excluded even by the revolutionary law which banished from the upper house the peers created by Charles X.,—a man who would be well received by all parties except by a few Buonapartist generals; and yet what is the course he has taken? He has refused to take the oath of allegiance, and adheres to his own declaration, *Madame, votre fils est mon roi!* But Chateaubriand, although he does not feel personally absolved by the events of 1830 from his oath of allegiance to the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon, has encouraged the French Royalists to proceed to the electo-

ral colleges and to vote for their own candidates. In this respect he has co-operated with De Genoude, and this most important point is now a settled one, viz., that Royalist electors are to take the oath and vote, and that when there is no one of their own party to vote for as a candidate, that they shall vote for the one who is most disposed to defend the cause of order and peace.

It has, indeed, been alleged that the Royalists, as a party, will support the candidates most opposed to the reigning dynasty; and that if a war candidate opposed to the dynasty were to solicit the votes of Legitimists on the one hand, and a peace candidate in favor of the dynasty on the other hand, that the Royalists would vote for the former. In some cases this has occurred, especially at times of excitement, but as a general rule Legitimists must prefer a peaceable and an orderly to a warlike and demagogical government, since they are generally men of property, and have a positive and indubitable stake in the country. This, then, is the state of the Royalist question, as well as the condition of the Royalist party, in France; and De Genoude and Chateaubriand have been mainly instrumental, by their writings and speeches, in bringing that question and that party to their present position.

I lost sight of De Genoude for a long period. The next time I saw him he was a broken-hearted widower. His charming and captivating wife had left him, indeed, a sorrowing and bereaved being. She was young, beautiful, wise, and good. In her were concentrated all his worldly happiness, and her smiles and approbation were dearer to him than life. When most successful in his writings, he would turn to her for her opinion; and the world's applause would have been hollow emptiness to him if her opinion had been unfavorable. Together they lived in happiness and confidence, respect and love; and when Providence snatched from him her who was his heart's best treasure and delight, he resolved on devoting himself to that church whose infallibility he is the first to assert and the very foremost to defend. For above and before all things De Genoude is a Romanist. He has visited Rome. He has received the benediction of the pope. He has been honored with many a private interview at the Vatican. He is looked upon as one of the great pillars of the Papacy in Europe. The one deep sorrow of his life is the loss of his wife, but his one great joy is his devotedness to the Church

of Rome. Oh! how heartily does he loathe, despise, condemn, denounce all descriptions of separation from that "one holy Catholic and apostolic church," as unhappily he believes her to be! And how he pours forth the vials of his wrath when he attacks the doctrine of the right of private judgment! Addicted to the use of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, he is fond of demonstrating to what this doctrine may lead, and he is never more satisfied than when he thinks he has convinced his audience that this principle of private judgment in matters of religion is, after all, nothing less than the principle of revolt!

The last time I saw De Genoude he was an abbé, and was preaching in the Church of "St. Philippe du Roule," in one of the faubourgs of Paris. His fine-toned voice was filling the sacred temple with the praises of "Marie!" His auditory was immense. Every eye was fixed on this eloquent and extraordinary man. Old heads and young faces were alike peeping from behind the large pillars to catch a glimpse of this wonderful orator, and without the building long files of carriages announced that the Faubourg St. Germain had come to visit the Faubourg du Roule. The arguments of the abbé could not, however, convince me, though his pathos melted many a Catholic heart, and suffused many an eye with tears. His descriptions of the mother of our Saviour were, however, at best but legendary, but then they were the legends of a church whose children place unbounded faith even in her veriest inventions. There sat one with eyes streaming with tears when the preacher expatiated on the grief of "Marie" at the loss of her son. She, also, was a disconsolate mother. There stood another swallowing with avidity every word that proceeded from his lips when he spoke of the love which "Marie" bore to all disconsolate widows. "He who does not love Marie," said De Genoude, "is no friend to woman. She is her best consoler!"

I longed to say to him, "Most eloquent abbé, you have forgotten your logic! In your enthusiasm for 'Marie,' you have ceased to be the close reasoner of the *Gazette de France*! If your Marie is so all-powerful, she must be divine! If she can succor all who are unhappy in all time and in all lands, and can listen to the matins and the vespers of all 'the faithful' at the same period, and everywhere, then she must be omnipresent and omnipotent; and if so, she must be God!" But I know his reply beforehand. He would have reproved my rash-

ness in attempting to unravel the "mysteries" of grace; he would have added to the *real* mysteries of the gospel, a mere fiction of the Romish Church; he would have exclaimed, "Blessed art thou among women!" and have sought to attach me to the cause of "Marie" by the hallowed remembrances of her maternal love, anxiety, fidelity, and devotedness!

This is De Genoude. At once one of the most eloquent and impassioned of men, and yet amongst the most subtle and acute of writers. The *Gazette de France* and the confessional, the pulpit and the press, are at his service; and on he goes steadily pursuing the moral and political dogma which is the charm of his life, that "*La revolte n'est jamais permise!*" He dreams of the triumphs of Henri V., of a national monarchy, and of the universal dominion of the Church of Rome.

His delusions do not render him either an unhappy or a disagreeable man. Quite the reverse. But alas! his Romanism is opposed to his spiritual progress and to the happiness of the human race! Yet he loves humanity and desires its amelioration. I never think of him without pain, and yet I cannot but feel for him admiration and respect. He is an anomaly, and so I must leave him.

I must bring my paper to a close, but I cannot do so till I have said something more of Chateaubriand. One of the latest efforts of his extraordinary mind and fluent pen was his admirable translation of Milton's great poem, a task nearly equal to the wonderful original. The matchless translator has so entire a knowledge of the delicacies, sweetnesses, and beauties of our noble language, that he can think in English the most pure, and translate his pure English thoughts into the most classical French.—It is a general feeling in all countries, and one which can be traced in all ages, that the poetry of one country loses by its translation into the language of another. My own opinion is this, that the poetry of a country does lose when the mere language of another country is resorted to; but when the translator is himself a poet, and when the poetry of one land is made to express the poetry of another, that nothing is really lost by the change. Chateaubriand has made the French extol, admire, and love the *Paradise Lost*. He could not do more than this, but in thus succeeding he has effected every thing. Every thing for the poet, every thing for the subject, and every thing for the poem. He could not make Frenchmen

think in English, but he has made Frenchmen think with Milton.

There are some who will have it that Chateaubriand's style is inflated. I cannot agree with these critics; and I have universally found that the Frenchmen who have best understood the genius of their own language, and have been best able to speak and to write it, have most admired the compositions and translations of this extraordinary man. His works will live after him. He will be referred to in coming years as one of the great men of the age in which he lived. Uniting in his character the purest patriotism and philanthropy with great diplomatic talent and statesmanlike views; blessed with a tender and benevolent nature, and yet with a high and commanding mind; attached to literature in its highest branches, and free from the jealousy and egotism of French literary men, and devoted to the improvement of his species and to the spread of moral and religious truth, he is a study for those who are disposed to deny the alliance of genius and poetry with religion and virtue.

Whilst Chateaubriand is essentially a Romanist, he is, however, more alive than De Genoude to the greatness and grandeur of the martyrs and heroes of the Protestant faith. He does not dwell, as does his contemporary, on the weak points of the character of Luther. He does not misrepresent, as does De Genoude, the character of Wicliffe. He does not indulge in the *quolibets* and oft-refuted sarcasms of the *Gazette de France* of "Where was Protestantism before the Reformation?" and, "Who was the author of Protestantism but Henry VIII.?" Well versed in the history of that Reformation, both in Germany, in Switzerland, in England, and in Scotland, he knows how to render justice to the vast acquisitions and energy of the mighty spirits who, at divers epochs, appeared in those respective lands; and he depicts with eloquence and truth the good they effected in spite, as he thinks, of the fatal errors in which they were involved:—

"From seeming evil, still educing good."

The latter days of the life of Chateaubriand have been devoted to reflection, to private society, to family repose, and to those thoughts of coming ages which bring the waiting spirit to a feeling of harmony with the vast realities which to it will soon be disclosed. There is nothing so awful to my mind as an unprepared and unthought-of rush from time to eternity! He is a favored man to whom is permitted, as the last

hours of life are drawing to a close, to take a calm and deliberate view of his few and faulty days. With penitence and grief he deplores his many failings and his shortcomings; but with humble hope and faith he directs the eye of his mind to an approaching hereafter. He surveys society; notes down the changes which have taken place during his lengthened career; perceives how those things which he took to be evils were vast and real benefits; and admires that providential course which has led not only him but others through difficulties and dangers which appeared to be overwhelming. He has time allowed to him to review the history of his nation, the march of the world, the progress of truth, the defeat of error, the changes brought about by apparently insignificant causes, and the littleness of events which himself and his contemporaries had magnified into matters of vast behest. He completes the records of his life; arranges the data for his future biographer; seeks not to magnify his own doings, but to point out the wise and beneficent ordinations of Providence; and after commending his country and his family, man at large, and his friends and enemies to the mercy of Heaven, sinks quietly to rest beneath the horizon of this world, only to rise with glory and splendor in another and better hemisphere.

The last time I saw De Chateaubriand he was praying. In a very quiet church, at a very quiet altar, in a very quiet corner, as far removed from the world and its cares, its noise and its dissipation, as if situate in some secluded dell or on some snow-clad mountain, Chateaubriand was pouring forth his soul to God in a house of prayer. I had seen him at the grave of Miss Frisell, I had read in manuscript his "*Jeune fille et jeune fleur*," but now I beheld him on the fête-day of "*Henri Cinq*," imploring for his absent prince the best blessings of Heaven. There he was in a posture of humble adoration and meek submission, before the altar of his God, and his fine face seemed lighted up by his devotion and his love. This is not poetry or fiction, but unvarnished truth. His mind and heart have been long sweetly attuned by adversity and disappointment, and whilst he is by no means a splenetic or discontented man, he has learned to set a right value on all that is beneath the sun; and is preparing his mind and heart for that paradise where there shall be no more sin!

A DEFENCE OF LONDON:

ON HEARING SURPRISE EXPRESSED THAT POETS SHOULD LIVE THERE.

BY CAMILIA TOULMIN.

Not live in LONDON! Wherefore not? come tell.
Think ye that Poesy alone can dwell
Within a rustic cot, where zephyr brings,
Upon its treasure-laden, perfumed wings,
Tribute from every flower; or where the sky
Seems, in its ether's clear intensity,
A loftier arch than spans our populous town,
Whose age is poetry?—A well so vast
That ever self-supplying, it has grown
Exhaustless in its wealth. Present and Past
(And a bright Future, that to poets' eyes
Doth as a poet's glorious vision rise,)
Alike impregnate LONDON's "cloud-capp'd towers"

With Poesy's own soul. Swiftly the hours
Bring death to us, but this immortal is
Even on earth:—let mighty man o'erthrow
Each monumental fane, it is not his
To find oblivion's fount,—nor does he know
The secret to destroy; yet even as now,
Each broken stone a ready tongue would find,
Wherewith to wisely charm all those who will
With open ears to listen. Oh! not blind
To nature's loveliness are they who still
May love the regal city;—and perchance,
Contrast may so a rural scene enhance,
That they most feel it, and best mark the links
Which bind in one bright, universal chain,
All Poesy:—from the parched blade that drinks
The welcome dew, through the vast myriad train
Of things and thoughts, till at the best he feels
Most rich the lore the city's haunt reveals.
"Man made it!" True: but caught by tripping
speech,

Ye do forget the Greater Architect
Who formed his workman, man. I do beseech.
Ye, marvel not that Poets should select
Old London for a home;—true bards will own
The inspiration of the busy town.
Have not the greatest dwelt within her walls—
Mix'd with their fellow men—obey'd the calls
Of such good fellowship? Ay, even they,
The IMPERIAL TWO, who jointly sway
The realms of Mind! (as in the Roman world,
Two eagle banners were at once unfurl'd.)
The PEERLESS BARD, whose wise and deathless
strain

Was wealth the richest of the Maiden's reign—
Who in the town not only learn'd to read
The book of human nature through and through,
But painted sunny clime, or flowery mead,
And sprite, or fay, with Poesy's own hue.
And HE OF PARADISE, who 'mid the strife
Of civil discord led the student's life;
When none there seem'd with wings that e'en
could dare

To track the soarings of his pinions rare;
The mighty mind its own defence and shield,
'Mid all the ills that "evil days" could yield!
These were the denizens of our great town—
They trod familiar paths that we have known:
So let them sanctify the place, and teach
A wise rejoinder to your thoughtless speech!

Ainsworth's Magazine.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY AND ALLAN
CUNNINGHAM.From *Fraser's Magazine*.

BEFORE the days of Sir Francis Chantrey, Mr. Cubitt, Mr. Nash, and King George IV., Pimlico was a quiet, unpretending place, made up of the Five Fields, a Willow Walk, the Crown and Anchor, and the Bag of Nails (*i. e.* as some say, *The Bacchanals!*) with Townshend, the Bow-Street officer, and Jerry Abershaw, for its chief inhabitants. Prior to this time, for we allude to the days of good Queen Elizabeth, lived one Pimlico (we know not his Christian name) famous for brewing and selling a particular kind of ale, in the marshy land lying between St. James's Fields, the Millbank, and the retired village of Chelsea. We read in Ben Jonson of Pimlico Path as a promenade for a summer evening, and we make little doubt but the road referred to led to the house of mine host, from whom the path received its name, where the citizens and their wives, and the "men of sort and quality" west of Temple Bar, resorted to enjoy that pleasant mixture which our ancestors so much indulged in—custards and ale. The custards are out of fashion (more's the pity), but "Pimlico ale" is still an attractive signboard and drink in the suburbs of London. See how notoriety is sometimes achieved. Mine host gives his name to a cask of ale, the district he brews and sells in is known by the name of the brewer. Mr. Pimlico, like a great distiller of our times, has a *Boothia Felix* of his own; and now the royal sign manual warrants of 1843 are no longer dated from the Buckingham house of old Queen Charlotte, but *from our palace at Pimlico*. The name of a humble tapster in the days of Queen Bess has been given to the palace of Queen Victoria. "Why may not imagination," says Hamlet, "trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bunghole?" Why not, since we find the reverse, for here truth traces the name of a tapster employed to distinguish the palace of great people more mighty than Macedon, with all her Indian acquisitions and honors.

Poor Townshend, with all his delightful reminiscences of Jonathan Wild, of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Hounslow, with his Lord Burleigh-like shake of the head and significant toss of cane, he has gone to the vaults of St. Peter's, Pimlico. Poor Jerry Abershaw had another fate, for Jerry hung in chains, and *dripped* on hot Sundays, much to the amusement of Cockney sight-

seers, though to the infinite annoyance of many who were pushed by their more burly companions beneath the drip of the dead man. We recollect a sawyer in Pimlico (one of Chantrey's sawyers) who had a new hat spoiled, he told us, by *Jerry's grease*. He had gone to see this sight for Sunday visitors, and was pushed underneath poor Jerry in chains. "The hat," he said, "was not only spoiled, but I never wore it again. There was no getting the drip out, and I was afraid to wear it. It cost me fourteen and sixpence on the Saturday night; and so I was served for seeing Jerry. Jerry's house still stands in the Willow Walk, amid the fine palaces which Mr. Cubitt has built there. It has still a thievish aspect, and seems as if it could speak of many midnight doings.

But we must fly from the Five Fields, "where the robbers lie in wait," as the *Tattler* tells us, and as there is an old Scotch song, which says:—

"To gae to Lon'on's but a walk;"

so we conceive it is only a step to turn from Townshend and Jerry Abershaw to Sir Francis Chantrey and Allan Cunningham, two men better known in Pimlico than the Queen, when unattended. Those who did not know their works, knew, at least, their persons; and the small short-make, round little face, long drab coat, and bald head of the one, with the tall manly make, the dark bright eyes, and the long gray coat of the other, marked them out to many as persons to turn round and look at; the more so, as it was the custom of both to walk bareheaded from the studio, in Ecclestone Street, to the foundry in the Mews, a considerable distance, and lying across a public thoroughfare. Both these great men have died within a year of one another, and, royalists as we are, in the best sense of the word, we are sure we utter nothing offensive or disloyal, when we say that the two leading lights of Pimlico are gone, and that Art has left the region she loved so much to delight in.

It was in the year 1810 that Chantrey came first to Pimlico. He began in a very small way, with very little to do and very little to do it on. Now it so happens that a man may shine truly a poet (nature always consenting) with one pen, a sheet or two of paper, and a pennyworth of ink. That a painter may buy at a very cheap rate both colors and canvass, but a young sculptor cannot often afford to work in marble, and works, therefore, to a very great disadvantage. A true poet, without

the printer's aid, is a poet to few or none; and a sculptor who cannot afford to cut his conceptions in marble is, like a painter, confined to chalk and outlines. It was so with Chantrey before his name was known. His bust of Horn Tooke (one of his very early works) he was too poor to have cut in marble. It was sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition in plaster, and though Nollekens gave it one of his emphatic words of approbation, it was comparatively lost to the world, for the multitude of visitors adopt as their rule in going the round of the sculpture-room to look only at such works as are in marble. When in plaster, they seem to the ignorant many to lack the seal of approbation, which the transfer from plaster to marble would seem to imply. It is not enough to suffer from the opaque material they are in, but they must lie under the double disadvantage of a vulgar prejudice.

We shall not stay to inquire whether marriage made Flaxman an artist, or unmade him, as Reynolds thought and told him; it is enough for us that marriage made Chantrey, for he got money with his wife, could afford to wait for patrons, and had the means of purchasing marble. The first use he made of his wife's money was to transfer the head of Horne Tooke to marble. What was inimitable in clay was matchless in its new semi-transparent material. All the cunning and sagacity of the man are there. The eyes, colorless though they are, look as if scanning you from head to foot. There is no escape from the penetrating survey he is making of you. It was quite a new head in marble, and, if the reason is ever asked of the Royal Academy why they permit the exhibition of the same work twice, in plaster and in marble, this bust of Horne Tooke, if the plaster still exists, is more than sufficient to warrant them in adhering to so excellent a rule.

It is told of Chantrey that he had, when a boy, a greater difficulty to conquer in becoming an artist than the want of marble. It is said he was without clay, and that his first work was made in the butter he was to sell at Sheffield for his father, a farmer near Norton, in Derbyshire. Now, for our own part, we do not believe one word of this; nay, we have the very best authority for saying that it is not in part only, but altogether a lie. When a man dies there are fifty, and more, ready to recollect instances without number of precocious genius in the mighty dead; the greater the man, the greater the obstacles he overcame—

the more fertile his mind in inventing and supplying wants. Wilkie's converting a chest of drawers into an easel, by pulling out one of the drawers and resting the head of his canvass against the cornice, is, when compared with the youthful inventions of others, a silly expedient. The person or persons who told the story of Chantrey's butter-modelling would prefer the juvenile labor, if it ever existed, to a better position in the rooms than they would give to the clay of John Rennie or the marble of Sir Walter Scott. We know that Allan Cunningham said the story was a mere pastry-cook's invention, not only untrue, but unlikely.

It has been affirmed, both in conversation and in print, that our young sculptor had other obstacles to overcome than the want of clay or marble; he had, as an apprentice to a carver in wood, to conquer the dislike of his master to his working, even in his leisure hours, in any other line than the mystery he was bound to learn and his master to teach him. This master's name was Ramsay, and he lived in Sheffield. He has been long dead, but has a son still alive, who denies, we understand, that his father discountenanced in any way the juvenile efforts of young Chantrey. Some disagreement, however, we have been well assured, took place, and that Chantrey purchased up the remainder of his time from Ramsay before he had been well three years in his service. The poet Rogers has a table actually carved by Sir Francis. Our great sculptor recognized the table when his fame was established, and pleased the poet with the recognition.

Chantrey was designed by his father for the law; accident made him a carver in wood, poverty a painter, and his own genius a sculptor. The sight of some figures in the shop window of Ramsay attracted his attention on the very day he was to commence his study of the law. He stopped to examine them, and became irrecoverably a sculptor. Cowley was made a poet, and Reynolds a painter, much in the same way. Allan Cunningham had a portrait in oil of Chantrey from Chantrey's own hand. It was clever and characteristic, a good deal in the manner of Opie—the result of a morning's work, when disappointed in a sitter. He had been a second Sir Joshua if he had not been Sir Francis Chantrey. His tact and talent had made him a good country attorney—a Morant, a Gillow, or a Snell, or any other respectable upholsterer, but his own genius made him the first and best sculptor of his age.

He lost his father when but a mere boy, and his mother married again, much to the dissatisfaction of Francis, their only child. He still, however, continued to entertain a filial affection for her, and, though she lived to a great age, she died without the sincere forgiveness of her son, who in all his letters, and on all his letters, addressed her as Mrs. Chantrey, never recognizing her, even in conversation, by her own name. No one has said a word of the cruelties of his step-father, or of any thing injurious to his character. It was the *act* of his mother that he never overlooked—a step which occasioned, we may little doubt, the clause in his will in which he ties down Lady Chantrey to a widowhood for life. Chantrey always thought it as something sinful in the widow of Napoleon to marry, and was heard to commend with a shrug of approbation the reply made by the great Duchess of Marlborough, That *she*, the widow of John Churchill, would never consent to become the wife of another. “May a Scotch ensign get her,” said Vanbrugh, in an angry mood. When, at a dinner party in Chantrey’s own house, one of the company was heard to allude to the widow of Sir Philip Sydney becoming the wife of the noble Devereux, Earl of Essex, Chantrey, a most attentive listener, did not seem to disapprove; but, when her third marriage was mentioned as a piece of history (for he was no great reader), his face blackened with horror at such forgetfulness of the dead. If our great sculptor had read more, he had thought less of so common an occurrence in the pages of biographical history. But Chantrey was no great reader, and if he had been Rajah of Lahore, or king in Oude, he had burnt his widow on his own funeral pile. It is the fault, indeed, of all our English artists, that they paint too much, and read and reflect too little. Of all classes of men of genius they are the worst informed. The late Sir George Beaumont was always urging Wilkie to read more. “You can never have read too much,” wrote Sir George; “Warburton, with all his reading, had read but a tittle of what was worth reading in his own days. Our stock of literature has since amazingly increased, and a mere spare hour, or half-an-hour reader can, even after a Methuselah-like length of existence, have read but little.” Of Chantrey’s great rival, or predecessor, in busts, Old Nollekens, it is told, that the annual extent of his reading was the annual Academy catalogue; of *President West*, that he never read more than the passage he had to illustrate. Allan Cunningham used to vex Chantrey and

other Academicians not a little by saying, that Fuseli was the only decent scholar the Academy ever had, and that he, indeed, was only a scholar among painters: “Parr said so,” he would add, “and so did Dr. Burney.” Sir Martin Shee, in one of his lectures, or addresses, to the students of the Royal Academy, on the distribution of the prizes, raised a question very easily answered, whether Raphael or Reynolds had painted one whit better with a Winkelman, a Walpole, or a Cunningham, to advise him? At the mention of the name of Cunningham (and Allan was present), a murmur of approbation ran through the room; but Academical brows began to lower, and Shee was taxed next day, in a council summoned for the purpose, with breaking one great rule of the Royal Academy, the rule which prohibits any allusion whatever to a living individual. Sir Martin Shee, a poet, got with a good grace out of this seeming difficulty. “I made no reference,” said Sir Martin, “to Allan Cunningham; I referred, indeed, to a Cunningham, but my reference was to the Cunningham who wrote upon Shakspeare.” Chantrey and the whole council were at once satisfied with the imaginary commentator, and Shee, no doubt, chuckled at home over their ignorant credulity, as Chantrey did over his friend Cunningham, much to Allan’s amusement, not his amazement. Allan knew too well the measure and value of the President’s approval, and the extent of Academical ignorance. “He supports his want of acquired knowledge by keeping good company,” says Evelyn of the great Duke of Marlborough. How true of Sir Francis Chantrey!

Chantrey’s excellencies, obvious as they were to the most common observer, were not at first recognized beyond the discerning few or the then limited circle of his own private friends. The Royal Academy opened its eyes unwillingly to his merits, for between 1804, when he exhibited in Somerset House, and 1817, when his “Sleeping Children” moved the hearts and fired the tastes of all, there were thirteen years of struggle, in which his talents found a very slender meed of approbation. He was for many years an inveterate anti-Academy man, and it is but too true that his genius forced its own way into the Academy, and that before he had attained the envied *esquireship*, and its further appendage of R. A., he had ranked as one of the very first sculptors of his country, and one of the most original of our island artists. His rise into reputation and Academical honors

was slow beyond example. The modest Wilkie found a friend in Sir George Beaumont before he had been a year in London, but Chantrey was an Academician before that true judge and universal patron of genius had done more than acknowledge his bow as he met him in the street. Chantrey was a proud man, he has been heard to say, when Sir George Beaumont first set foot within his studio.

The two "Sleeping Children" made a stir in the dominions of arts: the group was something new in English Sculpture, so unlike the epigrammatic conceits of the great Roubiliac, or the classic conceptions of the still greater Flaxman—a work at once domestic and poetic, having its origin in our very homes, and making its way to every heart. Thousands of eyes have moistened at the sight of this lovely and affecting group; thousands of tongues have dwelt upon its excellencies, and the pen of Mr. Bowles has poetized its tranquil pathos. Yet we have been told, and are told now, that the merit of the work belongs to Stothard, and that Chantrey only turned to clay and marble a sketch which that graceful artist had drawn, with some care and much feeling, upon paper.

It is a common cry nowadays, that whatever is excellent is not original. That art can seize upon no new postures, or contrive no new sentiment,—that the germ and substance of every thing new has its source and existence in something old. But this cry was found of no avail with the "Sleeping Children" of Sir Francis Chantrey; and the merit of a work which all conspired to praise, envy made over to another. We have something to reveal on this point, at once new and interesting.

Two young and lovely girls, the one about eleven, and the other thirteen years of age, came both about the same time to unnatural ends. The younger, we believe, was accidentally burned to death, and the elder, soon after, when in the midst of health, ruptured a blood-vessel, and the two, who had lain together in the same bed when alive, were laid together, as it were, in one another's arms in the same grave. When time had lessened the severity of her grief, the widowed, and now childless mother, anxious to erect a monument over the grave of her children, visits the studio of Chantrey, and, pleased with what she saw around her, commissions the monument from the young sculptor. We are thus particular, because we wish to urge that the circumstances under which the monument was commissioned naturally forced themselves

upon the mind of the artist employed, and, in fact, that the conception and sentiment of the group were supplied to the artist in the melancholy fates of the two sisters. The lady's name was Mrs. Robinson.

The commission given, Chantrey set off to his friend Stothard, and engaged that poetic artist to make two or three sketches of two young girls lying asleep in each other's arms. Stothard made the necessary sketches, and received some fifteen guineas for an evening's labor. From these sketches Chantrey then began his own sketch in clay. He borrowed a bit from one, a bit from another, and the air and position from a third; imbued them all with his own good taste, and composed, after a fashion of his own, the lovely group that lends so great an attraction to Lichfield Cathedral. We have seen the several sketches made by Stothard for this monument; we have seen, moreover, Chantrey's first result, made from an attentive consideration of Stothard's indications, and we have, as it were, the monument at Lichfield before our eyes at this very moment. In Stothard's sketches (they still exist), the children lie very much as they lie in the finished marble, the attitudes of both are very similar; and any one who has seen the monument, and who was totally in the dark about the circumstances we are here relating, would say, we make little doubt, that these sketches were either Chantrey's first conceptions, or some young artist's hasty recollections of the finished marble. Perhaps we shall not go far wrong when we say that the commission gave the first idea of this monument, that Stothard supplied the leading sentiment and story, and that Chantrey, by elongating the figures, adding repose to the action, and all the graces of execution in which he was so great a master, completed the much-talked-of and much-admired monument at Lichfield to the two children. The snowdrops which the youngest had plucked, and which remain undropped from her hand, was a touch of poetic beauty, for which Chantrey was indebted to his friend and assistant Allan Cunningham. Chantrey, indeed, had many hints of a like nature from the same poetic quarter. Chantrey could adopt, if he could not conceive.

It is not our intention in this paper to particularize the more general and well-known events of Chantrey's life, but to give such sketches and recollections of our great sculptor as a long acquaintance can readily supply. No one knew him *intimately* but Allan Cunningham, and he is gone, but not,

we are informed, without having left behind him some most interesting sketches, much in Colley Cibber's style, of Chantrey, and the many distinguished characters with whom his own genius and his situation in Chantrey's studio had brought him acquainted. These will doubtless, some day, ere long, see the light, and the public will hail their appearance as a most welcome accession to the stores of British biographical history. But Cunningham knew Chantrey, perhaps, *too* well. Nine-and-twenty years of daily intercourse had let him see into the secret springs and movements of his friend's character, and a true history of Chantrey's life from Allan Cunningham had been the hidden and public history of a man remarkable as much for his love of the world, and his intimacy with it, as he was for his miraculous power over marble in portraying the mind and character of man. Mr. Cunningham, when asked about the life of Sir Francis, and urged on to write so desirable a work, hesitated, we are told, at the same time that he promised—withdrawing his promise, and again confirming it. He had no wish to write the life of Sir Francis Chantrey; if he had told all, he had never been believed. The whole truth written down had drawn upon him the cry of ingratitude, and that another Smith had written the life of another Nollekens. To write a panegyric, or a half-and-half kind of life, was something he said he would never do; he must tell all or tell nothing. What Mr. Cunningham was unwilling to do, and did not live to do, Mr. Jones, the Royal Academician, may still supply in part; he has half promised a Life, and, warmed with his legacy, may compose a panegyric upon his friend's character, or, disappointed at, perhaps, its smallness, hit him off to the life, as Leigh Hunt did Lord Byron.

If we come to consider Sir Francis Chantrey as a man, there is not very much to admire about him, little to fly from, and little to follow. His bluntness, now almost proverbial, was, at times, extremely unpleasant, and in another man had been positive rudeness. He affected singularity, said odd things, had them repeated, got talked about, and gave offence. But he had still withal the art of unsaying an unkind thing; and, where he saw he had given offence (which he was far from slow in perceiving), had a rare and happy manner of reinstating himself as of old, and of sending you away impressed with the belief that he was your sincere well-wisher, and very much your friend and obedient humble servant. Enraged at his rudeness,

one got soothed with his condescension, which was rather pointed and appropriate than prostrate and of no meaning. His friends were few, his acquaintances many. No one ever acquired his thorough confidence. If Allan Cunningham understood the business of his place and his actual receipts, he knew very little of what he did with his money. Buying in and selling out, shares in mines, and heavy percentages, were the usual subjects of his after-dinner conversations. For a while American securities were his chief delights; but when these took a turn downwards, and he saw more than a chance of losing some £30,000, he became penurious, talked of applying for a government pension, of putting down his carriages, and of purchasing a cheap Brougham at second-hand. Horne Tooke, in early life, had impressed him with the belief that we live in a very corrupt world, and that, however well-intentioned men were, they were by habit deceitful and dishonest. But Horne Tooke did worse than this. He made Chantrey, we are afraid, if not a deist, a freethinker, or one who did not think at all.

His friends among the Royal Academicians were confined to a certain set. They were either blunt after his own peculiar manner, or gentlemanly after his own better and rarer fashion. From his brother workers in bronze and marble he kept pretty well aloof. The mild and upright-minded Flaxman was never seen within his studio. His friendship for Westmacott was nipped and dwarfed in its very infancy; while Baily incurred his hostility by an act not easily forgiven. In the sister-art of painting, it is enough to say that he offended Wilkie, and that he knew Sir Thomas Lawrence to speak to. But his friendships, while few, perhaps fickle and passionate, took, at times, romantic turns, and his purse-strings would open, on such occasions, at auction-rooms to run up the pictures of his friend to a high price, and thus give a fictitious value to works which, left to the common fate of indifferent pictures, had sold for little more than the cost of canvass and frame. Chantrey, however, having taken these friends publicly by the hand, was often called upon to justify his judgment by pecuniary sacrifices.

In one of his fits of munificence he bestowed a statue upon Northcote. The story merits relation as illustrative of both painter and sculptor. It appears that Northcote, making his will, left the residue of his money to his friend Chantrey, to erect a statue to his memory in the cathed-

dral church of Exeter. So little informed was the painter of the sum he had brought together in a long life of most attentive parsimony, that a friend remonstrated a little against the greatness of the bequest, and asked Northcote what he thought was the residue he had to leave. "About two thousand pounds," said Northcote. "You are leaving five-and-twenty," said his friend; at which Northcote opened his weasel eyes to an unusual width, and so diminished the residue he was to leave for his own monument that it amounted to no more than a bare thousand. Now this was insufficient for a statue on the scale on which Chantrey was paid; but, as it had been the evident wish of Northcote to behave liberally in this matter, Chantrey accepted the small residue and gave for £1000 a £2000 statue. "I thus administer," said Chantrey, "to the intentions of the dead."

Chantrey never took pupils, but he had young men working under him who enjoyed all the advantages of the place. Frederick Smith, Scouler, Ternouth, and Weekes, worked at different times under his superintending eye, but Frederick Smith alone gave any promise; and it was no unconcealed saying of Chantrey's that Fred. Smith (as he called him) was the only artist in his place with an eye in his head. Mr. Weekes had many advantages in Chantrey's studio (for Fred. Smith died young), but without the proper talent to avail himself of such advantages he has as yet done little. The last work that Chantrey really did model was the bust of the queen: Mr. Weekes had made a bust of the queen a little before. Only compare the two, and see the superior tact and taste displayed by Chantrey in contending with the difficulties of exact similitude.

When we say that the bust of the queen was Chantrey's last work, we are not forgetful that the bust of Lord Melbourne is in fact the so-called last. But what are the circumstances of the case? Chantrey, it appears, had received the royal command to make a bust of the premier for the gallery at Windsor. To receive was to obey. Lord Melbourne promised to sit, and named different days for the purpose; but such were the charms of office or the delights of Windsor, that while he continued minister he never found time to sit. He at last found time; Mr. Weekes modelled, Chantrey directed, and Allan Cunningham looked on. The clay animated under the touch, and grew at last into a perfect ogre. Chantrey fretted, tried the modelling tools himself, threw them aside, reassayed, and

then, as if certain that his power of touch had departed, sat down and burst into tears. He was like the border minstrel of Scott:

"His hand had lost that sprightly ease
Which marks security to please."

We have heard Mr. Cunningham describe this scene as affecting in the highest degree. The bust is Mr. Weekes's, not Chantrey's, nor has it been exhibited.

No English sculptor ever had so many commissions as Sir Francis Chantrey. Flaxman made more designs, Westmacott has had a larger proportion of government work, and Nollekens amassed more money. Chantrey, indeed, seemed to have a monopoly of commissions. In busts he reigned supreme, without rival and without any particular envy. He was long in supplanting Westmacott in the manufacture of tablets and statues, bas-reliefs, and monuments, but at length he took the lead; and if a bust was voted, a statue subscribed for, or the sorrows of a disconsolate widow or widower to be allayed in marble, all ran to Belgrave Place and commissioned Chantrey. He took for a time all that was offered to him, and people were content to pay for tablets with Chantrey's name at five times their real value; no one, however, quarrelled with his charges; they had the dearest, and, as they thought, the best. His income in this way averaged for many years from six to seven thousand pounds, in some years rose to ten and fifteen, but never, we believe, higher. This was about on a par with what Reynolds and Lawrence made, and is a large sum to draw annually in from art. Sir Peter Lely may have made more when in the height of fashion, and rumor talks loudly of the thousands upon thousands made annually in the manufacture of miniatures by Sir William Ross.

The success of Chantrey brought a shoal of sculptors to Belgrave Place and its neighborhood—the spawn of the Royal Academy, students half-fed and half-informed, anxious to catch any commission too small for the *Retiarus* of the Row. There were Weekes, Theakstone, Ternouth, Mace, Hatchard, and Thomas, in Belgrave Place, with Heffernan and young Mr. Westmacott not far off. The shoal amused Chantrey, and he would latterly let a commission go by him to aid the more deserving of those about him. A better carver than Theakstone never lifted tools: he excelled in draperies, Mr. Heffernan excelled in carving busts.

As it was very well known that Sir Francis and Lady Chantrey were without even

a Scotch cousin to lay any thing like a claim from kindred to their money, one would not unfrequently hear rumors afloat of the way in which Sir Francis was to leave his property. He made no particular secret of the matter himself that a very fair proportion of what he had would be left by will for the encouragement of English sculpture and English painting. Beyond this he never went publicly, but in private it was different, for he led one (his friend and assistant, as he called him) to believe that he who had helped so much to make his fortune should for certain share in it. So, at least, the friends of Allan Cunningham assert, and they add, that Allan himself, buoyed up in this belief, remained in the service of Sir Francis Chantrey on a very inadequate stipend. He was to receive after benefits in the shape of a handsome legacy!! Like old Volpone,—

“ I have no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to, but whom I make
Must be my heir.”

Chantrey died, the legacy was made public, it was £2000, small enough, indeed, from a man who had made so many promises, if, indeed, he did make them, and had so much to leave, and to a man who had been the means of procuring him commissions to ten times that amount, and who had been so long his faithful foreman and assistant. But the inadequacy of the reward was not all; the stipulations under which it was left were cruel in the extreme, for Chantrey, when he made his will (only the year before he died), was well aware of the painful fact that Allan Cunningham's life was just as precarious as his own. The property was sworn under £90,000.

The tomb of Sir Francis Chantrey (in the churchyard of Norton, in Derbyshire, his native place,) is of a most simple and singular construction. It is of wrought granite, a complete tank in form, with the side slabs sunk into the bottom block and cemented so as to answer all the purposes of one large block. An enormous square of granite covers and crowns the whole; and in this huge granite box, of his own construction, and three times encased in wood and lead, lie the remains of Francis Chantrey. He had a horror of the knife, or he would certainly have been embalmed. What a thirst for worldly existence does this exhibit, what a dread of corruption or removal:—

“ The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named; Nature appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.”

But this is not all. His tomb once made, he provided by will for its preservation. The vicar and schoolmaster of Norton have yearly sums left to them payable only “so long as his tomb shall last.” He has not allowed a daisy to grow unseen about his grave, and the Norton Dominie has to instruct ten *poor* boys how to remove the moss; and nettles from around his tomb. It is to be hoped that they may not go out in the night and realize the poetic description of Blair:—

“ Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the
trees,
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-opened grave, and, strange to tell,
Evanishes at crowing of the cock!”

Who would not prefer to lie as Allan Cunningham lies at Kensal Green, not in a brick vault, but in his mother earth, or as Wilkie lies amid the blue-green waves of the Atlantic?

Connected with the tomb of Chantrey, there is a story current characteristic of Sir F. Chantrey and his friend Allan Cunningham. Chantrey, after submitting the drawings of his tomb to Cunningham, said, by way of parenthesis, and with a very serious face, “*But there will be no room for you!*” “Room for me!” said Allan Cunningham; “I have no ambition to lie like a toad in a stone for some future geologist to discover, or in a place strong enough to excite the ambition of another. No, no! let me lie where the green grass and the daisies grow waving under the winds of the blue heaven.” Chantrey put his drawing in his portfolio, snuffed, and said nothing. The tomb of Alexander the Great is now the curiosity of a museum. “Mizraim cures wounds,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.”

There is one very extraordinary part of Chantrey's will which calls for comment—viz., that wherein he allows his three executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the executors and administrators of such survivor, to destroy such of his drawings, models, and casts, as they or he may in their or his uncontrolled judgment consider

not worthy of being preserved. Now it is true that one of his executors is an artist, but who are the other two? Why one is a stock-broker in the city, and the other a plain, unpretending, country gentleman. Mr. Jones may select with skill or destroy with taste, but what can one whose whole time has been spent in agricultural pursuits know of works of art? or is that man a sufficient judge of sculpture (to presume to destroy) whose nights and days have been past in the study of interest, simple and compound, the rise and fall of stocks, fresh securities, the three per cents and the three and a-halves? The executors have destroyed, we understand, very largely; with what taste and prudence we shall see before long, when Lady Chantrey's present of her husband's casts reaches the Randolph Museum at Oxford.

Allan Cunningham did not present a stronger contrast to his friend Sir Francis in personal appearance than he did in every thing else. One was a great sculptor without the least atom of poetry in his composition; one a great reader, the other one who never read. Chantrey cheerful, and a *bon-vivant*; Allan Cunningham cheerful and abstemious, yet a most excellent table-companion. Both self-taught, both arrived, though in different ways, to great distinction in their respective lines of life. But Chantrey never felt the want of education, Allan Cunningham always did; Chantrey had no respect for antiquity, Allan Cunningham the highest; Chantrey would import no excellencies, Allan Cunningham could never borrow enough; one realized a large fortune in his art, the other an honest and honorable sufficiency. Their last illnesses were much of the same nature; but Cunningham's was brought on from an over-worked, an over-anxious mind; Chantrey's from an inactive, and we are constrained to add, a somewhat pampered body.

We are far from strangers to the many ways in which Allan Cunningham substantially assisted Sir Francis Chantrey. He wrote his letters, digested and buckramed up his evidence upon points wherein his judgment was required, fought his battles in print and before committees, sought out new commissions, assisting and controlling his taste, suggesting new positions for figures, new proportions for his pedestals, and new turns for the folds of his draperies. He kept his accounts and his workmen in order, hushed up quarrels in their infancy, and maintained a harmony throughout the place. Chantrey was indeed fortunate in

his foreman; no man of genius ever had such a servant to assist him. The presence of Allan Cunningham gave an additional character and importance to the place. Among the thousands who saw through the studio of Sir Francis, few ever went away without having seen, as they said, Allan Cunningham; many were enlivened by his entertaining way of illustrating by anecdote and remark the dry catalogue of busts and statues before them, more courted his acquaintance, and many, very many acquired his friendship.

The following written evidence, sent in by Chantrey to the House of Commons committee on the Nelson column, preserves in many places the very words and language of Allan Cunningham:—

"I cannot believe that a column, or other ornamental object, placed where this is intended to be, can injure the present appearance of the National Gallery, except so far as it may interrupt the view, and perhaps tend to lower its apparent altitude. As an ornamental object, the beauty and just proportions of a Corinthian column, as forming part of a building, are matters settled about two thousand years ago; what its effect may be, standing alone, must depend much on the base and the object which crowns the summit. An injudicious association of modern things with ancient may put the column out of the pale of classic beauty. Of the statue which is to be made I can give no opinion; but, if it be only to measure seventeen feet, *its bird-like size will not be much in the way; and, if formed of Portland stone, will not be long in the way.* I expect that when the column and the National Gallery are seen together in their whole extent, and at the same moment, which will be the case when viewed between Whitehall and Charing Cross, that the Gallery, as I have said before, may suffer somewhat in its apparent height; but I do not regard this as of much importance when I consider that Mr. Barry's plan of sinking the base line ten or twelve feet must improve the elevation of the National Gallery considerably. I consider this position to be the most favorable that can be found or imagined for any national work of art; its aspect is nearly south, and sufficiently open on all sides to give the object placed on that identical spot all the advantage from light and shade that can be desired; to this may be added the advantage of a happy combination of unobtrusive buildings around; but to conceive a national monument worthy of this magnificent site is no easy task."

The part printed in italics conveys, as we know of our own knowledge, the very ideas and language of Allan Cunningham; yet it went the round of the papers, and was referred to among artists, as one of the happy sayings to the point of Sir Francis Chantrey. This was written and not oral evidence.

There is much good sense in what follows,—the pith of a private letter concocted by Chantrey and Cunningham to Sir Howard Douglas:—

“I have fully considered the questions which you put to me on the erection of a bronze statue of Sir Frederick Adam at Corfu, on the propriety of attempting to make a pedestal in imitation of natural rock, a fountain, &c., and you are heartily welcome to the following remarks, which shortly embrace the result of my own experience.

“I inclose you the outline of a pedestal, suited to the excellent situation chosen and proportioned to the architectural background; but I must tell you that it is also proportioned to a statue twelve feet high, fearing that a figure only nine feet high will disappoint your expectations. I make this suggestion without reference to your means, of which you say nothing; therefore, if you are obliged to limit the figure to nine feet, the pedestal must be reduced in the same proportion, or nearly so.

“I am not surprised that the idea of a rock-work pedestal should have been suggested to you; but I have already seen enough of this sort of work in Rome, and elsewhere, to satisfy me. Perhaps you have seen the pedestal of George III. in Windsor Great Park, which pleases nobody; yet it was the joint production of two great men, Sir Jeffrey Wyatville and Mr. Westmacott. It is formed of huge blocks of rough granite, and cost near eight thousand pounds! It has also the advantage of standing on a natural mound, with wood for its background, two miles from the castle, with no building whatever in connexion; yet with these advantages it is a decided failure, nor is it likely to be repeated in this country by men of sense.

“I entirely approve of the idea of a truncated column for the pedestal of a statue in Corfu. It is classical, and I advise its adoption, bearing, of course, such proportions to the figures as are shown in my drawing, which are conformable with the best rules of proportion I have been able to discover; for taste in such matters is very arbitrary.

“The very best material in the world for such a pedestal (next to granite) is the *hardest* Greek marble (some blocks are very soft). It is proved that it will last two thousand years and more in the climate of Greece, if it escape violence.

“You say ‘the fountain is to play occasionally;’ from this I conclude that you have not a superabundance of water. I have therefore reduced the basin to a circle of forty feet, being in better proportion to the pedestal; and a circle will be better worked, and cost less than an oval. The outer rim of this basin should show about fifteen inches above the ground line. Iron rails are paltry, and totally inadmissible. I also suggest that two feet deep of water will be amply sufficient for your gold and silver fish, yet not deep enough to drown a child.

“I am not aware of any subject on which art has been employed that has given rise to so much costly nonsense and bad taste as fountains.

Your idea of water spouting from holes and crevices in the rock-work is pleasing enough; but then rock-work is not fit for a pedestal, and I warn you against adopting the vulgar and disgusting notion of making animals spew water or the more natural one of the little fountain at Brussels and Carrara. Avoid all these beastly things, whether natural or unnatural, and adopt the more classic and pleasing notion of the ancient river-god with his overflowing urn, the best emblem of abundance. In my drawing I have indicated four boys, each pouring water out of a vessel; if you want more splash, you may lay some rock-work in the basin, and thus afford hiding-places for the gold and silver fish.

“Very truly yours,
F. CHANTREY.”

“Sept. 2, 1835.

In the following letter to Sir Robert Peel, Chantrey pretends to tell the true history of his inimitable bust of Sir Walter Scott:

“*Belgrave Place, Jan. 26, 1838.*

“Dear Sir Robert,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the bust of Sir Walter Scott, which you have done me the honor to place in your collection at Drayton Manor.

“My admiration of Scott, as a poet and a man, induced me in the year 1820 to ask him to sit to me for his bust,—the only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favor from any one. He agreed; and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sittings, and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you that, on one occasion, he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust produced from these sittings was moulded, and about forty-five casts were disposed of among the poet's most ardent admirers. This was all I had to do with the plaster casts. The bust was pirated by Italians; and England and Scotland, and even her colonies, were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts to the extent of thousands, in spite of the terror of an act of parliament.

“I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Sir Walter that I ever executed in marble.

“I now come to your bust of Scott. In the year 1828 I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heir-loom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio. To this proposal he acceded; and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back: ‘This bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1820 by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet, as a token of esteem, in 1828.’

“In the months of May and June in the same

year, 1828, Sir Walter fulfilled his promise; and I finished from his face the marble bust now at Drayton Manor—a better sanctuary than my studio, else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age more than eight years deeper.

"I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about the bust, except that there need be no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded.

"I have, &c.

"F. CHANTREY."

Now this is in the outset substantially incorrect; yet it was so written, and by Allan Cunningham, we are assured, to please Sir Francis Chantrey. In 1820, Chantrey knew nothing of Scott as a poet or a man beyond hearsay, and had never indeed seen him. He never wrote to Scott to ask him to sit; for the very suggestion and bringing about of the whole, Chantrey was indebted to his friend Cunningham. Sir Walter had come to town in 1820, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in writing to his brother bard in London, assured him that Scott would consider a call from Allan Cunningham as a very friendly act. When Sir Walter had been settled a week or so at "kind Miss Dumergue's," Allan set off one morning with a palpitating heart to make his half-expected visit. But before he was on his way for Piccadilly, where Miss Dumergue resided, Allan had communicated to his patron (so they word it) his purpose of calling upon Scott, to thank him for some kind message he had received through a common friend. "Now," said Allan to Chantrey, "if I can get Scott to sit, you must make his bust. Reynolds painted all the great authors of his time, and Phillips has painted all the great authors of our own. You must make the busts of them all, and begin with Mr. Scott." Chantrey at once consented. Allan saw Scott, made known the willingness of Chantrey, and obtained the poet's promise to sit. In this way the matter rested for some time; Scott expected a call from Chantrey, and Chantrey a call from Scott. Neither had their expectations realized. Chantrey was for a while angry; he had never asked a soul to sit to him before, and the result of his first request was far from satisfactory. Cunningham now interfered again, and saw Sir Walter on the subject. The moment that Scott became acquainted with the circumstances, he set out with his friend Allan for the studio of Chantrey. The sculptor was more than pacified, he was highly pleased. Friendship ripened into intimacy, and the bust grew from a

serene expression into that conversational look which it now wears, to the delight and admiration of thousands. The bust of Southey was a second request made in pursuance of the very sound and judicious advice of Allan Cunningham.

It would be no easy matter to enumerate the many ways in which Allan Cunningham was of the utmost use to Sir Francis Chantrey. He wrote a sketch of his life, and a glowing account of his works, in April 1820 for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, in 1826, a kind of critical panegyric upon his genius for the *Quarterly*, in a review of *Memoirs of Canova*. These articles were publicly known as his. They contain no drawing of the arrow of adulation to the head, but a just appreciation of Chantrey's works and genius. That such public notices as these were not of real benefit to Chantrey, it would be idle assertion to deny. Chantrey, at least, forgave their author—he never rewarded him rightly for such substantial services.

One of the many commissions obtained for Sir Francis Chantrey, by his friend and foreman, was the Wellington equestrian statue for the City of London. A subscription was set on foot, some ten thousand pounds collected, a kind of packed committee called together, and a day of meeting named. For what? To give the statue to Mr. Wyatt. The Duke of Rutland and Sir Frederick Trench were the prime movers in this affair; they pulled the puppet-strings of this bronze subscription, and had an artist of their own. In short, the matter looked like a *job*, and so it struck Allan Cunningham, who sounded his friend Sir Peter Laurie, a member of the Committee, on the matter, and inquired if there was no way of wresting the statue from Wyatt's feeble fingers into the artistic hands of Sir Francis Chantrey. Sir Peter Laurie at once confirmed the impression of Allan Cunningham that it was a *job*, but doubted if there was any chance of upsetting Wyatt, so strongly was he backed. Laurie, however, undertook to inquire and do all he could. Members were sounded, the story told, and Chantrey's willingness, nay, anxiety, to execute the statue spoken publicly about. The day came, 12th May, 1837; Sir Peter Laurie was in the Committee room, and Allan Cunningham behind the scenes, to back Sir Peter in his battle for true art.

The contest was sore; and, though Chantrey gained the day, it was only by a majority of one, the casting vote of the then lord-mayor. Twenty-nine members were

present, and their votes were thus recorded. For Chantrey—1, The lord-mayor; 2, Lord Sandon; 3, Sir Henry Hardinge; 4, Sir Claudius Hunter; 5, Alderman Birch; 6, Sir Peter Laurie; 7, Alderman Winchester; 8, Alderman Lainson; 9, Sheriff Johnson; 10, A. K. Barclay, Esq.; 11, C. Barclay, Esq.; 12, T. Burbidge, Esq.; 13, Rev. V. K. Child; 14, W. Chadwick, Esq.; 15, C. Francis, Esq. For Wyatt—1, The Duke of Rutland; 2, Earl of Wilton; 3, Viscount Beresford; 4, Sir Frederick Trench; 5, Dr. Croly; 6, B. Edington, Esq.; 7, T. Farncome, Esq.; 8, William Jerdan, Esq.; 9, J. Masterman, Esq.; 10, J. M. Rainbow, Esq.; 11, W. Richardson, Esq.; 12, D. Salomons, Esq.; 13, E. Silon, Esq.; 14, W. Simpson, Esq.

The business was opened by Trench proposing that the statue should be given to Wyatt. Dr. Croly and Mr. Jerdan supported Trench, when Mr. Charles Barclay, as was agreed upon with Sir Peter Laurie, proposed Sir Francis Chantrey. Mr. Barclay was seconded by Sir Peter. One of the committee then got up, and said that Mr. Wyatt was a great man, and deserved the statue, as he had lost much through affection for his art. To this Sir Peter replied, "I propose a greater artist, one, too, that has no losses for the City of London to repair, and that he will undertake it this letter from my friend Mr. Allan Cunningham will convince all." Sir Peter then read a letter on the subject from Allan Cunningham. "Now all this is vastly well," said Sir Frederick Trench, "but who will sanction what Mr. Cunningham says?"—"I will!" said Lord Sandon. "Whatever Mr. Cunningham has written on this subject, Sir Francis Chantrey, I know, will sanction." This unexpected turn settled the matter, for Lord Sandon came with the Duke of Rutland and Sir Frederick Trench, as it was said, to support Wyatt, and was *with* them, it was believed, till this stage of the business.

Sir Peter Laurie has been heard to attribute the whole success of Chantrey in this business to his friend Allan Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham, on the contrary, attributed all to Chantrey's high name, and the activity and intelligence of Sir Peter Laurie. When Allan Cunningham was asked in what way Chantrey had expressed his pleasure at the news of his triumph, "Oh," said Allan with a smile, "I fear he will not forgive me." The truth is, Chantrey could not bear to lie under an obligation, as it were, to his foreman, and for a while, urged on by some of his friends, he talked of de-

clining the honor thus ingeniously and honorably acquired for him.

Whether Allan Cunningham was or was not forgiven by Sir Francis Chantrey for this very effective support and accession of good fortune, both in an artistic and a pecuniary sense, we shall not stay to inquire. Mr. Cunningham really was a sufferer by his very proper interference in this matter, for Chantrey left the legacy of £2000 to his friend and assistant, *conditionally*, that he should superintend the execution of this very statue, and be alive at its completion. Allan Cunningham superintended the work for eleven months after Chantrey's death, to the very day indeed of his own death, when the legacy became, in the eyes of the executors of Sir Francis Chantrey, a lapsed legacy. They have now declined paying what they have the power to give; and are they in refusing, it is natural to ask, administering to the intentions of the dead? What did Chantrey do in the case of Northcote?

The works of Sir Francis Chantrey divide themselves into equestrian statues, standing statues, sitting statues, recumbent figures, groups, chiefly in strong relief and busts.

There are three equestrian statues—Sir Thomas Munro, George IV., and the Duke of Wellington. Of these three, the Munro figure is the finest, but the horse the worst; the Wellington horse the best, the figure the worst. Of his standing statues, some eighteen in number, we prefer, far above all others, Grattan, Washington, Malcolm, and Canning. Of his sitting statues, some eighteen in number, we prefer James Watt, (the small-size figure), Dr. Cyril Jackson, and Dr. Anderson of Madras. Of his recumbent figures, some fourteen in number, the Two Children at Lichfield, the Wildman group, Mrs. Digby and Mrs. Jordan. His reliefs are very poor. What can be worse than the Hector, the Penelope, and the Conscript Fathers of the Reform Bill signing the Magna Charta of King John?

His busts are beyond all praise, they are the heads of Sir Joshua or Vandyke in marble. Oh for a head of Shakspeare like Chantrey's Sir Walter Scott! "Look," said Coleridge, "at that head of Cline by Chantrey. Is that forehead, that nose, those temples, and that chin, akin to the monkey tribe? No, no! To a man of sensibility no argument could disprove the bestial theory so convincingly as a quiet contemplation of that fine bust."

Chantrey's fancy figures cost him too much thinking, and he was putting his rep-

utation at a hazard in making them by venturing out of his depth. He was content with the fame of his "Lady Louisa Russell Fondling a Dove," a sweet little figure all tiptoe and delight.

In 1813, his charge for a bust was one hundred guineas; in 1814 and 1819, one hundred and twenty. He had one hundred guineas for Cline, and one hundred and twenty guineas a-piece for James Watt and John Rennie. In 1820, his charge was one hundred and fifty guineas, the sum he received from Lord Liverpool for the bust of the Duke of Wellington. In 1821, he had two hundred guineas for the bust of George IV., the highest sum he was ever known to charge for a bust.

For the Wellington statue he was paid the largest sum he ever received for a work of art, equal as it was in all, with bronze and money, to £10,000. For the equestrian statue of George IV., still unerected, he had nine thousand guineas; for the equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro, £8000. The Munro horse was the same horse as the George IV., and Chantrey would have thrust a third edition of the same animal upon the City of London but for the sturdy interference of Allan Cunningham and Sir Peter Laurie. He would certainly have had the Glasgow Wellington Statue to execute, but from his anxiety to supply a cast of the same horse to the fair City of the West. This was imprudent, for the Glasgow people wisely wanted a horse of their own. Modelling horses gravelled Chantrey; he was at home with men, but had to learn a new line of art when he came to manufacture horses.

His standing statues and sitting statues were well paid for. He had two thousand guineas for the George III. in Guildhall; £1800 for Spencer Perceval; £4000 for President Blair (with niche and pedestal); £3500 for Lord Melville; £1000 for Dr. Anderson at Madras; £1575 for General Gillespie in St. Paul's; £1800 for Francis Horner in Westminster Abbey; £2250 for Washington; £1200 for Chief Baron Dundas; £2000 for Grattan; £7000 for Pitt in Hanover Square; £7000 for Watt in Westminster Abbey. For "The Two Children" he had £650; for "Lady Louisa Russell," £350.

Chantrey's admiration of English sculpture did not get much beyond the bust of Dr. Johnson by Nollekens, and the statue of Sir Isaac Newton by Roubiliac. They were both, as he was wont to say, perfect. Such, indeed, was his respect for Roubiliac, that he has allowed foreigners resident in

England to contend for his prizes, solely out of respect for the epigrammatic and inimitable Frenchman.

Chantrey was at times a kind-hearted man—liberal with his purse, ready to hear and relieve distress. Prosperity blunted those better portions of his nature which adversity or a smaller share of prosperity had called into action oftener and with more effect. In his death, art lost one of its greatest ornaments; in the death of Allan Cunningham, literature a very able man.

THE LATE "DUCHESS OF SUSSEX."—As the fact is becoming a matter of general discussion, that in the event of the death of the King of Hanover, and of the Crown Prince, his son, the question of the title of Sir Augustus D'Este to the throne of that kingdom will create some controversy, the following letter from her Royal Highness (the Countess of Ameland) to Sir S. J. Dillon, will not be uninteresting. It is dated so long since as December 16th, 1811:—

"My dear sir:—I wished to have answered your last letter, but having mislaid your first, I did not know how to direct to you. I am sure you must believe that I am delighted with your pamphlet; but I must confess I do not think you have stated the fact quite exactly, when you say (page 25), 'that the question is at rest between me and the Duke of Sussex, because the connection has not only been declared illegal by sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, but has been dissolved by consent—that I have agreed to abandon all claims to his name,' &c. Now, my dear sir, had I believed the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court to be any thing but a stretch of power, my girl would not have been born. Lord Thurlow told me my marriage was good abroad—religion taught me it was good at home, and not one decree of any powerful enemy could make me believe otherwise, nor ever will. By refusing me a subsistence they have forced me to take a name—not the Duke of Sussex's—but they have not made me believe that I had no right to his. My children and myself were to starve, or I was to obey, and I obeyed; but I am not convinced. Therefore, pray don't call this 'an act of mutual consent,' or say 'the question is at rest.' The moment my son wishes it, I am ready to declare that it was debt, imprisonment, arrestation, necessity (force like this, in short), which obliged me to seem to give up my claims, and not my conviction of their fallacy. When the bans were published in the most frequented church in London, and where all the town goes, is not that a permission asked? And why were they not forbid? I believe my marriage at Rome good; and I shall never feel 'the question at rest,' till this is acknowledged. Prince Augustus is now sent to Jersey, as Lieutenant D'Este, in the 7th Fusiliers. Before he went he told his father he had no objection to go under any name they chose to make him take; but that he knew what he was, and the time, he trusted, would come when himself would see justice done to his mother and sister, and his own birth."

Colonial Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE REV.
JOHN WILLIAMS.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

"*Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. John Williams, Missionary to Polynesia.*" By Ebenezer Prout of Halstead. 8vo, with Portrait, &c. London; Snow.

THE terrible fate of "the Martyr of Erromanga," equally with his eminent missionary labors in the islands of the Pacific, have drawn the public attention to his career. His own remarkable narrative, his "*Missionary Enterprises*,"—the accounts of him found in the Missionary Society's Reports, in the writings of the Rev. Mr. Ellis, and in the recent publications of Dr. Campbell, have contributed to gratify the general curiosity about an individual, who, if the accomplishment of actual good to his race is to be taken as the measure of a man's worth, ought to be ranked as among the first class. But the character and career of an individual so eminent for the good he has done, deserved the most ample and complete record; and this is now found in these Memoirs of the life of Williams, which are evidently compiled by one who could truly and warmly appreciate the many happy aptitudes and excellencies of his character, and also his peculiar—may we not say providential—adaptation to the work which was given him to do.

It is not until Williams is fairly landed on the Hervey Islands,—one of which, Rarotonga, re-discovered by himself, became the scene of his almost miraculous efforts in civilizing and evangelizing,—that the memoir becomes of intense interest.

Mr. Williams was the son of respectable parents of the middle class, and he was blessed with an excellent and pious mother. After receiving a very plain education, he was, at a suitable age, bound apprentice to an ironmonger in London, to attend the retail-shop only; but being of "a mechanical turn," he, most fortunately for the great cause in which he was afterwards engaged, lost no opportunity of stealing into the adjoining work-shop, where he obtained that practical knowledge and skill in the craft of the blacksmith, which enabled him, in after times, with more ease, to act as a self-taught mason, plasterer, shipbuilder, farmer, weaver, and, in short, Jack-of-all-trades. It was this "mechanical turn," together with his remarkable facility in acquiring the languages of the South Seas, and his peculiarly kind and engaging manners, together with his devoted energy, which enabled

Williams so far to outstrip all his contemporaries, and to become the primitive Bishop of Polynesia. During his apprenticeship, his mind was forcibly directed to serious subjects, by accidentally hearing a sermon preached by Mr. East of Birmingham; and, after slender educational preparation, he was sent out as a missionary, at a very early age, and when just married. The manner in which Williams, on landing at Eimeo, made the first great step, the acquisition of the native languages, goes far to establish the theory of Professor Blackie.* We are told,

By great diligence, he had acquired a sufficient acquaintance with the language while at Tahiti and Huahine, to be enabled to preach intelligibly as soon as he reached Raiatea. The method by which he made this rapid proficiency was his own. Instead of remaining at home, poring over translations and glossaries, or depending upon the assistance of his senior brethren, he constantly mingled with the natives, "hearing and asking them questions," and thus acquired, as he considered with great ease, not merely the signification of words and phrases, but, what was quite as requisite, the correct accentuation of the language. Whether this plan would be the most successful in all cases may admit of doubt; but there can be none respecting its suitability to Mr. Williams, one remarkable characteristic of whose mind was the power of exact and minute observation.

In ten months after he reached Eimeo, he preached his first sermon in the native language; some of his elder brethren affirming, that he had done as much in that period, as might have taken another three years. As soon as, with the approbation of the chiefs, and with the prospect of quiet and permanency, the missionaries had settled at Raiatea, Mr. Williams laid a stable foundation for his future usefulness.

Having selected a convenient plot of ground, he resolved to erect upon it a dwelling-house in the English style, and in all respects superior to any building ever seen, or even imagined by the people around him. To this he was incited, not merely by a desire to obtain for himself and his family a commodious and respectable residence, but by the hope of elevating the standard and awakening the emulation of those whom he was anxious to benefit. Before this time, the best native houses consisted of but one apartment, which was used by the whole family, and for all domestic purposes. This was covered with a thatched roof, but open at the sides, and carpeted with dry, and too frequently, dirty grass. Mr. Williams perceived the unfitness of such abodes for the purposes he had in view. He knew that domestic comfort, social morality and spiritual religion could never flourish, unless the degraded habits, inseparable from such

* See *Tait's Magazine* for November, 1842.

a mode of living, were first destroyed. He therefore resolved to show the people a more excellent way. "It was my determination," he writes, "when I left England, to have as respectable a dwelling-house as I could erect; for the missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to elevate the heathen; not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his."

Prompted by this enlightened and truly benevolent motive, Mr. Williams prepared the plan, and commenced the erection of his new and noble dwelling-house. And this was an undertaking in which most of the labor necessarily devolved upon himself. The natives, indeed, readily assisted in procuring the materials and placing them according to his direction; but all beyond what the most ordinary assistance could render, was done by his own hands. Yet although obliged to execute the work of many different artizans, whose divided labor and united skill are commonly considered essential to such an undertaking, he, relying solely upon his own resources, soon beheld, with pride and pleasure, his future home rising up before him. The natives saw it too, and were lavish in their expressions of astonishment and admiration. The house was sixty feet by thirty, and consisted of three front and four back rooms. French sashes, shaded with a green verandah and venetian blinds, gave an air of elegance to the sitting-rooms, which commanded a splendid view of the harbor. The frame-work of the building was wood, but the walls, both within and without, were wattled, and plastered with coral lime. From this lime, Mr. Williams made not only a whitewash, but a grey and orange coloring with which he adorned the interior. On either side and in front, he had enclosed a spacious garden, which was tastily laid out in grass-plots, gravel-paths, and flower-beds, where there flourished a variety of ornamental shrubs and plants, some of them indigenous, and others exotics introduced by himself and his brethren. Immediately behind the house, there was an enclosed poultry-yard, well stocked with turkeys, fowls, and English and Muscovy ducks; while beyond this, lay a large kitchen-garden, which supplied their table with several British roots and vegetables, including cabbages, beans, peas, cucumbers, pumpkins, onions, and pot-herbs. At a later date, the bleating of goats, and the lowing of oxen on the hills, indicated that still more important additions had been made to their domestic comfort.

The furniture was in keeping with the house, and discovered in the Missionary an equal amount of taste and skill. Tables, chairs, sofas, and bedsteads, with turned and polished legs and pillars, quite in the English style, and carpeted floors, gave to the interior of this dwelling an appearance, equally inviting to the European visitor, and surprising to the natives. Mr. Williams augured much good from the excitement which these novelties would produce in the too sluggish intellects around him, and was soon rejoiced to see that their imitative propensities had been so powerfully called into useful exercise by his example, as effectually to overcome their indolence.

Much of the civilization, the fruits of which may now be witnessed in these then barbarous islands, resulted from this, and similar measures, to make civilization proceed hand in hand with evangelization. In about eighteen months after landing, we hear of a society established by Williams, *for encouraging* (among the natives) *the growth of the arts and sciences!* the rewards being *nails*, a most desirable article to the islanders. Within the same brief space of time, we find this indefatigable missionary writing home:—

"It is a great advantage to me that I am able to turn my hand to any thing, and indeed it is very desirable that every missionary, sent to an uncivilized part of the world, should possess mechanical qualifications, as well as a missionary spirit.

"We have not only instructed the natives as to the improvement of their houses, but also in sawing timber, carpentering, smith's work, and, among other things, in boat-building. Brother Threlkeld has now in hand a very large boat, on which only the natives are employed. Requiring a larger boat than that which I built at Eimeo, that I may visit Tahaa, I have completed one sixteen feet long.

"When we came to this place, there were only two native habitations, and it was difficult to walk along the beach for the bushes. But the former wilderness is now an open, clear, and pleasant place, with a range of houses extending nearly two miles along the sea-beach, in which reside about a thousand of the natives. We earnestly desire to see the moral wilderness present the same improved appearance. The king, who, we are happy to say, is one of the most consistent characters, resides very near to us. He is a very constant attendant both at the chapel and the schools. He will probably be one of the first whom we shall baptize in the islands. We are happy in being able to state that his behavior is circumspect, and that he is very active in suppressing crime.

"We are glad to be able to inform you, that many have built themselves very neat little houses, and are now living in them with their wives and families. The king, through seeing ours, and by our advice, has had a house erected near to us. It contains four rooms, wattled, and plastered inside and out, and floored. He is the first native on these islands that ever had such a house; but many others are now following his example.

"We have been constantly exhorting the people to abandon their pernicious custom of living several families together in one dwelling, and have advised their separation. Several have complied with our request, and before six months more have elapsed, it is probable that there will not be less than twenty houses, wattled, plastered, with boarded floors, and divided into separate rooms for meals and sleeping."

Mr. Williams had not been long in these islands, when he perceived that tobacco

and sugar might be successfully cultivated by the inhabitants, and prove lucrative articles of commerce; and he accordingly endeavored to acquire the arts of boiling sugar and curing tobacco, that he might be able to instruct the natives. Some small beginnings of a useful commerce were made; and, when at Sydney, on the secular business of his mission, about four years after he commenced his labors, we find him writing home:—

“I am taking with me to the islands, clothes for the women, shoes, stockings, tea-kettles, tea-cups and saucers, and tea, of which the natives are very fond, and which, I hope, may prove an additional stimulus to the cultivation of sugar. And, moreover, when they have tea, they will want teacups, and a table to place them on, and seats to sit upon. Thus we hope, in a short time, that European customs will be wholly established in the leeward islands.”

In the same year he writes:—

“With respect to civilization, we feel a pleasure in saying that the natives are doing all we can reasonably expect, and every person is now daily and busily employed from morning till night. At present, there is a range of three miles along the sea-beach studded with little plastered and whitewashed cottages, with their own schooner lying at anchor near them. All this forms such a contrast to the view we had here but three years ago, when, excepting three hovels, all was wilderness, that we cannot but be thankful; and when we consider all things, exceedingly thankful for what God has wrought.

“In a temporal point of view, we have every thing we can possibly desire to make us happy. We have a good house, plenty of ground, an abundant supply of the productions of the island, cows, ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons, fowls, &c., and a regular communication with the colony. But above all these things, we have the hearts and affections of the people, and the prospect of great usefulness in our Saviour’s cause.”

Under the date of November 13th, 1822, Mr. Williams informs the Directors that “the Endeavor” was then nearly ready for sea with a cargo, the proceeds of which and of another cargo which the people were preparing, would, he believed, complete the purchase-money of the ship. “Every thing,” he adds, “is succeeding beyond our most sanguine expectations. The natives have prepared from 120 to 150 large plantations, and I am perfecting myself in the art of curing tobacco, and boiling sugar. The people have also learned to boil salt, three or four tons of which they have recently prepared. You would be delighted to survey the scene of industry which our island presents. Even the women are employed in cultivating little patches of tobacco, in order to purchase European clothing, and we are most anxious to introduce these articles without expense to the Society.”

The indomitable spirit of the man is characteristically displayed in the following passages from a letter to his father, and another to his constituents, the Directors of the Missionary Society:—

“I bless God that my heart is as much alive to missionary work as it was the first day I set my foot on these shores; and in this work of my Lord and Saviour I desire to live and to die. My highest ambition, dear father, is to be faithful to my work, faithful to souls, and faithful to Christ; in a word, to be abundantly and extensively useful. Our own station flourishes, and the people improve. I am fully occupied. I have lately made several lathes and a loom; and am intending to try to weave cloth. I am hoping we shall succeed, as the people have many grasses and barks of which they make cord, &c. My dear Mary is a good spinstress, and knows how to dress flax. But of course our principal attention is devoted to their spiritual improvement; although I have no great opinion of the missionary’s labors who would neglect those minor matters.”

To the Directors he says:—

“It is our duty to visit the surrounding islands. You have fourteen or fifteen missionaries in these islands, missionaries enough to convert all the islands of the South Seas, and every one of these within a thousand miles of us ought now to be under instruction. Six good active missionaries, united in heart, mind, and plan, could effect more, if you would afford them the means, than you either think or expect. A missionary was never designed by Jesus Christ to gather a congregation of a hundred or two natives, and sit down at his ease, as contented as if every sinner was converted, while thousands around him, and but a few miles off, are eating each other’s flesh, and drinking each other’s blood, living and dying without the gospel. Upon this subject it is my full determination to have some decided conversation with the deputation. For my own part, I cannot content myself within the narrow limits of a single reef; and, if means are not afforded, a continent would to me be infinitely preferable; for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk; but to these isolated islands a ship must carry you.”

This sanguine and enthusiastic spirit precipitated the lamented fate of this admirable and devoted man. On the death of his mother, Mr. Williams received a considerable sum of money, which enabled him to prosecute, with greater effect, commercial objects for the advantage of the natives, though always in subservience to his principal duty as a missionary. But his hopes were destined to be harshly, and, as we cannot help thinking, unwisely, checked.

Through the intervention of some interested merchants at Sydney, the governor had been persuaded to impose a prohibitory duty upon

South Sea tobacco, and to make other fiscal regulations which materially reduced the value of all Polynesian produce. This severe and unexpected check to the newly-created industry and enterprise of the leeward islands, burst like a tornado upon their inhabitants, and proved a source of extreme embarrassment and distress to Mr. Williams. Not only did it contravene his benevolent plans for the social improvement of the natives, and deprive him of the means of more extended usefulness, but it involved him in serious pecuniary responsibility, from which he could not now expect to extricate himself without loss. To complete the calamity, and consummate his own disappointment, Mr. Williams at the same time received a letter from the Directors, in which the speculation was condemned, and his conduct censured. But his spirit, though bowed down, was not broken. Thus beset with difficulties, he summoned a meeting of the chiefs to whom the Enterprise belonged; and, after ingenuously explaining to them the exact position of affairs, it was resolved to send her immediately to Sydney, laden with the most marketable produce they could collect, with an order to sell both ship and cargo. Great as was the trial of parting with a vessel in which he had already done much missionary work, and by which he expected to accomplish still more, and keenly as he felt the censure of the Directors, he was comforted and cheered by the conduct of the chiefs and people, who clearly understood the whole case, and neither attributed the failure to their missionary, nor evinced towards him the least diminution of confidence and esteem.

To the Directors he wrote:—

“I am sorry that my conduct meets your disapprobation, and acknowledge the justice of all you say respecting a missionary entangling himself with the affairs of this life. But the benefit of others, not my own, was the sole object I had in view. Yet, should I get free from this perplexity, I shall in future avoid any similar entanglement. But although I have thus expressed myself, do not conclude that there is no need of a vessel in the islands. Even as a means of preventing other vessels from trading with the people, it is invaluable; for with few exceptions, they are the very arks of Satan.”

Some time subsequently, he formed the bold idea of building a vessel himself, and he accomplished his object by plans, and processes, and pains, which, in the detail, are as vividly interesting as the building of Robinson Crusoe's famous boat. Of this vessel, named the “Messenger of Peace,” Mr. Williams's biographer fitly says, it was one of the most remarkable incidents in his life.

When he formed this purpose, he did it with the full foreknowledge that, in order to its accomplishment, he would be compelled not only to invent some things, but almost to create others, (for may not his new combinations truly bear this name?) and all this, moreover, by the

aid of the people whom it would be necessary to teach, before he could employ. What, then, must have been the skill and self-reliance of the man who, in these unfavorable circumstances, could form and execute the design which he has thus described?—“After some deliberation, I determined to attempt to build a vessel; and although I knew little of ship-building, had scarcely any tools to work with, and the natives were wholly unacquainted with mechanical arts, I succeeded, in about three months, in completing a vessel between seventy and eighty tons burden.”

Of the various expedients by which Mr. Williams supplied the deficiencies and surmounted the difficulties of his position, that which, perhaps, has been regarded with the most lively interest was his novel substitute for a pair of bellows. This contrivance was perfectly original. It was not, however, a happy guess, but the result of reasoning. “It struck me,” he observes, “that as a pump threw water, a machine constructed upon the same principle must, of necessity, throw wind.” Acting, therefore, upon this suggestion, he constructed his new “air-pump.” But although to him this contrivance was new, he subsequently ascertained that he was not its sole inventor; for, during a missionary tour in our manufacturing districts, he discovered with surprise and delight a similar machine in use there, and learned that it was deemed superior to the bellows.

But the exemplification of Mr. Williams's genius will be found, not so much in any single invention, as in the circumstance, that it proved equal to every exigency, and enabled him to answer every demand. “None but a Williams,” writes Mr. Pitman, “would have attempted such a thing as to commence building a vessel, not having wherewith to build her. I have often been amazed to astonishment to see with what coolness he met the difficulties as they successively arose in his undertaking.” The cordage, the sails, the substitutes for nails, oakum, pitch, and paint, the anchors and the pintles of the rudder, made from a pick-axe, an adze and a hoe, are all striking illustrations of this remark. Nor should the fact be overlooked that, within the same limited period, Mr. Williams constructed the lathe which turned the sheaves of the blocks, the machinery which spun the ropes and cordage, the forge and its furniture, as well as all the numerous smaller tools required by himself and his native assistants in this remarkable undertaking.

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Ellis, he says of this nautical masterpiece,—

“I have built a little vessel of between sixty and seventy tons for missionary purposes. She was not four months in hand, from the time we cut the keel until she was in the water. I had every thing to make, my bellows, forge, lathe, and all the iron work, out of old axes, iron hoops, &c.; but I cannot enlarge on my numerous manoeuvres to overcome difficulties, though they would be interesting to you no doubt. Suffice it to say she is finished!”

This was the very man to be sent forth,

as missionary, among the uncivilized heathen. Few, if any, have been found at all points so qualified. To complete the picture of difficulties surmounted, it should be mentioned, that the *ship* of which Williams was so justly proud, was built at Rarotonga,—then a quite new missionary station—and under very severe privations. He was at this remote place with a wife in very delicate health, and though not apt to complain, he is compelled to say,—

“My dear Mary is near her confinement. She is very delicate, but I trust all will be well. The Rarotonga people much wished her to be confined there, that their land might be honored with the birth of one of our children. We have, notwithstanding the kindness of the natives, often been in want while at Rarotonga; having had neither tea, sugar, flour, rice, or fowls, for some months, and being obliged to make our own salt and soap.”

The passing allusion to their privations at Rarotonga, contained in the preceding letter, will convey but a very inadequate idea of their extent. They were much more severe, and in their injurious effect upon his delicate and self-denying partner, far more serious, than such slight references would lead the reader to suppose. Accustomed as they had been at Raiatea to European food, it was not without difficulty, nor even without danger, that they conformed to the diet of the natives. But of this Mr. Williams would never have complained, had he suffered alone. Of personal privations he thought little, and said less. Although from his childhood he had been accustomed to domestic comforts, and knew how to provide and enjoy them, as was evident from the manner in which he had stocked his garden and poultry-yard at Raiatea, he could be content with the simplest provisions; and for a man so healthy and laborious, his temperance at the table was remarkable. Even when most actively engaged, he frequently manifested his indifference to food, and often would have rather prosecuted work in which he was interested, than submit to the interruption of the customary meals. Thus, when building his vessel, he could with difficulty be drawn from the scene of his delightful occupations; and, although he frequently continued from dawn until dark toiling at the bench or the forge, even through the sultry hours of noon, when the natives had slunk under the shadow of the trees, he was well satisfied with the humble fare of a single bread-fruit and a draught of water.

The possession of the vessel, built under such extraordinary circumstances, was of vast consequence to the missionary cause in the islands of the Pacific. By means of it, Mr. Williams and some of his brethren, accompanied by those most useful auxiliaries,—the native teachers, whom they had trained—were enabled, like Apostolic Bishops, to visit the different island groups; and thus was the gospel first carried to, and planted

in the Navigators' Islands, where the progress of civilization has since been little less than miraculous. His labors in the Navigators' Islands, and the results, may, indeed, be considered as the greatest of all Williams's missionary enterprises. These fine and populous islands, which are only inferior to the Sandwich Islands of any archipelago in the whole South Seas, were found, but a few years back, in as rude and barbarous a condition as any that had ever been visited by Europeans. The natives were described by so recent a visitor as Kotzebue, in 1823, as among the most fierce and treacherous cannibals in any of the Polynesian Islands. When Williams ventured to approach them, he had along with him an intelligent man, a converted chief, a native of one of the islands, and his wife, who proved most invaluable auxiliaries. Yet it was not without considerable danger that he approached some of these tribes. The native chief, Fauea, and his wife were left at Samoa, an important island of this group; and when Williams came back, in about two years, on his second expedition, the people were found Christianized, or, at least, nominal Christians. He had had a delightful run of 800 miles, from his station at Rarotonga, to the Navigators' Islands; and when he touched at the first of the group, was delighted with the salutation of his visitors, who exclaimed—“We are sons of the Word.” This great change had been effected by Fauea, aided by the native teachers subsequently sent to different stations. The narrative of the conversion of these islanders is replete with interest. Williams carried forward what he had been the instrument of so happily commencing. He everywhere, acting on the maxim, “Kindness is the key to the human heart,” gained the confidence and love of the people, who, wherever he went, formed the warmest attachment to him. At the Navigators' Islands, songs were sung and solemn dances performed by the women in his honor; the former of a description which forbids us to call the natives *savages*, horrible as some of their late practices had been. The following are specimens of the native poetry of Samoa. *Viriamu*, it should be premised, is the pronunciation of the name of Williams, in the soft language of these islanders.

“Let us talk of Viriamu.
Let cocoa-nuts grow for him in peace for months.
When strong the east wind blows, our thought
forget him not.
Let us greatly love the Christian land of the great
white chief.”

All *malo** are we now, for we have all one God.
No food is sacred now. All kinds of fish we catch
and eat: Even the sting-ray."

"The birds are crying for Viriamu.
His ship has sailed another way.
The birds are crying for Viriamu.
Long time is he in coming.

Will he ever come again?

Will he ever come again?

Tired are we of the taunts of the insolent Samoans.
'Who knows,' say they, 'that white chief's land?'
Now our land is sacred made, and evil practices
have ceased.

How we feel for the *lotu*! Come! let us sleep and
dream of Viriamu.

Pistaulaut has risen. *Tauluat* has also risen.

But the war-star has ceased to rise.

For *Sulueleele*† and the king have embraced the
sacred word.

And war has become an evil thing."

Mr. Williams's first impressions, on seeing these islanders, convey a favorable idea of their natural capacity, and a lively picture of the best condition of the inhabitants of the South Sea, when its tribes were first seen by Europeans. The natives and the principal chiefs were delighted at the prospect of receiving teachers from the missionaries, of whom *Fauea* and his wife had told them such wonders, and they were prepared to give Mr. Williams the most enthusiastic reception. How much in such cases is to be attributed to novelty, and how much to the vague hope of secular advantage, it is not important to us to determine. An opening was won; and the people, in professing Christianity, often appeared influenced by the most reasonable motives. *Fauea* eloquently pointed out to them the great superiority of the white people; whose religion, he said, had made them what they were. Mr. Williams, in part, attributed the remarkably rapid progress of the missionaries among the Samoans "to the absence of an interested, sanguinary, and powerful priesthood," and of temples and idols; a peculiar feature in their social condition, which, as compared with the inhabitants of the other islands, in all of which there were priests and idols, was found eminently favorable to missionary objects. We have given a specimen of the poetry of these islanders; and now select a few passages from a long and picturesque description of the first intercourse which Mr. Williams had with them:—

In language, and in their leading physical features, he at once perceived that they were Polynesian Asiatics; but in form, the men were

* *Malo* was a name given to those who were victorious in war, and is the opposite of *vaiwai*, the conquered

† Names of stars.

‡ The king's daughter.

neither so tall nor so muscular, and the females were not so beautiful, as the Tahitians and Friendly Islanders. But the inferiority of the men in height and bulk was fully compensated by their grace and agility. Of all the Polynesians whom he had seen, Mr. Williams pronounced the Samoa the most symmetric in form, and the most polished in manners. And of this they were themselves aware; and no means were neglected which could, in their estimation, set off or enhance their personal attractions. The toilet was a shrine before which the gentlemen, no less than the ladies, daily offered incense to their own vanity. A pair of portraits from the pencil of Mr. Williams, sketched from life upon his journal, will enable the reader to form his own idea of the people amongst whom he had now arrived. "Picture to yourself a fine well-grown Indian, with a dark, sparkling eye, a smooth skin, glistening from the head to the hips with sweet-scented oil, and tastefully tattooed from the hips to the knees; with a bandage of red leaves, oiled and shining also, a head-dress of the nautilus shell, and a string of small white shells around each arm, and you have a Samoan gentleman in full dress; and, thus dressed, he thinks as much of himself, and the ladies think as much of him, as would be the case with an English beau fitted out in the highest style of fashion. A Samoan lady, in full dress for a ball, wears a beautifully white, silky-looking mat around her loins, with one corner tucked up, a wreath of sweet-smelling flowers around her head, a row or two of large blue beads about her neck; her skin shining with scented oil, and the upper part of her person deeply tinged with turmeric rouge. The ladies spend a considerable time in preparing themselves for company, as much so, *perhaps*, as their more enlightened sisters in Christian and civilized lands, and two or three 'lady's maids,' will be required to assist in these decorations. They are not tattooed like the men, but many of them are spotted all over."

Of his subsequent visit, that on which the parting-song above cited was sung, he relates,—

"The people manifested a great deal of feeling at parting; and, as I passed through their ranks, they kissed my hands, and importunately entreated me to bring Mrs. Williams and my children, and to come and live with them, and teach them the word of salvation."

At another point of the island, touched at next day, he relates,—

"As soon as we had dropped anchor, we were surrounded by canoes, from which the natives came up the sides of our little ship, until she was almost deluged with them. Silence was then commanded; and, when it was obtained, *Riromaiava* gave orders to his *dvulaufale*, or orator, to tell the people who I was, whence I came, and what I wanted. He then commanded his spokesman to proclaim to the staring and wondering crowd, that *Malietao* (the principal chief), his father, had given me his name; and, consequently, that all the respect due to him

must be shown to me. This was followed by a strict charge to steal nothing whatever from the ship, but that all should immediately bring off to us pigs, and bread-fruit, and yams.

"Having obtained wood and water, with a tolerable supply of provisions, I made presents to the various chiefs, and bade them farewell. On landing at the district of Riromaiaava, I found that I had to walk two miles to his settlement. On reaching it, I was invited into the government house. Here I was requested to take my seat upon a beautiful new mat, and was immediately surrounded by all the chiefs. Soon after we had seated ourselves, a fine stately young woman entered the house, and was introduced to me by the name of Maria, as Malietoa's eldest, handsomest, and favorite daughter. She expressed her sorrow at not having seen me before; and assigned as a reason, that, at the time of my visit to Samoa, her husband was fighting against her father, and that she was with him in the fort. 'But,' she added, 'we were conquered; and, since then, I have been over to Sapapalii, and spent much time with the teachers, who have taught me the lotu, and I am learning it still.'"

The *lotu* appears to be the native name for the Christians, the Gospel, and every thing connected with the new religion.

Shortly after this period, Mr. Williams and his wife visited England, from which they had been absent nearly twenty years. The great popularity of the returned missionary, on his progresses through the principal towns of England and Scotland, when, in his own manly and plain style, he expatiated on the wonders he had seen, and modestly alluded to what had been achieved in Polynesia, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. By the liberality of those who listened to his appeals, Mr. Williams was enabled to purchase a vessel of a size that transcended his most sanguine expectations. A large sum of money was raised for this object; and many worthy people were as munificent to him with gifts of ship stores, and other useful things, as ever he had found the South Sea Islanders with their pigs and sweet potatoes, when to celebrate the opening of a chapel, or any other great event, from 300 to 700 pigs were sometimes slaughtered at once. The Polynesian Christians are certainly not ascetics.

Among the other articles which Williams carried back with him was a magic-lantern with slides representing Scripture scenes, objects in natural history, and in the English annals; and, as the whole was with the view of counteracting the operations of the Romish priests, who were even then supposed to be on their way to the islands with miracle-working electrifying machines,

&c., &c., the plates of Foxes' Martyrology, exhibiting the cruel sufferings of Protestant martyrs from the Papists, were added to the list of pictures; a somewhat questionable addition. The natives were delighted with the magic-lantern, and particularly with the Scripture pieces. Mr. Williams carried out better gifts, in numerous copies of the New Testament, which had been previously translated into the native tongue by himself, and printed in England. He had scarcely visited and inspected his different stations, when the long-formed design of extending his labors to islands yet unvisited by the Messengers of Peace, came strongly upon him. His last fatal expedition to the New Hebrides was accordingly undertaken, and was, at the outset, successful. At the Island of Fatuna, and at Tanna, the strange, white visitors were well received; and that strong natural anxiety, or, as it is here represented, the deep or supernatural presentiment of impending evil with which the devoted man approached that group of islands which he regarded as the key to the ultimate evangelization of New Caledonia, New Britain, New Guinea and the whole of Western Polynesia, seemed to be wearing off and confidence returning when he landed on the fatal shore of Erromanga. The reception at Fatuna and Tanna had dissipated his previous fears, and fulfilled his warmest desires. He now appeared to feel a strong confidence of success. The grand object for which this Columbus of Missions had planned, and prayed, and pleaded, seemed almost within his grasp, when the fated hour suddenly drew near. On the horrible particulars, so well-known and recent, we need not dwell. The account of the murder of Williams and his companion, Mr. Harris, was transmitted to this country by the captain of the missionary ship, from the deck of which his murder was witnessed; and probably no event, involving merely the fate of a single individual, ever excited deeper sympathy in the public mind. But the grief and sorrow felt at home could not have been deeper or more sincere than that experienced by his native friends and disciples in the various places where he had affectionately labored with head, and hand, and heart; and, indeed, over all the Christianized parts of the islands. "Lamentation was universal." Monuments to his memory have been erected in different islands. That in Samoa, where his family were living at the time of his death, and to which he had first sent the glad tidings of salvation, bears this simple and touching

inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Williams, Father of the Samoan and other Missions, age 43 years and 5 months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Erromanga in Nov. 20, 1839, while endeavoring to plant the Gospel of Peace on their shores." The memoirs close with a friendly estimate of the character of Williams by the author, and another, which is quoted from the Rev. Mr. Ellis: It would not be easy to overrate his many solid and useful qualities and acquirements; nor, indeed, to give due praise to that happy combination of gifts and graces which rank this excellent and honored man as among the most eminent of the Christian missionaries of any age.

In perusing the memoirs of Williams, and some of our other celebrated missionaries, we are forcibly struck by the superior advantages which the presence of their wives and children, the influence, instruction, and example, of Christian matrons must give to Protestant over Roman Catholic missions. One family resembling the Williamses was worth a whole battalion of celibate spiritual propagandists.

ELSBETH OF CALW.

From the German of Gustav Schwab.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

"GIRL, thou hast loved a menial base,
Girl, thou hast shamed thy noble race,
Yet none shall e'er the wound discover,
For in the dungeon pines thy lover."

Said Elsbeth, "Lowly is his race,
Yet is his soul above disgrace,
In battle nobly has he borne him;
So, dearest father, do not scorn him."

"Soon shall he die"—the Count replied,
"And thou shalt be the noble's bride;
Quick to betroth thee must I hasten,
Ere scandal on our name shall fasten."

"This, Elsbeth, is the dungeon-key,
Take it, weak girl, I give it thee;
To thee alone can I confide it,
From all my servants would I hide it."

"Yet, Elsbeth, thou must swear to this,
That by thy hope of heav'nly bliss,
Nor light nor food thou wilt afford him,
Nor flight by horse or foot accord him."

She takes the key, entranced she stands,
As though all heaven were in her hands;
Her glance to yonder door is stealing,
She speaks the words,—her mind is reeling,

Content, the Count his horse bestrides,
And with his vassals off he rides:
In dust the train is disappearing,
The tramp of steeds is out of hearing.

And now the maiden stood alone,
The golden sun upon her shone;
Heav'n, as if truth and love defending,
Its deep blue arch was o'er her bending.

Haste, haste, to yonder tow'r on high!
How in the breeze her garments fly!
The wind, it seems, is whispering near her,
Asks, when to freedom it may bear her.

Now from the door she looks below,
She sees the world in sunshine glow,
Sees walls and forts their summits raising,
And feels a thrill of hope while gazing.

Now wishfully her arms are spread,
And now she lets them fall with dread;
On the faint ear a sound is breaking,
For at the door the maid is speaking.

"Oh Godfrey, Godfrey, ever dear,
I come—I come—the key I bear.
Belov'd, I can descend to see thee;
But yet, alas! I may not free thee."

"Oh, dearest, if the key be thine,
Bid light within my dungeon shine;
Haste, to my lips refreshment bringing,
For hunger to my throat is clinging."

"Nay, nay, my vow forbids me, love—
My vow by hope of joy above;
Nor food nor drink may I afford thee,
Nor light nor liberty accord thee."

"Then lady, lady, leave this place,
Nor gaze upon my dying face;
Why should thy heart in vain be broken?"—
With failing voice these words are spoken.

Now joyously she speaks again—
"No, I have not the key in vain:
Though life and freedom are denied thee,
'Tis left for me to die beside thee."

Loud rings the key, the portal creaks,
And daylight on the dungeon breaks,
Upon his pallid feature shining—
At once her arms are round him twining.

Oh, yes—those loving arms enfold,
A body, which as death is cold:
He feeds on kisses warmly glowing,
He drinks her tears, in torrents flowing.

His spirit now has fled content,
The bond that held her soul is rent;
The heart from all its pains retreating,
Upon his breast is wildly beating.

The dust is rising in a cloud,
The horse's hoofs again are loud;
The Count, with all his men appearing,
The bridal ring is proudly bearing.

Ainsworth's Magazine.

A SLEIGH DRIVE IN CANADA WEST.

BY SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, KNIGHT, 14TH REGIMENT.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art!

To make a break in a long Canadian winter, a small party was formed in the garrison of London, Canada West, in the beginning of 1843, to visit the Falls of Niagara when encircled with a snowy mantle, and margined with clustering icicles; and after viewing the sublime cataract under this peculiar aspect, the parties proposed to participate for a short season in the gayeties of Toronto, before returning to the "stumps and squirrels" of the back woods.

Our company consisted of two ladies and four officers, three servants, the same number of two-horse sleighs, well provided with buffalo, fox, and racoon robes. Clothes-bags were strapped to the runners, fur caps and fur-breasted coats were donned, and, with bells ringing on the collars and breaststraps of the willing steeds, the cavalcade briskly trotted over the natural railroad of snow, to the sound of the leader's horn.

The Canadian London which we had just left, and which now contains about 2600 souls, is in the midst of a considerable clearing in the pine woods, which on sandy ridges overhang the waters of the shallow and swift-running Thames. Among innumerable stumps and trunks, blasted by fire and girdling, are seen wide streets at right angles to each other; these are for the most part bordered by scattered wooden houses of one and two stories, and many houses have vegetable gardens about them. In the principal thoroughfare, Dundas-street, where the best stores are, the houses are adjacent, and some few are of brick. In the Market-square there is a castellated court-house and agaal; a handsome English church, Scotch, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, and other places of worship are in various parts of the town. Frame barracks, which cost £30,000 currency,* and log ones, both surrounded with palisades, are outside of it, on high ground. Three wooden bridges span the river, dignified with the names of Blackfriars, Westminster, and Wellington; and on every side the view is bounded by the level tops of the dark forest.

As to climate, it is dry and healthy; hardly ever an officer on the sick list, and about four or five per cent. of the men in hospital at one time. Yet in the months of June, July, August, and September, the thermometer is often above 80°, and sometimes at 100° in the shade, whilst in winter, usually beginning about the 1st of December and ending about the beginning of April, the thermometer is sometimes seen at 3°, 7°, and 10° below Zero, on successive days

* £1 currency is equal to 16s. sterling.

at sunrise; though usually the cold is not intense.

For amusements, the military have their usual field-days on the drill-ground, their brigade-exercise in the country, a garrison theatre, a gymnasium, a racket court, and a select pack of hounds, to fight against the monotony of "the bush." The society of the town consists of, as yet, only three or four families; but when the plank-roads now in process of construction, from London to Brantford, to Port Stanley, Sarnia, Godrich, &c., are completed, and most of them will be this year, a great population will be "located" along these roads, and London will also rapidly increase.

As few people in the Old Country are acquainted with the nature of plank-roads, apparently so suitable for wooded countries in course of settlement, and which are now being laid for hundreds of miles in Canada West, I beg to annex a short description of one. The whole breadth of the clearing through the bush is 64 feet, the road-bed is 30 feet wide, the ditches on each side are 8 feet wide at top, 2 feet at bottom and 3 feet deep from the crown of the road. The plank-way, on which is the travelling for roughshod horses only, is 16 feet wide. There are five rows of sleepers, 4+6 inches, laid in the ground, the earth well rammed down on each side of them, 3-inch plank, 12 inches wide, is laid on the sleepers, and secured to them by spikes of iron, 6½ inches long, by 3/8ths of an inch square. The road is graded to an elevation not to exceed 2½ degrees; all the material to be of the best pine, and the expense averages £1000 currency per mile. The road will probably last ten years; when it may be renewed, or its place supplied by a macadamized road or a railroad. The road will pay for itself, indirectly, by attracting settlers.

Our way led past small log or frame farm-houses, separated from the road by the everywhere-seen zig-zag or snake fence. The smoke curled lazily from the chimneys; few moving objects were descried about the doors; an occasional wood-sleigh, or one laden with forage, would pass us on the road. Then we entered the woods of tall pine, the stumps of which in the foreground would be curiously topped with a foot or two of snow, like huge plum-cakes "iced" with sugar. A solitary black squirrel would run across the road, and mount a tree, but no sounds, save those of our bells, would interrupt the solitude of "the bush."

In Canada horses are treated as in some parts of Ireland,—“two seeds of water and one of oats;” we accordingly pulled up after fourteen miles to water, and then halted for a couple of hours at Ingersoll, twenty-five miles, to water again and feed. The principal movement here was produced by “small boys” dragging hand-sleighs up a slope, and then hurling on them to the bottom. We accomplished our sixty miles, without much fatigue to the horses, in seven hours, exclusive of the mid-day halt, and crossing the Ouse, or Grand River, by a covered wooden bridge, we took up our quarters in the large village of Brantford; named after Brant, the Indian warrior.

Brantford is the scene of frequent riots and

disturbances. In passing through it in summer we heard that the American residents had just celebrated the anniversary of the independence of the United States, by firing musketry in the streets, and also a cannon, which had probably been originally intended to aid in the late rebellion. The loyal party attacked the Americans, and a sharp conflict ensued, ending in the withdrawal and concealment of the great gun and small arms, along with those who used them. Now there had been a municipal election; and one party had engaged a number of fighting Irishmen from the Welland Canal, to carry the day with knock-down arguments. A skirmish took place in the Town-hall, which was continued in the street, and followed up to various houses; and the result was forty people seriously injured.

Our party found their peace also disturbed in this unruly place, the *genius loci* seemingly being constant riot. The ladies of our party usually on the journey occupied the best bed-room in the house, whilst the gentlemen stretched themselves on "shake downs" in the sitting-room, preferring this method for sociability's sake, and to take advantage of the fire; most of the bed-rooms in country inns in Canada are mere closets, with curtainless stretchers, containing feather-bed nuisances and very small pillows. At three o'clock in the morning a female entered our dormitory in the dark, craving water, and finding a jug on the table, took a hearty pull at it, and then carried it off, but missing her footing at the head of the stairs, she rolled to the bottom, breaking the crockery, and alarming the house. Shortly after she appeared again, but now with a light, and seizing a bottle of Cogniac on the table, she said, "They tell me there's some London officers here, I'll fix them! a bad set, to turn me, a soldier's wife, out of barracks, because some told lies about me. I don't get a chance like this every day to pay them off. They receive a serjeant's word, too, before a poor soldier's! but if I don't pull their chicken now (take advantage of them) it's a pity."

"Oh! this is destruction," groaned one of the sleepers, "clear out, and let us sleep."

"No, no, here I sit, I'll have a talk with ye first, and try your grog," whereupon she swallowed half-a-tumbler of raw spirits. Fair words and abuse were equally thrown away upon her. "She was as good as us, only she had not as much money in her pocket." She locked the door, sat down before it, and put the key in her pocket; at last, on the landlord calling to her from below, she seized up the bottle saying, "I'll treat the boys with this," and disappeared; a pursuit ensued by our servants, and the bottle was recovered from her lower garments.

The usual charge at inns in Canada West is one shilling (English) for each meal, and sixpence for a bed. A stranger travelling through the country will do well not to ask for a bill, for then it is very possible he may be overcharged, but if he goes up to the bar-keeper and says, "I've had so many meals," and deposits the corresponding number of shillings, all will be right. Three shillings a night is the usual charge for a pair of horses, and a shilling for a day feed.

At the thriving village of Simco, near the north shores of Lake Erie, one may board at a respectable inn, have a good bed and three meals (with meat at each,) a-day for 2½ dollars, or 10s. a week,—£26 per annum.

This winter in Canada 100 lbs. weight of pork could be bought for 2 dollars, (8 shillings,) and the same quantity of flour for the same price, and even less. Potatoes for 7½d. the bushel, so that allowing a man 1lb. of flour and 1 of pork a-day, the expense of this common feeding would amount to 15 dollars, or £3 a year; and wages are 2s. for a laborer, and 3s. or 4s. for a mechanic a day.

One of the chief annoyances to which householders in Canada are subject, is that of servants; the feeling of independence, and even of insolence, which they soon imbibe, causes endless vexation to their masters. Long and faithful service in Canada is almost unknown; but if the stream of emigration continues to flow towards "the land of the West," help of some sort, though not long by the same hands, may be counted on. Lately, a gentleman from the old country lived on a large farm, which he had bought in the neighborhood of London, Canada West; he had brought with him from England a laboring man, whom he promoted in Canada to the office of bailiff and gardener; the wages of this functionary were good, and he was prudent. One morning he came to the gentleman, and said, "Measter! I have been a long time with you now." "Yes, you have, what of that?" "I think, Measter, you and me's about equal." "How do you make out that?" "You see, Measter, you makes me eat my vittels in your kitchen, now you know that won't do here." "Well, what do you want?" "Why I wants a knife and fork in your parlor, or else I clears out." "What! to eat with my family? No, no; that will never do, so clear out as soon as you like."

Another Englishman cleverly kept his servant, and in the proper place, thus: he engaged an American female "help," who, the first day, laid an extra cover at table. "Who is that for?" was asked. "I guess it's for myself," was the answer. "Oh! you mean to dine with us!" "I expect I do." "Very well!" She accordingly sat down with the family, and the master paid her the most marked attention, helped her to the choicest food, assisted her to bread, beer, &c., from the sideboard, and in short, so overpowered her with civility, that she begged "for goodness sake" to be allowed to eat alone, and in her own place; and she did so, and did good service besides.

But let us continue our drive. On the second morning we cheerfully "put to" at Brantford; and under the exhilarating influence of a sharp frost and clear sky, we glided over the frozen snow at a rapid pace on our way to Hamilton. The Grand river was on our right, navigable in the open season for fifty miles toward Lake Erie, and we passed near a considerable colony of Indians on its banks, who at this season are muffled up in their blankets and red leggings.

By putting two of the servants in one sleigh with the baggage, four of the party could always be together, and thus the time was agreeably

diversified with song and story. Two of us had been "bronzed" in the East, a field always supplying a store of anecdote and adventure. Here is one of the recollections of the land of the sun. The dexterity of Indian thieves is unrivalled; but an Irish officer, in a part of the country in bad repute, laid a heavy wager that they could not rob him; his brother officers took him up, and determined to rob him themselves, but they were saved the trouble. At night he went to bed in his tent, sleeping on a cot resting on and fixed to his two bullock trunks, a chain was passed through the handles of these and padlocked to the tent-pole; he placed his money under his pillow, and a brace of loaded pistols; his sword was on one side, and his double-barrel on the other; he had also a terrier dog with him. Taking "a night-cap," in the shape of a glass of brandy-and-water, he lay down in full security: but, alas! for all his precautions,—in the morning he lay on his sheet on the ground in a tent completely "gutted." The thieves had enticed away the dog, lifted him off the stretcher on the sheet, removed his money and arms, lifted the tent-pole and passed under it the chain which secured the bullock trunks, and got clear off with their booty!

Hamilton on Burlington Bay, and near the celebrated heights of the same name, the natural citadel of Canada West, is in the midst of a most thriving district; beautiful farms are everywhere seen around, with fields clear of stumps, and enclosed with good fences. The town has a cheerful aspect, with broad streets and lofty houses, and there is constantly a commercial movement and bustle in it. With the clear waters of the bay in front, the back-ground of the picture is a rich screen of trees clothing the side of a ridge which runs to Niagara, distant fifty miles.

Tetotalism is extending in Hamilton, as elsewhere in Canada; and it is needful it should do so in a land overflowing with whiskey at 6d. a quart. Soldiers are sorely tried with this temptation in Canada; and though among them there is a good deal of "steady drinking," yet the extraordinary inebriation which used to prevail in India is unknown. There, the worthy Medico, one of our sleigh party, had once charge of a detachment of 240 men; out of this number there were 64 cases of *delirium tremens*, from hard drinking, in three months! There was a pump in the barrack-yard, and every morning he saw drunkards helped to it by their comrades, and copiously pumped on to fit them for parade, which passing, in a way, they drank again, and again were pumped on for evening parade!

He played them a trick one day. A party of them came to the hospital to get some medicine, to escape parade altogether. One came forward; "What is the matter with you?" "Oh! I am very bad in my inside, Sur." "Go into the surgery, and you'll get some medicine. Serjeant, give this man some of the black bottle on the upper shelf." A horrid mixture, kept for malingerers, composed of salts, senna, tobacco-water, assafœtida, &c. Pat tasted it, and not liking it, slyly emptied the glass into his cap. The Doctor watched him, and calling him to

him, told him to put on his cap. "I'll do that outside, Sur." "No, put it on, now; you know a soldier should never take his cap off." It was done cautiously. "How long have you been sick?" "It's been coming on for some time, Sur." "What's that running over your eyes?" The patient putting up his hand, "Oh! 'tis nothing but the sweat, Sur." "How comes it black? Serjeant, bring him another dose of the same." Pat swallowed this with a terrible grimace and shudder; whilst the others, watching outside, cried to Pat, "By the powers but he's done ye," and forthwith disappeared.

Leaving Hamilton, we soon approached the battle-ground of Stony Creek, memorable in the late American war. On the right was the wooded ridge, leading towards Niagara; below was a level plateau, thinly sprinkled with trees; beneath this again were cultivated fields and the houses of the village of Stony Creek, through which the straight road led; on the left, fields and thickets sloped away gently towards Lake Ontario.

The American army, 3,500 strong, and following the British on their route towards the Burlington heights, one night took up their bivouac on the plateau beneath the ridge. The present Governor of Newfoundland, the gallant Sir John Harvey, asked leave of his Chief to return with 500 chosen men and surprise the Americans, reposing in fancied security; leave was granted. He made a desperate onslaught at night; the Americans broke and fled, leaving their cannon, munitions of war, and two Generals in the hands of the victors. An experienced military friend commonly says of affairs of this sort, "The value of night attacks is not at all understood—it is a mine which has not been worked or appreciated."

We passed on to Forty Mile Creek, and there took up our quarters for the night in the clean wayside inn, with "Jennings" on the sign; but new people had just taken the house, and though somewhat unprovided for our party, yet they made up for deficiencies in provant and beds, by civility and attention; and we, being in good health and spirits, were not in the mood to complain of any thing. Whilst supper was preparing, some itinerant Italian organists, exhibiting wax figures in a box of the Siamese twins, played lively tunes in the bar, and set the feet of our soldier-servants in motion, who danced jigs, to the surprise of the "loafers" lazily collected about the stove.

"I cannot find beds for all you gentlemen," said the hostess, "but I'll do the best I can for ye." "Make up a family-bed for us in the sitting-room, with two mattresses side by side," we answered; and it was so contrived. An old and dry Yankee attendant amused us; he was as civil as the rest of the people of the house, but on the ladies objecting to his proposal to light the fire in their room in the morning, (as he stood with his slouched glazed hat and loosely-fitting jacket and continuations at our door, lantern in hand, to ask if we wanted any more help from him,) he replied, "Well, I guess the little girl will make the fire for ye, if ye are afraid of the old man; but ye are safe enough here, I tell ye."

Next morning we were off by times, with our snowy railroad as good as ever, the three sleighs making the woods on each side tuneful with their light bells; the driver, who led, occasionally blew a blast with a horn, to warn the country sleighs to share with us the road, but which brought the dwellers in the scattered houses to their doors; a piece of paper held up would bring them out for a fancied letter—they would run back for change for a shilling York (6d.) to pay for it, when the train would drive off, with much laughter. Mounting some steep ascents, and passing along an undulating road, we reached Drummondville, or Lundy's Lane, the scene of another sharp conflict; the favorable state of the snow now induced a repetition of the combat—one sleigh against another, with snowballs. Gliding down the street of the village we heard beneath us the heavy roar of the world's wonder, the mighty Niagara, and then found ourselves at the door of the Clifton hotel.

The great cataract is seen by few travellers in its winter garb. I had seen it several years before in all the glories of autumn, its encircling woods happily spared by the remorseless hatchet, and tinted with all the brilliant hues peculiar to the American "Fall." Now the glory had departed—the woods were still there, but were generally black, with occasional green pines; beneath the gray trunks was spread a thick mantle of snow, and from the brown rocks, inclosing the deep channel of the Niagara river, hung huge clusters of icicles, twenty feet in length, like silver pipes of giant organs. The tumultuous rapids appeared to me to descend more regularly than formerly over the steps which distinctly extended across the wide river; in the midst of the rapids, and before the awful plunge of the cataract, was fixed a conspicuous black object, which appeared to be the remains of a vessel. These, I was assured, were the last vestiges of the Detroit, the flag-ship of Commodore Barclay, and on whose deck he bled whilst sustaining his unequal combat on the waters of Lake Erie in 1813. In 1841 the Detroit was brought from Buffalo to be sent over the Falls, but grounding on the great ledges of the Rapids, it has, by degrees, been reduced to a few black ribs. It was impossible to look upon these melancholy remains of a fierce struggle without feelings of intense interest.

The portions of the British, or Horseshoe Fall, where the waters descend in masses of snowy whiteness, were unchanged by the season, except that vast sheets of ice and icicles hung on their margin; but where the deep waves of sea-green water roll majestically over the steep, large pieces of descending ice were desecrated ever and anon on its bosom. No rainbows were now observed on the great vapor-cloud, which shrouds for ever the bottom of the Fall; but we were extremely fortunate to see now plainly what I had looked for in vain at my last visit, the *water-rockets*, first described by Captain Hall, which shot up with a train of vapor singly, and in flights of a dozen, from the abyss near Table Rock, curved towards the East, and burst and fell in front of the cataract. Vast masses of descending fluid produce this singular effect, by means of condensed air act-

ing on portions of the vapor into which the water is comminuted below. Altogether the appearance was most startling. It was observed, at 1 P. M., from the gallery of Mr. Burnett's museum.

The broad sheet of the American Fall presented the appearance of light green water and leathery spray, also margined by huge icicles. The great masses of rock at the bottom were covered, as it were, with pure white heaps of cotton, whilst on the left, and in front of the Fall, a cone was in process of formation from the congealing vapor. As in summer, the water rushing from under the vapor-cloud of the two Falls, was of a milky whiteness as far as the ferry, when it became dark, and interspersed with floating masses of ice. Here, last year, from the pieces of the ice being heaped and crushed together in great quantities, was formed a thick and high bridge of ice completely across the river, safe for passengers for some time; and in the middle of it a Yankee speculator had erected a shanty, for refreshments.

Lately, at a dinner party, I heard a Staff Officer of talent propose to the company a singular wager,—a bet of £100 that he would go over the Falls of Niagara, and come out alive at the bottom! No one being inclined to take him up, and after a good deal of discussion as to how this most perilous feat was to be accomplished, the plan was disclosed. To place on Table Rock a crane, with a long arm reaching over the water at Horse-shoe Fall; from this arm would hang by a stout rope, a large bucket or cask: this would be taken up some distance above the Fall, where a mill-race slowly glides towards the cataract: here the adventurer would get into the cask, men stationed on the Table Rock would haul in the slack of the rope as he descended, and the crane would swing him clear from the cataract as he passed over. Here is a chance for any gentleman sportsman to immortalize himself!

A rapid thaw took place after we reached the Falls: the icicles which before had covered every blade of grass, twig, and tree, and caused them to bend to the Falls as if in worship of them, and all the while glittering in the sunbeams with exceeding splendor, while the caldron boiling beneath, and sending up its seething cloud, above which waterfowl wildly careered,—under the influence of the thaw the icy glories began to vanish, and it was dangerous to pass under the cliffs where the great icicles hung, for an occasional crash would be heard, and masses of ice, like pillars of alabaster, would be detached and fall, tons weight at a time, on the path below.

We walked towards the old Pavilion Hotel, now the barracks of a party of the newly-embodied Royal Canadian Rifle Corps, composed of volunteers from various regiments stationed in this country. Their winter dress was comfortable and soldier-like, high and flat caps of black fur, gray great-coats, black belts, and long boots. We asked several men who had lately worn the red jacket, if they were pleased with their change of service, and they said that they were quite happy and contented. A man, lately of my company, had married a wife with

£100, had also joined a Temperance Society, and was doing well.

Returning to our hotel, we found there a marriage party just arrived, and "on pleasure bent," from St. Catherine's. Two sleighs fastened together and drawn by four horses, contained a score of blithe folk: they sat two and two on buffalo robes, a small brass band in front, boughs of pine decking the sides of the sleighs, and a blue ensign waving over the stern of the living-freighted craft. We had choice of the best quarters in the hotel, which has very comfortable parlors and beds, with mattresses of wholesome horse-hair,—quite a novelty in Canada, generally where the abominable featherers prevail; we had also good attendance of colored waiters, excellent fare, and moderate charges.

As it is a soldier's duty to visit battle-ground whenever he is near it, the morning after our arrival at the Falls, I rose at dawn, and proceeded with one of our party to the scene of the combat of Lundy's Lane, fought during an eventful night, the noise of the combat mingling with the thunders of Niagara. Moving up the gradual ascent to the hotly-contested crest of the hill, at the upper part of Drummondville, a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens before us as the sun rose, and we saw the singular appearance of the long shadows of clouds projecting on other clouds. A little man, of hale appearance, with a basket on his arm, joined us; we asked him how many houses were left of those which stood at the time of the fight. "Only these two old ones," said he, pointing to old frame houses on the left of the road. "Another, Chryster's inn, was burnt by the Sympathizers in 1837, when cleared out for a party of soldiers."

"Were you living here in the last American war?" we asked.

"Yes, and I fought on this ground, and served in the Artillery; here, behind the crest of the rise, extending right and left of it, was our line drawn up, facing the Falls; at these trees below, and on our right, the Americans first hove in sight; the Glengaries and other Light Infantry went off to skirmish with them in front, and we 'fit' (fought) them after that all round the hill. The Americans had learned to fight well by this time, and we had hard work of it, but we kept our line; and next day the enemy went off, and burnt the bridge of Chippewa, to prevent our following. We thought it unchristian-like in our General to order our dead to be burnt; but as he said it was the custom in Spain and Portugal, we fancied it was all right. There were about 900 dead bodies aside, and sixty horses; our men lie in two graves on that small square we have just past, opposite the hospital near the churchyard."

Let the gallant deeds of the 89th Regiment not be forgotten on this occasion. The American army, favored by the darkness, had reached to the crest of the British position, and the Canadian Militia were suffering severely, when the 89th opportunely arrived from the direction of Queenstown, in light marching order, left the road, crossed the fields, and took the Americans in flank. The 21st U. S. Regiment, which had

been before opposed to the 89th at Chryster's farm, called out, "Where is the bloody 89th?" "Here we are, you beggars!" answered the 89th; and then threw in a murderous volley, which immediately turned the tide in favor of the British.

The table-land on which the British were drawn up, and through the centre of which the road runs, consists of cleared fields with scattered trees, a few new houses are by the roadside; in the distance, and on the low grounds, are thick groves of ancient trees, behind which is seen, when the atmosphere is light, the vast pillar of cloud rising and waving above the cataract, whose deep voice also falls solemnly on the ear.

We returned to the churchyard, to read the epitaphs on the monuments of some gallant officers who had fallen in action. We found three, one on stone, to the memory of Col. Bishop, killed at Black Rock; and two on wood, with these inscriptions:—"To the Memory of LIEUT. THOMAS ANDREW, 6TH REGIMENT, who died in consequence of a wound received when gallantly leading on his company before Fort Erie, Sept. 17, 1814, aged 26."—"Sacred to the Memory of LIEUT. WILLIAM HEMPHILL, ROYAL SCOTTS, who bravely fell in the memorable battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814." We were much displeased to observe that the two last monuments had been displaced from their proper positions to make room for some other graves, but we immediately took steps to have them replaced over the honored dead.

On our way back to our hotel, which we made longer by a detour towards the old pavilion, our discourse fell on Resurrectionists; and being in a gossiping humor in this paper, I shall here give some of the perils which attended the study of medicine in Ireland twenty-five years ago:—

"It was in Cork where I first attended a dissecting-room," said my friend, "and many an adventure we had, and much risk we ran to get the subjects at that time. Once we received a volley of balls when we had struck the first spade in the earth, and we fled for our lives over some sheds, having one of our party severely wounded through the arm. Another night, when I was accidentally prevented joining the resurrection party, one of the students was shot dead through the heart at the grave and left there. But one of our ugliest adventures was this:—Three of us were one day in a boat at Cove, and we were rowed by a remarkably powerful man; the day was hot: he had taken off his shirt, and finer development of muscle, larger arms, and a deeper chest, I never had seen before. Some time after this we heard that he had been drowned, and we determined to get this fine subject. We ascertained that he was buried in a very neatly kept churchyard, and close to a gravel-walk in it. We took a horse with us from Cork at night, and commenced operations by throwing the earth on sheets we had brought with us, to keep the earth from the footpath. The grave was a very deep one, and it was long before we reached the body, and long before we got it out, being so heavy. At last we got it into the sack; but the horse snorted and shied at it. The day was be-

ginning to dawn, we had three miles to take it; we thought we should never get it off, and that we must be discovered. At last, after a good hour's work, and by tying a handkerchief over the horse's eyes, we got the load fixed on his back. We then filled up the grave carefully, and got safe to the dissecting-room."

THE PETITIONS OF JOAN OF ARC.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"When the ceremony of the coronation of Charles the Seventh, at Rheims, was concluded, Joan of Arc fell on her knees, and begged permission to return again to her former home. This petition was not granted; her services to her country being considered too valuable to be dispensed with. The only other request she made was, that her native scenes, the villages of Domremy and Greux, should be exempted from taxes in time to come; and this privilege continued in force until the Revolution."

"Ask thou a boon," the monarch said—the monarch robed and crowned,
The light through gorgeous windows fell on all the scene around;

There were warriors bold, and gray-haired men,
and holy fathers there,
And ladies in their gayest robes—the noble and the fair.

"Ask thou a boon!" for which of these went forth
that mandate high?

"Who placed that monarch on his throne," may
make a fit reply;

For not by right, and not by power, his triumph
hath been won,

But by the might of one high mind he sits upon his
throne.

"Ask thou a boon!"—the reverend men are silent
at the words;

But they thrill with joy, akin to pain, through one
fair bosom's chords.

There is one slight girl, in armor clad, who by the
monarch stands,

And holds aloft the banner white, that led victori-
ous bands;

And now she lays that banner down, and on her
knees she falls,

As memory all the happy dreams of early youth
recalls.

And all are still, and many moved with envy at the
thought,

How much of wealth, how much of power, her
courage may have bought.

They listen for her coming words. May she not
pray to stand

The first of honored counsellors upon the king's
right hand?—

May she not win a lofty place, beside her own
wide fame,

And stamp upon a peasant race a new and noble
name?—

May she not ask broad lands and gold? But hear
the gentle tone,

That floateth like an angel voice toward the royal
throne!

"The work is wrought—the glorious strife hath
passed in triumph o'er—

"To the shelter of my father's home let me return
once more!"

There was silence 'neath the lofty dome—the si-
lence of surprise;

And now the murmur of applause is faintly heard
to rise.

But the monarch spake—"It may not be, thy name
must still advance

The honor and the happiness of this fair land of
France;

The will of heaven hath chosen thee to follow one
bright track,

Thou wouldst not from thy holy work turn faint
and weary back.

Ask not for this, for aught beside thou canst not
ask too soon,

And let the king that thou hast crown'd grant thee
some fitting boon."

The maiden rose, then drooped her head a moment
on her breast,

As the happy vision died away that promised peace
and rest;

Then lifting up her kindling eyes, while flushed
her cheek again,

The ardor of her eager mind resumed once more
its reign:—

"I take the yoke," the maiden said; "I ask not
peace or ease

'Till the Almighty, by my hand, this shackled
country frees,

Yet will I claim the proffered boon, and this shall
give my name

A holier and a purer crown, than the soldier's
brightest fame.

"There are two hamlets far away—ah! how my
bosom yearns,

And faileth all its warrior strength, when there my
memory turns;

But they are hallowed in my heart, as by a holy
spell,

For there mine early years went by, and there my
kindred dwell.

They are a peasant people, and my prayer, O king,
shall be,

That through the ages yet to come that people shall
be free—

Free from the imposts, that still reap so much their
toil hath sown,

So that the labor of their hands henceforth be all
their own."

The boon is won, and every heart thrills at the
generous deed,

And to the ransomed villages the happy tidings
speed.

Oh, through full many a weary day of terror and
of strife,

The maiden's heart must there have turned, as to a
spring of life,

Their memory must have cheered her soul, when
danger darkened round,

And been companionship within a prison's lonely
bound;

And even in death, that fearful death, that reached
her all too soon,

Might she not think with triumph still upon that
granted boon?

CORR, 1843.

THE LIFE, TIMES, AND DOCTRINES OF CONFUCIUS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

ONE of the most important events in the history of China occurred during the Chow, or third dynasty, namely, the birth of Confucius, whose doctrines have mainly tended to mould the character of the Chinese into its present form; the fundamental principles of the government, the institutions, the laws, the religion, the philosophy, as well as the manners and habits of the people, being modelled, more or less, according to the axioms of this remarkable personage.

The family of Kung-tsze, or Kung-foo-tsze, better known as Confucius, into which his name has been Latinized by the Jesuit missionaries, is considered to be the most ancient in China, being traceable through kings and emperors up to Hwang-te. Se'h, a descendant of that monarch, was minister of Shun, from whom he received the principality of Shang, in Ho-nam. Thirteen of his descendants governed this state before Ching-tang, the founder of the Shang dynasty. The last emperor but one of this house, Te Yih, had three sons, Wei-tsze-ke, Wei-chung-yen, and Chow-sin. The latter, being the only son of the lawful wife, ascended the throne, from which he was deservedly hurled by Woo-wang, who provided for the illustrious family of Shang, by assigning them principalities. Wei-chung-yen was made prince of Sung. He was the father of Sun-kung, who was the father of Ting-kung-shen, who had two sons, Ming-kung-kung and Seang-kung-he. The latter was father of Too-foo-ho, who had a son named Sung-foo-chow. From him came Sheng, and from Sheng, Chen-kaou-foo, who was father of Kung-foo-kea, from whom the Confucian branch derives the family name of *Kung*. The last-named personage was the father of Tsze-muh-kea-foo, who had E-ye and he Fang-shoo, who, during the troubles which disordered Sung, quitted this kingdom, and sought an asylum in that of Loo. Here he had a son named Pe-hea, to whom was born Shüh-leang-ho, the father of Confucius. Shüh-leang-ho (or hih), who was a magistrate of Tsow-yih, had nine daughters by his first wife, and a son, who was deformed, by a concubine. On the death of this wife, he offered marriage to one of the three daughters of the chief of Yen, who, on communicating the proposal to his daughters, observed that the proposer was of low stature, a bad figure, a severe temper, impatient of con-

tradiction, and very old withal. The two elder daughters were mute; but the youngest, Yen-she, expressed her readiness to wed the old man. After their marriage, the lady obtained permission to make a journey to Ne-kew, where she prayed to the Shang-te, and in ten months crowned her husband's hopes with a son, born in the town of Tsow-yih,* who was named Kew (from the mountain), and surnamed Chung-ne.† This event happened in the 22nd year of the reign of Seang-kung, king of Loo, the 21st year of that of the emperor Ling-wang, the 13th day of the 11th moon, in the 47th year of the cycle, answering to the autumn of B. C. 551.

His birth, like that of all the demi-gods and saints of antiquity, is fabled to have been attended with allegorical prodigies, amongst which was the appearance of the *ke-lin*, a miraculous quadruped, prophetic, like the *fung-whang*, of happiness and virtue, which announced that the child would be "a king without throne or territory." Two dragons appeared, hovering over the couch of Yen-she; five celestial sages entered the house at the moment of the child's birth, whilst vocal and instrumental music filled the air. The body of the infant bore distinctive marks. His head rose on the top in the form of a hill Ne-kew, denoting the sublimity of his genius; his chest was marked with a resemblance to characters, which implied his future eminence; his skin with figures representing the sun and moon, &c.

His father died before Confucius was three years old, and left him unprovided for; but he was brought up with great care by his mother, to whom, and to the aged in general, he manifested unbounded submission. At the earliest age, he is reported to have practised the ceremonials of pious respect to elders, with his playfellows, and sometimes when alone, by prostrating himself and "knocking head" before inanimate objects. Knowledge he appeared to acquire intuitively: his mother found it superfluous to teach him what "heaven had already graven upon his heart."

At the age of seven, he was sent to a public school, the superior of which, named Ping-chung, also a magistrate and a governor, was a person of eminent wisdom and probity. Hence it would appear that the post of schoolmaster was not beneath the

* The modern Keu-foo-heen, in Shan-tung.

† Some writers affirm that Confucius was born during the life of his father's first wife; that his mother was a concubine; consequently, that he was illegitimate.

dignity and ambition of a high functionary of government. The facility with which Confucius imbibed the lessons of his master, the ascendancy which he acquired amongst his fellow-pupils, and the superiority of his genius and capacity, raised the admiration of all.

At the age of seventeen, after having replenished his mind with knowledge from the words of the ancients and the lessons of his preceptor, especially with reference to the science of politics and government, he was made a subordinate magistrate, inspector of the sale and distribution of corn, upon which occasion he took the family name of Kung. In this office, contrary to the usual practice of executing its details by deputy, he rose early, and superintended in person the most minute parts of the duty; whereby he detected frauds, checked combinations, and introduced order and integrity: thus laying the foundation of his public character.

In his nineteenth year, by the advice of his mother, he married, Ke-kwan-she, of an ancient family in Sung. The year after, he had a son, named Pih-yu, otherwise Kung-le. The king of Loo sent to compliment the father, with a present of carp (*le-yu*), whence the appendages to the son's names.

The talents he displayed led to the employment of Confucius upon a larger scale, in checking the abuses in the provinces; and at the age of twenty-one, he was created inspector-general of pastures and flocks. He executed his invidious duties with such a judicious mixture of firmness and forbearance, gentleness and impartiality, that he disarmed the hostility of the bad, and conciliated the esteem of the good, whilst the poor poured benedictions upon him as their friend and benefactor. In four years, the country under his superintendence wore a new face; the fields were well tilled, the flocks had multiplied, and the husbandmen and shepherds enjoyed plenty and content.

His public employment was suspended, at the age of twenty-three, by the death of his mother, conformably to ancient rules, of which Confucius was a rigid observer. He buried her with his father at Fang-shan, observing, "we owe equal duty to both our parents, and it is right that those who in life were united by the same bond, should be undivided in death." The removal of the corpse was performed with a decorum and magnificence which afforded the public an illustrious example of filial piety. It was, moreover, a part of Confucius's pro-

jected reforms, to introduce a more becoming mode of disposing of the dead, which it was the custom carelessly to consign to the first piece of waste ground at hand. He contended that it was degrading to man, the lord of the earth, when the breath had departed from his frame, to treat it like the carcass of a brute; and that the common practice was repugnant to that mutual regard and affection, which mankind ought to cherish towards one another. He went further, and argued that, by repeating, at stated times, acts of homage and respect to our ancestors, either at the spot where their remains were deposited, or before some representations of them in private dwellings, a remembrance of the immediate authors of our being would be kept alive in our minds, as well as a glow of filial piety and affection, whilst the same practice by our descendants perpetuated, as it were, our own existence.

This was the first great reform in the manners of his countrymen effected by Confucius; funeral ceremonies, which had been almost disused, became general, as well as a greater outward respect for the dead; and the honor (which has degenerated into worship) paid to ancestors, hitherto confined to the great, was made, in the end, a national custom throughout the empire.

During the three years of mourning, he devoted himself zealously to study, and to the cultivation of the "six arts," which complete the education of a man, namely, music, ceremonies, arithmetic, writing, the use of arms, and the art of driving. These exercises relieved the toils of severe study, and made the period of mourning less tedious.

On returning into society, he was urged to present himself to the king or his ministers, that he might obtain some public employment; but Confucius, who had no ambition but that of being extensively useful, declined to do so, declaring that he wished for longer time to make himself thoroughly master of the wisdom of antiquity. His reputation now began to attract visitors, who desired the solution of questions in morals or politics. Amongst others, the king of Yen sent to inquire what course of conduct he ought to pursue in order to govern rightly. Confucius told the envoy that he neither knew the king nor his subjects, and therefore could not give a practical answer to such a question. "If he wishes to learn from me," said he, "what the ancient sovereigns would have done in such or such an emergency, I shall

be glad to satisfy him, for then I should speak with reference to facts." This reply was the occasion of a visit by Confucius to Yen (the first instance of his leaving his native country), where he labored diligently and successfully in reforming its laws and manners, and where he introduced the ceremonies adopted in Loo. On quitting Yen, in spite of the urgent entreaties of the king, he observed to the latter, "I cannot leave you without impressing upon you an ancient sentiment: *A sovereign who meditates changes and improvements in his state, should not begin them till he has acquired all the information on the subject he can gain from the practice of his neighbors.* This sentiment, which is pregnant with instruction, has convinced me of a fact, to which I had hitherto paid too little attention."

The reflection suggested to him, in short, the expediency of travelling, as the means of enlarging the sphere of his observation, and correcting errors and prejudices respecting national manners. Though only twenty-eight years of age, he enjoyed the reputation of a skilful politician, and a man of eminent learning; but he was sensible of his own deficiencies, and regarded his knowledge as superficial, compared with what it was in his power to attain.

He first visited the state of Kin, where he perfected himself in music, under a professor of great reputation, named Seang. He paid visits likewise to the states of Tsae and Wei, and nearly lost his life in one of their affrays. On his return, he again resisted the solicitations of his friends to enter into public life. "I devote myself," he would say, "to mankind in the aggregate; I dedicate my hours to the acquisition of knowledge, that I may be useful to them; I am but in my thirtieth year, a time of life when the mind is in all its vigor, the body in its full strength." In the *Lun-yu*, he says, "At fifteen I resolved to apply to philosophy; at thirty my resolution was fixed."

Confucius now (b. c. 522) made his house a kind of Lyceum, where instruction was freely given to young and old, rich and poor; the only persons excluded were those whose lives were vicious. History and historical traditions, the *King* or classics, morals, and practical lessons of social conduct, were the topics of instruction, for which even magistrates and warriors were eager competitors. The fame of this illustrious reformer soon spurned the narrow limits of the kingdom of Loo, and spread throughout the empire. King-kung, king of Tse, sent one of his grandees to invite the

"descendant of Ching-tang" to visit his court: an invitation which Confucius accepted.

On leaving Loo, with a few disciples (b. c. 521), he was followed by a crowd of young people, who wished to profit as much as possible by his lectures; and for their benefit, he took occasion, from the incidents on the journey, to deduce practical lessons of conduct. Thus, on reaching the frontiers of Tse, they beheld a man about to hang himself. Confucius, descending from his chariot, inquired the cause. The man declared he was a philosopher; that he had neglected no means of accumulating knowledge; that, nevertheless, by omissions of duty, by the ingratitude of a son, by repeated disappointments, and by self-reproach, he was reduced to despair. Confucius comforted him with the assurance, that none of his ills were irreparable; that most of them had proceeded from errors on his own part, which might be remedied, and that no human being had real cause utterly to despair. He then turned to his followers, and desired them to reflect upon the lesson to be deduced from this man's narrative; observing that the misfortunes of our fellows afford us the means of escaping the ills of life; and that "we have made no inconsiderable progress in the path of wisdom, when we know how to extract this advantage from the faults of others."

On his arrival at Tse, he dismissed his young followers, that their filial duties might not be interrupted, and retained only thirteen disciples. He was received with much distinction by the king, whose questions were, however, conformably to his character, tinctured with levity. Confucius, nevertheless, replied with seriousness. He soon perceived how much this kingdom stood in need of reform; but he proceeded slowly, and with patience and caution. At the end of the year, however, neither the people, the court, nor the king, had materially changed.

On the accession of the emperor King-wang (b. c. 518), our philosopher was enabled to gratify his wish of proceeding to the imperial court. One of the ministers of state, to whom he was introduced immediately on his arrival, interrogated him as to the nature of his doctrine, and his mode of teaching it. "My doctrine," replied Confucius, "is that which it concerns all men to embrace; it is that of Yaou and Shun. As to my method of instruction, it is simple; I cite the conduct of the ancients, by way of example; I prescribe the study

of the *King*, and reflection upon the maxims they contain." "How am I to begin the acquisition of wisdom?" asked the minister; "tell me something which may be easily retained and readily practised." "With reference to your high post," rejoined the philosopher, "I advise you to bear in mind this axiom: *steel, be it ever so hard, may be broken*—so that what appears most firm may often be most easily destroyed."

On his visit to the Ming-tang, or Temple of Light, observing that the portraits of the emperors, good and bad indiscriminately, were placed together, he remarked to his disciples, that it might at first excite surprise to see the likenesses of such men as Keé and Chow-sin, who had insulted the Téen, and outraged humanity, arranged beside those of Yaou and Shun; but, in fact, the juxtaposition invited a contrast of their characters, and tended, by exciting salutary recollections, to inspire both a love of virtue and an abhorrence of vice.

After a residence of some months at the imperial court, during which time he had inspected its written records and all the relics of antiquity, visited Laou-tsze, at Seih-tae—with whose doctrines, which had already a good number of followers, he made himself acquainted,—and diffused the principles of his own system, he left it (B. C. 516), with sentiments of sorrow at its degeneracy, and returned to the court of Tse. He was mortified to find that his efforts at amelioration here had produced so little effect. He was received, indeed, with open arms by the king and people, and had his object been renown alone, it would have been amply gratified. His end, however, was utility; and finding this disappointed, he returned to Loo.

The king, Chaou-kung, rejoiced at his return; but his ministers had good reason to dread the presence of one whose discernment would detect their malversations; who was too honest to conceal them, and who had too much influence over their sovereign to fear their intrigues. They adopted, however, a stratagem which would have succeeded with none but Confucius. They nominated him (B. C. 511) to a subordinate office, in expectancy, which kept him apart from the prince. His followers, indignant at this insult, advised him to reject the appointment. Confucius mildly replied, that his refusal of such an humble post would be attributed to pride; and "what good effect would my instructions have," he asked, "if I were supposed to be actuated by such a passion?"

He remained in Loo ten years, during which time, besides his ordinary pursuits and occupations, including music, of which he was passionately fond,* he joined a party of professional huntsmen. The chase was in early times inculcated as a duty and enforced by law. This is the view taken of it by Confucius, who, when his disciples objected to this step, on the ground that the pursuit of wild animals was an employment derogatory to a sage, observed that nothing is beneath the attention of a wise man; that hunting was one of the earliest occupations of mankind; that the most illustrious monarchs of antiquity had practised it, and that thereby, not only was the country cleared of wild beasts, but the people were inured to the fatigues of war. The sanction of religion was superadded to the obligation of law; for, as the philosopher remarked, the offerings to ancestors made by the emperors consisted of venison killed in the chase with their own hands. The object which Confucius had in view, according to Máng-tsze, in this as in other instances, was to recall the nation to a regard for ancient customs, by re-converting into a rite which was degenerating into a mere recreation.

It was at this period (B. C. 510) that Confucius applied himself, more particularly, to a careful revision of the *King*: he worked night and day, and it is said that he wore out, by frequent use, no less than three sets of bamboo bundles of these works, which was then the form of Chinese volumes. He reduced the *She-king* from three thousand poems to three hundred and eleven; he gave an edition of the *Shoo-king*, wherein he retrenched whatever he thought useless for the reformation of government and manners, reducing the number of chapters from one hundred to fifty. He employed his disciples in comparing the characters, arranging the subjects under the proper heads or chapters, ascertaining the authenticity of the text, and writing the reasons for his changes and abridgements, which he dictated. These celebrated books now appear in the state in which he left them. But the chief object of his editorial labors was the *Yih-king*, consisting of the *Kæa* of Füh-he, with the commentaries of Wáng-wang and Chow-kung, which, though the most esteemed of the

* He declared that music was not to him a mere assemblage of agreeable sounds, which gratified the ear, and left no trace upon the mind. On the contrary, it produced distinct images and ideas, which remained after the sounds had ceased. Yet the only instrument of Confucius was the rude *kin*, or lute.

classics, and considered as the first book given to mankind, in which they might read all that it behoved them to know and practise here below, had been so strangely neglected, as to be almost unintelligible. To his comments on this work the philosopher dedicated almost the whole of his life. Conversations with his disciples, music, walking, formed the relaxations of his severe toils: his official functions imposed a small tax upon his time.

On the death of Chaou-kung (B. C. 509) and the accession of Ting-kung to the throne of Loo, a minister, named Ke-sha, gained an entire ascendancy over the new sovereign, and, removing all the grantees from court, secured free scope to his ambition. He was, however, supplanted by one of his own creatures, who pursued the same policy. It was at this time (B. C. 508) that Confucius threw up his petty magistrateship. His disciples, deeming his conduct inconsistent, inquired the reason. "When I was offered," he replied, "an inferior post, I was bound, for the sake of example, not to refuse it. Those who offered it, moreover, were the legitimate depositaries of the sovereign's authority, and it is the duty of a subject to serve his king in whatever post he is chosen to fill, provided he be not required to do what is manifestly wrong. But the case is now different; those who administer the sovereign's power, and dispense dignities and offices, are odious usurpers, and to exercise any function under them, is, in some measure, to sanction their usurpation. Thus, for the sake of example, as well as out of a regard to duty, I am now bound to reject with disdain what I once accepted with gratitude. Is there any contradiction in this?"

The conduct of Confucius being reported to Yang-hoo, the usurping minister, the latter devised a subtle scheme for entrapping him and subjecting him to punishment. He prepared a sumptuous sacrifice in honor of ancestors; and it being the custom to distribute the offerings, after the ceremony, amongst the most devoted and most favored grantees, who could not refuse a gift which was esteemed sacred, Confucius was included in the list. The philosopher, desirous of holding no intercourse with the man, yet equally scrupulous in what concerned ceremonies and the rules of good manners, was a little embarrassed. If he declined the present, he offered an affront to the sender, and violated the ritual; if he accepted it, he not only allowed himself to be considered one of the usurper's partisans, but would

be constrained to pay him a visit of thanks, which he was most anxious to avoid. He, at length, decided to accept the present, and, with a species of artifice somewhat at variance with his customary candor, to pay his visit of thanks when he knew the minister was from home. Accident, however, defeated the latter scheme; he met Yang-hoo without the city, and the latter, addressing the philosopher graciously, invited him to his house, observing, in an insinuating tone, that, if his own occupations permitted, he would be the most zealous of his disciples. "Ought a man like you," he continued, "who is in possession of the most invaluable treasure, namely, wisdom, to bury it?" Confucius modestly replied, "the man who, indeed, possesses such a treasure, does wrong to bury it: he ought to let all partake of it who can." "And he who holds the torch of science," continued Yang-hoo, "should he suffer it to expire in his hands? Ought he not to employ it in illuminating those who are in the gloom of ignorance?" "An enlightened man," Confucius gravely answered, "should try to enlighten others." "Nay, then," resumed the minister, "you are self-condemned. You are stored with wisdom, and able to instruct those who direct the helm of government, yet you deny them your aid. Is this the conduct of a man who has the good of the people at heart?" "Every one who loves the public weal," rejoined Confucius, "ought to show it by his conduct." By these and other ambiguous answers, the philosopher, with calm dignity and perfect courtesy, parried the crafty questions of a bad man, who, he knew, was studying his ruin: it is by such ingenious policy that individuals in public stations in China endeavor to extricate themselves from similar embarrassment.

Whilst the followers of the Confucian tenets increased in number, their author continued his studies with little intermission, except to advise those who sought his instruction in the sciences and liberal arts, as well as in the "doctrines of the ancients." For this purpose, his house was always open, and a gallery, or an ante-chamber, was appropriated to visitors, who waited there till the "master," as he, like Pythagoras, was called, came forth.

In B. C. 507, with a view of ascertaining the number of his followers in other states, and of confirming them in his doctrines, he resolved to travel once more. He proceeded first to Chen, a little state on the confines of Ho-nan, where he met with an indifferent reception: the great were devoted

to luxury, the people plunged in misery, and consequently discontented. From this melancholy scene, our sage determined to direct his steps to Tse, the affairs of which were not in much better condition. King-kung, the sovereign, was, however, on a visit to Loo. The prince had excellent qualities, but not those which fitted him for government. Though he boasted of his familiarity with the political maxims of the three wang and the five te, he left all the details of state policy to his ministers, who abused his confidence. He treated Confucius, on his return to Loo, with particular respect, as one whose disciple he was; he commanded him to sit during their interview, and began the conversation by inquiring how it was that Muh-kung, the celebrated king of Tsin, was able, in a few years, to transform his state, which was of small extent with a barren soil, into one of formidable power and rich in natural productions. Confucius replied, that Muh-wang was a wise prince, of enlarged views, who studied the good of his subjects. The king asked, how he could accomplish the same end? The philosopher replied, "by selecting a good minister;" adding, that Muh-kung had been indebted to Po-le-se (a man unjustly despised both in Tsin and Chow) for the execution of the plans he had formed, and consequently for the improvements in his state. The king felt this to be a severe satire on his own conduct, and promised to imitate Muh-kung; but, on his return to Tse, he wanted either virtue or courage to act. Confucius, feeling an interest in the character of King-kung, resolved to help his infirmity of purpose, and set out for Tse, accompanied by two or three disciples. The king, in regal pomp, surrounded with his guards, received the philosopher as a superior, and desired him to take precedence. Confucius, with characteristic humility, declined, observing that the king degraded himself by thus exalting one who was not of royal rank. King-kung replied: "A sage is superior to a king." He could not, however, overcome the repugnance of the philosopher to lending the sanction of his example to the inversion of established order.

The king created Confucius one of his ministers, and, for a short time, there was a prospect that the golden age of "high antiquity" would be renewed in the state of Tse. But the prime minister succeeded in alarming the apprehensions of his master. "This foreigner," said he, "is introducing innovations which will infallibly overturn your throne. He wishes to make

mankind different from what they are and must be. He is an impracticable theorist, and your subjects habituated to customs which he is about to alter, will be incited to insurrection. Your ease will be invaded by the toils he will impose upon you, as well as by the murmurs of your people; and you will find too late that the votaries of wisdom and virtue do not always regulate their own conduct by the rules they profess. Let this philosopher, if he will, give instructions to those who voluntarily seek information respecting history, music, rites, and the classics; but do not countenance his dangerous changes, and arm him with power to enforce them, by appointing him your minister."

These arguments, which might have moved wiser princes, induced King-kung to revoke the appointment of Confucius; and, by the artifice of the minister, contrary to the king's express command, this was done in a manner calculated to disgust the philosopher. The latter, however, ascribed the act to its true cause; but he nevertheless quitted Tse, and returned to his native country.

Amongst the anecdotes related respecting Confucius, at this period, there is one which evinces his desire to disclaim supernatural knowledge. In one of their walks, he advised his disciples to provide themselves with umbrellas, since, although the sky was perfectly fair, there would soon be rain. The event, contrary to their expectation, corresponded with his prediction, and one of them inquired what spirit had revealed to him this secret? "There is no spirit in the matter," said Confucius ingenuously; "a verse in the *She-king* says that 'when the moon rises in the constellation *pe*, great rain may be expected.' Last night, I saw the moon in that constellation. This is the whole secret."

Another incident related in this part of his history illustrates the character and views of Confucius. Amongst the few ancient ceremonies still observed, was that of offering sacrifices on mountains. With this intention, he ascended Nung-shan, attended by three disciples, Tsze-loo, Tsze-kung, and Yan-hwuy. After he had finished the ceremony, he cast his eyes around from the summit of the hill, sighed deeply, and descended in silence, and with an aspect of grief. His companions inquired the reason of this sorrow; Confucius replied, that he could not forbear thinking of the condition of the surrounding nations, and deploring their disordered state and mutual animosities. "This it is," he added, "which has

afflicted me. Can neither of you conceive a remedy for the present, and how to prevent future ills?" Tsze-loo, who had received a military education, replied that, in his opinion, the disorders might be cured if a strong army was placed under his command, with which he would attack evil-doers without mercy, cut off the heads of the most guilty, and expose them as an example to the rest; after this victory, he would employ his two colleagues in enforcing order, the observance of the laws, and the restoration of ancient usages. "You are a brave man," said Confucius. Tsze-kung said he would proceed in another manner. At the critical moment, when the armies of two kingdoms were about to engage, he would rush between them, clad in a mourning habit, and, in a pathetic appeal to them, set forth the horrors of war, the blessings of peace, the delights of the domestic circle, the obligations due to society, and the woes entailed upon it by ambition, licentiousness, and indulgence of the passions; "touched by this address," said he, "they would drop their arms, and return in harmony to their respective homes; when I would employ Tsze-loo in regulating military, and Yan-hwuy civil concerns; the one would restore order, the other maintain it." "You are an eloquent man," observed the philosopher. Yan-hwuy was silent, nor, until the master had insisted upon hearing his opinion, did he modestly say, that he wished for nothing more than humbly to co-operate with a virtuous and enlightened monarch, in banishing vice and flattery, encouraging sincerity and virtue, instructing the people, and ameliorating their condition. "When all fulfilled their duties," he observed, "there would be no need of warriors to compel, nor rhetoricians to persuade, men to virtue; so that the valor of Tsze-loo and the eloquence of Tsze-kung would be equally superfluous." "You are a wise man," said Confucius. "But which is the preferable scheme?" asked the impatient Tsze-loo. "If what has been suggested by Yan-hwuy," replied the philosopher coolly, "could be accomplished, mankind would retrieve and perpetuate their happiness, without loss of blood, expenditure of property, or waste of time in elaborate discourses."

It was his practice, in this manner, to make his disciples and pupils think for themselves, and discover the truth by their own efforts, rather than lean upon his authority. "I teach you nothing," he often repeated, "but what you might learn yourselves, if you made a proper use of your

faculties. What can be more simple and natural than the principles of that moral code, the maxims of which I inculcate? All I tell you, our ancient sages have practised before us, in the remotest times, namely, the observance of the three fundamental laws of relation, between sovereign and subject, father and child, husband and wife; and the five capital virtues; namely, universal charity, impartial justice, conformity to ceremonies and established usages, rectitude of heart and mind, and pure sincerity." This is a concise summary of the whole moral system of Confucius.

The enlarged and liberal notions upon which the political doctrines of Confucius were built, are demonstrated by an occurrence which took place at this epoch. T'een-chan, one of the ministers of the Tse state, not content with the plenitude of sovereign power, was ambitious of the name of king. He was withheld from dethroning his master by fear of hostility from Loo, and resolved, therefore, in the first place, to attack this state. Confucius, aware that the storm was about to burst upon his country, was lamenting to his disciples that no one had talents and courage to divert the blow; when Tsze-kung offered to essay this arduous service. The philosopher desired him to lose no time. Tsze-kung promptly visited in secret the grandees and dependents of the Tse state, whom he incited against the treacherous minister by representing that it was as much their interest as their duty to succor their king, since they would in the end become the victims of T'een-chan's ambition. These suggestions had due weight; the nobles of Tse leagued together against the minister; the kingdom was racked with internal dissensions, which invited attacks from without; T'een-chan's project was effectually crushed, and Tsze-kung returned to his master with the exultation of one who thought he had deserved well of his country. Confucius, conformably to his habit, said nothing which directly approved or condemned his measures; he simply observed: "The troubles which now agitate Tse are the salvation of Loo. In like manner, if an emissary from Tsin were to stir up disorders in Woo, the kingdom of Yué would reap the advantage. Your eloquence has succeeded, but beyond my views. I looked only to the safety of my own country. To say and to do too much, proves often a source of unforeseen and irremediable calamity. Ponder upon this."

Ting-kung, king of Loo, could not continue blind to the advantage he sacrificed by losing the benefit of Confucius's services in the state. He accordingly offered him (B. C. 505) the post of "governor of the people" (chief municipal magistrate) in the capital, which the philosopher accepted. His first object in this high office was to gain the confidence of his inferiors by kindness and courtesy. He conversed with them often, treated them as his equals, and appeared even to consult their opinions. The fruit of this policy was, that all his edicts were heartily carried into execution. It is said that, in three months, the change in public morals was so visible, that the king could not suppress his astonishment. Confucius extended his solicitude to the peasantry, and by introducing a system of classifying soils, he was enabled not only to adjust the imposts upon a fairer basis, but to give a more profitable direction to the labor of the cultivators of the land. Abuses he corrected without tumult or violence, so that he met with little or no opposition in any of his reforms, which invariably bore the unobjectionable character of a return to ancient rules and customs. His own example exhibited a model of loyalty to the sovereign, and obedience to the laws. When he paid his respects to the king, his countenance and deportment denoted modesty, humility, and even veneration. It is recorded that, before he entered the audience-chamber, he moulded his features into an expression of gravity, arranged his dress with care, bent his body a little, fixed his eyes upon the ground, and, with his hands upon his breast, walked slowly to the place assigned him.

This studied carriage some of his disciples naturally thought savored of affectation; and they remarked to him that, though he laid much stress upon decency of mien and exterior, yet he had also cautioned them against affectation; "And is not your behavior," said they, "when you approach the palace, tinged with that very quality you condemn? You tell us, too, that we must not exceed the *just mean*, even in what is good." "I acknowledge," replied the philosopher, "that a wise man should despise affectation, and in all things hold the *just mean*; but I deny that, in the matter in question, I am guilty of affectation or excess. We are bound above all things to honor and reverence heaven; and there can be no excess in the measure of respect we pay to those who are representatives of heaven. The mode of testifying respect differs in different individuals.

My character and habits concur with the object I have in view, in impelling me to act as I do; for I am resolved to purge the palace of the lazy and licentious crew that infest it. All eyes are fixed upon me; every action of mine is criticised; and it is essential that I should set an example of unlimited respect to the sovereign, which others may not scruple to follow."

The king of Loo, convinced of the solid services, and of the splendid talents, of Confucius, summoned him into his presence, and offered him the post of *Sze-kaou*, which placed him at the head of the magistracy, civil and criminal, throughout the kingdom, with authority inferior only to that of the king himself. Confucius hesitated for a moment, then accepted the charge, on one condition;—he frankly told the king, that one of his chief ministers* (*ta-foo*), by his rapine, corruption, and vices, was the main cause of the evils which afflicted the kingdom; and that he must commence his new office by bringing this man to punishment, as a penalty due to his crimes and an example to others. The king warned the philosopher that this individual had many friends, who might embarrass the government; but Confucius shrewdly observed, that such a person might have adherents, who would, however, readily desert him, but could have no friends. In short, within seven days after he had entered upon his functions, the minister was tried, convicted, and condemned by Confucius himself to be beheaded with the sword deposited in the Hall of Ancestors. All men, good and bad, even the philosopher's followers, were struck with amazement at this prompt and terrible act of severity. One of his disciples taxed him with precipitation, remarking that some method might have been devised to save a man of the minister's rank from so ignominious a fate, and to preserve to the country the benefit of his great talents and experience. Confucius acknowledged the splendid qualities of the minister; but observed that there were five classes of crimes which did not deserve pardon. The first were those meditated in secret, and perpetrated under the mask of virtue. The second consisted of incorrigibility, proved in grave matters, which involved the gen-

* *Ta-foo* was the title of the two chief ministers in the petty kingdoms under the Chow dynasty, namely, Shang-ta-foo, and Hea-ta-foo, or higher and lower ta-foo. This title must be distinguished from that of *ta-foo*, "great instructor," the second of the *San-kung*, or three chief ministers of the imperial court, to whom reference is afterwards made by Confucius.

eral good of society. The third were calumnious falsehoods, clothed in the garb of truth, in concerns of importance affecting the mass of mankind. The fourth unpardonable offence was vengeance cruelly inflicted, the result of hatred long cloaked under the semblance of friendship. The last was the uttering contradictory statements, in the same matter, according to the dictates of self-interest. "Each of these crimes," said he, "merits exemplary punishment, and Shaou has been guilty of them all."

Confucius carried the punishment of this great criminal into effect with all its terrors; he was present at the execution, and directed that the corpse should be publicly exposed for three days. This wholesome example was attended with salutary results, and it proves that the habitual tenderness of the philosopher was not the fruit of weakness or timidity. The right-minded part of the court applauded his firmness and justice, and the people saw that they could confidently look to him as their fearless protector against oppression. A harmless satire, ridiculing the dress of Confucius, was all the opposition he experienced from the minister's partisans; and even the writer of the satire, in the end, became one of the warmest encomiasts of his measures.

His disciples, however, thought they saw, in the act and in the mode of executing it, a formal violation of ancient rules. The early monarchs, they argued, enacted that those who held the rank of *tae-foo* were not subject to the same penal law as other criminals. The ancient regulations purported that these high functionaries should not undergo capital punishment at the hand of the public executioner; that "it is sufficient that their crimes be made apparent to them, that they be made sensible of their degradation, and their punishment may be left to themselves." In reply, Confucius gave the following exposition of the ancient law, so characteristic of a simple and virtuous age, which develops some singular traits of the criminal code of early China. "This law," he observed, "does not exempt from punishment those *tae-foo* who commit offences punishable in other men; it presumes, indeed, that individuals, who are intrusted with the correction of others, will not merit the penalty they inflict upon malefactors; but, should they have the misfortune to do so, it provides that their mode of punishment shall not degrade their rank and office. It was the aim and spirit of the

ancient law to save the dignity even of the criminal; hence it does not speak in distinct terms of crimes committed by a *tae-foo*, but employs a sort of allegory. Thus, flagrant debauchery, on the part of such a minister, or any act unworthy of his station, is veiled under this decent figure: *the vases and utensils used in sacrifices are in a filthy and improper condition; or, the cloths in the place of sacrifice are torn and stained.* Even where the faults are more directly adverted to, the terms are moderated. Thus, insubordination and cabals against the government, in a minister, are mildly characterized as *not fulfilling with exactitude the duties of a public functionary; the infringement of any known law or custom, is said to be conducting himself in an extraordinary manner.* Great officers were nevertheless punished according to the magnitude of their offences; they pronounced their own sentence, when their crimes were established, and became their own executioners. A *tae-fao*, convinced of his culpability, cited himself before judges named by the sovereign, was his own accuser, sentenced himself, and applied for permission to die. The judges, after exhorting him to humility and repentance, proceeded to take the commands of the king. On their return, the culprit, dressed in mourning, his head covered with a white cap, appeared at the door of the tribunal, bearing the sword of execution in his hands. Falling on his knees, with his face turned towards the north, he awaited the result of his application. "Our master," one of the judges would say, "has graciously consented to your request: do what you think proper!" The criminal then slew himself with the sword. In time, however, these ministers committed offences too openly to admit of these discreet disguises being observed. The people were not only the victims but the witnesses of their guilt. The simplicity of ancient regulations gave way to the demands of public justice and the very spirit of the ancient law, which would be violated by a slavish adherence to its letter. Shaou-chang-maou was guilty, in the face of the world, of the five unpardonable crimes; and by subjecting him to this public and ignominious fate, I have repaired, in some sort, the mischievous effects of his evil example, by showing that no rank or station, however high, affords impunity to crime. In making Shaou's life the sole expiation of his deep guilt, I have been, perhaps, too lenient. The law has prescribed for rebellion against heaven and earth, extermination to the

fifth generation; to the fourth, for resistance to superiors and magistrates; to the third, for frequent crimes against the natural law; to the second, for abolition of the worship of the *shin* and *kwei* (spirits); and for murder, or the procuring the death of another unjustly, death without mercy."

The administration of Confucius (for the title of his office, *ta-sze-kaou*, "great arbiter of affairs," implies that he was at the head of the administrative government), gave a new complexion to public morals. The *grandees* desisted from cabals, and attended to their official duties; crimes became every day more rare, and the complaints of the people insensibly subsided. All his reforms were based upon ancient institutions, which silenced cavil. His public deportment was so full of suavity, that none were offended; and his judgments were so sound, that those who suffered from his arbitration never sought to know the reasons upon which it was founded. His regulations are said to have become a dead letter, because the increasing order and obedience of the people soon rendered it unnecessary to invoke them. At his levees, when he received the inferior ministers and *grandees*, he displayed a cheerfulness of manner, a vivacity of discourse, and even a tone of voice, totally different from his ordinary character, being reputed the gravest man in the kingdom. Tse-loo, his disciple, reminding him that one of his maxims was, that the wise man should be always the same, neither depressed at disasters nor rejoicing in prosperity, insinuated that, in the good humor he evinced now that he was a great minister, there was some conflict between his doctrines and his practice. Confucius, however, remarked that the just medium he inculcated in human affairs was between pride and arrogance, on the one hand, and pusillanimity and despair, on the other; that the votary of wisdom should maintain a tranquil equilibrium of soul, whatever might be the events of life, convinced that what are called *happiness* and *misery* are not within the control of those who are their patients, and that the interval of a few days, or even hours, often transported us from the gulf of misfortune to the pinnacle of felicity. Provided our outward signs of grief or satisfaction are not real emotions of exultation or sorrow, produced by the circumstances in which we happen to be placed, there is nothing censurable in their exhibition; and, although superficial observers might imagine that his behavior resulted from gratified ambition, if they could read

his heart, they would discern a severe struggle between his own inclination for privacy and a sense of duty to his country. "I have formed the design," he added, "of reforming all the various branches of government, by the co-operation of the respective functionaries of the state, to effect which I must possess their confidence and goodwill. If I were to appear to them in the repulsive garb of an austere sage, I should disgust them; they would regard me as hiding pride under the mask of modesty; I should be met by hypocrisy on their part, and all my plans would be traversed and defeated."

The attention of Confucius was not confined to home policy. He demanded from the king of Tse (B. C. 496) the restitution of three frontier towns, which had been wrested from the state of Loo. To adjust this affair, an interview between the kings was proposed by the minister of Tse, to which the king of Loo consented. Confucius, suspecting some treachery, insisted that the king should be accompanied by a military force, including some hundreds of armed chariots, which encamped at a short distance from the place of meeting. The interview of the two princes was conducted with great splendor and magnificence. The tent, which resembled a palace, contained two thrones, with steps for the ministers and *grandees* of each court. The king of Loo sat on the left (the place of honor), because he was descended from Chow-kung, the brother of Woo-wang, whereas the state of Tse was founded by Tae-kung, the tutor of the emperor Woo. These niceties of etiquette were adjusted to the satisfaction of Confucius. He observed, however, that the troops of Tse were augmenting in numbers, upon which he brought those of Loo nearer, and stationed a party close at hand. These precautions were not superfluous: it appeared that one of the ministers of Tse had concerted a stratagem, to get the king of Loo into their power, and compel him to submit to their terms. In furtherance of this scheme, a set of barbarous dancers, called *Lae-e*, were introduced by the king of Tse, to entertain his royal brother. They rushed in, to the number of three hundred, waving strange flags, and armed with swords and pikes, which they clashed in a frenzied manner, making a wild uproar with drums and other discordant instruments. Before the crisis took place, Confucius, indignant at such an exhibition, approached the kings, observing, "Your majesties have not come hither to be spectators of such a scene as this, but to conclude a treaty of

amity. You are both Chinese ; why do you not have national dances and music ? Command these indecent and barbarous mummings to retire ; their tumultuous conduct is suspicious." This requisition could not be resisted, and the scheme consequently failed. The treacherous minister then brought forward a company of Chinese comedians, whom he had tutored for his purpose, who played a piece representing the debaucheries of a certain queen of Loo. His aim was to fascinate the king of Loo by their voluptuous language and gestures. Confucius, interrupting the play, sternly addressed the king of Tse thus: "You have declared you regard the king my master as a brother ; whoever, therefore, insults one insults both. Our troops are, for the same reason, at your service, and I will give them orders to avenge the affront just offered to you." Then, with a loud voice, he called the party he had placed near, to whom he said, pointing to the actors, "These wretches have dared to offer an outrageous insult to their majesties ; put them to death." The order was instantly obeyed. The king of Tse and his ministers were in the utmost perturbation, and, before they recovered from it, Confucius had prevailed upon the king of Loo to retire to the army. The king of Tse thought it necessary to make a public apology to his royal brother, and the towns were restored.

The authority and influence, which Confucius had now established, enabled him to reduce the power of the three *ta-foo*, or great officers of state, who had become formidable to the prince, and could therefore tyrannize over the people. Like the vassals of the empire, they had rendered themselves almost independent in their estates, a few having actually built fortresses, a stretch of presumption which, Confucius remarked, was little short of open rebellion. The king readily gave his consent to a measure which tended to restore the legitimate rights of the crown, and Confucius, availing himself of a law which prescribed the height of city-walls and the nature of defences, despatched his military disciple, Tze-loo, whom he had introduced into public employment, with directions to cut down the walls to the legal height, and to destroy the towers of these *ta-foo*. He, moreover, restrained the powers of the other ministers within the exact bounds assigned by law.

Amongst the many anecdotes related of the manner in which Confucius dealt with abuses and malpractices, his treatment of a monopolist deserves mention. A wealthy

citizen had contrived to secure to himself the exclusive sale of meat. His vast capital enabled him to pay ready money, and even to make advances, to the needy owners of cattle ; he became by degrees the proprietor of all the pasturages in the vicinity of the city ; he bought cheaply but he sold dear. The ordinary food of the people of Loo, and of China in general, consisted of boiled rice, seasoned with salt herbs ; yet sometimes even the inferior classes gave feasts and entertainments, at which animal food was indispensable. The monopolist thus exacted a tax from every individual in the city, and his revenue was consequently enormous. Confucius sent for this individual, and gave him to understand that he knew the source of his unjust gains, for which he richly merited public punishment ; but he made this equitable proposal to him : "Restore," said he, "to the public what you have stolen from the public. I will put you in a way to do this without incurring disgrace. Reserve so much only of your property as will suffice to support you in ease and respectability, and place the residue at my disposal for the purposes of the state. Make no attempt to justify yourself, or to change my purpose : it will be vain. I give you a few days to think of the matter." The monopolist, who believed he had secured impunity by the bribes he had distributed amongst the magistrates, found he had to deal with a man who was neither to be corrupted, duped, nor intimidated ; he accordingly closed with the proposal.

In the course of his judicial duties, he held public audiences of the supreme court, at which causes were summarily adjudged in the presence of the people. Upon one of these occasions, a father accused his son of a flagrant breach of filial duty, and invoked the full penalty of the law upon him. Confucius, to the surprise of the court and audience, instead of condemning the son, committed both father and son to prison for three months. At the end of this space, he summoned them before him, and asked the father of what he accused his son. The parent quickly exclaimed, "He is innocent ; if either of us be guilty, it is I, who accused my son in anger !" "I thought so," observed Confucius calmly ; "go, and train your son in his duty ; and, young man, remember, that filial piety is the basis of all moral obligations." This decision provoked much discussion : Ke-sun, a minister, and one of the philosopher's disciples, asked why he, who held that the whole fabric of government rested upon

the doctrine of filial piety, and who upheld the ancient maxim, that a disobedient son deserved death, should capriciously overlook such an offence? His answer was irrefragable. "My intention was," said Confucius, "that three classes of persons might deduce practical lessons from that case; namely,—children who failed in respect towards their parents,—parents who neglected the education of those to whom they had given birth,—and, lastly, persons filling judicial posts, who might perceive the danger of precipitate judgments on accusations dictated by passion. Had I acted upon the hasty charge of an irritated parent, I should have punished the son wrongfully, and plunged father and family in misery. A judge, who chastises indiscriminately all who appear to have violated the law, is not less cruel than a general who should put to the sword all the inhabitants of a town he has taken by assault. The offences of the inferior classes are often the result of ignorance, and lack, therefore, the main ingredient of guilt. To punish such offenders rigorously is equivalent to condemning the innocent. A strict execution of the laws should fall upon the great and those in authority, whose guilty example is pernicious, and who fail to instruct their inferiors. To be indulgent towards the former, and severe towards the latter, is repugnant to justice and right reason. 'Punish even with death those who deserve chastisement,' says the ancient book; 'but do not forget that he is no criminal who has committed an offence without knowing it to be such.' Let us begin, therefore, by instructing the people, and we may then let loose the rigor of the law against those who, in spite of knowledge, fail in their social duties."

Ke-sun was so impressed with the justice of these remarks, that he resolved to appoint no magistrate who was not capable of instructing the people; and he filled up the first vacancy with the philosopher's celebrated disciple, Tszee-loo.

In one of the discourses which the king, Ting-kung, had with Confucius, happening to touch upon the customs of high antiquity, he inquired why the ancient emperors, in their sacrifices, had connected ancestors with the *T'een*. The answer of the philosopher (presuming that M. Amiot's translation from the *Kea-yu*, or familiar sayings of Confucius, be, as we believe it, faithful) is extremely curious.

"The *T'een*," said he, "is the universal principle and prolific source of all things. Our ancestors, who sprung from this

source, are themselves the source of succeeding generations. The first duty of mankind is, gratitude to heaven; the second, gratitude to those from whom we sprung. It was to inculcate, at the same time, this double obligation, that Fuh-he established the rites in honor of heaven and of ancestors, requiring that, immediately after sacrificing to the Shang-te, homage should be rendered to our progenitors. But as neither the one nor the other was visible by the bodily organs, he sought emblems of them in the material heavens.* The Shang-te is represented under the general emblem of the visible firmament, as well as under the particular symbols of the sun, the moon, and the earth, because by their means we enjoy the gifts of the Shang-te. The sun is the source of life and light; the moon illuminates the world by night. By observing the course of these luminaries, mankind are enabled to distinguish times and seasons. The ancients, with the view of connecting the act with its object, when they established the practice of sacrificing to the Shang-te, fixed the day of the winter solstice, because the sun, after having passed through the twelve palaces assigned apparently by the Shang-te as its annual residence, began its career anew, to distribute blessings throughout the earth. After evincing, in some measure, their obligations to the Shang-te, to whom, as the universal principle of existence, they owed life and all that sustains it, the hearts of the sacrificers turned, with a natural impulse, towards those by whom the life they enjoyed had been successively transmitted to them; and they founded a ceremonial of respect to their honor, as the complement of the solemn worship due to the Shang-te. The Chow princes have added another rite, a sacrifice to the Shang-te in the spring season, to render thanks to him for the fruits of the earth, and to implore him to preserve them." After describing various existing forms of sacrifice, he continued: "Thus, under whatever denomination our worship is paid, whatever be the apparent object, and of what kind soever be its external forms, it is invariably the Shang-te to whom it is addressed; the

* "There is a difference in the mode of worshipping the Shang-te," observes Confucius, "by the emperor and by other sovereigns, for this reason. 'The son of heaven,' or supreme ruler on earth, when he sacrifices to the Shang-te, represents the whole body of the people; his prayers are addressed in the name and on the behalf of the nation. The other sovereigns represent only that portion of the nation confided to their rule."

Shang-te is the direct and chief object of our veneration.*

A more rational exposition of natural theology, and one more repugnant to the notion of atheism, which is vulgarly imputed to the Confucian school, it is hardly possible to expect from an individual who lived two thousand three hundred years ago, and who had had no intercourse with other civilized nations.

UPON THE USE OF ORIENTAL IMAGES IN POETRY.

From the Asiatic Journal.

If there is a famine of invention in the land, is the eloquent remark of the poet Young, in one of his neglected prose-treatises, we must, like the brethren of Joseph, travel into a distant country for food; we must visit the rich and remote ancients. A great genius, however, he thinks, may live at home. But with the exception of Shakspeare—and *he* travelled for his *plots*,—we do not find that genius has ever lived at home with any advantage. It has wandered along the shore of Time, and diligently collected the costly fragments which the tide of years rolls in. Homer's is the only lamp whose mysterious lustre we are incompetent to explain; and Criticism, which was first conducted over the wave

By the clear light of the Mæonian star,

is unable to ascertain even the age in which it rose.

If genius travels, however, it always returns to its birth-place; if it is led onward by Hope, it is brought back by Memory. The *Iliad* was a national story; so was the *Æneid*; so was the *Lusiad*; so, in a certain sense, were the romance of Ariosto and the solemn visions of Dante. The poem of Milton was not so much *national*, as *universal*; not so much addressed to one people, as to the world. But it is occasionally felt, in reading his wonderful works, that he travelled too far; that he lived too long among those "remote and rich ancients;" and that, in listening to

Their golden trumpet of eternal praise,

he forgot sometimes the simple music of his native land.

Humboldt observed, near Atures, some old trees, decorated with every color and blossom; the yellow *canisteria*; the blue-flowered *bigonia*; but close by their side grew mosses precisely resembling those of Europe. If the com-

* Father Amiot remarks upon the terms in this passage, that "the expressions *Tzen* and *Shang-te* are often synonymous, and denote the Being who is above all; and that the word *Tzen* is also used in a sense purely material, signifying only 'the sky.'"

parison he allowed, I might apply it to illustrate the imagery of a poem. The flowers of fancy may be brought from foreign lands—from Italian gardens, or Eastern valleys—but we must find them in connection with the flowers of our own fields, and the trees of our own woods. There should be a home-feeling in the picture. An English *couage* ought to glimmer through an Eastern grove; and a green churchyard, with its hillocks and monitory rhymes, may touch the heart through the myrtles of Attica, or the walks of Vallebrosa. Milton, with consummate skill, has shed a domestic interest over his happy Garden. And so it should always be; even in the Elysium of poetical fancy, we must recognise our own sun, and our own stars:

*Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo.*

This is the secret of the popularity of Gray, who, with less fancy and less splendor than Collins, has won for himself a more abiding home in the hearts of the many, though he may not in so high a degree awaken the wonder and admiration of the few.

Pliny* mentions a Latin tragic writer, who always terminated any friendly dispute upon a passage in his plays, by exclaiming, "I appeal to the people." The Greek sculptors and painters, not only exhibited their productions, but altered them in accordance with the public criticism. It may not be uninteresting to give a few examples of this feeling in later times. Michael Angelo said to a sculptor, who was anxious to let in a favorable light upon his performance, "Do not trouble yourself unnecessarily; the light of the public square will best put its merits to the test." There is an anecdote, not dissimilar, told of Annibal Caracci. Having observed that a picture by Domenichino—the flagellation of St. Andrew—powerfully affected an old woman, who gazed with apparent indifference upon a martyrdom by Guido—Caracci immediately awarded the palm to the former. The great composer Handel informed Lady Luxborough,—Shenstone's pleasant correspondent—that the hints of his very best songs had been suggested by the sounds of London cries in the street.† Undoubtedly, there is in every bosom a lively sympathy with familiar objects. Price‡ mentions a picture by Nicholas Poussin, in the Orleans collection—the infant Moses exposed on the Nile. The figures are painted with extraordinary beauty and force; the face of the mother, averted in agony; the departing father clasping his drapery; the elder boy clinging to him, with terror marked in each feature—all strike the beholder with horror and sadness. In this absorption of human interest, the exquisite back-ground of the picture is forgotten—with its wood scenery and architectural magnificence. But the object of these remarks was to direct the attention of poetical minds to a source of illustrations, from which few writers have drawn the assistance which it is capable of supplying. If we glance at the great productions of modern

* To Celer. B. vii., Lett. xvii.

† Oct. 16, 1748.

‡ *Essays on the Picturesque*, T. ii., P. 360.

art, we shall find that their chief embellishments are derived from the Greek and Latin treasures. There is, indeed, something peculiarly delightful in visiting those intellectual monarchs, who sparkle upon their distant thrones, to borrow the beautiful metaphor of Parnell,

In all the majesty of Greek retired.

We enter a new land of imagination, where every object strikes the eye with wonder and pleasure. All the temples of fancy are open to our feet. All the mines of gold, which have supplied the merchandise of literature during so many ages, solicit our toil. The valleys are still green—the skies still purple—in song, that flame, which Aristotle calls the soul of poetry, was first breathed into it by Homer. This is the remark of Pope, who, in his prose commentary on the *Iliad*, has dwelt with noble enthusiasm upon that poetical fire which in Homer overpowers criticism, which brightens even his faults, and which heats our disapproval into admiration. But as Wycherley, I think, remarked, we ought to imitate the ancients in their *fashions*, not to wear their *costume*. We find Homer introducing oriental images with great pictorial success; and the accomplished Virgil—the Titian, if not rather the Raphael of poetry—occasionally follows his example. One passage occurs to me at the moment. While Æneas waits for the Carthaginian Queen in the temple, he surveys all the history of the Trojan war depicted upon the walls—the pursuit of Achilles—the tents of Rhesus—the fiery horses of Diomed—the suppliant matrons—Hector dragged round the city, and Priam with outstretched hands. The poet throws over this beautiful landscape a gleam, as it were, of oriental light, and startles us with the white regions of the East, and the arms of the sable Memnon—

*Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis,
Eoasque acies, et nigri Memnonis arma.*

Æn. : B. I, v. 489.

Such images as these resemble, in their effects, the crimson curtain of the painter, which he introduces to impart a richer lustre to the central object of delineation, and to throw it into a stronger and more vivid distinctness; and in these heightenings of scenical effect, Virgil almost constantly preserves that simplicity and unity of illustration and color which characterized the second of the painters, to whom he seems to bear so near a relationship of genius. Of this simple and vivid unity the evening landscape in the following line is an example:—

*Illic sera rubens adcedit lumina vesper:—
Geor. I., 251.*

exhibiting that peculiar rapidity, and yet vivacity and beauty of touch, which casts such a luscious reality over this picture of a declining sun by Thomson:

—And now

Behind the dusky earth he dips his orb—
Now half-immersed: and now a golden curve
Gives one faint glimmer, and then disappears.

And which is also perceived in this little summer sketch by the same poet:

The grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Sheltering embrace.

It would oblige me to expand a few hints into an elaborate essay, if I attempted to trace the numerous instances in ancient and modern poetry of a beneficial employment of eastern images. I wish to recommend their wider introduction. Cowper, while admitting that Thomson was admirable in description, expressed a wish with Dr. Johnson, that he had confined himself to this country; for when he describes what he never saw, "one is forced to read him with some allowances for possible misrepresentation." This remark is a curious illustration of the fallacy even of a poetical taste. Collins said, with equal beauty and truth, of the magical romance of Tasso, that while daring to depart from the soberness of truth, he still remained *true to nature*. And the same criticism might be justly applied to Thomson's employment of Oriental images in his poetry. Every reader of *The Seasons* will remember passages in which the scenery of the East glows in all its native warmth of color. Thomson keeps fiction in subordination to reality, and only magnifies his figures and his landscape so as to be seen distinctly by the feebler eyesight of the common beholder. Goldsmith has a remark not devoid of interest, upon the advantages of historical knowledge to the poet, and upon the necessary restrictions of that knowledge in its application. He observes, that while an acquaintance with history enables a poet to paint characters and to describe magnificent scenery of adventure, that acquaintance is not to restrain the poet to the very letter of historical truth,—he is allowed to exhibit not only what *has* happened, but what *might* happen under possible combinations of circumstances. Thomson seems to have adopted a similar view of the subject, and to have recognized a distinction between *historical* and *poetical* truth. The features of the delineation, so to speak, are always visible, but they are magnified or diminished with a reference to the *effect* of the picture. The siege of Damascus, says Professor Smyth, is *related* by Ockley, and *illuminated* by Gibbon. The poet is not the relator but the illuminator of a transaction; he does not copy a landscape, but he embellishes it: he does not transfer an incident in its soberness of reality; but he brings fancy to wave over it her beautiful wings, and to brighten it with all her own various colors.

The illustrations which Thomson derives from Eastern lands are familiar to every reader of taste,—but it will not be uninteresting to specify one or two of them. The following sketch affects the imagination like a stern and gloomy landscape by Poussin:—

Peaceful beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant—

So again, how rich and Claude-like is the glimpse of river-scenery—

That from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind,
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar ;
From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower.

The gorgeous lights and the splendid foliage
of oriental skies and forests had a peculiar charm
in the eyes of that voluptuous imagination which
formed its delicious home in the drowsy silence
and languid atmosphere of the Castle of Indolence,—and we might reasonably have wished
that Thomson had given way to the exulting
fertility of his invention, and that he had, in
some glorious tale of Eastern fiction, poured all
“the Arabian heaven” upon the mist and gloom
of our English sky—and yet, it may be doubted
whether ever Thomson could have equalled that
lovely simile by which Akenside illustrated the
character and process of poetical creation:—

As when a cloud
Of gath'ring hail with limpid crusts of ice,
Inclosed and obvious to the beaming sun, [heav'n's
Collects his huge effulgence—and straight the
With equal flames present on either side
The radiant visage. Persia stands at gaze
Appall'd, and on the brink of Ganges waits
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
—————-in doubt
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

It is possible that the thoughts, thus rapidly
thrown out, may at some future period be again
taken up. I have only directed the attention of
poetical students to one of the threads of which
the costly web of poetry may be woven ; but it
seems to me that the embroidery of the fancy
will receive a heightening richness and splendor
from its introduction—being, as I think it is, a
thread of gold. The oriental image must be
the decoration, not the texture itself. A.

LEONARDO DA VINCI DYING IN THE ARMS OF FRANCIS I.

NATUS, 1452 ; OBIT, MAY 2, 1519.

SILENCE and Solitude,
And the bared-out arm of Death,
And deep oppressive gloom
Of the slow-opening tomb,
Disclose unto the searching gaze of Thought,
That holdeth with strong agony its breath,
How sternly true the ancient moral taught,—
“All things are vanity,” the Preacher saith.

There is a sultry splendor in that space
Where dying Genius lies with drooping wing ;
Over whose charnel-couch inclines a king,—
Francis le Roi, no mean one of his race :
Why shades the monarch his averted face ?

There's royal pageantry on every side,
And gorgeous trappings fill that ample room,
And golden lustre to devour the gloom ;
Had fretted gold the potency to hide
That mockery, man nor mammon may deride.

Why doth the soul assail its destiny—
The restless soul that ever scornful spurns
Life's startling lessons that it hourly learns,—
But heaveth ever, like the unwearied sea,
Its fretful spirit striving to be free ?

Is the earth's atmosphere so icy cold,
Despite of sunlight and the fragrant hours,
Or has the vaulted heaven such tempting powers
To make it ere its time a rebel bold,
And to o'erleap its bounds ere it is old ?

What would it have, this minute ray imprest
For a brief space that Time disdains to mark
Within its destined prison-house, the breast ?
Be it a lonely exile from its ark,
It is its duty here to be at rest.

On yonder couch, expiring in the blaze
Of its created glories, Genius lies,
Watching the dawning of its native skies ;
Beside yon couch the accepted mind surveys
The mighty moral earth to man betrays.

Three potentates in presence in that room,
That little space of artificial pride,
One to the earth, one to the heaven allied,
And one to both,—to sunlight and to gloom.
Ah ! who would wish such royalty to divide ?

One is a monarch of the earth, and one
The sovereignty of Genius ; the other thing,
A crown'd imagination—Phantom King !
To one life is, from one the spirit's flown,
The third is still when both the twain are gone.

Da Vinci sleeps, and o'er him Francis bends,—
Francis le Roi, in presence of the dead,
Now lofty-soul'd immortal, droops his head ;
The majesty of man its lustre lends
To the last bourn where earth-born Genius ends.

Within his sunless home Da Vinci sleeps ;
The airs of heaven, the glorious rays of light,
The breath of morn, the star-adorned night,
To him are not, for he his vigil keeps,
And o'er his vision'd rest a sovereign weeps !

All human pomp were nothing to his name,
The painted garniture of earth but gave
A little gilding to his body's grave ;
But the great spirit, in its own acclaim,
Sought its bright shrine, and lent but earth its fame.

Yet liminary earth thus far may say,—
The king, with lofty-mindedness, inhumed
His glory with the greatness he entomb'd ;
And by so doing he adorn'd his sway,
And sanctified a unit of his clay.

Homage it was to Genius on the wing,
To the proud spirit weary of its race,
Climbing the clouds and seeking heaven's em-
brace.

So far 'twas human grandeur's offering,
And it was good—thrice honored be the king.

CALICO PRINTING.—Reports are afloat of new
methods of printing calico patterns, by means of
metallic forms, acted upon by a particular acid ;
and another by laying the colors in oils. By the
former galvanic process, dry-salting would be nearly
abolished, as it would, indeed, by the latter, if
mineral colors are used.—*Literary Gazette.*

RAILWAY TRAVELLING AND THE TOLL QUESTION.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Letter to the Right Honorable Henry Goulburn, M. P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the Unequal Pressure of the Railway Passenger Tax.* By G. H. Lang, Esq. Hedderwick and Son, Glasgow. 1842.
2. *The Toll Question on Railways Exemplified in the Case of the Croydon and Greenwich Companies.* By W. A. Wilkinson, Esq., Chairman of the Croydon Railway. Smith and Elder, London. 1841.

In the two short pamphlets which we have taken for our text, one, that of Mr. Lang, is intended to show the injustice of the operation of the government tax on railways, lately commuted for a charge of 5 per cent. on the gross receipts; and that of Mr. Wilkinson, to demonstrate the impolicy of the fixed toll per passenger, levied by the Greenwich Railway Company upon the Croydon railway passengers.

Each, however, in the course of his argument, touches necessarily upon questions, not only highly important to all railway proprietors, but also deeply interesting to the public, which, if it shall soon find itself in the condition of having no means of traversing the great highways of the kingdom except upon a railway, is entitled likewise to expect that at least every possible facility shall be afforded for this species of transit. But facility of transit, and cheapness of conveyance, are almost synonymous terms; and it happens, fortunately, that the interests of the public and of railway proprietors, may be considered to be identical upon these points. Such, at least, seem to be the opinions of the writers of both pamphlets before us, and, we would fain believe, of the majority of railway managers, although we are aware that many directors still cling to the notion that their prosperity is concerned in wringing as large a sum as possible from each individual passenger. Mr. Wilkinson thus introduces his subject:—

“The railway system is extending itself so rapidly over all the principal lines of communication in the kingdom, as to bid fair to usurp almost entirely the functions of the present highways. Every thing, therefore, which tends to the improvement of that system, every thing which renders its advantages more available to the public at large, must be well worthy of all attention. Safety and rapidity of transit are, perhaps, the chief elements of these advantages, but cheapness is the means by which alone these advantages can be extensively enjoyed. That the rail-

way should be the poor man's railway as well as the rich man's railway—and that its most extended use, by the most liberal administration of its management, is most for the interest of those who have embarked their capital in its formation, are the opinions which it is the purpose of the following observations upon the toll question to establish.”

Again, at the conclusion we find the following remarks:—

“All the experience of the Croydon Railway points to the superior policy of low fares. Whenever the fares of this line have been raised, the traffic has been diminished, and its progress checked. Wherever the fares have been lowered, even under the least favorable circumstances, and the toll has not interfered, the increase of traffic has more than repaid the reduction.

“It is too much the practice with those engaged in railway management to hamper themselves with prejudices derived from other and different modes of conveyance, where the cost increases almost in the same proportion with the numbers to be carried; whereas the chief characteristic of a railway is its dependence on the opposite principle. On a railway, as in a cotton mill, a large cost is incurred in the first instance for the sake of producing a large supply of the required commodity at a cheap rate—a large supply requires a corresponding demand, only to be obtained by this cheapness of rate—and although some railways in peculiarly favorable positions may return large dividends upon high fares, these will form the exception and not the rule, for it is becoming more and more apparent every day, that railways in general cannot pay unless a much more numerous class, than the present travelling class, can be induced to the habit of locomotion: and it is evident that this can only be effected by a considerable reduction of the present charges.”

We think, therefore, it can be fairly shown that it is the interest of railway proprietors not only to institute an active competition for the existing traffic, but likewise to invite a demand for an increase of such traffic, by bringing it within the means of a larger class of the people. It is quite clear that this can only be done by very much reducing the rate of the fares, and this again is only possible through a great reduction of the cost of conveyance per passenger; for which purpose the machinery with which we have to deal, is admirably adapted. The chief expenses upon a railway are almost all of a fixed character, and increase much less with the numbers to be carried, than those of any other mode of conveyance. Indeed, it is well known that they do not increase, at all in proportion, to the increase of such numbers, which is tantamount to saying that the cost of conveyance per passenger, is constantly reduced by the increase in the number of pas-

sengers. Once establish the fact, therefore, that there will be, to a certain extent, an unlimited supply of customers at low fares, and you insure the public against any evil consequences that can arise from the monopoly of railways. It may take some time, however, before railway managers shall see their true interests in this respect ; and it may happen, where railways join or run into each other, as in the cases of the Birmingham and Grand Junction, the Northern and Eastern and the Eastern Counties, the Croydon and the Greenwich, and some others, that the desire to engross more than the fair share of the joint traffic of two or more lines, may lead to disputes in which the public interests are likely to be sacrificed to the prejudice and ignorance, if not to the rapacity of the parties concerned : and, as the disagreements between railway companies thus situated will probably be, for some time to come, the great stumbling block in the way of that economical use of railways which, for the sake especially of the humbler classes of this country, we desire to see established, it is to this part of the subject that we intend principally to direct the attention of our readers in the present article.

Wherever the profits of a certain traffic are to be divided between two or more parties, human nature will prompt each party to endeavor to obtain the largest possible share ; and it requires more forbearance than usually falls to the lot of corporate bodies, to be satisfied with only a fair proportion. Now it is by means of the toll, as contradistinguished from the fare,* which every railway company is authorized by act of parliament to charge to the public, or to any other company bringing traffic over its line, that the division of the profits of such traffic is usually made between the parties concerned ; and, as the only equitable division must be one which shall give to each company *that* portion of the profits which is earned by the passage over its own line, it becomes highly desirable, in the consideration of the question of what ought to be the rate of toll between neighboring railways, to discover, if possible, some general principle by which we may be guided to a safe conclusion.

The first thing which strikes us on the

* "It is, perhaps, necessary to premise, that the TOLL is used to express that part of a railway charge which is intended to remunerate the cost of forming and maintaining the railway itself ; while the word FARE represents, likewise, the cost and profit of conveying the passengers."—*Toll Question*. p. 4.

threshold of this subject is, that where fares, and the circumstances which regulate them, are so constantly varying, any *fixed* sum per passenger which may be agreed upon as a fair rate of toll under certain circumstances, may, or indeed must, be a very unfair rate under other and different circumstances.

This was felt to be so much the case with the passenger tax, *likewise a fixed sum per passenger for all classes*, that the select committee, to whom the petitions for an alteration in the mode of levying this tax were referred, reported, as quoted by Mr. Lang, (page 5) "that the pressure of the tax is unequal, and falls more heavily upon railways in the poorer districts of the country, and where the passengers are chiefly laborers and mechanics, than it does on the great lines where a number of travellers pay the highest rate of fare ;" and the committee added, that "the subject was well deserving the consideration of the legislature."

In further elucidation of the effect of a *fixed* charge per passenger upon fluctuating rates of fare, we find the following observations at page 9 of Mr. Lang's Letter to Mr. Goulburn :—

"The tax, although little felt on a first-class fare, discourages railway companies from giving that accommodation to third-class passengers which they might otherwise enjoy ; and it has been proved by the experience of different railway companies, that they may augment their net receipts by raising their fares to an amount that excludes a large proportion of their passengers. Thus, on the Leeds and Selby Railway, the fares were—

		No. of Passengers.	Money Received.
1835	{ 1st Class, 3s. } 2d Class, 2s. }	69,718	£7,942 1 2
1836	{ 1st Class, 4s. } 2d Class, 3s. }	60,439	8,935 18 5
Decrease in Passengers, 9,279			
Increase in money,			£993 17 1

So that the railway company increased their revenue 12 per cent., although they lessened the accommodation to the public nearly 14 per cent.

"The Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway affords a still more striking example. So long as this railway was allowed to compound for the mileage, the fares were three farthings per mile, or 6d. for the whole distance of eight miles ; but when the privilege of compounding was withdrawn, the fares were raised one farthing per mile, in order to cover the increase of tax. The following was the result :—

	No. of Passengers.	Gross Receipt.	Net Receipt.
Fare 6d.	299,000	£7,475 0 0	
		Duty, 1,245 16 8	
			£6,229 3 4
Fare 8d.	221,459	£7,381 19 4	
		Duty, 922 14 11	
			6,459 4 5
Decrease In Pas- sengers,	77,541	Increase in Money,	£230 1 1

The railway company, therefore, by raising their fares to an amount that has excluded 77,541 passengers from their line, have diminished their working expenses, and are positive gainers of £230 per annum.

"I have thus shown, that railway companies are gainers by limiting the accommodation they afford to the public. I will now show they are losers by extending it.

"In the year ending November, 1841, The Glasgow and Paisley Joint Railway carried 239,722 Third Class Passengers at 6d.	£5,993 1 0
	Duty, 873 19 9
	5,119 1 3

"In November, 1841, the Fares were reduced Twopence; and notwithstanding the extraordinary depression of trade in Paisley, the Third Class Passengers, in the three months ending February, 1842, had increased upwards of 50 per cent., when compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year. If the number increases in an equal ratio for the rest of the year, the number of Third Class Passengers for 1842 will be 363,939, at 4d.,	£6,065 13 0
	Duty, 1,326 17 3
	4,738 15 9

"The Railway Company, therefore, by carrying 124,217 additional Third Class Passengers, would, from the increase of Duty, be direct losers of	380 5 6
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We have before us, likewise, a Report of the Directors of the London and Croydon Railway Company to their proprietors, dated March, 1841, which shows precisely similar results. This company had raised its fares in July, 1840, 25 per cent., and the

accounts being made up to January, 1841, we find the following paragraph:—

"Upon a comparison of these accounts with those of the corresponding half-year, ending January, 1840, it will be observed that there has been a slight increase of all the items of receipt, together with a saving of the duty to the Government,* and the toll to the Greenwich Company.

That while the receipts from passengers have been greater by	£353 12 2
The toll to the Greenwich Company has been less by	507 4 10
And the duty to Government has been less by	159 13 5

And that the company has consequently benefited, by the raising of the fares, to the extent of £1,020 10 5

It will now be seen, we think without difficulty, in what manner a fixed toll of 2d. per mile per passenger, such as that to which alone the legislature has limited all railway companies, may injuriously affect the interests, not only of those who may have to pay, but even of those who may be entitled to levy, so injudicious an impost. But when the great majority of the present railway acts were passed, the subject of fares and tolls on railways was little understood, and the experience of the common roads was resorted to as a guide to all rules for their regulation. The legislature, in its anxiety to protect the public from any injurious effects which it was foreseen might arise from the monopoly which these undertakings were likely to obtain, inserted in every act a clause for the limitation of the toll which they should be allowed to charge, upon payment of which it was intended that the public should have a free use of the railway. The public, however, has never been able, in any case, to avail itself of this latter provision, on account of the difficulties which naturally attend locomotive arrangements; and perhaps it is as well for the public safety that these difficulties should exist, since it is easy to see what confusion must arise if an indiscriminate use of railways, as of common roads, were to become the practice. The toll, therefore, has never come into operation, except in cases where one railway has been brought into junction with another railway; and in all such cases

* The duty or "passenger tax" was at this time one-eighth of a penny per mile per passenger, and the Greenwich toll was 1 3-4d. per mile per passenger; since when, the former has been commuted for a charge of 5 per cent. on the gross amount of railway receipts, and the latter has been increased to 2 1-2d. per mile per passenger.

it must have the effect, as we have before stated, of dividing the profits of the traffic which is thus brought over both railways, in some proportion between the two. It may happen, however, that two or more different lines of railway, joining the same trunk line, may be so circumstanced as to make a different rate of fare advisable in each peculiar case; and we shall proceed further to illustrate our position that a different rate of fare demands likewise a different rate of toll.

Let us conceive three independent lines of railway, each twenty miles in length, of which one shall be the trunk line, and the other two branches from it. If, on this trunk line, the maximum toll of 2d. per mile per passenger be charged to the proprietors of each branch—and we suppose that, whilst one of these branches is able to obtain a fare of 3d. per mile per passenger over the whole distance, the other, from local circumstances, is only able to obtain a fare of 1d. per mile per passenger over the whole distance—it is clear that the first may be able, perhaps, to clear its expenses (reckoned at 1d. per mile) over the trunk line, after paying the toll of 2d.; but the second, receiving only 1d. per mile from its passengers, must submit not only to the loss of these expenses, but to a further loss of 1d. per mile per passenger over this distance of twenty miles—equal to a half-penny per mile per passenger over the whole journey of forty miles. This half-penny per mile per passenger might be the entire profit; and, in such a case, the whole traffic of a branch so situated must be at the mercy of the proprietors of the trunk line, who, if they should be so ignorant as not to know their own interests, or so prejudiced as to disregard them, might assuredly, by demanding the maximum toll, put an effectual stop to such traffic. Nor is this all: for, even upon the high-fare branch, if different classes of passengers be carried, the exaction of the maximum rate of toll, which is levied alike on all classes, has a constant tendency to induce the carrying company to carry first-class passengers, by preference, to the exclusion of the humbler classes, who are generally kept away by insufficient accommodation. The second select committee to which the subsequent petitions against the passenger tax were referred, and which consisted of “Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Lord Stanley, Lord Seymour, Sir John Guest, Mr. Labouchere, Lord Granville Somerset, Mr. Thornley, Lord Sandon, Mr. Loch, Mr. Freshfield,

Mr. Greene, Sir Harry Verney, Mr. Henry Baring, and Sir John Easthope—after a very full inquiry, reported it as their opinion, “that it was inexpedient to continue a system of taxation which tends to separate the interests of the railway companies and of the public, and which will gradually exclude a great number of persons from the benefit of cheap conveyance.” They recommended that a graduated scale of taxation should be adopted, proportioned to the fare, and that the alteration should be carried into effect with as little delay as possible.” See the Letter to Mr. Goulburn, p. 6.

Now, if we consider that the fixed toll, levied by one railway company upon another railway company, is precisely the same in its operation as the passenger tax, from which it only differs in the respect that it is received by another company instead of by the government—and that its amount per passenger is very many times greater—we shall have, in this recorded opinion of the select committee, the strongest possible condemnation of the system of fixed tolls on railways, and that by the best possible authorities on railway legislation.

This brings us once more to the consideration of some general principle by which the tolls on railways ought to be regulated, so as to interfere as little as possible with the interests of the companies who may have to pay these tolls, and of the public which is to use the railways on which they have to be paid. The plan which Mr. Wilkinson proposes for this purpose, and which, we believe, has since been put into practice between the Croydon and Dover Railway Companies, is as follows:—“That in all cases where the journey is over two or more lines of railway, in respect of which journey *one* fare only is charged, the proceeds of such fare, after deducting the cost of conveying the passengers, shall be divided between the several lines, in proportion to the respective lengths of each line passed over.” (See “Toll Question,” p. 9.) Such division, of course, to constitute the toll. The objections to this plan which have been raised by other parties, as we gather from Mr. Wilkinson's pamphlet, are twofold; first, that such an arrangement would give to the toll-receiving companies a greater or a less amount of toll than the Acts of Parliament, or subsequent agreements, enabled them to take; and, second, that if no such acts or agreements existed, the difference of the cost of constructing the dif

ferent lines would make mere length, or distance of line traversed, an improper gauge for the division of the individual fare charged for the whole journey.

The answer to the first of these objections is, that the clauses in the Acts of Parliament, and the subsequent agreements, here alluded to, for securing a fixed toll per passenger, under all circumstances, to the toll-receiving companies, are inefficient for the purpose for which they were intended—that of taxing, to a uniform extent, the gross receipts of the toll-paying companies—inasmuch as, being calculated upon the presumption of a certain fixed rate of fare, they do, in fact, tax such gross receipts in a greater or less degree, according as this rate of fare may vary. For instance, if a fixed toll be agreed upon, with the expectation that it shall amount to 10 per cent. of the fare to be charged, and this fare be afterwards lowered one-half, the toll becomes immediately 20 per cent., instead of 10 per cent., of such fare. It is true that the sum derived from each passenger, by the toll-receiving company, is neither more nor less than it was; but as the fare would never be reduced one-half, except for the purpose of obtaining *more* than double the number of passengers—and as the toll is levied per passenger—it is clear that the income of the toll-receiving company would be *more* than doubled, and this wholly at the expense of the toll-paying company. But for this very reason we may be assured that such reduction of fare, under such circumstances, will never take place; for the toll-paying company, having the power to regulate its own fares, will never consent to make a sacrifice for the sole benefit of its neighbor. On the other hand, it may find its account, as we have seen, in raising its fares, and although diminishing its number of passengers, and even its gross receipts, yet benefit by the reduction of the toll at its neighbor's expense. Mr. Wilkinson says (p. 13)—

“Let us suppose that the Greenwich Company had obtained the right, by Act of Parliament, to charge a toll of sixpence or ninepence per passenger for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of railway—the companies called upon to pay this toll would levy such an additional charge upon their passengers as would provide this increased toll, and compensate them besides for the loss of passengers which an increased fare would occasion—and this additional charge would so limit the numbers as to reduce the whole amount of income, receivable from toll, within the sum which a smaller rate upon larger numbers would produce, and might, in the process, so cripple the

resources of the other companies, as to force them to abandon the Greenwich line. This case has partly occurred between the Greenwich and Croydon Companies, the latter of which, finding the present toll excessive, has raised its fares, and thus so far diminished the number of its passengers, as to reduce the gross sum payable as toll to the Greenwich Company, from £5,900 to £4,700 per annum. And if the Greenwich Company should, by the imposition of a still higher toll, force the Croydon company to a still further raising of its fares, the probability is, that the number of its passengers will be so much diminished as to render it necessary to stop short of the Greenwich line, and perhaps to abandon the traffic altogether, since this may be no longer worth conducting.”

Such things could not happen with a toll proportioned to the fare. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that any loss could arise to toll-taking companies, from the adoption of a proportionate toll, since whatever was taken from them in nominal amount, under the operation of such a principle, could only be taken upon the substitution of a lower fare, which must more than make up the deficiency by increase of number of passengers, or it would not be persisted in by the toll-paying company; and since whatever the nominal amount which may be payable under clause or agreement for fixed toll, the toll-paying company will always have the power to regulate the money results of such toll, by the regulation of its own fares. The maintenance of a fixed toll therefore, under such circumstances, can only have the effect of prejudicing the public interests by keeping up the cost of travelling without benefit to any parties whatever.

The second objection, that difference in the cost of construction should cause a difference in the rate of fare or toll to be charged on one railway or another railway, although at first sight sufficiently plausible, is upon slight reflection wholly untenable:

“At all events it is clear that the railway must be made, and the capital expended, before the rate of fare can be levied; and that when the railway is made and the capital expended, however large this latter may have been, that rate of fare should be levied which will bring in the largest net revenue; and if it be true that low rates of fare may, in some cases, bring in larger net money receipts than high rates, then, in all such cases, it may be true that a higher rate of fare or toll, levied for the purpose of repaying extra cost of construction, will fail of its object, and may produce the opposite result.”—(“Toll Question,” p. 6.)

What is it that enhances so much the cost of constructing a railway in a metro-

politan district? Clearly the necessity of carrying it through a crowded thoroughfare. But it is precisely in such a locality that the public is able to avail itself of a multiplicity of other conveyances, and in order to compete with such conveyances, a low railway fare is absolutely necessary. Thus we see that the Greenwich and Blackwall railways, which, for their length, are certainly the most costly that have ever been constructed, cannot, on that account, command a high rate of fare, and that whenever any attempt to raise that rate has been made, a falling off in the revenue has been the invariable result. It is not true, then, that cost of construction can, in all cases, command a high rate of fare. Then it cannot be the rule. If it cannot command a high rate of fare in all cases, why should it in any? It is most probably true, that upon a railway constructed through London at an expense of £500,000 a mile, the most remunerative charge would be less than one penny per mile per passenger; whilst upon a railway constructed over Salisbury Plain, at an expense of only £5,000 a mile, the remunerative charge must be more than ten times as much. It must, therefore, be evident, that cost of construction on railways has nothing whatever to do with the charge to be made per passenger; and, that if one railway shall have cost more than another, such cost must be repaid, if at all, not by the greater charge per passenger, but by the greater number of passengers, which its situation may command. We incline to think, therefore, that the principle laid down by Mr. Wilkinson is correct, and that length of line traversed is the only safe guide for the division of a fare received for a journey made over two or more railways, however different the cost of these railways may have been. It is for accommodation afforded that the public pays, and the rate of payment will depend, not upon the cost of the accommodation furnished, but upon the usual principles of supply and demand of the article in question. If the cost of a railway has been great, it is to be presumed that it is placed in the locality of a great demand for its use; if not, it is a bad speculation, to the support of which neither the public, nor any other railway, is bound to contribute. But the very circumstances which cause the demand, create likewise the competition of supply; this competition forbids a high individual charge, the want of which can be compensated only by a large aggregate payment. The tradesman who covers his shop front with plate

glass at an enormous cost, cannot, on that account, demand or obtain a higher price for the stuffs or silks which are displayed within it; neither can he, on that account, abstract a larger amount of the whole profit upon these goods, which is to be divided between himself and the manufacturer or warehouseman from whose dingy premises they are transferred to his own brilliant and costly repository. He can depend only upon the greater number of customers to be attracted by this lavish expenditure to his store, and the probability is, that this very number of customers will enable him to offer his commodities at a lower, rather than a higher charge, than his neighbors.

In this view of the case, it is absurd to talk of a fare not being sufficiently high to be remunerative; the opposite term is the true one; and it is perfectly intelligible, although it may seem paradoxical, that a fare may not be sufficiently low to be remunerative, on the most costly line hitherto laid down. It may indeed be questioned whether the metropolitan railway companies have ever yet tried a sufficiently low fare to pay them for their extraordinary outlay. There can be little doubt that the directors of the Greenwich Railway Company, by taking the opposite view to that here propounded, have fallen into the very serious mistake of attempting to repay the cost of widening their line by the imposition of an additional toll, and a twelvemonth's experience of loss has failed to convince them of their error.

We find by the reports of the Croydon Railway Company, as published from time to time in the railway journals, that the toll paid by that company to the Greenwich Company, when the rate was 3d. per passenger, amounted to £6,000 per annum, and that since the rate was raised to 4½d. per passenger, the income has fallen off to less than £4,000 per annum. We know that other causes, and particularly some alleged misdirection of the Croydon Company, are brought forward in a vexed spirit by the Greenwich Company as excuses for this result, so different from that which they had anticipated and foretold; but we suspect that the truth will be found to be in the nature of things, and that the only sure way of repaying any extra charges to which they may have been subjected for the sake of securing the traffic of the other railways, would have been by lowering, instead of raising, their rate of toll, if by so doing they could have induced the other companies to remit their charges in equal

proportion so as to have invited a larger number of passengers over all the lines.

Whenever men have congregated together in large masses, they immediately, and constantly, proceed to avail themselves of their social position to command, at the cheapest rate, all the luxuries and conveniences of life; this is the rule of social progress, and it is to this state of affairs that the railway system is especially adapted. A railway is a machine expressly made for the purpose of conveying a large number of people at the same expense as a small number, and is only useful where large numbers prevail. It is, however, one of the conditions of its existence, that the *large* number should be carried at the same expense as the *small* number; in other words, and to put an extreme case, that where 100 people could be profitably carried heretofore at a charge of 10s. each; 1,000 should now be carried, as profitably, at a charge of 1s. each; and, extravagant as the proposition may appear, we do not despair of seeing it carried out when the railway system shall be fully developed. Hitherto all the ambition of railway managers has been to compete with the existing modes of conveyance for *their* earnings, but we are persuaded that there is a wide field of locomotive propensity to be still reaped, which will yield amply to the sickle of low charges, but which has been yet untouched by the present high tariff. At all events, we think enough has been shown to prove that the success of so costly a machine as a railway must necessarily be, can only be insured by the use of great numbers—that great numbers can only be obtained by low charges—that low charges can only be maintained upon the principle that the expenses *per passenger* shall diminish in proportion to the numbers carried—that the greatest possible obstacle to this diminution of expense per passenger must be any fixed charge per passenger—that the passenger tax was such a fixed charge, and has therefore been wisely abolished or commuted by Parliament—and that a fixed toll per passenger, being generally to a much greater amount than the passenger tax, which was only $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per passenger per mile, whereas the usual toll allowed by Act of Parliament is 2d. per passenger per mile, that this fixed toll, we say, must be a much more serious evil, and a much greater obstacle, to moderate or low charges—therefore to the success of the railway system generally—and, both directly and indirectly, to the interests of the public.

We are conscious that we have labored this point very much, even at the risk of tiring or disgusting our readers, and we have done so because we feel it to be one of very great importance. All who are conversant with modern history, must be aware how quickly civilization and improved condition of the people have followed upon the greater facility of communication afforded by the formation of common roads. How much more extensive may be the advantage to be expected from the construction of railways, applicable as these latter are to the locomotion of the mass of the population.

We look forward with confidence to the great benefit which shall one day be derived by the laboring classes from the power, thus to be afforded, of transporting their labor to the best market. The prices of all other commodities are remarkably uniform throughout the length and breadth of the land, in consequence of the great facility of transport; but the most important commodity of all, labor, varies in price in every part of the kingdom. We hear of agricultural laborers starving upon 9s., 8s., even 7s. per week, in Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and other parts of the country, while we happen to know that the rate of such wages in the eastern parts of Kent is 12s. and 13s. When we reflect that this difference in the price of labor amounts to 30 per cent., we may be assured that nothing but the difficulty of transporting it could prevent a nearer assimilation of its rate of value, in places so little distant from one another. The transport of commodities of any sort, however, requires capital; and the laboring classes have little or no capital. A man who is working at 1s. 6d. a day has no means of transporting himself and his family to a place where he might sell his labor at 2s. He has not even the means to go himself to seek for a better market, for, independent of the cost of travelling, he cannot afford to intermit the two or three days' labor which would be requisite for such a purpose. But if he could, after his poorly paid day's work was finished, transport himself at such a moderate cost as we hope to see established, to some distant locality in which he may have understood a higher rate of wages to exist, and be back again with the glad tidings to his family before the next day's work was due; we incline to think that so different a rate of the remuneration of labor would not long obtain in the neighboring districts of England. Every thing, therefore, which tends to promote on the one hand, or to check on the

other, the perfect development of railways, may justly be regarded as a great good or a serious evil. We think the system of fixed tolls of the latter description: and yet fixed tolls are sanctioned and prescribed by the legislature in every railway act that is passed. We have shown that their tendency is precisely the same as that of the passenger tax, which has been proved before the parliamentary committees to be so injurious as to receive complete condemnation and subsequent repeal; and we hope that but a short time will elapse before the system of fixed tolls shall meet a similar fate.

We understand that the Croydon Railway Company have already presented a memorial to the railway department of the Board of Trade upon this subject, and we cannot conceive a question, connected with railways, more worthy the consideration of the government.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—To any body who is fond of books, or is a student, or even believes himself a student, nothing can be more delightful than a visit to the reading-room of the British Museum. Not that the reading in the museum is altogether without its inconveniences, for it is not quite so easy as taking down a book from your own shelves; but then you are rewarded by the feeling of reverential awe for the mass of learning with which you are surrounded, and by the very air that you breathe.

On entering the door of this far-famed temple of literature, you find yourself between two good-sized rooms, in each of which fifty to seventy people may be sitting at the tables, reading and copying. The walls are covered with books, each room holding, at a guess, fifteen or twenty thousand volumes—a number that anywhere else would be thought a good library of itself; but here that number only contains the dictionaries, cyclopedias, gazetteers, and other works of reference that should be always at hand. On asking for the catalogue, one of the attendants points to it at a desk by itself, where it stands most conveniently for the use of every body, in above forty volumes folio. Near this stands the catalogue of the king's library, which is kept separate from the rest of the collection, in about ten folios more; and, most wonderful to say, the new catalogue, which is now in the course of printing, and which already extends to fifteen large folios, though it has not yet got beyond the letter A. This, however, large as the library is, is stating the case rather boastfully; for these fifteen folios are interleaved, showing as much the gigantic intention of the librarians, as the present size of the library. A reader of experience will not go to the museum unnecessarily; he will wait till he has three or four objects of search, or books to look at, noted down in his memorandum-book, to save time. With these he goes up to the catalogue, and beginning with a book, about the title of which he has no doubt, readily finds it, as the catalogue is formed on that simplest and best of all arrangements,

the A, B, C. He then copies the title, together with its number, on one of the slips of paper which hang ready at hand; this he signs, and takes to a window at the further end of the room, where an attendant receives it, and delivers it to the librarian to be searched for. In the meanwhile, the economist of time returns to the catalogue to copy out the titles of the other books that he may have occasion for, and then, with them, returns to the window, in hopes that the first book may by that time have arrived. But, alas! he must wait a little longer; and though he sees a librarian come up, dragging a light truck laden with learning in all forms and shapes, his book has not yet arrived. However, at last it comes, and he sits down to make his extracts, and in due time the other books are, one by one, brought to him by the attendants. You may order any number of volumes that you choose; there is no limit to the heaps of learning by which you may be surrounded, but your own dislike to giving trouble, and that fast wears off after a second visit. But, perhaps, one of the books you want is not in either of the catalogues; you ask an attendant to help you in your difficulty, and he takes you into the next room into the presence of the head of the department. He, judging by the look of your countenance, that you know what you are asking for, says, "You think that there is such a book? we have not got it." You answer hesitatingly, that you have no doubt of it; it is published at Paris. The librarian drily replies, "Then I will order a copy, sir;" and you return to the reading-room, praising in your mind the excellence of the management. To those who can only read in solitude, certainly the museum reading-room is not the best of places; but those of a more social nature, who at home study among the prattle of children and the bustle of a family, only feel their earnestness increased by the number of students that surround them. The tread of an attendant quietly and silently carrying a load of folios, only strengthens his attention, rather than calls it off from his book; the very air of the place adds fresh zeal to his love of knowledge; and the only interruption that he feels is, perhaps, perceiving that his neighbor is reading "Guy Manning," or that a flirtation is going forward between a polite, attentive, handsome attendant, and one of the numerous lady-authors who employ their mornings in making extracts in the museum. Admission to the reading-room is easily obtained. The librarians admit on the recommendation of any body who is known to them, either personally or by reputation; and as they have the largest circle of acquaintance of any men in London, nobody who tries can ever find a difficulty in getting an introduction to one of them.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

DAGUERRETYPE.—During a recent visit to the Adelaide Gallery, we dwelt with pleasure over the advancement in the photographic art. By mechanical improvement, M. Claudet possesses an apparatus by means of which he is enabled to take portraits of greatly enlarged size. The rays of light are reflected from the sitter, placed at a distance of 24 feet from the camera, almost in parallelism to a surface of 8 inches by 6. Thereon is the picture produced as speedily and as truthfully as in the case of the smaller daguerreotype. Those who have examined one of the latter through a glass of high magnifying power, may have some slight idea of the beauty and faithfulness of the large portraits, in which, moreover, much of the objectionable metallic hue is lost.—*Literary Gazette.*

SPINOZA'S LIFE AND WORKS.

From the Westminster Review.

1. *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Spinoza. Fondateur de l'Exégèse et de la Philosophie Moderne.* Par Amand Saintes. Paris, 1842.
2. *B. v. Spinoza's Sämmtliche Werke. Ins Deutsche übertragen mit dem Leben Spinoza's.* Von Berthold Auerbach. 5 Bände. Stuttgart, 1841.
3. *B. v. Spinoza Opera Posthuma.* 4to. 1677.
4. *Penny Cyclopædia, Art. Spinoza, Spinozism.*

EARLY in the seventeenth century, on a fair evening of summer, a little Jewish boy was playing, with his sisters, on the Burgwal of Amsterdam, close to the Portuguese synagogue. His face was mild and ingenuous; his eyes were small, but bright, quick, and penetrative; and the dark hair floated in luxuriant curls over his neck and shoulders. Noticeable, perhaps, for nothing but his beauty and joyousness, the little boy played on, unmarked amongst the active citizens of that active town. The Dutch then occupied the thoughtful attention of all Europe. After having first conquered for themselves firm footing on this earth, by rescuing their country from the sea, they had thrown off the oppressive yoke of the then mighty Spain, and had now conquered for themselves a freedom from that far greater tyranny, the tyranny of thought. Amsterdam was noisy with the creaking of cordage, the bawling of sailors, and the busy trafficking of traders. The Zuyder Zee was crowded with vessels laden with precious stores from all quarters of the globe. The canals which ramify that city, like a great arterial system, were blocked up with boats and barges; the whole scene was vivid with the greatness and the littleness of commerce. Heedless of all this turmoil, as unheeded in it—heedless of all those higher mysteries of existence whose solution was hereafter to be the endeavor of his life—untouched by any of those strange questionings which a restless spirit cannot answer, but which it refuses to have answered by others—heedless of every thing but his game, that little boy played merrily with his sisters. That boy was Benedict Spinoza!

His parents were honest merchants of Amsterdam, who had settled there in company with a number of their brethren, on escaping the persecution to which all Jews

were subject in Spain. The young Baruch* was at first destined to commerce, but his passion for study, and the precocity of his intellect, made his parents alter their resolution in favor of a rabbinical education: a resolution warranted by his sickly constitution, which had increased his love of study. The sickly child is mostly thoughtful: he is thrown upon himself, and his own resources; he suffers, and asks himself the cause of his pains, and asks himself whether the world suffers like him; whether he is one with nature, and subject to the same laws, or whether he is apart from it, and regulated by distinct laws. From these he rises to the awful questions—Why? Whence? and Whither?

The education of the Jews was almost exclusively religious, the Old Testament and the Talmud forming their principal studies. Spinoza entered into them with a fanatical zeal, which, backed as it was by remarkable penetration and subtlety, won the admiration of the Chief Rabbi, Saul Levi Morteira, who became his guide and instructor. Great, indeed, were the hopes entertained of this youth, who at fourteen rivalled almost all the doctors in the exactitude and extent of his biblical knowledge. But these hopes were turned to fears, when they saw that young and pertinacious spirit pursue its undaunted inquiries into whatever region they conducted him, and found him putting difficulties to them, which they, rabbins and philosophers, were unable to solve.

Spinoza was to be deterred neither by threats nor by sophistications. He found in the Old Testament no mention of the doctrine of immortality: there was complete silence on the point.† He made no secret of his opinions; and two of his schoolfellows, irritated at his intellectual superiority, or else anxious to curry favor with the rabbins, reported his heresy with the usual fertility of exaggeration. Summoned to appear before the synagogue, he obeyed with a gay carelessness, conscious of his innocence. His judges, finding him obstinate in his opinions, threatened him with excommunication; he answered with a sneer. Morteira, informed of the danger,

* Baruch was Spinoza's Hebrew name, which he himself translated into Latin as Benedictus; from which some have erroneously supposed that he embraced Christianity, whereas he only renounced Judaism.

† On this silence Warburton endeavored to establish the divinity of the Legation of Moses; and Bishop Sherlock has exerted considerable ingenuity in explaining the discrepancy which skeptics had seized hold of as an argument in their favor.

hastened to confront his rebellious pupil, but Spinoza remained as untouched by his rhetoric as he was unconvinced by his arguments. Enraged at this failure, Morteira took a higher tone, and threatened him with excommunication, unless he at once retracted. His pupil was irritated, and replied in sarcasms. The rabbin then impetuously broke up the assembly, and vowed "only to return with the thunder-bolt in his hand."

In anticipation of the threatened excommunication, he wisely withdrew himself from the synagogue—a step that profoundly mortified his enemies, as he thereby rendered futile all intimidations which had been employed against him, particularly the otherwise terrible excommunication; for what terror could such a sentence inspire in one who voluntarily absented himself from the society which pretended to exclude him?

Dreading his ability, and the force of his example, the synagogue made him an offer of an annual pension of a thousand florins, if he would only consent to be silent, and assist from time to time at their ceremonies. Spinoza, indignant at such an attempt to palter with his conscience, refused it with scorn. As neither threats nor temptations could turn him from his path, fanaticism conceived another plan. One evening, as Spinoza was coming out of the theatre, where he had been relaxing his overtaxed mind, he was startled by the fierce expression of a dark face, thrust eagerly before his. The glare of blood-thirsty fanaticism arrested him; a knife gleamed in the air, and he had barely time to parry the blow. It fell upon his chest, but, fortunately deadened in its force, only tore his coat. The assassin escaped. Spinoza walked home thoughtful.*

The day of excommunication at length arrived; and a vast concourse of Jews assembled to witness the awful ceremony. It began by the solemn and silent lighting of a quantity of black wax candles, and by opening the tabernacle wherein were deposited the Books of the Law of Moses. Thus were the dim imaginations of the faithful prepared for all the horror of the scene. Morteira, the ancient friend and master, now the fiercest enemy of the condemned, was to order the execution. He

* Some of the biographers contradict Bayle's statement of the assassination being attempted as Spinoza was leaving the theatre, and declares that he was coming from the synagogue; but they forget that he had entirely renounced going there, and this was the probable motive of the assassin.

stood there, pained, but implacable; the people fixed their eager eyes upon him. High above, the chanter rose and chanted forth, in loud lugubrious tones, the words of execration; while from the opposite side another mingled with these curses the thrilling sounds of the trumpet; and now the black candles were reversed, and were made to melt drop by drop into a huge tub filled with blood! This spectacle—symbol of the most terrible faith—made the whole assembly shudder; and when the final *Anathema Maranatha!* were uttered, and the lights all suddenly immersed in the blood, a cry of religious horror and execration burst from all; and in that solemn darkness, and to those solemn curses, they shouted Amen, Amen!

And thus was the young truth-seeker expelled from his community, and his friends and relations forbidden to hold intercourse with him. Like the young and energetic Shelley, who afterwards imitated him, he found himself an outcast in this busy world, with no other guides through its perplexing labyrinths than sincerity and self-dependence. Two or three new friends soon presented themselves; men who warred against their religion as he had warred against his own; and a bond of sympathy was forged out of a common injustice. Here again we trace a resemblance to Shelley, who, discountenanced by his relations, sought amongst a few skeptical friends to supply the affections he was thus deprived of. Like Spinoza, he too had only sisters, with whom he had been brought up. No doubt, in both cases, the consciousness of sincerity, and the pride of martyrdom, were great sustainments in this combat with society. They are always so; and it is well that they are so, or the battle would never be fought; but they never entirely replace the affections. Shut from our family, we may seek a brotherhood of apostacy; but these new and precarious intellectual sympathies are no compensation for the loss of the emotive sympathies, with all their links of association, and all their memories of childhood.

Spinoza must have felt this; and as Shelley, in a rash marriage, endeavored to fill the void of his yearning heart, so Spinoza, urged we must think by the same feeling, sought the daughter of his friend and master, Vanden Ende, as his wife.

This Vanden Ende had some influence on Spinoza's life. He was a physician in Amsterdam, who conducted a philological seminary with such success, that all the wealthy citizens sent him their sons; but it

was afterwards discovered, that to every dose of Latin he added a grain of atheism. He undertook to instruct Spinoza in Latin, and to give him board and lodging on condition that he should subsequently aid him in instructing his scholars. This Spinoza accepted with joy, for although master of the Hebrew, German, Spanish, Portuguese (and of course Dutch) languages, he had long felt the urgent necessity of Latin.

Vanden Ende had a daughter; her personal charms were equivocal, but she was thoroughly versed in Latin, and was an accomplished musician. The task of teaching young Benedict generally fell to her; and as a consequence the pupil soon became in love with the master. We often picture this courtship to ourselves, as a sort of odd reverse of Abelard and Heloise. Spinoza, we fancy, not inattentive to the instruction, but the more in love with it coming from so soft a mouth—not inattentive, yet not wholly absorbed. He watches her hand as it moves along the page, and longs to squeeze it. While “looking out” in the dictionary their hands touch—and he is thrilled; but the word is *found*, nevertheless. The lesson ended, he ventures on a timid compliment, which she receives with a kind smile; but the smile is lost, for the bashful philosopher has his eyes on the ground; when he raises them, it is to see her trip away to household duties, or to another pupil: and he looks after her, sighing. But, alas for maidenly discernment! our female Abelard was more captivated by the showy attractions of a certain Kerkering, a young Hamburg merchant, who had also taken lessons in Latin and love from the fair teacher; and who, having backed his pretensions by the more potent seductions of pearl necklaces, rings, &c., quite cast poor Benedict into the shade. He then turned from love to philosophy.

His progress in Latin had, however, been considerable;* he read it with facility, and found it invaluable in his philosophical studies; and especially as the works of Des Cartes now fell into his hands, which he studied with intense avidity, feeling that a new world was therein revealed. The

* M. Amand Saintes, in his loose and deadlively style, says, “Tous ses ouvrages écrits en latin attestent que *la langue de Cicéron* lui devint familière.”—P. 20. This implies that Spinoza wrote Ciceronian Latin: a most absurd notion; for he not only sins against idiom, as do almost all the writers of the middle ages, but he made in a great measure a language of his own; energetic and expressive, it must be owned, but very different from that of Cicero.

laws of the ancient Jewish doctors expressly enjoin the necessity of learning some mechanical art, as well as the study of the law. It was not enough, they said, to be a scholar—the means of subsistence must also be learned. Spinoza had accordingly, while belonging to the synagogue, learnt the art of polishing glasses for telescopes, microscopes, &c., in which he arrived at such proficiency that the great Leibnitz, writing to him, mentioned, “Among the honorable things which fame has acquainted me with respecting you, I learn with no small interest that you are a clever optician.” By polishing glasses he gained a subsistence—humble, it is true, but equal to his wants. To this he joined, by way of relaxation, the study of design, and soon became very expert. Colérus had a portfolio of portraits of several distinguished men, sketched by him; and one among them was a portrait of himself, in the dress of Masaniello.*

In his eight-and-twentieth year Spinoza left his natal city of Amsterdam, and resolving to devote his life to study, retired to Rhynsburg, near Leyden, where, still pursuing his trade as a glass polisher, he devoted every spare hour to philosophy. The fruits of his solitude were the “Abridgment of the Meditations of Des Cartes,” with an appendix, in which he first disclosed the principal points of his own system. This is a very interesting work. It contains the most accurate and comprehensible account of Des Cartes we have ever met with; and the appendix is curious, as containing the germs of the “Ethica.” It made a profound sensation; and when, the following year, he removed to Woorburg, a small village near the Hague, his reputation attracted him a great concourse of visitors. Many enmities were excited amongst the disciples of Des Cartes, by the exposition of the weak points of their master’s system; and Spinoza had to suffer their rude attacks in consequence;—but the attention of all thinking men was fixed upon him, and the clearness and precision of his work won him their admiration. So many new friendships did he form, that he at last yielded to the numerous solicitations that he should come and live entirely at the Hague. It was not the learned alone who sought his friendship—men of rank in public affairs were also numbered amongst

* “Vos ennemis n’ont pas manqué de dire que vous prétendiez par là montrer que vous seriez en peu de temps dans la Chrétienté. le remuéménage que Mazaniello avait fait à Naples en quinze jours.”—*Rencontre de Bayle avec Spinoza dans l’autre monde*. Cologne, 1711.

them. Of the latter we may mention the celebrated Jan de Witt, who loved Spinoza, and profited by his advice in many an emergency. The great Condé also, during the invasion of Holland by the French, sent to desire Spinoza to come and see him. The philosopher obeyed, but the prince was prevented keeping his appointment—to his loss. This journey was very near proving fatal to Spinoza. The populace having learned that he had been in communication with the enemy, began to suspect him of being a spy. His landlord, alarmed at these reports, warned him of them; he feared, he said, that the populace would attack the house. "Fear nothing," replied Spinoza, calmly. "It is easy for me to justify myself, and there are persons enough who know the object of my journey; but whatever may arrive, as soon as the people assemble before your door, I will go out and meet them, even though I should share the fate of De Witt." The same calm courage which made him proclaim the truth, now made him ready to confront the infuriated populace. Fortunately all passed off in peace, and he was left to his studies. Karl Ludwig, anxious to secure so illustrious a thinker, offered him the vacant chair of philosophy at Heidelberg, which, however, Spinoza could not accept, conscious that the philosophy he would teach was too closely allied to theology, not to trench on its dogmas; and the Elector had expressly stipulated that he should teach nothing which could prejudice the established religion. He therefore begged to decline it, as his public duties would interfere with his private meditations. Yet it was both a lucrative and honorable post he refused; but a philosophical contempt for worldly honors was amongst his characteristics.

It is invigorating to contemplate Spinoza's life. Dependent on his own manual exertions for his daily bread, limited in his wants, and declining all pecuniary assistance so liberally offered by his friends, he was always at ease, cheerful, and occupied. There is an heroic firmness traceable in every act of his life, worthy of our meditation; there is a perpetual sense of man's independence, worthy all imitation. He refuses to accept the belief of another man—he will believe for himself; he sees mysteries around him—awful, inexplicable—but he will accept of no man's explanation. God has given him a soul, and with that he will solve the problem; or remain without a solution. Thus he leaves the synagogue; thus also he leaves Des Cartes; thus he thinks for himself. So in

a far subordinate sphere he will assert his independence. Having but the most miserable pittance, and with the purses of his friends open to him, he preferred limiting his desires, to accepting their bounties. He preferred working, and gaining his own subsistence, so long as it was to be gained. This was no crotchet of his; neither was it ignoble calculation. The friends were sincere, their offers were sincere; he knew it, but thanked them, and declined. The heritage, which on his father's death fell to his lot, he resigned to his sisters. The large property which his friend Simon de Vries had announced his intention of leaving him, he would not consent to accept; but made Simon alter his will in favor of his brother De Vries, at Schiedam. The pension offered him, if he would dedicate his next work to Louis XIV., he refused, "having no intention of dedicating any thing to that monarch." He was indebted to no one but to God; who had given him talents, and energy to make those talents available, not to let them and him rot in idleness, or in ignoble dependence, while all the world had to toil!*

Yet it was hard, griping poverty that he endured. On looking over his papers, after his death, they found accounts of his expenditure. One day he eat nothing but a *soupe au lait*, with a little butter, which cost about three halfpence, and a pot of beer, which cost three farthings more. Another day he lived on a basin of gruel, with some butter and raisins, which cost him twopence halfpenny; and, says the pastor Colerus, "Quoiqu'on l'invitât souvent à manger, il aimait pourtant mieux vivre de ce qu' il avait chez lui, quelque peu que ce fût, que de se trouver à une bonne table aux dépens d'un autre." This was the man who was, by his contemporaries, branded with the names of Atheist and Epicurean; and who has borne these names for ever after through all Europe, excepting only Germany. While on the one hand no man was perhaps ever more filled with religion (so that Novalis could call him a God-intoxicated man), on the other hand his Epicureanism, at twopence halfpenny sterling per diem, stands a legible charge against him.

* It was in a man's own energy that he saw the germ of worth and greatness, and wisely ridiculed the notion of patronage in this noteworthy passage: "Governments should never found academies, for they serve more to oppress than to encourage genius. The unique method of making the arts and sciences flourish, is to allow every individual to teach what he thinks, at his own risk and peril."—*Tract. Polit.*, c. 8, § 49.

The publication of his "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus," was an event of some importance, both in the history of philosophy and of Spinoza. The state of men's minds, at that period, was not favorable to the reception of any great philosophical system; and Spinoza found himself obliged to prepare the way for his future doctrines, by examining the nature of that ecclesiastical power which could excite at will such violent perturbation in the state; and by examining also the foundations on which that power reposed. This great question still agitates mankind; and it is as curious as instructive to observe that the late orthodox and estimable Dr. Arnold taught a doctrine precisely similar to that taught by the reviled and persecuted Spinoza.*

Times were troubled. Holland was reposing on her laurels, won in the long and desperate struggle against Spain. Having freed herself from a foreign yoke, she had, one would fancy, little now to do but to complete her canals, extend her commerce, and enjoy her peace. But, oh, the glorious contradictions in human history! This land of political freedom—this ark of refuge for the persecuted of all nations—the republic whose banner was freedom, and in whose cities European freethinkers published their works—was itself disturbed by theological faction. The persecuted Jews might flock from Spain and Portugal—the synagogue might rear itself beside the church—the Protestants of France and Belgium were welcomed as brothers and citizens; but arrived there, the fugitives might witness, even there, the implacable war of party. Toleration was afforded to political freethinking, and to the diversities of religion; but, within the pale of the state-religion, malice and all uncharitableness were daily witnessed. There the Gomarists and Arminians disputed concerning the infallibility of their doctrines, and cloaked their political ambition under evangelical protestations.†

This was the state of things on the appearance of the "Tractatus." Spinoza, seeing the deplorable dissensions of the theologians, endeavored to make evident the necessity of a state religion, which, without absolutely imposing or interfering with private creeds, should regulate all outward observances. Because as it is the office of the state to watch over all that concerns the common welfare, so should it watch over the church, and direct it ac-

ording to the general wish. But two things perfectly distinct must not here be confounded, viz., liberty of observance and liberty of thought. The latter is independent of all civil power; but the former must be subject to it, for the sake of the public tranquillity.

Although this portion of the "Tractatus" could not have met with general approbation, yet it would scarcely have raised violent dissensions, had Spinoza confined himself to such speculation; but, anticipating the rationalism of modern Germans, he undertook a criticism of the Bible, and attacked the institution of priesthood as injurious to the general welfare. The consequences were as might have been expected: the book was at once condemned, and forbidden to be received in almost every country. This, as usual, only gave a greater stimulus to curiosity, and the sensation the work produced may be judged of by the quantity of "refutations" which appeared. Many were the artifices used to introduce it into the various countries. An edition was published at Leyden, under this title, "Dan. Hensii Operum Historico-rum, collectio prima. Edit. II., priori editione multo emendatior et auctior; accedunt quædam hactenus inedita." This was reprinted at Amsterdam as "Henriquez de Villacorta. M. Dr. a cubiculo Philippi IV., Caroli II., archiatri Opera chirurgica omnia, sub auspiciis potentissimi Hispaniarum regis." This absurd title was adopted to pass it into Spain. Another edition in French, called "La Clef du Sanctuaire," was published at Leyden in 1678, and in Amsterdam as "Traité des Cérémonies des Juifs," and again as "Reflexions curieuses d'un esprit désintéressé."

Spinoza's devotion to study, with its concurrent abstemiousness and want of exercise, soon undermined his constitution; but he never complained. He suffered that, as he had suffered every thing else—in silence. Once only a hint escapes him. "If my life be continued," he writes to a friend respecting a promise to explain certain matters. No plaint—no regret—merely a condition put upon a promise. He was a calm, brave man; he could confront disease and death, as he had confronted poverty and persecution. Bravery of the highest kind distinguished him through life, and was not likely to fail him on the quitting it; and yet beneath that calm, cold stoicism, there was a childlike gayety springing from a warm and sympathizing heart. His character was made up of generous simplicity and heroic forbearance.

* Compare Arnold. "Introductory Lectures on Modern History." Appendix to the first Lecture.

† Saintes. "Hist. de la Vie de Spinoza."—P. 63.

He could spare somewhat from even his scanty pittance to relieve the wretched. He taught the learned world the doctrines he had elaborated with endless toil; but he taught children to be regular in their attendance on divine service. He would question his host and hostess, on their return from church, respecting the sermon they had heard, and the benefit they had derived. He had no unwise proselytism which would destroy convictions in minds unfitted to receive others. One day his hostess asked him if he believed that she could be saved by her religion. He answered, "Your religion is a good one—you ought not to seek another, nor doubt that yours will procure your salvation, provided you add to your piety the tranquil virtues of domestic life." Words full of wisdom, springing from an affectionate and experienced mind.

So lived the Jew, Spinoza. So he developed his own nature, and assisted the development in others. Given up to philosophy, he found in it "its own exceeding great reward." His only relaxations were his pipe, receiving visitors, chatting to the people of his house, and watching spiders fight. This last amusement would make the tears roll down his cheeks with laughter.

The commencement of the year 1677 found him near his end. The phthisis, which he had suffered from for twenty years, now alarmingly increased. On Sunday, the 22nd February, he insisted on his kind host and hostess leaving him, and attending divine service, as he would not permit his illness to obstruct their devotions. They obeyed. On their return he talked with them about the sermon, and ate some broth with a good appetite. After dinner his friends returned to church, leaving the physician with him. When they came home they learnt, with sorrow and surprise, that he had expired about three o'clock, in the presence of the physician, who seized what money there was on the table, together with a silver-handled knife, and left the body without further care. So died, in his forty-fifth year, in the full vigor and maturity of his intellect, Benedict Spinoza. "Offer up with me a lock of hair to the manes of the holy but repudiated Spinoza!" exclaims the pious Schleiermacher. "The great spirit of the world penetrated him; the Infinite was his beginning and his end; the universe his only and eternal love. He was filled with religion and religious feeling; and therefore it is that he stands alone, unapproachable: the master in his art, but elevated

above the profane world, without adherents, and without even citizenship."*

The purely metaphysical portion of his system had few adherents until the modern German speculators proclaimed his greatness; but since Jacobi, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, there has been no Leipsig fair that has not shown its essay for or against Spinoza: and three or four translations of his works already exist. In France he has also lately attracted some attention, and from influential quarters. In England a few solitary students have gratefully acknowledged his excellence; but the regular professors, such as Reid, Stewart, Brown, Mackintosh, Mill, &c., make no pretension to an acquaintance with him. Yet there are few names in the history of philosophy more worthy of a serious consideration.

The two works placed at the head of this article will not occupy us long; they are the last results of French and German investigation on the subject which have come to hand. The *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Spinoza*, by Amand Saintes, is a pleasant and useful book to those who have no other on the subject, and are too idle to study the original. He is evidently a young man, and an earnest one. The work is a labor of love, and has cost him some trouble, though not all that his lavish display would imply: but the grasp of his mind is feeble; his vision dull; and the criticisms and remarks mostly puerile; which on such a subject is insupportable. With all its faults the work is pleasant and useful, in default of others. The author has collected a reasonable quantity of materials which he has somewhat diffusely arranged, and has attempted to trace Spinoza's doctrines through French and German philosophy; in this latter portion he has not been successful. But on the whole, to those knowing *nothing* of the subject, the work will bring much; to those already instructed, little.

The German translation by Auerbach is a valuable work. It also is a labor of love, and has not been attempted without due preparation. The "Life" which precedes it is the most complete yet published; and to it M. Saintes is mostly indebted for his "Memoir." As a translation it is not unexceptionable; but considering the difficulty of such a work, and the general ability of the present, a few oversights may be pardoned. Having thus cleared our critical consciences, it only remains for us to acknowledge our general obligation to these

* Schleiermacher: "Rede über die Religion," p. 47.

two works, as well as to Colérus and Bou-lainvillers, for the biographic materials with which we have constructed our feeble image of Spinoza, and his ways of life; and we will now pass on to the second and more important portion of our task, and endeavor to set before the reader some faint outline of the result and spirit of the "Ethics" of this wonderful man.

To understand Spinoza it is absolutely necessary to understand his master, Des Cartes; it is not only indispensable, therefore, that we should give a brief characteristic of the philosophy of the latter, but it will also be the shortest and readiest introduction to our exposition. Almost simultaneously with Bacon, in England, did Des Cartes, in Holland, commence a reform in philosophy. Both were disgusted with the vain sciences and verbal subtleties which then infested the learned world; both were strongly impressed with the conviction that their predecessors and contemporaries were pursuing a wrong method; and both set themselves to the introduction of a new one. How Bacon attempted this the world knows. How did Des Cartes attempt it?

The Reformation (which was the vehement protest of mankind that Authority was no longer the grounds of belief, but that Reason alone could claim that title) had stirred all minds to new and vigorous action; and the philosophy of Des Cartes is the most striking product of the newly-enfranchised Reason. Dissatisfied both with the skepticism and the dogmatism he saw around him; unable to find firm ground in any of the prevalent systems; distracted by doubts of every thing high and low, holy or trivial; mistrusting the conclusions of his own understanding, and seeing that his own senses often deceived him, he resolved to make a *tabula rasa*, and reconstruct his knowledge. He resolved to examine the pretensions of every conclusion, and to believe nothing but upon the clear evidence of his reason. He began by universal doubt. He not only cleared his mind of all its previous stock of opinions, but pushed his doubts to the very verge of self-annihilation. There he stopped; there in Self—in his own Consciousness—he found an irresistible fact, an irreversible certainty. He could doubt the existence of the external world, and treat it as a phantasm; he could doubt the existence of God, and treat it as a superstition; but of the existence of his thinking, doubting mind, no doubt was possible. He, the doubter, existed, if nothing else existed. Hence his world-famous *Cogito, ergo sum*: I think, therefore I am.

I exist. No doubt can darken such a truth; no sophism can confuse this foundation of all possible knowledge. This is a certainty, if there be none other; this is the starting point and basis of all science. But whence this certainty?—from *consciousness*. Consciousness, then, is the basis of all truth: there is none other possible. Interrogate Consciousness, and its clear replies will be Science. On examining my Consciousness with this view, I find that not only do I exist, but that I am miserably finite and imperfect. By my finitude, therefore, I am conscious of not being the All; by my imperfection, of my not being the Best. Yet an infinite and perfect Being must exist, for infinity and perfection are implied as co-relations to my *ideas* of finitude and perfection. The Infinite and Perfect can be none other than God. God therefore exists; his existence is clearly proclaimed in my Consciousness, and can no more be a matter of doubt than can my own existence.

God, being perfect, cannot deceive us; it is we who deceive ourselves, by taking vague and confused ideas for clear and true ones. To guide us in the pursuit of truth these four rules are indispensable:

1. Never to accept any thing as true but what is evidently so; to admit nothing into the mind but what so clearly and distinctly presents itself as true that there can be no reason to doubt it,—(Independence of authority.)

2. To divide every question into as many separate questions as possible; that each part being more easily conceived, the whole may become more intelligible,—(Analysis.)

3. To conduct the examination with order, beginning by that of objects the most simple and therefore the easiest to be known, and ascending little by little up to knowledge of the most complex,—(Synthesis.)

4. To make such exact calculations, and such circumspections, as to be confident that nothing essential has been omitted.

Thus did Des Cartes, from the ground of consciousness, reconstruct the belief in his own existence, and in the existence of God and of the world. It was a great scheme, and in his day an important one. Amidst the chaos of opinions a ground of certainty was needed; Des Cartes found one in Consciousness. Amidst the universal pretensions and universal barrenness of philosophy a Method was needed: Des Cartes attempted one. A Method is the vital principle of all science; it is only by Method that science is possible; it seeks to estab-

ish the *logical perfection* of all the mind already knows, leading thereby to all attainable knowledge. The mind can never penetrate causes; there are facts forever placed beyond its conception; its boundaries are fixed, and fixed by its own nature. But within the limits of its power, a logical perfection is possible—is necessary. No one doubts for an instant, that as we know many facts, and yet by not being able to reduce them to their special laws, and those special laws to more general laws, these facts are merely facts to us, and not *science*; so also have we many ideas which are isolated and barren from want of orderly arrangement, from want of proper co-ordination to other ideas; and could these ideas once attain their logical perfection (*i. e.*, complete precision, and established relation amongst each other), all knowledge would then be but a matter of regular development of one method; precisely, as in the physical world, when once all the *laws* were discovered, the task of reducing every fact, new or old, under its separate law, would be the sole aim of philosophy.

This Des Cartes attempted, and the rules he laid down for that purpose are admirable, though more easily prescribed than followed. The same may be said of Bacon's rules.

Let us remark, however, that the *Method* of Bacon, though not without a certain resemblance in its language to that of Des Cartes, is radically opposed to it in spirit. As the latter adopted the *à priori* road, and started from generals to descend to particulars, so Bacon reversely adopted the *à posteriori*, and started from particulars to ascend gradually, and not *per saltum*, to generals. This opposition is not more visible in their writings than in their tendencies and results. From Des Cartes sprang Spinoza, Malebranche, De la Forge, Arnauld, Leibnitz, Wolff, Kant, Hegel, &c.: from Bacon the whole school of scientific men, the materialists, Scotch physiologists, and political economists. Plain as these tendencies are—plain as are the distinctions of the two Methods, there have not been men wanting to confound them. Thus M. Victor Cousin, who has given considerable attention to the history of philosophy, says—

“Voyons maintenant ce qu'a fait notre Des Cartes. Il a précisément établi en France la même méthode que l'Angleterre a voulu attribuer exclusivement à Bacon; et il l'a établie avec moins de grandeur d'imagination dans le style, mais avec la supériorité de précision qui caractérisera toujours celui qui ne se contente

pas de tracer les règles, mais qui les met lui-même en pratique et donne l'exemple avec le précepte.”*

M. Cousin then quotes the four rules given above as constituting the Method of Des Cartes, which, he says, is precisely that of Bacon. In this, as it seems to us, he has been led away by analogies, and cheated himself with verbal resemblances. Had the language been *verbatim* the same in both authors, we should still have pointed to their works in confutation; and we cannot conceive how M. Cousin should not have seen the essential *difference* of the *nature of the evidence* required by the two thinkers: Des Cartes demanding no more than a *clear conception*; and Bacon demanding a *patient induction from carefully ascertained phenomena*. This distinction will be more fully manifested in Spinoza. M. Cousin overlooked Bacon's constant and energetic denouncement of ontology as producing nothing but “cobwebs of learning, admirable indeed for the fineness of thread and work, but of no substance or profit;” while with Des Cartes ontology was the alpha and omega of all science. Yet M. Cousin subsequently says, “Bacon et Des Cartes sont comme les deux pôles opposés du xvii. siècle: leur rapport, leur point de réunion est dans la méthode qui leur est commune.” M. Cousin thinks that because both recommend Caution, Analysis, and Synthesis, that therefore their method must be the same, though directed to different objects; a misconception, we think, of the very nature of Method, which is not an *instrument* (like the hand) that can be applied to all matters indifferently, but a *path of transit*,† leading only to one end, and from which to wander is to fall into error. There are many roads, but there is only one leading to the truth.

We have noticed this point because we regret to see a want of just appreciation of Bacon still prevalent, in spite of the vague and extravagant eulogies poured forth from time to time on this our greatest thinker. It was his merit to have built no system. Convinced that systems were anticipations of the result of long and laborious inquiry, and seeing that the one thing then needful was a Method by which the inquirer should be led to the truth, he directed his vast intellect to the development of one which succeeding generations have been guided by. He did not promulgate a science, but

* “Cours de Phil.,” tome ii. leçon 3.

† *Methodos*, as Coleridge points out, means, both etymologically and philosophically, a path of transit.

the conditions of all science. His own contributions to science were insignificant; his knowledge on many points was inaccurate; his application of his own precepts was imperfect; but his perception of the connexion and condition of all sciences, was such as even at the present day to fill the mind with astonishment.

A celebrated writer in the "Edinburgh Review," in an article on Bacon which excited some attention, has pronounced the aim and scope of his writings to be distinguished from ancient philosophy by being *useful*.—"his aim was to supply our vulgar wants." This, it must be owned, is neither the distinguishing characteristic of Bacon, nor the aim of any science, except in a very subordinate degree. The art of navigation is unquestionably useful, and is a product of the science of astronomy; but neither that, nor any other use to which astronomy may be applied, was the aim of astronomers. There are higher wants than our "vulgar" ones; there are other motives than utilitarian ones; there are other cravings than those of the senses: and these are the cravings of the intellect. Science owes its origin to the appetite for intellectual food; and to satisfy that appetite it is still pursued. Other uses flow from it, but do not thereby constitute its aim. Health results from exercise, but enjoyment is the *motive* ; and the nerves stimulate to that enjoyment, as the mind stimulates the philosopher to seek truth.*

Having characterized Bacon's philosophy as that of Utility, the reviewer proceeds to combat his claim to that Method which the world has enlorged. There could be no merit, it is said, in inventing such a Method, because every one always reasons, though unconsciously, on the strict principles of *induction* ; it was practised before it was known. We answer: is the law of Association of Ideas no discovery because ideas were associated before it was discovered? We answer further: is there no difference between the Baconian, or complete, induction, and that of the hasty unconscious reasoner;—between *seeking* the conditions of arriving at the truth, and *accepting* such as spontaneously offer;—between an *experimentum crucis* , and data immediately at

* Let us be just, however. The reviewer, though relying on Utility as Bacon's characteristic, afterwards says that ancient philosophy concerned itself with the impossible, and Bacon's with the possible. To this we agree; but it was incumbent on the critic to show *how* ancient philosophy was impossible, and where the chasm between the possible and impossible commences: this he did not attempt.

hand? "The mind has a yearning which makes it dart forward to generalities that it may have something to rest in; and after a little dallying with experience becomes weary of it:"* and to correct this yearning was Bacon's object.

To return from this, we hope not unnecessary, digression, the reader will appreciate the effect of Des Cartes' writings on Spinoza when they fell into his way, especially if he recalls the critical period at which Spinoza first met with them. He was then striving to solve for himself the inexplicable riddle of the universe. He had penetrated deep into the science of the Cabbala; he had been assisted by the learned Morteira; but wise in all the wisdom of the Jews, he was still at an immeasurable distance from the desired solution. Des Cartes captivated him no less by the boldness of his logic than by the independent nature of his method, which sought truth in the inner world of man, and not in the outward world, nor in the records of authority. He studied with avidity; but he soon found that there also the riddle remained unsolved. He found the fact of his own existence superfluously demonstrated; but the far greater existence in which his own was included—of which the great All was but a varied manifestation—of this he could find no demonstration. *Cogito, ergo sum* is irresistible, but *Cogito, ergo Deus est* is no syllogism. The solution of the problem of the τὸ ὄν καὶ τὸ εἶναι—the one immutable Being on whom all things depend, had still to be discovered.

Spinoza, therefore, leaving Des Cartes, asked himself—What is the *noumenon* which lies beneath all *phenomena* ? We see everywhere transformations perishable and perishing; yet there must be something beneath which is imperishable, immutable; what is it? We see a wondrous universe peopled with wondrous beings, yet none of these beings exist *per se* , but *per aliud* : they are not the authors of their own existence; they do not rest upon their own reality, but on a greater reality—on that of the τὸ εἶναι καὶ τὸ πᾶν. What is this reality?

This question, successively asked by every thinker, and to which philosophy has only stammered forth replies—from the "Water" of Thales to the "Absolute" of Hegel—this question, Spinoza thought, could not be answered by the idea of Perfection. No: the great reality of all existence is Substance. Not substance in the

gross and popular sense of "body" or "matter," but that which is *substantia*—which is standing under all phenomena, supporting and giving them reality. What is a phenomenon?—an appearance, a thing perceived: a state of the perceiving mind. But what originates this perception—what changes the mind from its prior to its present state? *Something*, external and extrinsic, changes it. What is this something? What it *is*, in itself, we can never know: because to know it would bring it under the forms and conditions of the mind, *i. e.* would constitute it a phenomenon—unknown, therefore, but not denied—this *ens*—this something, *is*; and this Kant calls *noumenon*. This Spinoza calls Substance.

All science, as all existence, must start from *one* principle, which must be the ground of all. What is this commencement—this *αρχή*? Perfection, replies Des Cartes. No, says Spinoza, Perfection is an attribute of something prior to it. Substance is the *αρχή*. Des Cartes, in common with most philosophers, had assumed a duality: he had assumed a God and a real world created by God. Substance, to him, was by no means the primal fact of all existence; on the contrary, he maintained that both Extension and Thought were Substances; in other words, that mind and matter were distinct independent Substances, different in essence, and united only by God. Spinoza affirmed that both Extension and Thought were no more than Attributes; and by a subtle synthesis he reduced the duality of Des Cartes to his own all-embracing unity, and thus arrived at a conception of the One.

The absolute Existence—the Substance—(call it what you will) is God. From Him all individual concrete existences arise. All that exists, exists in and by God; and can only thus be conceived. Here, then, thought he, the mystery of the world begins to unfold itself to the patient thinker; he recognises God as the fountain of life; he sees in the universe nothing but the manifestation of God; the finite rests upon the bosom of the infinite; the inconceivable variety resolves itself into unity. There is but one reality, and that is God.

Such was Spinoza's solution of the problem: upon this he felt he could repose in peace, and upon this only. To live with God—to know God with perfect knowledge, was the highest point of human development and happiness; and to this he consecrated his life. Taking the words of St. Paul, "In Him we live, move, and have

our being," as his motto, he undertook to trace the relations of the world to God and to man, and those of man to society. His "Tractacus" and "Ethica," were the great results of that endeavor.

Having mastered this first principle of all science, he proceeded to demonstrate it; and very properly adopted the method of the mathematicians. To this demonstration we are about to lead our readers, and only beg of them a little steady attention and a little patient thought, convinced that they will then have little difficulty in finding their way in this abstrusest of all subjects. We shall translate some portion of the "Ethica" with the utmost care, because we think it every way advisable that the reader should have Spinoza's own mode of statement, and thereby be enabled to watch his method of deducing his conclusions from his premises. The work opens with eight

DEFINITIONS.

- I. By Cause of itself I understand that, the essence of which involves existence; or that, the nature of which can only be considered as existent.*
 - II. A thing finite is that which can be limited (*terminari potest*) by another thing of the same nature, *e. g.*, body is said to be finite because it can always be conceived as larger. So thought is limited by other thoughts. But body does not limit thought, nor thought limit body.
 - III. By Substance I understand that which is in itself, and is conceived *per se*: that is, the conception of which does not require the conception of any thing else as antecedent to it.
 - IV. By Attribute I understand that which the mind perceives as constituting the very essence of Substance.
 - V. By Modes I understand the accidents (*affectiones*) of Substance; or, that which is in something else, through which also it is conceived.
 - VI. By God I understand the Being absolutely infinite; *i. e.*, the substance consisting of infinite Attributes, each of which expresses an infinite and eternal essence.
- Explication.* I say absolutely infinite, but not *suo genere*; for to whatever is infinite but not in *suo genere*, we can deny infinite Attributes; but that which is absolutely infinite, to its essence pertains every thing which implies essence, and involves no negation.
- VII. That thing is said to be free which exists by the sole necessity of its nature, and by

* This is an important definition, as it gets rid of the verbal perplexity hitherto felt relative to an "endless chain of causes." The doubter might always ask the cause of the first cause in the series; but here, by identifying cause and existence, Spinoza very properly annihilates the sophism.

itself alone is determined to action. But that is necessary, or rather constrained, which owes its existence to another, and acts according to certain and determinate causes.

VIII. By Eternity I understand Existence itself, in as far as it is conceived necessarily to follow from the sole definition of an eternal thing.

These are the definitions: they need not long be dwelt on, but must frequently be recurred to hereafter; above all, no objection ought to be raised against them, as unusual or untrue, for they are the meanings of various terms in constant use with Spinoza, and he has a right to use them as he pleases, provided he does not afterwards depart from this use, which he is careful not to do. We now come to the seven

AXIOMS.

- I. Every thing which is, is in itself, or in some other thing.
- II. That which cannot be conceived through another—*per aliud*—must be conceived *per se*.
- III. From a given determinate cause the effect necessarily follows; and *vice versa*, if no determinate cause be given no effect can follow.
- IV. The knowledge of an effect depends on the knowledge of the cause, and includes it.
- V. Things that have nothing in common with each other, cannot be understood by means of each other, *i. e.*, the conception of one does not involve the conception of the other.
- VI. A true idea must agree with its original in nature (*idea vera debet cum suo ideato convenire*.)
- VII. Whatever can be clearly conceived as non-existent, does not, in its essence involve existence.

These axioms at once command assent, if we except the fourth, which, because it is ambiguous, has been thought absurd; but the truth is, that the opposite conceptions now prevalent respecting cause and effect, prevent a real appreciation of this axiom. Mr. Hallam goes so far as to say, "It seems to be in this fourth axiom, and in the proposition grounded upon it, that the fundamental fallacy lurks. The relation between a cause and effect is surely something perfectly different, from our perfect comprehension of it, or indeed from our having any knowledge of it at all; much less can the contrary assertion be deemed axiomatic."* There is a want of subtlety in this criticism, as well as a want of comprehension of Spinoza's doctrines; and we wonder it never suggested itself that the modern notions of cause and effect

Introd. to Lit. of Europe, iv. p. 246.

do not correspond with the Spinozistic system. In the above axiom it is not meant that there are 70 effects manifested to us of which we do not also know the causes—it is not meant that a man receiving a blow in the dark is not aware of that blow (effect), though ignorant of the immediate cause. What is meant is, that a complete and comprehensive knowledge of the effect is only to be obtained through a complete and comprehensive knowledge of the cause. If you would know the effect in its totality—in itself—you must know also the cause in its totality. This is obvious; for what is an effect? An effect is a cause realized; it is the *natura naturans* conceived as *natura naturata*. We call the antecedent, cause, and the sequent, effect, but these are merely relative conceptions; the sequence itself is antecedent to some subsequent change, and the former antecedent was once only a sequent to its cause; and so on. Causation is change; when the change is completed, we name the result effect. It is only a matter of naming. But inciting this change, causing it as we say, there is some power (cause) in nature; to know this effect, therefore,—that is, not merely to have a relative conception of our own condition consequent on it, but to comprehend this power, this reality, to penetrate its mystery, to see it in its totality,—you must know what the effect is, and how it is; you must know its point of departure, and its point of destination; in a word, you must transcend the knowledge of phenomena, and acquire that of *noumena*. In a popular sense we are said to know effects, but to be ignorant of causes. Truly, we are ignorant of both—and equally ignorant. A knowledge of sequences we have, and of nothing more. The vital power determining these sequences we name, but cannot know; we may call it attraction, heat, electricity, polarization, &c.; but, having named, we have not explained it.

This is what Spinoza implicitly teaches; and had Mr. Hallam attended only to what the very next axiom proclaims, viz., that things have nothing in common with each other, cannot be understood by means of each other, *i. e.*, the conception of one not involving the conception of the other—he would have understood Spinoza's meaning: for, if effect be *different* from cause, then its conception does not involve the conception of cause; but if it be the *same* as cause, then does the one conception involve that of the other; *ergo*, the more complete the knowledge of the one, the more complete the knowledge of the other.

The reader will bear this in mind when studying Spinoza.

We will now proceed to the

PROPOSITIONS.

PROP. I. Substance is prior in nature to its accidents.

Demonstration. Per Definitions 3 and 5.

PROP. II. Two Substances having different Attributes, have nothing in common with each other.

Demonst. This follows from Def. 3; for each Substance must be conceived in itself and through itself; in other words, the conception of one does not involve the conception of the other.

PROP. III. Of things which have nothing in common, one cannot be the cause of the other.

Demonst. If they have nothing in common, then (per Axiom 5) they cannot be conceived by means of each other; ergo (per Axiom 4) one cannot be the cause of the other.—Q. E. D.

PROP. IV. Two or more distinct things are distinguished among themselves either through the diversity of their Attributes, or through that of their Modes.

Demonst. Every thing which is, is in itself or in some other thing (per Axiom 1), that is (per Def. 3 and 5), there is nothing out of ourselves (*extra intellectum*) but Substance and its Modes. There is nothing out of ourselves whereby things can be distinguished amongst one another, except Substances, or (which is the same thing, per Def. 4*) their Attributes and Modes.

PROP. V. It is impossible that there should be two or more Substances of the same nature, or of the same Attribute.

Demonst. If there are many different Substances they must be distinguished by the diversity of their Attributes or of their Modes (per Prop. 4). If only by the diversity of their Attributes, it is thereby conceded that there is nevertheless only one Substance of the same Attribute; but if by their diversity of Modes, then Substance being prior in order of time to its Modes, it must be considered independent of them; that is (per Def. 3 and 6), cannot be conceived as distinguished from another; that is (per Prop. 4), there cannot be many Substances, but only one Substance.—Q. E. D.

PROP. VI. One Substance cannot be created by another Substance.

Demonst. There cannot be two Substances with the same Attributes (per Prop. 5); that is (per Prop. 2), that have any thing in common with each other; and therefore (per Prop. 3) one cannot be the cause of the other.

Corollary. Hence it follows that Substance cannot be created by any thing else. For there

is nothing in nature except Substance and its modes (per Axiom 1, and Def. 3 and 5); now this Substance not being produced by another is self-caused.

Corollary 2. This proposition is more easily to be demonstrated by the absurdity of its contradiction—for if Substance can be produced by any thing else, the conception of it would depend on the conception of the cause (per Axiom 4*), and hence (per Def. 3) it would not be Substance.

PROP. VII. It pertains to the nature of Substance to exist.

Demonst. Substance cannot be produced by any thing else (per Coroll. Prop. 6), and is therefore the cause of itself; i. e. (per Def. 1) its essence necessarily involves existence; or it pertains to the nature of Substance to exist.—Q. E. D.

PROP. VIII. All Substance is necessarily infinite.

Demonst. There exists but one Substance of the same Attribute; and it must either exist as infinite or finite. But not finite, for (per Def. 2) as finite it must be limited by another Substance of the same nature, and in that case there would be two Substances of the same Attribute, which (per Prop. 5) is absurd. Substance, therefore, is infinite.—Q. E. D.

Scholium I. I do not doubt but that to all who judge confusedly of things, and are not wont to inquire into first causes, it will be difficult to admit the demonstration of Prop. 7, because they do not sufficiently distinguish between the modifications of Substances, and Substances themselves, and are ignorant of the manner in which things are produced. Hence it follows, that the commencement which they see natural things have, they attribute to Substances; for he who knows not the true causes of things, confounds all things, and feigns that trees talk like men; that men are formed from stones as well as from seeds, and that all forms can be changed into all other forms. So, also, those who confound the divine nature with the human, naturally attribute human affections to God, especially as they are ignorant of how these affections are produced in the mind. But if men attended to the nature of Substance, they would not in the least doubt Prop. 7; nay, this proposition would be an axiom to all, and would be numbered among common notions. For, by Substance they would understand that which exists in itself, and is conceived through itself; i. e., the knowledge of which does not require the knowledge of any thing antecedent to it.† But by modification they would un-

* In the original, by a slip of the pen, Axiom 4 is referred to instead of Def. 4; and Auerbach has followed the error in his translation. We notice it because the reference to Axiom 4 is meaningless, and apt to puzzle the student.

* Here the potency and significance of Axiom 4 begins to unfold itself.

† The reader will bear in mind the result of Des Cartes' philosophy, if he would fully seize Spino-

derstand that which is in another thing, the conception of which is formed by the conception of the thing in which it is, or to which it belongs: we can have, therefore, correct ideas of non-existent modifications, because, although out of the understanding they have no reality, yet their essence is so comprehended in that of another, that they can be conceived through this other. The truth of Substance (out of the understanding) lies nowhere but in itself, because it is conceived *per se*. If, therefore, any one says that he has a distinct and clear idea of Substance, and yet doubt whether such substance exist, this would be as much as to say that he has a true idea, and nevertheless doubts whether it be not false (as a little attention sufficiently manifests); or, if any man affirms Substance to be created, he at the same time affirms that a true idea has become false; than which nothing can be more absurd. Hence it is necessarily confessed that the existence of Substance as well as its essence is an eternal truth. And hence we must conclude that there is only one Substance possessing the same Attribute, which requires here a fuller development. I note, therefore,

1. That the correct definition of a thing includes and expresses nothing but the nature of the thing defined. From which follows,

2. That no definition includes or expresses a distinct number of individuals, because it expresses nothing but the nature of the thing defined; *e. g.*, the definition of a triangle expresses no more than the nature of a triangle, and not any fixed number of triangles.

3. There must necessarily be a distinct cause for the existence of every existing thing.

4. This cause, by reason of which any thing exists, must be either contained in the nature and definition of the existing thing (*viz.* that it pertains to its nature to exist), or else must lie beyond it—must be something different from it.

From these positions it follows, that if a certain number of individuals exist, there must necessarily be a cause why that number and not a larger or smaller number: *e. g.*, if in the world twenty men exist (whom, for greater perspicuity, I suppose to exist at once, no more having previously existed), it will not be sufficient to show

za's meaning and the basis on which it reposes. Des Cartes, as we saw, could find nothing indubitable but existence. Existence was the primal fact of all science; self-evident and indisputable.

the reason why twenty men exist, to point to human nature as the cause: but it will further be necessary to show cause why only twenty men exist: because (per note 3) a cause must be given for the existence of every thing. This cause, however (per notes 2 and 3), cannot be contained in human nature itself, because the true definition of man does not involve the number twenty. Hence (per note 4) the cause why twenty men exist and why each individual exists must lie beyond each of them; and therefore must we absolutely conclude that every thing, the nature of which admits of many individuals, must necessarily have an external cause. As, therefore, it pertains to the nature of Substance to exist, so must its definition include a necessary existence, and consequently from its sole definition we must conclude its existence. But, as from its definition, as already shown in notes 2 and 3, it is not possible to conclude the existence of many Substances, *ergo*, it necessarily follows that only *one* Substance of the same nature can exist.

We must here break off in our translation: we have arrived at the very heart and pith of the system, and have gone far enough to present the method in all its rigor before the reader; an analysis of the principal positions subsequently treated will be all that is now necessary.

There is but one infinite Substance, and that is God. Whatever is, is in God; and without Him, nothing can be conceived. He is the universal Being of which all things are the manifestations. He is the sole Substance; every thing else is a Mode; yet, without Substance, Mode cannot exist. God, viewed under the Attributes of Infinite Substance, is the *natura naturans*—viewed as a manifestation, as the Modes under which his Attributes appear, he is the *natura naturata*. He is the cause of all things, and that immanently, but not transiently. He has two infinite Attributes—Extension and Thought. Extension is visible Thought; and Thought is invisible Extension: they are the Objective and Subjective of which God is the Identity. Every *thing* is a mode of God's Attribute of Extension; every *thought*, wish, or feeling, a mode of his Attribute of Thought. That Extension and Thought are not Substances, as Des Cartes maintained, is obvious from this: that they are not conceived *per se*, but *per aliud*. *Something* is extended: what is? Not the Extension itself, but something prior to it, *viz.* Substance. Substance is uncreated, but creates by the internal necessity of its nature. There

may be many existing things, but only one existence; many forms, but only one Substance. God is the "*idea immanens*"—the One and All.

Such is a brief outline of the fundamental doctrine of Spinoza: and now we ask the reader, can he reconcile the fact of this being a most religious philosophy, with the other fact of its having been almost universally branded with Atheism? Is this intelligible? Yes; three causes present themselves at once. I. The readiness with which that term of obloquy has been applied to opponents from time immemorial; to Socrates as to Gottlob Fichte. II. The obscurity of party vision, and the rashness of party judgment. III. The use of the ambiguous word Substance, whereby God was confounded with the material world.

This last point is the most important, and deserves attention. To say God is the infinite Substance, does look, at first sight, like the grossest Atheism of the D'Holbach school; but no one could ever have read twenty pages of Spinoza, without perceiving that this was but a misunderstanding; for he expressly teaches that God is *not* corporeal, but that body is a Mode of Extension. No: God is not the material universe, but the universe is one aspect of his infinite Attribute of Extension; he is the *identity* of the *natura naturans*, and the *natura naturata*.^{*} To the same thought Aristotle points: he admits *ὕλη*, matter, *μορφή*, form, and the synthesis of these two *οὐσία*. With Spinoza the *οὐσία* is God.

It is a mere verbal resemblance, therefore, this of Spinozism to Atheism; but the history of philosophy shows too many instances of the errors of language erected into errors of fact, to astonish any reader. It was our place to point out the error, which we trust has been done; and the following passage from Schelling's "*Philosophische Schriften*," accurately draws the distinction between Pantheism and Atheism:—

"God is that which exists in itself and is comprehended from itself alone; the finite is that which is necessarily in another and can only be comprehended from that other. Things therefore are not only in degree, or through their

^{*} "*Natura naturans et natura naturata in identitate Deus est.*" It must be borne in mind, that *identity* does not (as in common usage) mean *sameness*, but the root from which spring two opposite stems, and in which they have a common life. Man, for instance, is the identity of soul and body; water is the identity of oxygen and hydrogen. Great mistakes are constantly being made, owing to overlooking this distinction of vulgar and philosophical terms.

limitations different from God but *toto genere*. Whatever their relation to God on other points, they are absolutely divided from him on this, that they exist in another and he is self-existent or original. From this difference it is manifest that all individual finite things taken together cannot constitute God; since that which is in its nature *derived* cannot be one with its original, any more than the single points of a circumference taken together can constitute the circumference, which as a whole is of necessity prior to them in idea."

We here conclude our exposition of Spinoza's theology—one of the most extraordinary efforts of the speculative faculty which history has revealed to us. We have witnessed the mathematical rigor with which it is developed; we have followed him step by step, dragged onwards by his irresistible logic; and yet the final impression left on our minds is, that the system has a *logical* but not a *vital* truth. We shrink back from the consequences whither it so irresistibly leads us; we gaze over the abyss to the edge of which we have been dragged, and seeing nought but chaos and despair, we refuse to build our temples there. We retrace our steps with hurried earnestness, to see if no false route has been taken; we examine every one of his positions, to see if there be not some secret error, parent of all other errors. Arrived at the starting-point, we are forced to confess that we have found no error—that each conclusion is but the development of antecedent positions: and yet the mind refuses to accept the conclusions.

This, then, is the state of the inquirer: he sees a vast chain of reasoning carried on with the strictest rigor. He has not been dazzled by rhetoric, nor confused by illustrations. There has been no artful appeal to his prejudices or passions; he has been treated as a reasoning being, and has no more been able to doubt the positions, after once understanding the definitions and axioms, than he is able to doubt the positions of Euclid. And yet we again say that the conclusions are repugned, refused; they are not the truth the inquirer has been seeking; they are no expressions of the thousand-fold life whose enigma he has been endeavoring to solve.

Unable, himself, to see where this discrepancy lies, he turns with impatience to the works of others, and seeks in criticisms and refutations an outlet from his difficulty. But—and it is a curious point in the history of philosophy—he finds that this bold and extraordinary thinker has never been refuted by any one meeting him on his own ground. Men have taken up separate pro-

positions, and having wrenched them from their connexion with the whole system, have easily shown them to be quite at variance with the systems of the refuters. This is easy work. On the other hand, the inquirer finds that the great metaphysicians of Germany adopt Spinoza's fundamental positions; differing with him only on points of detail or of language. In their works the consequences do not look so appalling, because they are adorned with lofty names and splendid eloquence; but the difference is only verbal. Is there, then, no alternative? Must I accept Spinoza's system, repugnant as it is? Such is the inquirer's perplexity.

We will endeavor to lead him out of it—we will endeavor to point out the fundamental error of Spinozism. In doing so, we are aware that a charge of gross presumption would be merited by us, did not the very nature of philosophical inquiry imply an infinitely higher presumption. The human reason that can dare attempt to solve the problems of philosophy, may well be pardoned any boldness in examining the errors of others.

It is our firm conviction that no believer in Ontology,* as a *possible* science, can escape the all-embracing dialectic of Spinoza. To him who believes that the human mind can know *noumena*, as well as *phenomena*—who accepts the verdict of the mind as not merely the *relative* truth, but also the *perfect, absolute* truth—we see nothing, humanly speaking, but Spinozism as a philosophical refuge. For, observe, to believe in the *possibility* of knowing "things in themselves" (and not simply their appearances to us), which is the ontological assumption, you must also believe with Spinoza that every *clear idea* is the *actual* and *total image* of some thing as it exists in external nature. If you do not believe that your knowledge is *absolute*, and not simply *relative*, you have no sort of ground for the belief in the possibility of ontology. Spinoza says—and every ontologist who would be consequent must also say it—that the *subjective idea* is the complete and actual image of the *objective fact*; and this not

* For the sake of precision, we are forced to use this somewhat unusual word; metaphysics, though originally employed in the sense of ontology, has since become indiscriminately applied to many other portions of inquiry: and we have not uncommonly seen the ludicrous title of "Scotch metaphysics" applied to the psychology of Stewart, Brown, &c. It is needless to say, that ontology means the science of *being*, as distinguished from *phenomena*—a discourse on the *nature* of things, apart from their *appearances*.

merely relative—*quâ* subject, but also *quâ* object.

Never was language more explicit than Spinoza's on this point; to him it not only forms the basis of all science, but he deems it necessary specially to enforce it as such, in various passages. In the scholium to Prop. viii., he lays it down as a fundamental rule, that the correct definition of a thing expresses the nature of that thing, and nothing but its nature. We cannot but admire the consistency of this: he grapples boldly with the very difficulty of the science he is endeavoring to establish. It is obvious that, to know things which are *beyond* appearances (*τα μὲν τὰ φυσικά*), which transcend the sphere of sense—we must know them as they *are* (*τα φυσικά*), and not as they are *under the conditions of sense*. Spinoza at once pronounces that we can so know them. He says: whatever I clearly know is true; true not merely in reference to my conception of it, but in reference to the thing known. In other words, the mind is a mirror reflecting things as they are. This necessary assumption, which lies at the root of all ontology, Des Cartes first distinctly brought to light as the basis of all inquiry. Whatever was clearly in Consciousness he accepted as the truth: "Hâc igitur detectâ veritate simul etiam invenit omnium scientiarum fundamentum: ac etiam omnium aliarum veritatem mensuram ac regulam; scilicet quicquid tam clare ac distincte percipitur quàm istud verum est."*

Now this doctrine, forced upon Des Cartes and Spinoza, and implied in the very nature of their inquiries, seems to us so false as only to require statement to be refuted. It mistakes a relative truth for an universal one. There can be no doubt—as regards myself—consciousness is the clear and articulate voice of truth; but it by no means follows, therefore, that—as regards not-self—consciousness is a perfect mirror reflecting what is, *as it is*. To suppose the mind such a mirror, is obviously to take a metaphor for a fact. "The human understanding," as one of the greatest thinkers finely said, "is like an unequal mirror to rays of things, which, mixing its own nature with the nature of things, distorts and perverts them."†

This truth, so luminously expressed, it remained for after ages to appreciate. It has now become an universal axiom, that the mind can never know the *essences* of things, but only their appearances—which

* Princip. Phil., p. 4.

† Nov. Org.

is as much as saying that the mind can know nothing but its own ideas; and yet, by a curious perversion, the subjects of ontological speculation are still thought cognizable, and still occupy many a restless mind! With subtle truth is the Greek word for opinion the same as appearance (*δόξα*); and the more we meditate this matter, the more we shall be convinced of it. What is perception? A state of the *perceiving mind*—a change from a previous state. We are conscious of these changes, and to their exciting causes we give forms and names; but we are not conscious of any thing *beyond* these changes—*i. e.* external to our own consciousness. Turn it how you will, there is nothing in the *fact of consciousness* but consciousness itself. Being and knowing are here one; to *know* more, would involve the necessity to be more.

Some of the ancients supposed that things threw off airy forms of themselves, which were grasped by the mind as the things themselves were grasped by the hand. This rude hypothesis was soon felt to be inapplicable; and a further step in the philosophy of perception was taken, when it was explained by the mind reflecting, as a mirror, the images (ideas) of things. A final step was taken, when it was shown that the mind does not contemplate forms as the eye sees them—that the mind is not *apart* from its perceptions, but that it *is* the perceptions—that a perception is a *state of the percipient*, and that mind is the collective unity of these various states. This immortal discovery belongs to Hume; though Spinoza had, in his way, also foreseen it.* If, therefore, an idea is a state of the ideator, and not an image of some external thing, then it follows that it is the mind which “gives the forms to things unknown;” that space—time—extension—light—sound—smell—order—beauty, &c., are not inherent in the essences of things, but are the forms with which Consciousness endows things—are the *states excited in the mind* by external things. This discovery is the glory of modern psychology.

Such has been the progress of the philosophy of perception; and its final result leaves us now no doubt but that the facts of consciousness are purely *relative* and not *absolute* facts. Thus a certain on-going of external nature, when in proper relation with the human retina, excites in the mind

a certain state, called *sight*; another, when in relation with the tympanum, excites the state we call *sound*. These states of sight and sound are relatively true—they are positive facts of consciousness; but they do not at all represent the *actual* nature of the peculiar on-goings *per se*, which excited them. The phenomena have only this relation to us. Light is not light to a flower—it is not what we call light; but it is, nevertheless, *something*. The flower, supposing it to formalize its experience into a definition, would give a very different one from ours; simply because its experience must be different from ours, owing to the different relations in which it stands to the exciting cause. The world, apart from our consciousness—*i. e.* the *non-ego quâ non-ego*—is something utterly different from the world in our consciousness of it, for our consciousness is not *the world in itself*, but a *state of ourselves*. Nature is an eternal darkness, an eternal silence! Light, with its myriad forms and colors—sound, with its thousand-voiced life—are but human phenomena—are but *states of the mind*.

The great mistake lies in taking a metaphor for a fact, and arguing as if the mind were a *mirror*. It is no mirror; it gives no faithful reflection of the world; it gives only a faithful report of its own states, as excited *by the world*. Hence the common error respecting the “deception of the senses.” The senses never deceive us! Whatever popular prejudice, or popular philosophy, may assert, the testimony of the senses is inviolable, and must be accepted as such. Let us prove this by reference to a common instance: a tower appears round at a certain distance, but square when you approach near to it. This, you say, is a deception of the senses? This, we say, is the truth of the senses. To all men, at the former distance, it will appear round, and to all men, at the latter distance, square. This because the senses faithfully report the impressions, and the actual impressions are in the first instance what we call *round*, and in the second what we call *square*. Nothing can be more plain. The impression is a consequence of the relation in which your eye stands to the tower—it is $A+B=C$. When, in walking up to the tower, you change the relation, and alter it to $A+D$, then of course you have another result in E (square); would you have the result the same in both cases? That, indeed, would be a deception of the senses, for A plus B , and A plus D would then both equal C . As it is, the result of the relation is faithfully recorded. At a certain

* Primum quod actuale mentis humanæ esse constituit, quàm idea rei alicujus singularis actu existentis.—*Ethica*, pars ii., prop. xi.

distance the tower appears round, at another, square; it all the while is neither, for round and square are the forms of the mind, and not the constituents of things.

The result of this long but indispensable digression is, that ideas are the images of things as they exist in relation to us, but not the formulæ of things as they exist in themselves. If, therefore, we cannot get deeper than phenomena—if every way we turn a thing we can only get an appearance of it, and cannot absorb its being in our own—how then shall we speculate on things in themselves? If we cannot penetrate the essence of a flower, how shall we penetrate the essence of God?

This consideration, therefore, that the mind is not a passive mirror reflecting the nature of things, but the partial creator of its own forms—that in perception there is nothing but certain changes in the percipient—this consideration, we say, is the destruction of the very basis of Ontology, for it expressly teaches that the subjective idea is not the correlate of the objective fact; and only upon the belief that our ideas are the perfect and adequate images of external things can any metaphysical speculation rest. Misled by the nature of geometry, which draws its truths from the mind, as the spider draws the web from its bosom, Des Cartes assumed that metaphysical truths could be attained in the same way. This was a confusion of reasoning, yet Spinoza, Leibnitz, and their successors, followed him unhesitatingly. Spinoza, however, had read Bacon's denouncement of this *a priori* method, though evidently unprepared to see the truth of the protest. It is curious to read his criticism of Bacon; he looks on it as that writer's great error to have mistaken the knowledge of the first cause and origin of things. On the nature of mind, he says, Bacon speaks very confusedly, and while he proves nothing, judges much. For, in the first place, he supposes that the human intellect, besides the deceptions of the senses, is subject to the deceptions of its own nature, and that it conceives every thing according to the analogies of its own nature, and not according to the analogies of the universe, so that it is like an unequal mirror to the rays of things which mixes the conditions of its own nature with those of external things.*

We look upon Spinoza's aberration as

* "Nam primò supponit, quod intellectus humanus præter fallaciam sensuum suâ solâ naturâ fallitur, omniaque fingit ex analogiâ suæ naturæ et non ex analogiâ universi, aded ut sit instar speculi inæqualis ad radia rerum, qui suam naturam naturæ rerum immiscet."—*Epist.* ii. *Opera*, p. 398.

remarkable, however, because he had also seen that in some sense the subjective was not the absolute expression of the objective: as is proved by his celebrated argument for the destruction of final causes, wherein he showed that order was a thing of the imagination, as were also right and wrong, useful and hurtful—these being merely such in relation to us. Still more striking is his anticipation of Kant, in this passage—"Ex quibus clarè videre est, mensuram, tempus et numerum nihil esse præter cogitandi, seu potius imaginandi modos;" which should have led him to suspect that the same law of mental forms was also applicable to all other subjects.

Thus, then, may the inquirer escape Spinozism by denying the possibility of metaphysical science; thus, and thus only. But in denying it he will not the less be grateful to the great thinker who elaborated it. He will revere him as one of the immortal intellects whose labors cleared the way for the present state of things; and he will affectionately trace the coincidences of Spinoza with those who went before and those who came after him. Pantheism is as old as philosophy. It was taught in the old Greek schools—by Plato, by St. Augustine,* and by the Jews.† Indeed, one may say that pantheism, under one of its various shapes, is the necessary consequence of all metaphysical inquiry, when pushed to its logical limits; and from this reason do we find it in every age and nation. The dreamy contemplative Indian, the quick versatile Greek, the practical Roman, the quibbling Scholastic, the ardent Italian, the lively Frenchman, and the slow Englishman, have all pronounced it as the final truth of philosophy. Wherein consists Spinoza's originality?—what is his merit?—are natural questions, when we see him only lead to the same result as others had before proclaimed. His merit and originality consist in the systematic exposition and development of that doctrine: in his hands, for the first time, it assumes the

* St. Augustine says—"Substantialitèr Deus ubique diffusus est. Sed sic est Deus per cuncta diffusus, ut non sit qualitas mundi, sed substantia creatrix mundi, sine labore regens et sine onere continens mundum. Non tamen per spatia locorum, quasi mole diffusa, ita ut in dimidio mundi corpore sit dimidius, atque ita per totum totus; sed in solo cælo totus, et in solâ terrâ totus, et in cælo et in terrâ totus, et nulla contentus loco, sed in se ipso ubique totus."—(Quoted in Mrs. Austin on Goethe, vol. iii. p. 272.)

† The Cabbalists taught, however, a more vague and fanciful pantheism, founded on material analogies and metaphors.—See Salvador: *Jesus Christ et sa Doctrine*, tome i. p. 122.

aspect of a science. The Greek and Indian pantheism is a vague, fanciful doctrine, carrying with it no scientific conviction; it *may* be true—it looks true—but the proof is wanting. But with Spinoza there is no choice: if you understand his terms, admit the possibility of his science, and seize his meaning, you can no more doubt his conclusions than you can doubt Euclid; no mere opinion is possible, conviction only is possible.

Did, then, Philosophy stop with Spinoza? did it either accept his conclusions, or re-examine their foundations? No: it is one of the sad conditions of metaphysics (or rather of ontology) to have no rest, no repose. Age rolls over age as the wave follows its brother, and each casts upon the shore its glittering foam; only foam, alas! and scattered by the next breeze; dazzling, bewitching, evanescent. It is one of the curious points in the history of humanity, that *methods* are so seldom altered. Each man follows his father, and endeavors to succeed where generations have failed; he never once suspects the nature of the method he employs—that he takes for granted; yet, in most cases, it is precisely there that the cause of failure lies. This explains the slowness of inventions, and the repugnance to novel methods; what has been tried must be the right. When Bo-bo discovered the virtues of roast pig, by the accidental burning of his house, according to that charming philosopher Elia, the only way he could think of again procuring the luxury, was by again burning down his house. "It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever." The secret got abroad; every one was anxious to have his roast pig; and "now there was nothing but fires to be seen in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus, this custom of firing houses continued till, in the process of time (says my manuscript), a sage arose like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed, of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees (concludes the manuscript)

do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind."*

This pleasant satire points to a great truth. We might have gone on baffled, yet persisting, seeking the unknowable, and building palaces on air, "miracles of rare delight,"—but uninhabitable, untenable—had not a Bacon, answering the imperious wants of his age, arisen to point out that the method men were pursuing was no path of transit to the truth, but led only to the land of chimeras. Bacon, we say, energetically denounced all existing methods, and pointed out a new one, such as Time alone could appreciate. With how noble a confidence does he rely upon the Future! and how gloriously that Future has filled the measure of his prophecies!

But humanity could not at once relinquish its habits, and with the great Leibnitz at its head again endeavored to prove the secret of the world. Leibnitz, who refused to acknowledge Spinoza, never doubted the efficiency of his method; he went on "burning down his house" after his own magnificent fashion, and never questioned its success. What were the results? We speak not of his mathematical genius, but of his ontological discoveries. The results were his famous *monadologie*, and his still more famous pre-established harmony: wonderful conceptions, no doubt, but barren as the east wind. These he transmitted to Wolff. Kant demolished them, and established Spinoza's notion respecting space and time, as forms of the mind. Fichte followed with his idealistic Spinozism, as he himself calls it, to prove that there is "ursprünglich nur eine Substanz, das Ich; in dieser einen Substanz sind alle möglichen Accidenzen, also alle möglichen Realitäten gesetzt." Then came Schelling, whose philosophy is saturated with Spinozism, and from which it will only be necessary to notice two or three fundamental positions, to see how perfectly they agree with those of the *Ethica*: "Gott ist das einzig Reale, ausserdem es schlechterdings kein Seyn giebt. Was also existirt, existirt mit Gott, und was ist, ist dem Wesen nach, ihm gleich." Compare Spinoza, Def. vi. and Prop. xv.—"Quicquid est in Deo est et nihil sine Deo esse nec concepti potest." Again,—"Gott ist nicht das Höchste, sondern er ist das schlechthin Eine; er ist nicht anzuschauen als Gipfel oder Ende, sondern als Centrum, nicht im Gegensatz einer Peripherie, sondern als

* "Essays of Elia:" Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

Alles in Allem."—Spinoza, *passim*. Again,—"Gott enthält die möglichkeit seines Seyns in sich selbst."—Spinoza, Prop. vi.; Coroll. ii.; and Def. i. and iii. The position of Spinoza, that the universe is but the aspect of God, considered under his infinite attribute of extension, is thus stated by Schelling:—"Die Unendlichkeit ist Gott, angeschaut von Seite seines Affirmirt-Seyns." Respecting the impersonality of the human mind, and its dependence on the universal mind, Spinoza writes,—"*Hinc sequitur mentem humanam partem esse infiniti intellectus Dei; ac proinde cum dicimus mentem humanam hoc, vel illud percipere, aliud nihil dicimus, quàm quòd Deus, non quatenus infinitus est sed quatenus per naturam humanæ mentis explicatur, sive quatenus humanæ mentis essentiam constituit, hanc vel illam habet ideam.*" (*Ethica*, pars. ii. prop. xi. coroll.) Schelling, precisely to the same effect, says,—"*Das Denken ist nicht mein Denken, und das Seyn nicht mein Seyn; denn Alles ist nur Gottes oder des Alles. Ueberhaupt gibt es nicht eine Vernunft, die wir hätten, sondern nur eine Vernunft, die uns hat.*" (*Jahrbücher der Medicin*, bd. i. p. 13.) We have dragged these fundamental notions forward to show how, in spite of different terminology, and a more enthusiastic poetical manner, Schelling is the same as Spinoza in his philosophy; he is far less rigorous and scientific in his method. Hegel's mind was more akin to Spinoza's than any of the others, and accordingly, in his writings we still more distinctly trace the influence of the *Ethica*, disguised under pedantic terminologies, and useless distinctions. It may be curious here to quote Spinoza's anticipation of the Hegelian Christology, which, in the hands of Strauss, Feuerbach, and Bruno Baur, has made so much noise in the theological world:—"I tell you," says Spinoza, in his letter to Oldenburg, "that it is not necessary for your salvation that you should believe in Christ according to the flesh; but of that eternal Son of God, *i. e.* the *eternal wisdom of God*, which is manifested in all things, but mostly in the *human mind, and most of all in Jesus Christ*; a very different conception must be formed."—"Dico ad salutem non esse omninò necesse, Christum secundum carnem noscere, sed de æterno illo filio Dei, hoc est, Dei æternâ sapientiâ, quæ sese in omnibus rebus, et maximè in mente humanâ et omnium maximè in Christo Jesu manifestavit, longè aliter sentendum."*

* "Opera Posthuma," p. 450.

This audacious speculation Strauss first made the ground of a serious schism; its wants of philosophical *fundus*, however, sufficiently guards us from its reception here. England can well afford to bear the sneers of Germany and France at her incapacity for metaphysical speculation, when she contemplates the results of that speculation in the works of modern metaphysicians. The strong practical sense of our countrymen revolts at the curious subtleties and cobwebs so indefatigably produced by the arachnæ philosophers of Germany; and though revolting more from instinct than from a clear vision into the causes of metaphysical impossibilities, yet the instinct is a happy one. Foreigners accuse us, and accuse us justly, of a want of appreciation of generalities—a want of the true philosophical faculty of generalization: but this accusation is by them coupled with an artifice of which they are unconscious. We are averse to generalization, but it does not follow that those who are fond of it manifest a greater aptitude for philosophy because they apply it to metaphysics—on the contrary, such an application is in itself eminently unphilosophical in the present state of the human mind. They, however, couple the subjects of metaphysics with the powers of generalization, and fancy that the one includes and presupposes the other, so that those who are not metaphysicians are averse to generalities. But in truth it is our weakness that we do not comprehend the importance of generalities, and it is our strength that we reject as frivolous all metaphysics.

The deplorable paradoxes and absurdities into which the modern thinkers have been led, are owing to the vicious method which they follow, and which we have above combated. In Spinoza's time this Method was the only one which with his education he could adopt. In Spinoza Ontology reached its consummation; it remained for posterity to apply this doctrine to every special case, or else to re-examine its foundations to see if they were sound. Posterity did neither of these (with the exception of an insignificant number of Baconian thinkers), and the progress of humanity has been sensibly retarded in consequence.

Such was Benedict Spinoza—thus he lived and thought. A brave and simple man, earnestly meditating on the deepest subjects that can occupy the human race, he produced a system which will ever remain as one of the most astounding efforts of abstract speculation; a system that has been decried for nearly two centuries, as

the most iniquitous and blasphemous of human invention; and which has now, within the last sixty years, become the acknowledged parent of a whole nation's philosophy, ranking among its admirers some of the most pious and illustrious intellects of the age. The ribald Atheist turns out, on nearer acquaintance, to be a "God-intoxicated man." The blasphemous Jew, becomes a pious, virtuous, and creative thinker. The dissolute Heretic becomes a child-like, simple, self-denying and heroic man. We look into his works with calm earnestness, and read there another curious page of human history: the majestic struggle with the mysteries of existence has failed, as it always must fail; but the struggle demands our warmest admiration, and the man our ardent sympathy. Spinoza stands out from the dim past like a tall beacon, whose shadow is thrown athwart the sea, and whose light will serve to warn the wanderers from the shoals and rocks on which hundreds of their brethren have perished.

G. H. L.

CALM BE HER SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CALM be her sleep! as the breast of the ocean,
When the sun is reclining upon its still wave;
She dreams not of life, nor its stormy commotion,
For the surges of trouble recede from her grave!

Calm be her sleep! as the winds that are sighing
Their last faintest echo amid the green trees;
No murmur can reach her—unconsciously lying,
She heeds not the tempest, she hears not the breeze!

Calm be her sleep! as the flower that closes
Its beautiful petal in night's chilling air!
She has folded her shroud too, and sweetly reposes—
Oh! far be the sorrow that dimm'd one so fair!

Calm be her sleep! as the whisper of even,
When the hands have been clasp'd, and the knees bent in pray'r:
She has chanted her hymn at the portal of heaven,
And found the affection denied to her here!

Calm be her sleep! may the breathing of slander
O'ershade not the pillow bedew'd with our tears!
Away from her turf may the cruel words wander
That clothed her young spirit in darkness and fears?

Calm be her sleep! may the tall grass wave lightly
Above the meek bosom that bless'd us of yore;
Like a bird, it has found out a region more brightly
To nestle its pinion,—but glad us no more!

THE MOTHER ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER CHILD'S DEATH.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

"Bring me flowers all young and sweet,
't hat I may strew the winding-sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,
With roseless cheek, and auburn hair!"

My beautiful! 'tis now a year
Since thou wert laid beneath the sod,
And though the thought brings many a tear,
It glads me—thou art with thy God.
Ay! though 'tis long ere I shall see
Thy lineaments again, my boy,
Yet in the thought that thou art free
I feel a calm and holy joy.

A year ago! thou then hadst life,
But feeble strength was with it given;
How couldst thou stem the world's rude strife?
Far better thus to dwell in heav'n!
A pure, angelic, spotless one,
Amidst the seraphim above;
For this I can remain alone,
Foregoing e'en thine artless love!

A year ago! It seems a day
Since last I gazed upon thy face;
When thou wert at thy simple play,
I sought thy future weal to trace.
Rank, wealth, and fame, I deem'd were thine,
Long after I should be forgot;
No more the light of hope doth shine,
But brighter is thy present lot!

A year ago! thy happy smile
Dispell'd the cares that oft oppress,
And painful moments did beguile
With thine endearing, fond caress.
The merry sounds of that sweet voice,
Which still a ling'ring charm hath left:
Of all that made my heart rejoice,
In word or look—I am bereft!

A year ago! light laughter broke
The gloomy stillness of these walls;
In sportive mood thy footsteps woke
The echoes from these ancient halls.
But all is breathless now—no sound,
Save when the winds at times grow wild,
And break the solitude profound,
'Tis then I think of thee, my child!

A year ago! on this sad day
The spoiler dimm'd those eyes of blue,
The lily droop'd in slow decay,
Still lovely e'en in deathly hue!
A year ago! I saw thee laid,
Lifeless, within the earth's chill breast,
And envied thee the greensward shade
Where thou didst take thy dreamless rest!

My beautiful! whom still I love,
Though parted from me by the grave,
I bend unto the Will above,
Who only took the flow'r he gave!
To bloom more sweetly on that shore
Where I shall meet my fair-haired boy,
Where sorrow cannot reach us more,
Nor damp the fulness of our joy!

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MAN A MICROCOSM.

"It is worthy of remark," says Vico (in the "Scienza Nuova"). "that in all languages, the greater part of the expressions relative to inanimate things are either derived by metaphor from different parts of the human body, or from human sentiments and passions. Hence the word *head* for summit or commencement—*mouth* for any opening—the *teeth* of a plough, of a rake, of a saw, of a comb—a *tongue* of land—the *gorge* of a mountain—a *handful* for a small number—the *arm* of a river—the *heart* for the centre—the *veins* of a mine—the *bowels* of the earth—the *flesh* of a fruit—the *whistling* of the wind—the *murmur* of the waves—the *grouning* of any object beneath a great weight."

The Romans used the phrases "*sitire agros, laborare fructus, luxuriari segetes*;" and the Italians say, "*andar in amore le piante, andar in pazzia le viti—lagrimare gli ornì*;" while they apply to inanimate objects the words, "*fronte, spalle, occhi, barbe, collo, gamba, piede, pianta*."

We have already said that ignorant man takes himself for the rule of the universe: in the above examples, he makes an entire world of himself. Man, in fact, transforms himself into all objects both by intelligence, and by the want of intelligence; and perhaps the second axiom is more true than the first, since in the exercise of his understanding he stretches his mind to reach and embrace objects; whereas, in the privation of intelligence, he makes all these objects out of himself.

Hence the received notion that man is a microcosm or little world, and that the body natural may be compared to the body politic. Nor have we been content with fashioning an outward world from our inward one; but as God made man in his own image, so have certain fanatical men presumed to create a Deity after their own form and fashion, which is generally the worst they could have selected. Every one is more or less a little world to himself; and in this fusion, or confusion of the outward and visible with the inward and spiritual, most people are apt to identify themselves with external objects, especially if they bear reference to their own immediate habits, callings, or productions; a natural tendency which receives illustration from the beggar, recorded by Matthews, who hobbled about the streets, exclaiming,

"Please to buy a penn'orth of matches of a poor old man all made of dry wood."

FLEAS.

A chatterbox ran about the town of Bath, warning his friends against ever sleeping at the Golden Lion, where he had been most grievously bitten by fleas.

"You remind me," said one of the parties thus addressed, "of the punishment threatened by Horace to the man who should attack him,

"*Flic-bit, et insignis totâ cantabitur urbe.*"

When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied,

"Union is strength, a fact of which some of your inmates seem to be unaware; for had the fleas been unanimous last night, they might have pushed me out of bed."

"Fleas!" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house."

"I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship, "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families."

STATE PYRAMIDS.

"It may be taken as a governing principle in all civil relations, that the strong and the rich will continue to grow stronger and richer, and the feeble and the poor more weak and impoverished, until the first become unfit to rule, or the last unable any longer to endure. This is the secret of the downfall of all states that have crumbled beneath their own abuses, and hence the necessity of widening the foundations of society, according to the increased weight that they are required to support. A pyramid, surmounted with a statue, whether crowned or not, should be the emblem of a commonwealth."

Despotic states resemble a pyramid reversed, which the weakest assault may topple down: and few things are more weak, notwithstanding its apparent strength, than absolute power. It has no supporters, no defence—for the tyrant is ever without friends—and he who has no law for others, cannot expect any for himself. Hence the tyrannicide among the ancients was always honored as a patriot. The modern civilized world is perhaps less governed by constitutions and ministers than by public opinion, which a free press, where it exists, soon elevates into a species of omnipotence. If, therefore, there be any truth in the dictum that the *vox populi* is the *vox Dei*, the enlightened European states, so far as they are self-governed, are religiously governed, and approximate to the condition of the Jewish theocracy before the time of Saul.

HOPE.

Hope is like a poplar beside a river—undermined by that which feeds it—or like a butterfly, crushed by being caught—or like a fox-chase, of which the pleasure is in the pursuit—or like revenge, which is generally converted into disappointment or remorse as soon as it is accomplished—or like a will-o'-the-wisp, in running after which, through pools and puddles, you are not likely to catch any thing—but a cold.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

Rousseau asks his humane, moral, and enlightened reader, what he would do if he could enrich himself, without moving from Paris, by signing the death-warrant of an innocent old Mandarin of China? A conscientious Frenchman might urge that we have no right to do wrong in order that good may come of it; but he would at the same time moot the question, whether it be wrong to put an old Mandarin out of his misery, taking it for granted, that he must

be in a wretched state of health from the inordinate use of opium, supplied to him by the unfeeling and unprincipled English. And the pious Gaul would further argue, that, though it would be scandalous to procure the death of a fellow-creature to enrich himself, he was bound, as a father, to consult the interests of his children; whereupon a tear of parental love would start into his eye, and he would sign the death-warrant with a sentimental ejaculation.

Had the same question been propounded to a plain English John Bull, during the late war with the Celestial Empire, he would probably exclaim,

"What! have I not always been taught to make money—honestly if I could—but at all events to make money—and are not the Chinese our enemies, whom we are bound to destroy by every means in our power?"

"True," might be rejoined; "but this poor old Mandarin is a non-combatant; he has never done you any harm, and it would hardly be in conformity with the laws of religion and humanity to put him to death for nothing."

"But," retorts John Bull, "it would be in perfect conformity with the laws of war. Besides, I don't put him to death for *nothing*. I should scorn such a mean and cruel act—I do it to enrich myself. Had I been but a physician, I might have done the same towards scores of my fellow-countrymen, only the warrant would have been written in Latin—so give me the pen."

Let us suppose one of that daily-increasing class, the Doctor Cantwells, to be placed in the same predicament.

"Though we are at war with the Chinese," would he meekly remark, "no consideration should induce me to sign this poor man's death warrant, especially for my own interest, for we are commanded to forgive our enemies. But we are nowhere commanded to forgive the enemies of the Lord; and as this miserable sinner is a heathen, and it may be for the interest of the true religion that he should be swept from the face of the earth, I deem it my bounden duty, however painful to my feelings, to give my humble subscription to this heavenly order."

Which having done, and invested the blood-money in land or government securities, he would make donations to half a dozen charitable or religious societies, would call (in his own carriage) upon some polemical Boanergee, and if, as they drove towards Exeter Hall, they chanced to pass some good and kind-hearted, and really religious man who was no pharisee, our Doctor Cantwell would turn to his companion, and exclaim with a look and a sneer of sanctimony—

"I thank God that I am not as yonder publican."

Let us imagine the same startling question submitted to the decision of a poor devil of an author.

"How—what!" he would exclaim—"get suddenly rich by my own writing, and none of the money to go to the publisher? Done—done! Where's the pen and ink, where's the paper? As to the Mandarin, he need not shake his gory locks at me. The day of his death shall be the happiest of his life, for I'll write his Epicedium,

and immortalize him by publishing it in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

TO-DAY :—A HINT FOR A SERMON.

Marvellous are the statements put forth by calculators as to what four farthings would by this time have accomplished, had they been placed out at compound interest at the birth of Christ. Were such a penny-turning penny in existence, and able to tell its own tale, it would

Make his chronicle as rich with prize,
As is the oozy bottom of the sea,
With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

A rolling stone, we are told, gathers no moss, and in the case of Sisyphus, we know the assertion to be true; but this ever-turning penny, if Cocker be trustworthy, would, at this our present Anno Domini, almost suffice to purchase our habitable globe, even were it composed "of one entire and perfect chrysolite"—a fact of which I have no more doubt, than had Pitt of the efficacy of his sinking fund to annihilate the national debt in a few years! But although we have no metallic evidence of the miracles that may be accomplished by the accumulation of money, we have present and tangible proof of the wonders that may be wrought by the aggregation of Time; for that most marvellous of all prodigies TO-DAY—is the astounding result of the one single day of the Creation, with its compound interest for six thousand years.

This most imperial TO-DAY, therefore, is seated on the throne built up by two million one hundred-and-ninety thousand days, and makes its footstool of twenty-four times as many hours! Acting as the faithful subjects and indefatigable subjects of TO-DAY, the countless myriads of the past generations have exterminated monsters, diminished the races of wild beasts and savages, have advanced civilization, improved the fertility of the earth, conquered the elements, and ministered in ten thousand different ways to the physical security, comfort, and happiness of their living successors.

And yet all that God has done for man, and man for himself in a material sense, during these six thousand years, fades into insignificance compared with the inappreciable moral legacies which the past has bequeathed to the present. All the wisdom, experience, investigation, discoveries, inventions, improvements, of sixty centuries, each adding by compound interest to the treasures it had inherited, are the free, absolute, inalienable property of TO-DAY—not entailed to any individual heir—not restricted to any favored class, but scattering their precious benefits by the diffusion of intelligence in all directions, upon the poor as well as the rich, the peasant as well as the prince. Truly, all those who by living TO-DAY have become the heirs of the past, have succeeded to a splendid patrimony! Let their gratitude be proportioned to their good fortune, especially when they reflect that they pay no legacy-duty nor income-tax on this magnificent bequest.

And yet their destiny and position are much less majestic as children of the past, than as the parents of the future; for they have only six

thousand years behind, but an eternity before them. And if riches have their duties as well as privileges, what an awful responsibility is entailed upon the generation inheriting all the moral wealth that has been accumulating since the creation! "The child's the father of the man," and the comparatively young world of To-day, will transmit its character to the adult world of another day. Can there be a more cogent motive for improving the moral estate we have inherited, so that our legacy to posterity may exceed that which was bequeathed to us by antiquity, and that the incalculable numbers who are to come after us, may not have reason to reproach their ancestors? Let no living man finally pass away, without having endeavored to deposit upon the altar of human advancement, an offering suitable to his means and opportunities. As his efforts towards this great and glorious consummation will best embalm his memory among his fellow-mortals, so may he humbly hope that they will form his surest passport to a blissful immortality.

HOW TO FIND THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

When Hobbes the philosopher was lying on his deathbed, and consulted as to what inscription was to be placed on his tombstone, he replied, with a smile, "The Philosopher's Stone."

Holt, speaking of the wonderful increase and riches of commercial cities, says,

"This is the true Philosopher's Stone, so much sought after in former ages, the discovery of which has been reserved to genius when studying to improve the mechanic arts. Hence a pound of raw materials is converted into stuffs of fifty times its original value. And the metals too are not indeed transmuted into gold—they are more: for the labor of man has been enabled to work the baser metal by the ingenuity of art, so as to become worth many times more than its weight in gold."

A NEW SONG TO THE OLD TUNE.

I.

'Tis true his lips had never
Breathed of love, except in sighs;
But he courted me for ever
With his fond and wooing eyes.
A lover's suit he tender'd,
Though he gave it not a name,
And the heart was soon surrender'd
Which I thought he meant to claim.

II.

That heart as soon was broken
When his fickleness was proved;
But never be it spoken,
In reproach of him I loved.
Say nothing to distress him,
Only tell him, that in death
I fondly sigh'd—God bless him!
With my last forgiving breath.

MANUFACTURERS.

The ambition of excelling all the world in our manufactures sounds in the first instance very much like the

Meanness that soars, and pride that licks the dust;

for what is it, in point of fact, but the glory of doing all the drudgery and dirty work for the rest of our species, of being cosmopolitan "hewers of wood and drawers of water," not to say catholic scavengers and nightmen? We boast of being the freest nation in the world, yet we voluntarily make ourselves the slaves of the most slavish that will give us orders—for our manufactures. We are a people of unemancipated white negroes.

Does any ask what we have gained by thus rendering ourselves the slaves of the whole world? We have become masters of the whole world! We have literally stooped to conquer. Commerce, an ever-propitious impersonation of both Neptune and Mars, has given us the command of the sea, which, in the present dependence of nations upon each other, includes, to a certain extent, the dominion of the land. We have not "beat our swords into ploughshares, and our spears into pruning-hooks," that so we might become a judge over the nations; but on the contrary, conquering by the instruments of peace, we have made lances of our shuttles, battering-rams of our steam-engines, and brandishing the manufacturer's hammer, we have first wielded it, like that of Thor, to knock down our enemies; and secondly, like that of the auctioneer, to knock down our goods to the best bidder.

IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS.

The average standard, whether of body or mind, is the best adapted to the wear and tear of life. Tall men must often stoop, if they wish to avoid knocking their heads—short ones must stand on tiptoe if they desire to see as much as their neighbors. Great intellects are ever exposed to injury by knocking against the angles of some narrow prejudice,—little ones are liable to be squeezed or trampled upon by their larger-minded fellow-mortals. "Even if you think like the wise," says Roger Ascham, "you should speak like the common people."

Distinguished talent excites envy—mediocrity throws nobody into the shade, and therefore appeals to the sympathies of every body. Horace, indeed, maintains—

Mediocribus esse poetis

Non homines, non dii, non concessere columnæ.

But critics have granted it, for I myself have been more than once lauded as if I had written like Wordsworth or Bulwer. And why? Because the praise of mediocrity is the surest way to annoy the higher order of merit.

AURIFEROUS SAND.—At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, a communication from Prince Demidoff was made, on the rapid extension of the extraction of gold from the auriferous sands of the Russian Empire. The prince states that those of Siberia alone yielded in 1842 more than 10,000 kilogrammes of gold, representing the value of fifteen million of francs. It will be remembered that a mass of gold, weighing 35 kilogrammes, and worth 120,000 francs, was found in Siberia last year.

Court Journal.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS TO HIS
FAMILY.

From the Christian Observer.

IN your Review last month of Mr. Roberts's Collection of Letters, you observe that private confidential letters are often among the best exponents of dark passages of history; as showing the characters of men, and the secret springs of action. I am reminded, by this remark, to inquire how far the letters of Oliver Cromwell to his family may be considered as illustrating his real feelings and opinions. His public letters have been generally regarded as so deeply tinctured with hypocrisy, in order to promote his purposes of ambition, that it is impossible to say what portions of them, or whether any, express his genuine sentiments in matters of religion. His character, view it how we may, is singularly paradoxical; but I cannot think he was altogether acting a part. He had been early conversant with Scriptural truth, and his conscience reproached him with not living up to his convictions. The religious phraseology which he adopted was the customary language of the Puritans, among whom he was educated, being partly derived from the words of Holy Writ, but mixed up with quaint phrases, which gave it a motley character. His customary use of it tells not much either way in regard to his real character or opinions; for he might employ it from habit, or intentionally and conscientiously, or as a cloak of hypocrisy. Upon recently perusing the mass of documents in the forgotten—and never much known—heavy quarto volume of his Memoirs, “illustrated by original letters and other family papers,” by the late Oliver Cromwell, one of his descendants, it seemed to me difficult to believe that he could, from first to last, in private as well as public, and during a long series of years, have been habitually dissembling. His inconsistencies and crimes must, I think, be accounted for upon some other principle. It may not be uninteresting to your readers to peruse a few of his letters to his relatives, especially his children, some of them copied by his descendant from the originals in the possession of the family. These letters place him in a different light to that in which he is generally represented in the historic page; but instead of clearing up the anomalies of his life, they render them the more inexplicable; unless upon the hypothesis that he knew and approved what was right, and wished to impress it upon

his children, though he did not follow it up in his own conduct.

The first letter I will quote is one to his cousin, Mrs. St. Johns, dated from Ely, October 13, 1638:

DEAR COUSIN—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent. Yet, to honor my God by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly then, this I find, that he giveth springs in a dry and barren wilderness, where no water is. I live (you know where) in Meseck, which they say signifies prolonging; in Kedar, which signifies blackness; yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will (I trust) bring me to his tabernacle, to his resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the first-born; my body rests in hope; and, if here I may honor my God, either by doing or suffering, I shall be most glad. Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put forth himself in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light; and give us to walk in the light, as He is in the light: He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say He hideth His face from me, He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it; blessed be His name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what manner of life mine hath been. Oh! I lived in and loved darkness, and hated the light. I was a chief, the chief, of sinners. This is true: I hated Godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! praise Him for me, pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work, would perfect it to the day of Christ. Salute all my good friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love; I bless the Lord for them, and that my son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel: let me have them.

Salute your husband and sister from me: he is not a man of his word; he promised to write about Mr. Wrath, of Epping, but as yet I received no letters: put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor cousin I did solicit him about. Once more farewell; the Lord be with you; so prayeth

Your truly loving cousin,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My wife's service and love presented to all her friends.

The following letter to his wife is from the original in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. It is dated Edinburgh, May 3, 1651:

MY DEAREST—I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my dear,

who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth; the Lord increase his favors to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always. I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my mother; my love to all the family. Still pray for thine

O. CROMWELL.

The following is addressed to Mr. Major, whose daughter had married Cromwell's son. It is taken from a copy in the possession of the Cromwell family. The date is Newbury, July 27, 1649:

I hear my son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt: truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it at his hands; and in my judgment the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honor than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill. I desire to be understood, that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honorable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge likely to fall to my share, or stick with me. Truly, I can find in my heart to allow him, not only a sufficiency, but more, for his good; but if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before his saints, I scruple to feed this humor; and God forbid that his being my son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to what I am. I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life, and to search his statutes for a rule to conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein. This hath life in it, and will come to somewhat; what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures, but teach such a use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going along with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart; I pray you communicate my mind herein to my son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly, I love him; he is dear to me, so is his wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it; but indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humor in my son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life, in a time when some precious saints are bleeding and breathing out their last for the good and safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Urijah to David, 2 Chron. xi.

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse, for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity; but as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so think it lieth

upon me to give him (in love) the best council I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours.

Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine; and remember my love to my daughter, for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

The next letter is one from Cromwell to his daughter Ireton, from the original in the British Museum. The date is London, October 25, 1646:

DEAR DAUGHTER.—I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt not makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well; your sister Claypole is (I trust in mercy) exercised with some perplexed thoughts: she sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after (as I hope also) that which will satisfy, and thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next a finder; and such a one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder. Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self-vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His and could go less in desire, and less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on; let not husband, let not any thing, cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband, is that of the image of Christ he bears: look on that and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me. My service and dear affections to the General and Generals. I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. My love to all. I am thy dear father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The following is a copy of another original letter in the possession of the family, dated August 13, 1649, and addressed, "For my beloved daughter Dorothy Cromwell (Richard Cromwell's wife), at Horslye, these:"

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Your letter was very welcome to me; I like to see any thing from your hand, because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you; and therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome or unacceptable to thee. I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord; to be frequently calling upon him that he would manifest himself to you in his Son, and be listening what returns he makes to you; for he will be speaking in your ear and in your heart if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life and outward business, let that be upon the by: be above all these things by faith in Christ, and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them, and not otherwise. I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set; and I desire you may

grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near, which we see by his wonderful works; and therefore he looks that we of this generation draw near him. This late great mercy in Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We need much the Spirit of Christ to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy. The Lord bless thee, my dear daughter. I rest, thy loving father,
O. CROMWELL.

The following letter also is transcribed from the original among the family papers. It is to his son Richard, under the date of Carrick, 2d of April, 1650 :

DICK CROMWELL,—I take your letters kindly. I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected. I am persuaded it is the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it, and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and his face continually; let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot find, nor behold, the face of God but in Christ; therefore labor to know God in Christ, which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even life eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative, but inward, transforming the mind to it, it is uniting to, and participating of, the Divine nature (2 Peter i. 4). It is such a knowledge as Paul speaks of, Phillip. iii. 8, 9, 10. How little of this knowledge of Christ is there among us. My weak prayers shall be for you. Take heed of an unactive vain spirit. Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Raleigh's History; it is a body of history, and will add more to your understanding than fragments of story. Intend to understand the estate I have settled; it is your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my brother Major will be helpful to you in all this. You will, perhaps, think I need not advise you to love your wife. The Lord teach you how to do it, or else it will be done ill-favoredly. Though marriage be no instituted *sacrament*, yet this union aptly resembles Christ and his Church. If you can truly love your wife, what doth Christ bear to his Church, and every poor soul therein, who gave himself for it and to it? Commend me to your wife: tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitful. I thank her for her loving letter. I have presented my love to my sister and cousin Anne, *etc.*, in my letter to my brother Major. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt [his debt to me]. My purse is as his. My present thoughts are but to lodge such a sum for my two little girls. It is in his hand as well as any where. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind. I would not have him solicitous. Dick, the Lord bless you every way.

I rest, your loving father, O. CROMWELL.

I cannot believe that these Christian and tenderly affectionate letters to his own family could have been a tissue of falsehood and hypocrisy. Assuredly Cromwell understood Scriptural truth, and inculcated it upon his children; and such letters as these would seem to indicate that he himself often felt much of its power; but the greater his guilt that he did not act according to his professions. F. H.

THE CONVALESCENT.

BY MRS. ARDY.

From the Metropolitan.

THOU hast quitted the feverish couch of pain,
Thou art breathing the fresh free air again,
Thou hast bent thy way through the primrose glade
To the wildwood's deep and leafy shade,
Where, beneath thy slow and lingering tread,
The clustering cool green moss is spread,
Where the song-birds pour their tuneful lay,
And the silvery fountains softly play.

Dost thou not joy to exchange the gloom
Of the shaded blinds, and the curtained room
For the gladdening breezes, the sun's bright beams,
The waving blossoms, and glittering streams?
Dost thou not joy, in reviving health,
To gaze upon Nature's lavish wealth,
The rushing waters, and flowery land,
Decked for thy sake by thy Maker's hand?

And does not thy heart at this moment thrill
With thoughts more tender, more grateful still?
Dost thou not yet on the chamber dwell,
Where awhile Death's darkening shadows fell,
When thy manly strength was quelled and fled,
And friends stood mournfully round thy bed,
Wailing that thou, in thy youthful bloom,
Must be gathered soon to the dreary tomb?

Then did not a secret voice within
Tell thee to weep o'er each former sin?
And didst thou not wish thy days renewed,
To walk henceforth with the wise and good?
Oh! now, while within thy languid veins
Some trace of the suffering past remains,
Think of the world, and its pomp and power,
As thou didst in that sad and trying hour.

The woods and the fields that meet thy gaze
Thou deem'st more bright than in former days;
So may earth's course appear to thee
More fair than it seemed in thy frolic glee;
Shun its broad highways—in peace pursue
The narrow path that is sought by few,
And give to the Lord, in faith and prayer,
The life that he graciously deigned to spare.

MOfUSSIL RAIN.—A strange yellow liquid has rained lately at Futehposse, Sicree. The matter adhered to the fingers when touched, and dyed the ground where it fell.—*Indian Journal*.

The widow of the late lamented Bishop Heber has again married. Her husband is a French Roman Catholic gentleman.—*Morning Post*.

ARAGO'S LIFE OF HERSCHEL.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Analyse historique et Critique de la Vie et des Travaux de Sir William Herschel. (Historical and Critical Analysis of the Life and Labors of Sir William Herschel.) Par M. ARAGO. Paris: in the "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes" of 1842.

THERE is nothing more wonderful in the history of the human mind than the perfection already attained by astronomy. We are in many respects better acquainted with the constitution and laws of the remote parts of the universe, than with those of the elements in which we are actually involved, and with which we are intimately connected. In this branch of knowledge we see to what a height science may be reared, when the results of patient observation are joined together with mathematical precision and on a mathematical foundation. If modern learning were swept away by a barbarous deluge, a few fragments only surviving the general wreck, we know of no volume more likely to excite the admiration of future ages than the "Nautical Almanac:" for it does not consist of that which forms, as Hamlet justly remarked, the staple material of most books, "words, words, words;" but, in the accurate language of figures, applies a profound knowledge of all the movements of the heavenly bodies to the practical service of man's boldest undertaking—the navigation of the wide ocean. The successful cultivators of this sublime study, therefore, are entitled to a foremost rank among the votaries of science, and, in the estimation of M. Arago (than whom there is no one more competent to decide on such a question), Sir William Herschel deserves to be considered one of the greatest astronomers of any age or country.

This extraordinary man was born in Hanover, the 15th of November, 1738. Of his family there is but little known, although public curiosity has of course busily inquired after the origin of one so illustrious. His great-grandfather, Abraham Herschel, was driven, it is said, from Moravia* on account of his attachment to the Protestant creed. His son Isaac was a farmer in the neighborhood of Leipsic, whence Jacob Herschel, Isaac's eldest son, afterwards removed to Hanover, renouncing agriculture

* "Il demeurait à Mahren, d'où il fut expulsé," says M. Arago, who seems not to be aware that Mahren, or properly Mähren, is the German corruption of Moravia, or Morawa, which name is of Slavonic origin.

for the profession of music. Jacob was an amiable, clever man, and a good musician, but his means were unequal to the complete education of a family of ten children, all of whom, however, six boys and four girls, acquired from him some proficiency in his own art. William, the third son, manifested in his early years great capabilities of mind; he learned the French language, and in studying the German philosophy of that time, acquired a taste for metaphysics which never afterwards forsook him.

In 1759 William Herschel, then twenty-one years of age, came to England, following in the traces of his eldest brother Jacob. For two years he maintained a painful struggle with adverse circumstances, till at length Lord Darlington engaged him as teacher of the band of a regiment, at that time stationed in, or perhaps raising, in the north. The young man's abilities now developed themselves, and in the course of 1765 he was elected organist at Halifax. The leisure, and comparatively abundant means, which this elevation procured him, he employed in self-instruction. He taught himself Italian, Latin, and even a little Greek; but it says still more for his perseverance, that he thoroughly studied Smith's "Harmonics," or the Philosophy of Music, a profound and difficult work, which presumes in the student a considerable knowledge of geometry and algebra.

Respecting Herschel's election to the post of organist at Halifax, a story is related, which, though we are unable to vouch for its authenticity, yet has so characteristic an air, and displays so advantageously the frankness, courage, and well-grounded self-confidence of the young musician, that we cannot help suspecting it to be partially founded on fact, and as such, shall here relate it. It is said that when the time of the election was near at hand, two gentlemen, known to have great weight with the electing body, were addressed, while walking in the nave of the church, by the young Hanoverian, who was a stranger to them, and who, in begging their suffrages, acknowledged that he had never played the organ (Herschel's instrument was, we believe, the hautboy), but added, that his musical attainments were such as would justify his hope of attaining the requisite skill on that instrument in a very short time. The gentlemen thus accosted were Joah Bates (well known to all collectors of musical and literary anecdote), and his brother, and they were so well satisfied with the proofs which the stranger gave them of his ability, that they lent him their influence and secured

his election. Although we suppose this story to be in the main untrue, it has the merit of suggesting a very important and probable conjecture, which is, that Herschel, during his sojourn in Halifax, had the good fortune to be thrown into the company of able and educated men, who took an interest in him from their love of music; yet were not musicians of that class who have "Nothing but a solo in their heads," but rather philosophers who know the utility of music in keeping alive the imaginative faculties, in maintaining the elasticity of the mind, and averting that intellectual rigidity which so often ensues from long continuance in undiverted habits of thought.

The following year (1766) Herschel obtained the appointment of organist in the Octagon Chapel, Bath, a more lucrative situation than that which he filled in Halifax. So rapid an advancement shows that his superior talents were already recognised. He was now in the midst of fashionable society, constantly occupied with the arrangements of concerts and oratorios, or with the numerous pupils whom his patrons forced upon him. Here his biographer remarks :

"One can hardly conceive how, in the midst of so much business and distracting variety of calls, Herschel was able to continue the studies, which even in Halifax had required of him a strength of will, a steadfastness and grasp of intellect much above the common. We have already seen that it was music which led Herschel to mathematics; mathematics, in turn, led him to optics, the first and amplest source of his celebrity. The hour at length came when the young musician was to proceed from theoretic knowledge to its application with an extreme boldness and brilliant success, which cannot fail to excite astonishment."

We may here hazard a natural conjecture respecting the course of Herschel's early studies. Music conducted him to mathematics, or in other words, impelled him to study Smith's "Harmonics." Now, this Robert Smith (a cousin of the celebrated Cotes, and his successor at Cambridge in the chair of natural philosophy) was also author of "A Complete System of Optics," a masterly work which, notwithstanding the rapid growth of that branch of science, is not yet wholly superseded. It seems to us not unlikely then, that Herschel, studying the "Harmonics," conceived a reverence for the author, who was at that time still living, so that from the Philosophy of Music he passed to the Optics, the work on which Smith's great reputation chiefly rested; and thus undesignedly prepared him-

self for the career on which he was shortly about to enter with so much glory.

A reflecting telescope, two feet long, happened to fall into the hands of Herschel, at Bath. With it he saw countless stars in the heavens, the existence of which he had previously not even suspected. A new creation seemed to open on him. He was transported with delight and enthusiasm, and immediately wrote to London for an instrument of similar construction, but of greater size. The price of the desired instrument, however, was much beyond his means. Inflamed rather than cooled by the disappointment, he resolved that if he could not buy a powerful telescope he would make one. From this day forward the organist of the Octagon chapel devoted all his leisure and his energies to the making of Metallic specula. He made experiments to ascertain the best composition of the metal, the best form of the mirror, and the best mode of polishing it. He labored with an enthusiasm which took no heed of difficulties. The scale of his operations is hardly credible. He made no fewer than two hundred metallic mirrors of seven feet focus, a hundred and fifty of ten feet, and about eighty of twenty feet focus. While polishing the mirrors, he never desisted from his task, not even to take food, till the whole was completed, though this implies the continued labor of ten, twelve, even fourteen hours. Such ardor and intelligence could not fail of success. In 1774 Herschel had the happiness of surveying the heavens with a telescope of five feet focal length, made wholly by himself; but he afterwards went on to instruments of ten and even twenty feet focus. The captious world was of course disposed to ridicule these gigantic preparations of the star-gazing musician; but a lucky hit raised him at once in the general estimation to the rank of an astronomer. On the 13th of March, 1781, he discovered a new planet on the furthest confines of the solar system. George III., in compliment to whom the new discovery was named the Georgium Sidus, "and who," says M. Arago, "had a great leaning to men and things of Hanoverian origin," showered on the self-taught astronomer the most substantial favors. He assigned him a pension of three hundred guineas a year and a residence near Windsor, first at Clay Hall, and afterwards at Slough.

"The expectations of George III.," adds M. Arago, "have been completely realized. One may fearlessly say of the garden and little dwelling at Slough, that it is the spot in the world in which the greatest number of discove-

ries have been made. The name of the village will never perish; science will scrupulously hand it down to the latest posterity."

Herschel was now released from professional engagements, and at liberty to devote himself wholly to astronomy. It must not be supposed that his good fortune was wholly attributable to his discovery of the new planet. That discovery, in itself sufficient to confer distinction on an ordinary astronomer, served chiefly in his case to call attention to the extreme boldness of his genius evinced in the construction of his telescopes. For even the intrepid resolution of Columbus to sail directly westward across the unexplored ocean to India, is not a more admirable example of enthusiasm than the determination of the Bath organist to outdo, by far, all that opticians or astronomers had hitherto attempted in the means of penetrating into space, and his perseverance till he completely succeeded. The making of reflecting telescopes became after this a very lucrative branch, we believe, of Herschel's occupations. His mode of preparing the specula has never been divulged. It was stated with much emphasis, at the last meeting of the British Association, that Lord Ross had attained such skill in the treatment of metallic specula, that he could dismount the mirror of his large telescope, repolish and replace it the same day. Now M. Arago, in the following extract from a letter written by Sir John Herschel four years ago, furnishes us with an example of still greater address. "By following," says Sir John, "my father's rules minutely, and using his apparatus, I have succeeded, in a single day and without the least assistance, in polishing completely three Newtonian mirrors of nineteen inch aperture."

The anecdotes of Herschel's life terminate with his removal to Slough. Henceforward he devoted day and night to the study of the heavens, or to perfecting the means of observing them. The proofs of his unwearied industry, and best record of his labors, are to be seen in the *sixty-nine* memoirs which he furnished to the "Philosophical Transactions" in the following years; and which, his biographer remarks, "constitute one of the principal treasures of that celebrated collection." We cannot however think of recapitulating those voluminous records, in order to form an estimate of his scientific achievements: for brevity sake we shall rather survey his labors systematically, under the guidance of his able biographer, and omitting those

topics which are unimportant either in themselves or as they affect his reputation.

The grandeur of Herschel's views, with respect to instruments of observation, and his dexterity in carrying those views into effect, would alone have entitled him to form an epoch in science. His telescopes far surpassed in power those which had preceded him; and in his mode of mounting them, so as to combine perfect firmness with facility of movement, he showed himself a consummate mechanic. Galileo, when he discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus, used instruments magnifying ordinarily seven times, and never exceeding thirty-two times. The telescope with which Huygens discovered the first satellite of Saturn, had a magnifying power not exceeding ninety-two. A monster telescope made by Auzout, in the latter half of the 17th century, which was 300 feet long (and therefore useless), magnified but six hundred times. Until the means of achromatizing images formed by refraction were discovered, it was vain to think of employing high magnifying powers in the eyeglass of a telescope. After the invention indeed of achromatic lenses, telescopes were easily made to obtain an accession of power without any increase of length. But notwithstanding this, the scientific world was not a little astonished, when informed in 1782, that Herschel, with a reflecting telescope seven feet long, had used magnifying powers of 2000 and even 6000 times. "No one will be surprised," observes M. Arago, "that people were slow to believe in a magnifying power which ought to show us the mountains of the moon as Mont Blanc is seen from Mâcon, Lyons, or even from Geneva." The Royal Society called for an explanation of the mode in which the astronomer of Slough ascertained the power of his instruments, and he replied in a memoir which satisfied the most skeptical, and firmly established his reputation.

Soon after Herschel was settled at Slough he conceived the design of erecting a telescope which should eclipse all his former efforts, and show him not unworthy of the royal munificence which had enabled him to give his whole time to his favorite pursuits. He accordingly began his great telescope which was finished in 1789. The iron cylinder of this instrument was thirty-nine feet four inches in length, and four feet ten inches wide. These colossal dimensions were still further amplified by public report, and according to M. Arago, there were people who confounded the

great telescope at Slough with the great vat of Meux or Barclay. But the magnitude of this instrument was not its only peculiarity; Herschel was too sagacious to let slip an opportunity of making an improvement. In ordinary reflecting telescopes there is, besides the speculum which receives the rays from the object viewed, a second mirror, the purpose of which is to direct the rays to the eye of the spectator. From this second reflexion there necessarily ensues a great loss of light. This inconvenience Herschel averted by a method equally bold and simple. The focal image in his great telescope was formed near the edge of the aperture, and the spectator, looking down into the instrument with his back to the heavens, viewed the image immediately without the aid of a second reflexion. The obliquity of the axis of vision in this arrangement, and the interposition of the spectator's head, were, with so large an instrument, of no importance. Thus, owing to the simplicity of its construction, as well as to its size, the great telescope had a great superiority in the abundance of its light.

Some have supposed, and even eminent astronomers have stated, that the great telescope at Slough proved useless; while others imagine that Herschel never used any other. Both these opinions are erroneous. Herschel had recourse to the great instrument for observations which required much light. But he found that for ordinary purposes the most manageable instruments are the best. Besides, telescopes magnify not merely real objects, but also all the irregularities of the atmosphere, so that the tremor of the image increases with the power of the instrument.

"Herschel found that in England there are not above a hundred hours in the course of a year, during which observations can be made to any purpose with a 39 feet telescope and a magnifying power of 1000 times. He thence concluded, that in order to make, with his great telescope, such a survey of the heavens that every point of space would pass under review for an instant, he should require 800 years!"

It ought to be here mentioned, as connected in some degree with the history of the great telescope, that no individual ever contributed more than Herschel to what may be called the arts of observation. His great experience in the use of telescopes of various powers, was not unproductive of valuable results. Many minute and apparently anomalous phenomena of vision caught his attention, which would have escaped the notice of one less scrupulous or

vigilant. His memoir "On the power of penetrating into space by Telescopes,"* was the fruit of twenty years' assiduous labors of this kind. It is strongly impressed with the peculiar character of his genius: bold and original, marked with all the circumspection required in the disciples of the inductive philosophy, but at the same time regardless of the paths established by routine and of the limits set to speculation by vulgar opinion.

In the memoir here alluded to, Herschel assumes that the stars are all of the same size, and that they are uniformly distributed through space. These assumptions are, it is evident, not strictly true; but they are true in the main when we speak of many thousand stars. He thus supposes that stars of the second magnitude are removed as far from stars of the first magnitude as the latter from the sun. Sirius, for example, the brightest star in the heavens, would become a star of the second class, if removed to double its actual distance from us; at three times that distance, it would be reduced to the third magnitude; and at 100 times that distance to the 100th magnitude. This being premised, he found that with his 20 feet telescope he could penetrate into space 75 times further than with the naked eye; 96 times further with a 25 feet instrument; and with his great telescope, 192 times the distance reached by the unassisted eye. Now since the naked eye can discern stars of the seventh magnitude, it follows that stars of the 1344th magnitude were rendered visible by the 39 feet telescope. This conclusion, followed through all its bearings, has something in it quite astounding. Light, notwithstanding its velocity of 77,000 leagues in a second, could not clear the distance from such a nebula or cluster of stars of the 1344th magnitude to the earth, in less than half a million of years!

"Consequently," observes M. Arago, "the changes which take place in nebulae of this order, must have already gone by half a million years before we perceive them. If such a nebula, for example, were to be this day extinguished, it would yet continue to be seen, from the earth, for half a million years. In this sense, we may be allowed to say that telescopes enable us to dive into time as well as into space."

Previous to Herschel, little attention was given by astronomers to the physical constitution of the stars. The character of his instruments, as well as the bias of

* Published in the "Philosophical Transactions," of 1800.

his mind, led him to expatiate in a field which was vast and unbounded, as well as unexplored.

"The catalogue of Messier, communicated to the academy in 1771, and inserted, with some additions, in the 'Connaissance des Temps' of 1783, contained 68 nebulae, which, together with 28 added by Lacaille, made up a total of 96. This branch of science took a rapid flight, however, as soon as Herschel applied to it his powerful instruments, his rare penetration and unconquerable perseverance. In 1786 he published, in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' a catalogue of a thousand nebulae or clusters of stars. Three years later, there appeared, to the astonishment of practical astronomers, a second catalogue from him, quite as extensive as the first; and that again was followed, in 1802, by a third catalogue of 500 nebulae. *Two thousand five hundred nebulae!* such was the contingent supplied by Herschel to a branch of astronomy which had been hardly touched before him. At the same time, the extensiveness of this work was its least merit."

In surveying the astronomical labors of Herschel, our object is not so much to insist on their number, variety, and combined value, as to show that from the boldness of his genius, his assiduity, and the accuracy of his observations, he took his station at once among the most eminent astronomers. He turned his attention to the changes taking place in the sidereal heavens, and the result was, a catalogue of stars, classed according to their intensities, so numerous and exact as to suffice for the basis of all future labors in that department. As to his observations of changing stars, it does not comport with our plan or limits to enter far into such details. The seventh pleiad is not the best authenticated instance of an extinguished star. The journals of the astronomer of Slough could furnish several other examples, but the following will suffice.

"The star numbered the 55th of Hercules, placed in the neck of the figure, has been inserted in Flamsteed's catalogue as a star of the fifth magnitude. The 10th of October, 1781, Herschel saw it distinctly, and noted that it was red; the 11th of April, 1782, he perceived it again and marked it in his journal as an ordinary star. Nine years later it was not to be found, though repeatedly looked for. So the 55th of Hercules has disappeared."

If old stars perish, it is equally certain that new stars occasionally appear. Herschel watched closely, also, the periodical stars, which undergo a change of brightness at regular intervals of time, and he furnished lists of the colored stars. The general result of his observations of this

kind was, that of all the stars which are singly visible, about one in thirty is undergoing observable change.

The powerful instruments at Slough fully confirmed the opinion that the stars are not, in the ordinary sense of the word, magnified; on the contrary, the more powerful the telescope, the less the apparent diameter of the star. The efficacy of the telescope in stripping the star of its crown of splendor to which it owes its apparent magnitude, more than counterbalancing the increase of the real disk. The stars in the heavens thus resemble many of our stars on earth, from which, if we take away the flash and glitter, it will be found hard to raise their solid merits by any magnifying power to an appreciable quantity. But to speak more precisely: Herschel ascertained that the apparent diameters of the stars are really increased by telescopes, though not in the same proportion as the magnifying powers; a double power showing a star with less than double its previous apparent diameter. But the perfection of his instruments, and his scrupulous accuracy, reduced these apparent diameters far below the measures previously assigned to them. Kepler believed the diameter of Sirius to be four minutes; Tycho Brahe supposed that stars of the first magnitude have, in general, a diameter of two minutes. With the improvement of instruments these measures, or rather estimates, were continually reduced, till at length Cassini assigned to Sirius a diameter of five seconds. Herschel, however, employing the highest magnifying powers, found that the apparent diameter of the chief star in the Lyre is about the third of a second; and that of Arcturus, two-tenths of a second, which he supposes to be double of the true diameter. The value of these observations may be collected from the following remarks of M. Arago:—

"It is of the greatest importance to ascertain the share which illusions of vision have in the magnitude of the diameter under which we see the stars, whether with the naked eye or with telescopes. Suppose the disks, seen with the naked eye to be the real disks, then it will follow that some stars will be 9000 million of leagues in diameter. In fact, it is proved, by observations of parallax, that, at the distance of the nearest stars, a diameter of one second would answer to at least 38 millions of leagues; consequently the diameter of Sirius, according to Kepler's measure of that star, would be at least 9000 millions of leagues. The determination of Cassini and Cassini, though much reduced, would still leave to some of the stars diameters of 380 millions of leagues. The observations of Herschel give us, for the diameter of Arcturus,

four millions of leagues, which is still eleven times the diameter of our sun."

The earth, in its annual revolution, moves in an orbit having a diameter of 76 millions of leagues. Now it must strike every one that a star ought to appear in different positions, when viewed from two points 76 millions of leagues asunder. If when the earth is in the southern part of its orbit, a star be observed near the North Pole, then, six months after, when the earth is 76 millions of leagues further north, that star ought to appear higher in the heavens, unless the diameter of the earth's orbit be as nothing compared to the distance of the star. The angle, nevertheless, indicating such a change of place in a star (and which is called parallax), was in Herschel's time thought inappreciable, being too minute to be safely disentangled from the inevitable errors of observation. No one could show that the parallax of any fixed star equalled a single second; whence it necessarily followed, that the nearest star was, at least, eight millions of millions of leagues from the earth. He, however, made a grand step towards the decision of this interesting question. He proposed that instead of observing the absolute position of a single star, we should fix our attention on a double star; for if the two stars, which were apparently brought together by an effect of projection, happened to be at very different distances from the earth, then, having different parallaxes, they would change place with respect to each other, a motion which, however minute, might be observed with ease and certainty. It does not detract from the merit of this suggestion that the same method had before occurred to the minds of Galileo and Gregory. Herschel, who was strong in original genius though not in erudition, certainly did not borrow the hint from his precursors; and with him moreover it was no hint, but a well-developed method; and to facilitate the proceeding which he recommended, he published catalogues of the double stars which seemed best adapted for the purpose.

To choose the proper star for observations of parallax, is, in a great measure, a matter of good fortune. Herschel did not make the discovery, though he showed the path to it; but his method has recently had complete success in the hands of M. Bessel of Königsberg, to whom belongs the glory of first demonstrating the exact value of an element which goes far to determine the dimensions of the universe. As the details of M. Bessel's discovery were laid before

the British Association at its last meeting, it will be here sufficient to state briefly, that he found the parallax of a small star, in the constellation of the Swan, to be about the third of a second, or more strictly $0''.31$. This parallax corresponds to a distance from the earth, exceeding 600,000 times the distance from the earth to the sun; and which, light, with its velocity of 77,000 leagues in the second, could not pass over in less than ten years.

Herschel's labors in seeking the parallax of the fixed stars were not wholly thrown away. Though he did not find what he sought, he made, incidentally, discoveries no less memorable and quite unexpected. Movements of the stars had been previously detected, and Fontenelle had ventured to suggest that our sun also moved.

"So far," observes M. Arago, "astronomers remained within the domain of conjecture, and of mere probability. Herschel went beyond these limits; he demonstrated that the sun actually moves; that in this respect, too, the immense, dazzling central body of our system, must be counted as a star; that the apparently inextricable irregularities of the sidereal motions, are partly derived from the change of place of the solar system; and finally, that the point of space towards which our system is constantly moving, is in the constellation of Hercules. These are magnificent results. The discovery of the proper movement of our system will always be reckoned among Herschel's chief titles to renown."

But he went further than this: he showed not only that the sun is a star, and holds a place in the sidereal movements, but also that the stars are many of them suns and the centres of systems. He showed in fact, that there are groups of stars not formed accidentally nor associated by perspective, but connected together and forming true systems. He pointed out the fact, that there are stars revolving round other stars in less time than is required by Uranus to complete its circuit of the sun. And these discoveries did not proceed from a hot theorist possessing practical dexterity enough to confirm his views; they were the discoveries of one whose work was always of the most solid kind; a consummate observer; whose enthusiasm stimulated but never overruled his sagacity and perseverance.

"There is no branch of astronomy which Herschel might more justly have called his own, than that which treats of clustered stars and luminous nebulae. Besides the wide latitude which he found in that remote field of speculation for the exercise of a daring sagacity, he enjoyed, in the posses-

sion of the most powerful instruments, advantages for the study of the smaller stars which had never been enjoyed before. This superiority may be best estimated from the fact, that in a small luminous spot or nebula, in which before him no eye had ever discerned a star, he was able to count 14,000 stars! We have seen that he rapidly raised the number of observed nebulous stars from 96 to 2500. The general result of his speculations on these phenomena is thus explained by his biographer :

“On the grounds of probability no reasonable person will refuse to adopt the views of Herschel, and he will remain convinced, that there really exist brilliant stars surrounded by atmospheres, luminous of themselves; and the supposition that these atmospheres, becoming condensed unite with or are absorbed in the central stars so as to increase their splendor, will then appear very plausible. The recollection of the Zodiacal light—that immense luminous zone surrounding the equator of our sun, and extending even as far as the orbit of Venus—will then strike the mind, as a new feature of resemblance between our sun and certain stars: and the nebulae which have in their centre condensations of light more or less decided, will present themselves to the imagination as the first outlines of stars, or as a state of luminous matter intermediate between the uniformly diffused nebulae and the nebulous stars properly so called. These speculations of Herschel conduct to nothing less than the supposition that the formation of new stars is continually going on, and that we witness the slow, progressive creation of new suns.”

For many years Herschel held that all the nebulae are composed of stars. He subsequently modified this opinion, however, and admitted that there are some nebulae which are not of a starry nature. This recognition of luminous matter existing in the universe in a rude, or, as it may be called, elemental state, was of great importance towards the formation of a theory. The small circular or rather globular nebulae may be looked upon as luminaries in a more advanced state of growth, and in some of these, which have an extent equal to about a tenth of the moon's surface, Herschel calculated that there are at least 20,000 stars. To him also belong the important remarks that the nebulae lie for the most part in strata, and that the heavens in their immediate vicinity are generally quite free from stars.

The favorite object of Herschel's study and contemplation was the Milky-way. That also he considered to be a stratum of stars, in the middle of which nearly is our sun. But this was not the speculation of a mere theorist. Though his bold genius has enlarged the bounds of Astronomy, yet

this science owes more to his practical skill than to his happy conjectures. He was the first who really gauged (to use his own expression) the heavens. The stars visible in the heavens on a clear night are about 5000 in number. Now Herschel, by reckoning the stars in given spaces where the stellar light is equally diffused, ascertained that within the space of five degrees in the Milky-way there are at least 331,000 stars. He also clearly established by thousands of observations, that the whiteness of the Milky-way, is due not to these multitudes of discernible stars, but to gatherings of stars too small to be distinguished. The crude luminous matter or raw material here plays a subordinate part among hosts of stars. The Milky-way, though to a careless observer it may appear uniformly luminous, will yet be found by an experienced eye to be divided into separate groups, and this grouping of the light was considered by Herschel as progressive. M. Arago shares his belief, and exclaims, “Every thing justifies the opinion of the illustrious astronomer. In the course of age, the clustering power (this is Herschel's expression) will inevitably bring about the disruption, subdivision, and separation of the Milky-way.

The sun also shared the vigilant attention of the Astronomer of Slough: and here again his opinions have made such an impression on the learned world as can only be effected by those issuing from a master spirit. According to him, the light of the sun does not proceed from the solid nucleus of that body, but from a cloud-like substance which floats in its atmosphere. This doctrine is now generally received, and we need not discuss its advantages in accounting for the spots on the sun, or the phenomena attending the revolution of that luminary on its axis. Herschel believed that the sun is inhabited; but his arguments to this effect only go to prove, that we may conceive the atmosphere of the sun to be so constituted, that the solar nucleus suffers no inconvenience from the proximity of that circumambient heat and light which enliven the solar system. Other and better arguments, as M. Arago intimates, may still be urged in favor of that opinion.

We cannot refrain from turning aside for an instant from the grave review of these speculations and discoveries, to glance at the fate of an unconscious fellow-laborer of Herschel. Had this wonderful man been unpensioned he could never have dared to publish so many new and bold opinions.

Fortunate as he was, and the favorite of a king, he has yet been sneered at for what has been deemed a constant hankering after the prodigious; but there can be no doubt that much of what the world accepted as philosophy from him, would have been thought madness in one less advantageously circumstanced.

It happened that in 1787 Miss Boydell, the niece of Alderman Boydell, was shot at in the street by a man who was arrested on the spot. Her clothes were set on fire, but she suffered no serious injury, and indeed it was never proved that the pistols were loaded with any thing destructive. The prisoner turned out to be a medical practitioner named Elliot. On his trial the defence set up was insanity, in proof of which Dr. Simmons, physician to St. Luke's, came forward among other witnesses. The Doctor, in order to show the disordered state of the unhappy man's mind, produced in court a paper which Elliot had sent to him, for the purpose of being presented to the Royal Society, but which the Doctor thought too visionary for that learned body. He called the attention of the court particularly to a passage, in which the author asserted "that the sun is not a body of fire as hath been hitherto supposed, but that its light proceeds from a dense and universal aurora, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of that body's surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to annoy them. No objection," he proceeds to say, "arise to that luminary's being inhabited, and vegetation may obtain there as well as with us. There may be water and dry land, hills and dales, rain and fair weather; and as the light, so the season must be eternal; consequently it may be easily conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system." Here then we find adduced as a proof of the madness of Mr. Elliot, the very doctrine which Herschel promulgated with much applause eight years later.

The Recorder, who tried Elliot, held that extravagant opinions are no proof of monomania. We are disposed to think that, in this particular case, the physician of St. Luke's was better qualified to decide than the judge.* To a man's opinions we may

* Elliot was acquitted under the indictment for an attempt to murder, but was ordered to be tried for the assault. Chagrined at his detention in prison, he refused food, and died on the twelfth day after his acquittal. He was assuredly insane. See the "Gentleman's Magazine," for 1787, pp. 636 and 645.

apply the common maxim "noscitur a sociis." No definitions can safely decide what is monomania and what is not; no act of parliament can mark the exact line which separates madness from philosophy, poetry, or love. At the present day, when there is such a call for a law on monomania which shall settle to a nicety the degree of mental obliquity entitled to humane treatment, and which, by exact definitions, shall teach us "insanire ratione modoque;" it may not be amiss to call attention to the difficulties surrounding such an attempt.

By a natural transition, we pass from a case of lunacy to the moon. An immense height was formerly ascribed to the mountains in our satellite. Galileo estimated their general elevation at nearly 30,000 feet. Hevelius, more accurate, reduced them to 17,000 feet. Herschel, however, lowered to 9,000 feet the highest of the lunar mountains, and to the generality of them he allowed but a very moderate elevation. In this particular he is at variance with those who have followed him in the same line of inquiry. According to Beer and Maedler, who have bestowed so much care on the study of the moon, there are in that satellite six mountains exceeding Cotopaxi in height, and twenty-two which rise above the elevation of Mont Blanc. In reference to the disagreement existing between the conclusions of recent Selenographers and those of Herschel, the acute and impartial M. Arago makes an observation which deserves to be well weighed by those inimical to the reputation of the latter. "Allow me to remark," he says, "how incompatible the conclusion hazarded by Herschel is, with that affectation of the extraordinary and gigantic, which some have maintained on very slight grounds, to have been the characteristic of that illustrious astronomer."

"The active volcanoes which Herschel fancied that he could descry in the moon, were doubtless optical delusions, or else spots on the moon's surface, illuminated from the earth. We have already mentioned his discovery of the remote planet named by him the Georgium Sidus, but to which continental astronomers persisted in giving his name, and which is now, by general consent, called Uranus. Seven years elapsed before he could discover any satellites attached to the new planet; his perseverance, however, and the perfection of his telescopes, were at length rewarded with the discovery of six. Some of these satellites are so minute, and, owing to their

obscurity, so hard to be detected, that doubts have even been thrown on their existence. It is therefore not unimportant to observe that M. Lamont, of Munich, observed in 1837, one of those which had been so long missing. On the whole, the discovery of Uranus, and its satellites, may be justly reckoned among the most remarkable additions made to astronomy in modern times.

We have said nothing of the pains taken by Herschel to examine the rings of Saturn; nor of his Memoirs on the optical phenomena called the Newtonian rings; nor of his discovery that heat and light have not exactly the same refrangibility. Yet when he showed that in the solar spectrum formed by refraction with a prism, the thermometer rises higher beyond the limit of the red rays than in any, even the brightest, part of the spectrum, he led the way to inquiries which have since yielded the most important results. Regard to our limits, however obliges us to pass over in silence, as many of his ingenious disquisitions as would suffice to make the reputation of an ordinary man.

The degree of Doctor was conferred on Herschel by the University of Oxford in 1786, and thirty years later he was made a knight of the Hanoverian order of the Guelphs. He died in his eighty-third year, on the 23d of August, 1822.

"For some years before his death," says his biographer, "he enjoyed the purest delight from the distinguished success of his only son. In his last moments he closed his eyes in the grateful thought that that beloved son, the inheritor of a great name, would not allow it to sink, but would even clothe it with fresh lustre, and that great discoveries would also adorn his career. No prediction of the illustrious astronomer has ever been more fully realized."

The sketch which we have given of Herschel's discoveries will be sufficient to show that his mind was at once the boldest and the most practical. Skilful, and unconquerably persevering as a contriver, constructor, and observer, he was bold even to temerity in his speculations, but his boldness was always guided by great natural penetration. Yet this great man has not escaped the censure of those modish philosophers who, measuring by the standard of their own minds, would restrain all speculations within narrow limits. One of this school, after mentioning Herschel's sixty-nine memoirs, adds, "A great part of these, however, is filled with speculations of no value to astronomy; and his taste was rather to observe astronomical pheno-

mena, than to engage in computation, or the more arduous and essential, though less fascinating labors, through which the science can be really benefited." It grieved us to read this shallow and ill-considered judgment in the "History of Astronomy" in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

Herschel was not only a great man; he was also a most fortunate man. He was fortunate in having George III. for a patron. Again he was fortunate in having M. Arago for a biographer, who, while complete master of his subject, is also a gentleman superior to envy, and capable of sympathizing with the truly great. Thrice fortunate was he in transmitting his name and fame to one who, with the amplest intellectual resources of an accomplished scholar and philosopher, evidently cherishes the characteristic boldness of his father's spirit, and upholds that liberty of conjecture which is indeed the mainspring of sagacity. Sir John Herschel has observed about 2500 nebulae, and perhaps 2000 double stars in the southern hemisphere. He has detected among them ample evidence of that change and revolution which had fixed his father's attention. When we consider that the Herschels, father and son, have carefully examined the whole starry firmament with 20 feet telescopes—instruments of which, in their present state of perfection, the elder of them may be said to have been the inventor—and that they have made known to us thousands of the most interesting sidereal phenomena, it appears to us hardly an exaggeration to say, that Astronomy, beyond our own system, rests chiefly on their labors.

It is generally understood that the one sole object of Sir John Herschel's labors is to complete those of his father, and to develop fully those views respecting the Construction of the Universe which, when demonstrated, will immortalize its author. For such an undertaking, Sir John Herschel has inexhaustible materials in the journals of the observatory at Slough; he has collected all the evidence which the southern hemisphere can supply; and inspired, as he is, by a noble and pious purpose, we doubt not that his work, whenever it shall appear, will be reckoned one of the most remarkable monuments of modern science.

MILTON.—A large tablet to the memory of Milton was erected in Allhallows Church on Monday last. It bears for an inscription Dryden's well-known sextain.—*Court Journal*.

POPULAR RECOLLECTIONS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BERANGER.

LONG, long in many a lowly home
They'll fondly still recall his glory :
And yet, for fifty years to come,
The cottage hear no other story.

There, many a time, at close of day,
The villagers shall meet, and say,
Mother, to make the moments fly,
Tell us a tale of times gone by.
What though his rule, they say, was stern,
We hail his memory with delight.
—Tell us of him, good grandmamma,
Tell us of him to-night !

My children, in this hamlet here,
Followed by kings, I saw his carriage :
How time will fly ! it was the year
I first kept house, upon my marriage.

I climbed our little slope to see
The great folk pass, and there was he !
He wore a small cocked hat that day,
And a plain riding-coat of gray.
Near him I trembled ; but he said,
“ *Bon jour*, my dear ; how do you do ? ”
—He spoke to you, good grandmamma !
You say he spoke to you !

A year from thence, by chance I came
One day to Paris, and I found him
Rolling in state to Notre Dame
With all his splendid court around him.

And how rejoiced the people were
To see the hero passing there !
And then, they said, the very skies
Looked smiling on his pageantries,
He had a gracious look and smile,
And Heaven had sent an infant boy.
—What joy for you, good grandmamma !
Oh ! what a time for joy !

When foes marched over poor Champagne,
He boldly braving thousand dangers,
Seemed singly fighting to sustain
The war against the invading strangers.

One evening, at this very hour,
I heard a knocking at the door ;
I opened—Saints ! 'twas he again !
A feeble escort all his train.
He sat here where you see me sit,
And talked of war with thoughtful air.
—Did he sit there, good grandmamma ?
And did he sit just there ?

I brought some wine at his desire,
And our brown loaf I well remember ;
He dried his clothes, and soon the fire
Inclined his heavy eyes to slumber.

He woke, and saw my tears, and cried,
Still hope, fair hostess ; soon beside
The walls of Paris, I, perchance,
May yet avenge the wrongs of France !
He went away : and ever since,
I've kept the cup before him set.
—You have it yet, good grandmamma ;
Oh, have you got it yet ?

See, here it is. Soon lost to Hope,
On to his fall the Chief was hurried.
He, once anointed by the Pope,
In a lone desert isle was buried.

Long time they looked for him, and none
Would deem he was for ever gone ;
They said, he's sailed beyond the seas,
Strange lands shall hear his victories !
But oh ! how sorrowful I felt
When the sad tale was told aright !
—God bless you, dear, good grandmamma !
God bless you, and good night.

TWELVE REASONS FOR PAYING YOUR DEBTS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REASON.

1. The Christian member of society pays his debts, first, because he is ordered to do so in the Bible, where we are told to “Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's ;” and to “Owe no man any thing.”

2. The Christian hears the Eighth Commandment every Sunday, “Thou shalt not steal ;” and defrauding a man of his due is stealing ; for the tradesman *lends* upon faith and honor, and does not *give*.

3. The Christian pays regularly all he owes, because he is a friend to justice and mercy : he wishes both to love and succor his neighbor, and will not have the ruin of others on his conscience.

THE PATRIOT'S REASONS.

4. The patriot knows that one act of justice is worth six of charity—that justice helps the worthy and corrects the unworthy, while charity too often succors but the latter.

5. The patriot considers the evils that ensue from the more wealthy man leaving his poorer neighbor unpaid : that by that means the steps of the great ladder of society are broken ; the first ruin beginning with the merchant, who can no longer pay his workmen, and continuing to the workman's child, who is deprived of clothes, food, or instruction ; or to the aged father and mother, left to die on a bed of straw.

6. The patriot pays his debts from a love of his country ; knowing that the neglect of so doing brings on Democracy, Chartism, and a hatred of the upper ranks.

7. The patriot also pays, because the system of nonpayment, pursued to a certain extent, would bring a general bankruptcy on the nation.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD'S REASONS FOR PAYING HIS DEBTS.

8. The man of the world pays, because he is convinced that honesty is the best policy.

9. The man of the world pays, because he knows that curses will go with his name, if he does not pay, instead of good-will and good words, which last he secures with a certain class by paying.

10. The man of worldly calculation is aware, that by the immediate payment of his debts, as fast as they are incurred, he purchases peace of mind, and becomes acquainted with his income, his means, and resources.

11. The man of the world wishes for a comfortable old age, and knows that he has but little chance of it from his surrounding family, unless he trains up his children in habits of order and economy.

12. The man of the world knows the full force of the term “being an honest man,”—that it will carry him through political *démêlés* and family disputes ; and he cannot make claim to that name if he is the ruin of others.

The crying sin of either international or thoughtless debt in an heretofore honest nation, is a disgrace to the very name of England or Englishmen, and demands a remedy from a thinking and enlightened public.—*Spectator*.

AMATEUR POETS.

From the Edinburgh Journal.

SCARCELY a week passes but some amateur poet sends us his "compliments" inscribed upon the blank leaf of a volume of verses, of which he begs our acceptance. Several shelves in our library, therefore, are filled with an accumulation of presentation copies, which—ungrateful as the assertion may appear—we have never been able to put to any advantageous use. Coleridge, we believe, was wont to observe, that he never dipped into a book—be it ever so stupid—without deriving from it *some* new fact or suggestion. We, alas, have not been so fortunate with our piles of amateur poetry. We have perused the most readable, glanced at the least practicable, in vain, and nothing new has presented itself, even in errors. They all bear abundant evidence that their authors have become inspired by some great prototype; and wherever Byron, Moore, or Scott lead, there they enthusiastically follow. To so indiscriminating a pitch is admiration of their favorite masters carried, that, with the most affectionate zeal, they copy even their faults; while, in trying to imitate beauties, they too often turn the sublimity of their models into their own bathos.

These may seem, to our numerous benefactors of poetry-books, very hard words; but they nevertheless express what in nine cases out of ten is the truth; we might add the melancholy truth; for it is with feelings akin to melancholy that we view the masses of misapplied intellectual labor which are ranged upon our library shelves; exhibiting, as they do in almost every volume, a certain amount of literary talent, which, had it been bent in a better but humbler direction, would have been of essential service to the individual himself, and perhaps to mankind in general. With these views, we would venture one or two remarks, by way of warning and advice, to those who have mistaken a taste for the poetry of others for the ability to write poetry of their own.

The generality of probationary rhymers appear to be of three kinds: those who have all the yearnings after poetic fame, and possibly some genuine poetical feelings, without the requisite knowledge of literary composition as an art, to put their ideas in an intelligible shape. Secondly, rhymers of ultra-classical education, who have intently studied the art of poetry, but are not fortunate in possessing natural genius upon which to exercise it. Thirdly, of the less literate among the middle and upper classes, who have received the ordinary education of gentlemen.

The first-mentioned section of amateur poets may be well represented by an individual, whom we shall suppose to be a person in comparatively humble life, and has received a plain education. He employs his spare time in reading; and happening to light, perhaps by accident, upon the works of Byron, he conceives an enthusiastic admiration for them, and is henceforth bitten with a poetical mania. This develops itself in a constant habit of writing verses, and, though ignorant of the elements of literary composition, he is soon established as a poet amongst his ac-

quaintance. Thus—like a certain class of people which shall be nameless—he rushes in "where angels fear to tread." Had he conceived the same enthusiastic yearning after music, he would have commenced his career by learning his notes; if for painting, he would have begun with the study of drawing; but the poetical aspirant sets up as a master of his art at once.

At the first flight, he soars above the commonplace rudiments of literature. The dry details of grammar, and the previous practice of prose composition, he considers utterly beneath the high vocation of the inspired poet. He plunges into the middle of things-poetic immediately, and not knowing his way, soon loses himself in a fog of simile, or sinks into a slough of incomprehensible jargon. Nor does the mischief end here: it extends to his external circumstances. When the victim of supposititious inspiration has collected a sufficient number of his lucubrations to fill a volume, he moves heaven and earth to appear in print. To effect his darling object, he dips into his scanty purse to pay his printer and their supplementary satellites, stationers and bookbinders. Some of the volumes before us show that the most strenuous and painful efforts have been made before the actual goal of publication could be reached. One of our volumes—manifestly commenced with an unusually limited capital—contains two sorts of paper, which gives rise to the suspicion that a hard-hearted stationer had stopped the supplies, and that the work was delayed till a more confiding paper-dealer could be found. A second conceals very bad print under smart cloth covers with dutch-metal ornaments. A third contains a heavy page of errata, with an apology for any other errors which may have escaped what the author is pleased to call his "vigilance." In short, all these volumes present external evidences of having been subjected to trying difficulties while struggling into existence. Their authors have clearly set their lives upon the cast: but what has been the "hazard of the die?" Alas! the reverse of what they expected. The golden dreams of fame and fortune which cheered on the poet during his fierce struggles with the press, have been reversed rather than realized. Out of five hundred copies, not fifty have been sold; perhaps not twenty; perhaps not even one. As the greater number of these books emanate from a comparatively humble sphere, many an unfortunate youth thus involves his first step in life in serious pecuniary difficulties or severe privations.

Some of our readers are doubtless impatient to ask, is the poetical faculty in humble life to be entirely repressed? Our answer is, by no means; but encouraged by proper means, and directed to proper ends. The first step for the aspirant to take, is to obtain knowledge; and if he have a spark of true genius, that he will procure, in spite of every obstacle, as Burns and Hogg did. He will teach himself; he will study the great book of nature, that he may afterwards illuminate it by his imagination; he will be continually storing up in his mind the great facts that surround him, that he may afterwards spread them abroad to others in a more captivating form than they came to him. To be able to accomplish this, he will study the elements of his native

language, so as to put words to their right uses, and in their proper places. He will never indulge in the wanderings of mere fancy, but make it subservient to his own experience of nature, that his imagination may impart a strong light and a captivating aspect to truth. He will perceive that to such a purpose all surpassing geniuses have been dedicated. Milton illustrated the great truths of holy writ; Shakespeare either drew his inspiration from history—which is the nearest representative of the truths of the past that can be obtained—or, when he ingrafted his characters upon fiction, the characters themselves were truths—faithful specimens of mankind, derived from an unceasing study of human nature; Byron's greatest poem, "Childe Harold," may be described as a book of travels in verse, and therefore as a series of facts clothed in the radiant garb of poetry. The same may be said of Rogers's "Italy;" and Thomson's "Seasons," perhaps the most charming poem of the eighteenth century, was constructed after a patient examination of nature and rural life and scenery. Thus we see that the greatest poets were men who had acquired a considerable fund of information; and whoever would become a great poet, must tread in their steps, and acquire knowledge. Nor is this a difficult matter, even for persons in humble grades of life. The poems under consideration, though they exhibit a very low state of poetry in the minds of their authors, show ingenuity, perseverance, and other valuable qualities, which, if applied to the acquisition of some solid branch of knowledge, would doubtless, in that, insure success. If Ferguson had made verses about the stars, instead of vigorously investigating their nature and positions, so far from becoming a great astronomer, he would have remained a cow-boy, or, what is worse, have sunk into a bad poet.

With these remarks, we take leave of the more humble amateur poets, to approach those members of the rhythmical aristocracy, whose elegant volumes grace another division of our shelves. The authors of this part of our collection are evidently in affluent worldly circumstances, if we may judge from the expensive attire in which their muse appears in public. That stage on the road to fame, from the author's study to the half-way house, or publisher's shop, has manifestly been paved with gold. No struggles appear to have impeded the progress of these handsome volumes through the press; and they form the most brilliant shelf of books in our library. The bindings are elegant, the typography faultless, and the paper hot-pressed. Externally, they revel in all the glories of embossed covers, of profusely gilt edges and backs; internally, "rivers of type flow through meadows of margin;" whilst the matter is hardly less elegant than the manner. Most of the subjects chosen by each section of educated amateur poets are above the least suspicion of vulgarity. Their views of the universe, the moon and stars, the soul, immortality, paradise, human passion, love, despair, revenge, and all the other subjects patented for poetry, are of the genteel and most delicate kind; so as to be quite proper for introduction into polite society. Whenever an attempt is made to draw from nature, she is

seldom copied in her working-dress, but decked in her most fashionable suits; though such attempts are rarely made, all amateurs generally preferring to copy from foregone poets. With the highly educated, this is even more the case than with the humbler class of poetical amateurs; because they have read more extensively, and have consequently a larger stock of second-hand ideas on hand.

And this brings us to consider more minutely the second division of the subject, or the classically learned genera of amateur versifiers, who carry their love of the ancients so far, that they recoil with apparent intention from indulging their readers with a new thought, even if they possess one. Some of the volumes we have looked over are by graduates of universities, and nothing can exceed the purity of their style or the correctness of their metres. Hence these ultra classical bards must be regarded as antipodes to the unlettered poets we commenced with. All the sacrifices of the one are made at the shrine of art, of which the other possess none. Nothing can exceed the propriety of the epithets, the formality of the alliterations, the exactitude of the rhymes. The prosody is in general mathematically true, the numbers appearing to have been told off into feet by means of rigid scanning. Art with this section of aspirants is every thing; nature and enthusiasm nothing. If, from the flint of their mathematical minds, a spark of poetical fire be accidentally struck out, it is sure to be smothered by the wet blanket of a musty prosodial rule or philological difficulty. Still, it is possible to read such works, because they exhibit at least one essential of poetry; while the lucubrations of their antipodes, possessing none at all, are decidedly unreadable; for which reason we have not been able, with satisfaction to ourselves, to quote specimens of their muse.

We now pass, thirdly, to the well-informed amateur poets—"the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." Their poems are usually printed for private distribution, and sent round to their friends, from whom the donors generally receive expressions of praise, that often embolden them to send copies to the critics, which perhaps accounts for the number of privately-printed volumes in our collection. Should the commendation bestowed by private friendship be echoed by the press, a bolder step is taken. A new title-page is printed, a new preface written, and the work is regularly published. In excuse for so great a venture, it is generally stated that it was made "at the suggestion of several discriminating, but perhaps too partial friends." This discriminating partiality is not often shared by the public, for we never heard of a genuine second edition of such works. The authors, wanting both the rough vigor of illiterate, and the artistic knowledge of classical versifiers, usually produce a sort of drawing-room poem, which has in it nothing to provoke praise, censure, nor indeed anything, but sleep. This class is made up of dilettante travellers, soldiers and naval officers, who, having seen strange places, wonderful sieges, or horrible shipwrecks, feel inspired to write poems upon them. On the other hand, there are many tasteless minds who employ their

leisure in cultivating literary pursuits, and in occasionally throwing off an epigram or a sonnet for the amusement of their family circle, who at length tease them into publishing. These are decidedly the best poets of their kind.

We cannot take our leave of this subject more prettily than by saying a few words on lady amateur poets. The volumes which they have done us the honor to forward, we prize and cherish with becoming gallantry. Nor are we less interested with their contents; for, taking them as a whole, we find them infinitely superior to the efforts of our own sex. There are many reasons for this superiority; so many and all so likely to involve us in a dull metaphysical discussion, that we have neither room nor inclination to state them. But we may just remark, that surely there is nothing which tends to enhance the graces of woman more effectually than a true taste for poetry, provided it be not indulged at the expense of her ordinary duties; we say a true taste, because we are sorry to perceive that some of our female friends have mistaken a sickly sentimentality for genuine poetry. Such exceptions are, however, happily few.

Finally, we entreat amateur poets of every age, sex, and condition, to study nature, instead of dreaming about her; and when they have acquired the materials of poetry (knowledge), to possess themselves of its necessary implement (art); and provided they are blessed with enthusiasm and genius, they will become good poets. Without at least *some* of these requisites, they must continue, we fear, very bad ones. The quantity of readable poetry being much greater now than it was fifty years ago, it is correspondingly difficult for a poet to stand out in relief from the mass, and to make an impression. The spread of education has improved the intellectual taste of the public, which has grown so critical, that nothing short of high merit will please. In this state of affairs, we in all kindness would recommend our poetically-inclined friends to turn their mental energies to better account than hammering crude ideas into verses. There is scarcely a district of country which does not offer something worthy of noting down and describing, be it even for private recreation and literary discipline. The "Natural History of Selbourne," one of the most pleasing books that was ever published, is exactly of this nature. Now, it is in the power of almost every person to write such a book, though not so cleverly and poetically, perhaps, as the Rev. Gilbert White. Would, therefore, our amateur-poets favor us with works of this class, or the printed result of any branch of useful investigation in sober and sensible prose, we shall not only feel grateful, but do all in our power to advance their views; they would also advance their own; for, having stored up a fund of knowledge, their imaginations would take a healthy and vigorous tone, their poetical faculties would expand and brighten, and they would become poets in the best signification of that much-abused word.

SOMETHING CHEAP.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a-year:
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay—
Spread gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this scrap to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper!—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

Literary Gazette.

CHILDE HAROLD.—On pulling down some decayed wainscot work in Harrow Church, for the purpose of altering the gallery, an autograph of the illustrious author of *Childe Harold* has recently been brought to light. It is written with pencil, in a broad, stiff, schoolboy's hand, and doubtless was scribbled while the future poet was attending the customary service at church, where he and many of his schoolfellows, now well known both in the world of politics and literature, have so often whiled away their time in cutting names and other devices on the seats and panels. The piece of plank on which it is written, has been carefully preserved by the worthy sextoness, and is kept in an antique little chapel over the south door, for the gratification of the curious in such matters.—*Court Journal*.

PETRARCH'S TOMB.—Petrarch's tomb at Arqua has recently been restored under the direction of Count Leoni. In the course of the works, the remains of the great poet were uncovered, and part of the body was found almost untouched by time. A fragment of the cloth in which he was enveloped was taken away to be solemnly deposited in the parish church.—*Ibid*.

MISCELLANY.

PLAGUE LEGENDS.—In the popular superstitions of the middle ages, pestilences were supposed to arise from supernatural agency. This superstition is still preserved in some parts of Europe, and particularly in those which are at times visited by the plague. People believe that a female is seen, riding like a witch, and strewing corn, or some kind of grain, about her as she goes, and this grain is supposed to be connected with the subsequent pestilence. When the cholera committed such fearful ravages in Russia in the year 1830, the people of Haltschinjetz, in the Ukraine, escaped the visitation. According to their superstitious belief, the approach of the pestilence was preceded by a female figure, pale as death, seated in a carriage, drawn by six horses, and accompanied by riders in all sorts of uncouth forms, and who, as she went, scattered seeds of corn to the right and left. The following extracts from letters (now before our eyes) of the year 1630, when the plague was devastating many parts of Europe, afford a curious illustration of this superstition as it existed in another part of the world:—

“27th OCTOBER, 1630.

“He telles moreover of a wonder, if, as he says, it be reall, and not some invention, viz., the Venetian ambassador at London hath a letter from Venice, wherewith he acquainted on Sunday was sen- night our king and queens majesties, and also the lords. The copie whereof the Dr. saw 2 days before his writing, but his friend could not spare it to be transcribed; but the effect he saith was this: That one came riding into the citty of Millane in a rich coach, with 6 delicate horses for feature and colour as nature could afford, together with 12 pages and other attendants, to the number of 40, bravely attyred. He rode directly to the gates of a prime pallee there (the owner and his familie being at his country-house), which, although fast barred and locked up, did of themselves fly open unto him, where he entred, lodged, and dyeted. The senate, understanding thereof, sent to commit him, who went with the officers to the prison, but thence vanished from them to his lodging. After that he was by the senate and the bishop sent unto to come unto them into the cathedrall church; he answered, they had no power to send for him, yet would come; so they provided a cloth and chaire of estate for him according to his dignitie, which they accordingly doing he came. Being come, the bishop adjured him to answer his demands; some few whereof he did, discoursing deeply of the blessed Trinity; but would not answer all, saying he was a greater person than any of them all, and therefore if they would know more of him they must send for an higher authority, who thereupon sent unto the pope for his authority to examine him, who he is, whence he came, and what he would? He styles himselfe Prince Mammon.

“The owner of the house, when he heard thereof, came in great haste and fury to eject him for taking his house without his leave; but being come in, and finding him sitt at table with such gravitie, and so nobly attended, his outrageous anger was soone changed into meekness and love; so that going unto him he bad him welcome to his house, was glad he had one fitt for him, which he might use during his pleasure. Mammon thanked him, rose up, took him by the hand to the window, and there gave him a small glasse of water, one drop whereof in wine taken, he sayd, would preserve from the plague, or recover such as have it if they

beleieve in him, otherwise they should die. He is as if about 40 years old, with a square brownish beard, as is his skin, neither white nor black, and of a settled grave countenance. Many of the merchants also have letters of wonder, with some different circumstances.”

“27th NOVEMBER, 1630.

“Other newes Mr. P. sent me in a book, which I send likewise to you, where you shall here some more news of Prince Mammon, as the title tells you; but within is nobody named but the devil. I saw and read the other book of Pr. Mammon, where is related his sprinkling of dust in Millaine, whereby he caused so many to dye of the plague there, as that day he was summoned to the great church by the bishop and senate 7000. I tell you it not that you should beleieve any more then your share.”

In a subsequent letter the writer gravely states that this story had been ascertained not to be true; but that the circumstance of the plague having been caused intentionally by the sprinkling of certain dust about the city was not doubted.

Literary Gazette.

FRANCE.—An official statement was published in the *Messenger* of yesterday week, announcing that the Prince de Joinville has arrived at Rio Janeiro, and that, being provided with the king's authority, his Royal Highness has demanded of the Emperor of Brazil the hand of the Princess Francesca of Braganza, which has been granted to him. The marriage was to be celebrated at Rio de Janeiro on the 1st May. The Prince de Joinville is to convey his bride to France in the Belle Poule frigate, and their Royal Highnesses are expected to arrive in the course of next month. The Princess Francesca is the third daughter of Don Pedro; she is in her nineteenth year, and is said to be remarkable for her beauty and amiable qualities. Her dowry was stated to be 750 centos of reis (about 153,000*l.*) and 100 centos for pin money. The *Patrie* states that the letter from the Prince de Joinville, announcing the intelligence to his illustrious relatives, was received at Neuilly by the king, and being addressed to the queen, was handed to her by his Majesty, at breakfast. Her Majesty was affected to tears; and the king, taking the letter, read it in a loud voice, in the presence of the queen, the princes and princesses of the royal family, and the royal suite and attendants. A bill, introduced by ministers for purchasing the part of the Palais Bourbon belonging to the Duke D'Aumale, passed the Chamber of Deputies by a majority of 213 to 104, the sum required being 5,047,475*l.* The Parisians, it would appear, are about to be deprived of the only remaining observance that recalled the Revolution of 1830. It is confidently stated that the “*glorieuses journées*” will never again be celebrated, at least during the present king's reign. His majesty found in an act of Napoleon a capital precedent to follow in getting rid of so irksome an anniversary as that of the revolution which placed him on the throne, and has adroitly profited by it. Napoleon saw with displeasure the annual celebration of the 14th of July, “the overthrow of monarchy in France,” and seized upon the opportune arrival of intelligence of the death of Washington as a pretext for omitting that year the celebration of the taking of the Bastille, and thenceforward it was discontinued. The Duchess of Orleans still inhabits the Pavilion Marsan, with her two children, and passes her time in study and charitable works.—*Court Journal.*

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL
AND THE
PRINCESS TERESA CHRISTIANA MARIA, SISTER OF
THE KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.

From our own Correspondent.

Naples, May 31st, 1843.

The close of our season has been considerably enlivened during the last few days by the marriage of the king's youngest sister, the Princess Teresa Christiana Maria, with the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro the Second. You are aware the Courts of Naples and the Brazils have long continued a correspondence, for the purpose of concluding this happy event. Report says the king's elder sister refused the emperor, who is quite a youth, and not very prepossessing in his appearance. Be that as it may, the Princess Teresa, the younger sister of his majesty, is now Empress of the Brazils.

A few days since, some Brazilian frigates arrived, bringing the special ambassador, his Excellency Carneiro Leao, and a few Brazilian *dames d'honneur*, for the purpose of solemnizing the marriage by proxy. The Brazilian Ambassador read several letters to his majesty, and other branches of the royal family, wherein the emperor formally demanded the hand of the princess. The king expressed his utmost satisfaction at the mission of the embassy; after which preparatory formalities, the marriage ceremony took place on the 30th inst.

At an early hour the streets were enlivened by the equipages of the nobility and ambassadors thronging towards the royal palace. At ten o'clock, the Count Siracusa, the brother of the royal bride, (and proxy to the emperor,) conducted the princess to the royal chapel in the king's palace, where his majesty, the queen dowager, and all the members of the royal family, with the ecclesiastical authorities, were in waiting for the performance of the ceremony. The princess was elegantly dressed, and looked exceedingly pretty. Her features are regular and pleasing, and no doubt her light hair and blue eyes will be much esteemed at the court of Don Pedro; where, if we may judge from his Brazilian majesty's subjects now in Naples, all wear "the shadow'd livery of the burning sun." The count, acting as proxy, placed the ring on the princess's finger, after which she received the holy sacrament, and the company left the royal palace.

The empress will leave Naples in a few days, by one of the Brazilian frigates, which is fitted up in the most costly style. She has received a quantity of very valuable presents from her royal husband, and a most brilliant reception awaits her imperial majesty on her arrival at Rio de Janeiro. Nearly all the ministers of his Neapolitan majesty have received valuable presents from the emperor.

The king has given some very gay dinners and balls on the occasion, to which a few English have been honored by invitations. The whole of the royal party attended San Carlo on the evening of the marriage, and the house was crowded to excess. The whole city was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, and nothing which pertains to an Italian *festa* was forgotten. The Brazilian Ambassador is to give a grand entertainment previous to the departure of the princess.

There are but few English now residing at Naples. Among the loiterers, however, we may mention, Lady Vernon, Earl and Countess of Winchelsea, Mr. Cholmondeley and family, Gen. Sir J. Vandeleur, Lady Caroline Greville, and Colonel and Lady Meyrick.—*Court Journal*.

STATISTICS OF TRAVELLING.—The following appears in a provincial paper. We cannot vouch for its entire accuracy: "Only eleven mail coaches now leave London daily for the country. A few years since, before railways were formed, there were nearly eighty that used to leave the General Post-office. The number of miles which the mail coaches going to and from London daily travel on turnpike roads is about 5,000. The number of miles which the different railway companies convey mails daily is 4,435. Cross-road mails in England, Scotland, and Wales, run over nearly 12,000 miles of ground every day. Thus, by principal conveyances, the correspondence in this country is conveyed over more than 20,000 miles of ground every 24 hours. From these principal conveyances, innumerable mail carts and horse and foot letter-carriers branch off, and every road, lane, street, and court in the kingdom, is traversed from sunrise to sunset."—*Colonial Magazine*.

SHAKESPEARE.—Some interesting discoveries relating to Shakspeare and his family have been transmitted from Warwickshire to the London Shakspeare Society, and confided to the charge of Sir F. Madden and Mr. John Bruce, for publication. They are said, *inter alia*, to trace the poet's father, John, and his mother, from Snittersfield to Stratford, and to establish the fact that the former, as justice of the peace and bailiff of Stratford, could not write his name, and consequently made his mark. In 1577 he was in difficulties; and in 1579, with his wife, sold property in Snittersfield to Robert Webbe. In 1597 it appears that William Shakspeare of Chapel-street ward had ten quarters of malt in his possession, probably raised on his own land, and, at any rate, malted on his premises. Other papers relate to his purchase of tithes, &c., and some extend to a date beyond the poet's death, and refer to his surviving relatives.—*Lit. Gazette*.

DRAWINGS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.—It affords us great and unfeigned pleasure to state, and that from authorities of such taste and judgment as to be most worthy of public reliance, that the drawings sent in to the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts, and now preparing for exhibition in Westminster Hall, in order to ascertain the competency of British artists to embellish the new Houses of Parliament with fresco-paintings, fully to justify the highest opinion entertained of the ability of our native school to meet this occasion. We understand that nearly 150 designs in chalk have been offered in competition; and that, though one-third of them may be deemed failures, there is yet among the other two-thirds many productions of great genius in conception and skill in execution. In short, that the generality have far exceeded the expectations formed by these distinguished artists and connoisseurs who are appointed to judge of their merits. We have reason to suppose that several Royal Academicians are among the candidates; but, we believe we may also truly add, that the hand of no individual painter has been recognized in the style of the pictures examined by the commissioners. They are all now in process of being hung up; and in ten days or a fortnight the exhibition will be opened to the public. If we might presume to suggest ought to those who have the direction of the affair, we would advise the admission for a week or two to be charged at a shilling, by which a considerable fund would be raised for the encouragement of the arts herein embarked; and afterwards throw the hall open to the public gratuitously. This plan would conduce to more orderly and less crowded

assemblages. But, however managed, it is certainly a most gratifying result, to be assured that there need be no call upon foreign artists to display their talent upon an English national structure; and that the demand for an almost novel species of ornament, on a grand scale, has been nobly met by our own countrymen.—*Id.*

PUNCH'S RECIPES.

TO MAKE SHOES WATERPROOF.—Take a pound and a half of rose-pink, an ounce of camphor, with a quart of the liquid in which a rabbit has been boiled; stir these gently together, and pour the shoes full of the mixture when you go to bed at night.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF TABLE-LINEN.—Spread the damask cloth on the table, and with a sharp pair of scissors cut holes half an inch in each direction beyond the edge of the stain. There is another, but more expensive method, which is, simply, to put the linen into the fire.

A DELICATE LIP-SALVE.—Wash and grate four carrots, add to these a dram of assafetida, and two ounces of Norway tar; tie it down close, and put into a small saucepan with as much water and ground oyster-shells as will come nearly to the top of the gallipot. Do not let it boil over; pour into small boxes for present use.

PASTE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—At the full of the moon, take a pound and a half of coarse brown sugar, immerse it in a pint of aquafortis, one ounce of gum benjamin, one ounce of Florence iris; simmer these ingredients in a gall-bladder for an hour, then pour off into gallipots. The application will not only whiten the hands, but produce double joints, which are so much admired.—*Charivari.*

AURORA BOREALIS.—The aurora borealis seen at Paris, Rheims, Brussels, and other places, on the 6th instant, was described as follows:—

M. Desdoutis, at Paris, remarked that the direction of the luminous band was not that of the magnetic meridian, it inclined slightly towards the east. M. Moigno says the inclination of this band to the horizon was at an angle of about 70°. He had observed the almost sudden appearance of two great centres of diffused light to the right and to the left of *Cassiopeia*, but a little higher. These two centres, for nearly a quarter of an hour, gave out light sufficiently bright to dim stars of the 4th magnitude. At Brussels, M. Quetelet had observed that the phenomenon was accompanied by magnetic disturbance of greater force than any noted there for four years. during which time regular observations on terrestrial magnetism have been made. The mean of the magnetometer is nearly at the division of 63 00; at 11 h. 46 m. on the evening of the 6th May the instrument marked 77 67, a difference compared with the mean state of about 15 divisions, or 54 minutes. M. Coulvier-Gravier had seen, about eleven o'clock, a meteor shoot from near the tail of the Great Bear in a direction from S. W. to N. E., traversing the square of the Little Bear, and a mass of very bright light entirely covering this square. He distinctly observed the meteor, obscured by this luminous mass, regain its brightness after having passed it. Another meteor, at about 11 h. 18 m., traversing the heavens from S. to N., and meeting with this luminous cloud, was eclipsed for some time. M. Coulvier-Gravier deduces from these two observations that the height of these shooting-stars is much greater than that of the fluid or luminous gas which gives rise to the aurora borealis.—*Lit. Gazette.*

ELECTRICAL SOIREE.—It is with pleasure that we record an evening passed at Mr. Gassiot's, Clapham, devoted to electrical exhibition. The purpose of the assembling on Monday was also highly creditable—to do honor to M. de la Rive, an eminent continental electrician, and to display to him the spirit with which electrical inquiry is conducted in this country. No private individual in Great Britain stands higher in this respect than Mr. Gassiot; he ranks with Mr. Cross and Lord Rosse, the former an electrician, the latter a practical mechanic and chemist on a gigantic scale. As proof, on Monday a Grove's battery of 100 pairs was in action, also a very extensive series of the gaseous battery, and a water battery, comprising 3,520 pairs; the latter has been in action upwards of two years, and sparks at a hundredths of an inch and in seconds of time have been obtained from it. The effulgence of the light from the carbon points of the first arrangement was almost beyond belief. To look at it direct was painful. Its effect, however, we fully appreciated, by observing the brilliancy it imparted to the natural colors of foreign moths and butterflies in a case suspended against the wall. Had they been in fluttering existence, winging their way through tropical sunlight, they could not have looked more bright or beautiful. Another pleasing proof of the power of the electrical light was the distance, through the window, it penetrated the outer darkness, shooting over the lawn; but now softened into the sweetest moonlight, and yet clothing the shrubs and turf with intense green. The experiments with the electrodes of this extensive series were,—the influence of the magnet on the luminous arc; the difference of heating effects in the two poles; the sulphuret of antimony, a non-conducting substance, rendered a conductor by fusion, &c. &c. In another and another room were objects of attraction;—a Wheatstone's electro-magnetic machine; electrotypes; microscopic objects, amongst them the *Acarus Crossii*; metalochromes; *cum multis aliis.*—*Lit. Gazette.*

UNBURNT BRICKS FROM THE PYRAMIDS.—Some specimens of unburnt bricks from the Pyramids of Daskoor (Egypt) were exhibited by Mr. Newton. From the description by Mr. Perring, who brought them to England, it appeared that they were made from the alluvial soil of the Valley of the Nile, mixed up with chopped straw; that they were made with cavities in the sides like the modern bricks, and that the interior of the Pyramids was formed of *arches*, the bricks composing them being either packed behind with pieces of flat pottery, or cut away to radiate equally from the centre. There existed at Thebes some extensive ranges of arches, of about twelve feet span, the bricks of which they were built bearing the name of *Sesostriis*, and consequently they must have stood uninjured upwards of 3180 years; the arches were turned in concentric half-brick rings.—*Ibid.*

EDUCATION OF THE ROYAL INFANTS.—The public will observe with much satisfaction the appearance above the walls of the garden of Buckingham Palace, two green wooden uprights, with a rope's end attached to each of them. On making inquiry, we have discovered that the objects in question belong to a swing which has been erected in the garden for the use of the Royal Infants. By this admirable arrangement it will be inculcated into their minds at an early age, that even princes are subjected in this life to ups and downs, and that we must go backward as well as forward; a truth that cannot be too soon impressed on the understanding of infancy.—*Charivari.*

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE WORLD A VOLTAIC TELEGRAPH!—Be not alarmed, gentle reader, at the startling announcement: though "the great globe which ye inhabit" is now proved to be one vast voltaic battery, with power equal to effect its own destruction, there is no present danger of its committing suicide. He who has detected the latent torpedo has no intention of employing it to annihilate the world, but solely for the annihilation of space. Yes, truly, we and the Antipodes may soon be placed in contact by galvanic influence—mentally at least—with heads to heads in lieu of feet to feet.

In a former notice of the improvements effected by Mr. Bain in his electrical telegraph, we communicated his discovery that the circuit of a voltaic battery may be completed, by the earth as a conductor, from any points however distant. We then anticipated that the next step would be the application of the air as a conductor for the return current, so that earth and air might call and respond to each other from all quarters of the globe. Mr. Bain has, however, shown that he can do more than this. He has converted the globe itself into a constant voltaic battery, and proved that it may be rendered the means of carrying on instantaneous correspondence through the earth. This result was the sequence of the previous discovery; for, having ascertained that the moisture of the earth is sufficiently conductive of the electric current of a voltaic battery, he inferred that by placing a plate of copper and a plate of zinc under ground and connecting them with an isolated wire, an electric current would be formed. The experiment was tried in Hyde Park, with zinc and copper plates placed a mile asunder; and with complete success. This discovery made, it was readily applied to simplify and work the electric telegraph. A single wire, connected with a copper plate at one terminus and with a zinc plate at the other, is now all the electrical apparatus required. The principle on which the telegraph operates with this simple self-acting battery is this—At each terminus there is a corresponding apparatus, with series of wheels like clock-work, which are set in motion by powerful springs or weights: this apparatus is so contrived, that when the hand of a dial is stopped at any letter marked thereon, that letter is printed on paper; the hands on the dials at each station are adjusted alike; therefore, when set in motion and stopped at the same instant, the hand of each dial will point to and print the same symbol. Electrical agency is required only to set the apparatus in motion: this it effects, whenever the voltaic connexion is broken, by deflecting a coil of wire, which action removes a stop; the instant the voltaic circuit is renewed, the machinery ceases to act. The communications may thus be carried on for any time with great rapidity; the symbol indicated on one dial being indicated on the other instantaneously, however far apart. As the velocity of electricity is immeasurable; and as the conducting power of the earth is without stint, there appears to be no assignable limit to the action of this terrestrial voltaic telegraph. Should the Lords of the Admiralty conclude satisfactorily their pending negotiation with the patentees for the construction of a telegraph on this principle between Portsmouth and London, the copper sheathing of the guard-ship in Portsmouth harbor would form a magnificent negative plate for the actuating battery; the positive pole of which could be supplied by the water-tanks at the Admiralty, the space between them constituting an earthenware cell, on a large scale.

These curious results of scientific investigation are probably capable of many other and of even more important applications than Mr. Bain at present contemplates. To military men, for example, it may suggest the idea of applying the galvanic agency of the earth to the means of impregnable defence against invaders, by converting the islands of Great Britain and Ireland into gigantic torpedoes. It is well known, that instant contact with a few plates of metals differently oxidizable will melt the hardest rocks and convulse the strongest animals: who then can calculate the effects when all the copper and tin in the bowels of Cornwall combine with the iron of Wales to produce a never-ending succession of shocks?—*Spectator*.

GAULISH ANTIQUITIES.—There has just been discovered in the ground excavated for the railroad, between St. Leu d'Essevens and Montclair, a girdle of solid gold, wrought to imitate a cord, having a hook at each end. The weight is 342 grammes, and the gold is valued at 880fr. It was found within two and a half feet of the surface, and no other article was discovered near it. It is supposed to belong to the Gaulish period, about Julius Cæsar's time.—*Athenæum*.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—In September, 1838, a valuable piece of mosaic, representing Orpheus and Ceres, with her attributes, was discovered in the forest of Brothonne, in Normandy. Since then the Archæological Society of Caen have extended the researches, and found a long suite of Roman apartments, and several baths. One of the rooms is splendidly decorated, and on the walls are the finest specimens of mosaic work, representing various aquatic birds. One side is a large stove, with flues to convey the heat, and on the hearth were charcoal and ashes, as fresh as if newly brought there. Another room was entirely paved with mosaic, but unfortunately only a few fragments remain entire, the rest having been crushed by the falling in of a wall. There were also found coins, with the profiles of Nero, Antoninus, Gallienus, Claudius, and other Roman emperors, with bricks, tiles, double-headed nails, vases of terra cotta of different colors, pieces of stone, marble, and glass, and several articles in iron, bronze, and ivory. There were also numerous stags' horns, boars' tusks, and bones of animals.—*Ibid*.

EARTHQUAKES.—A communication has been made by the French Minister of War to the Academy, being the letter of an inhabitant of Guadaloupe, dated March 7, which gives an account of a phenomenon apparently connected with the catastrophe of February 8. The gentleman relates, that between the eastern point of Mariegalante and Guadaloupe, and in mid-channel, a column of water, black in color, and of large diameter, arose from the sea with great force. All around it, to a considerable distance, a quantity of vapor covered the sea. This appearance lasted about half an hour. No doubt was entertained by him of its being the effect of a submarine volcano.—*Ibid*.

"ON THE RESPIRATION OF THE LEAVES OF PLANTS," by William Haseldine Pepys, Esq.—The author gives an account of a series of experiments on the products of the respiration of plants, and more particularly of the leaves; selecting with this view, specimens of plants which had been previously habituated to respire constantly under an inclosure of glass; and employing for that purpose the apparatus which he had formerly used in ex-

perimenting on the combustion of the diamond, and consisting of two mercurial gasometers, with the addition of two hemispheres of glass closely joined together at their bases, so as to form an air-tight globular receptacle for the plant subjected to experiment. The general conclusions he deduces from his numerous experiments, conducted during several years, are, first, that in leaves, which are in a state of vigorous health, vegetation is always operating to restore the surrounding atmospheric air to its natural condition, by the absorption of carbonic acid and the disengagement of oxygenous gas; that this action is promoted by the influence of light, but that it continues to be exerted, although more slowly, even in the dark. Secondly, that carbonic acid is never disengaged during the healthy condition of the leaf. Thirdly, that the fluid so abundantly exhaled by plants in their vegetation is pure water, and contains no trace of carbonic acid. Fourthly, that the first portions of carbonic acid gas contained in an artificial atmosphere, are taken up with more avidity by plants than the remaining portions; as if their appetite for that pabulum had diminished by satiety.—*lb.*

INFLUENCE OF EMPLOYMENTS UPON HEALTH.—

The materials from which this paper was compiled, were obtained from the registers of the out-patients of King's College Hospital, and comprised upwards of 3000 individuals, all engaged in various occupations. A series of elaborate Tables accompanied the paper, showing the different diseases to which males and females had been subject, from which the author arrives at the following conclusions. In females, the ratio of cases of pulmonary consumption to those of all other diseases, is highest in those following sedentary employments, less in those having mixed in-door employments, and least in those occupied out of doors. The highest ratio occurs in the case of females whose habits of life are irregular. In men, the ratio of cases of pulmonary consumption to those of all other diseases is somewhat higher in those following in-door occupations, than in those working in the open air. The ratio of cases of pulmonary consumption to those of all other diseases in the case of men following in-door employments varies inversely as the amount of exertion, being highest where there is least exertion, and lowest in employments requiring strong exercise. Neither a constrained posture, nor exposure to a high temperature nor a moist temperature appear to have any marked effect in promoting pulmonary consumption. The ratio of cases of pulmonary consumption to those of all other diseases, is highest in the case of men whose employments expose them to the inhalation of dust, there being, in persons so employed, two cases of consumption, for less than three of all other diseases. The ratio is also high in the case of persons addicted to habits of intemperance, there being two cases of pulmonary consumption to five of all other diseases. The age at which pulmonary consumption makes its attack varies with the employment, being earlier in those occupations characterized by a high ratio of consumptive cases. Thus it is earlier in those following in-door occupations than in those employed in the open air, and in those using little exertion than in those using much. It also occurs very early in those who indulge in intemperance, and in those whose occupations lead to the inhalation of dust. The practical rule to be deduced from the preceding observations, is, that those persons who have an hereditary tendency to consumption should make choice of occupations which are car-

ried on in the open air, and that if they are obliged to choose some in-door employment, it should be one requiring strong exercise, and that they, more than others, should avoid exposure to dust and habits of intemperance.—*lb.*

A GIANTIC BIRD.—At a late meeting Dr. Buckland read some interesting letters detailing the discovery of the bones of a gigantic bird, which must have recently inhabited New Zealand, should it not be proved to be still an inhabitant of that colony. The first announcement of its supposed existence was conveyed in a letter from Mr. Wm. Williams, dated February 28, 1842, in which he says, that hearing from the natives that an extraordinary monster inhabited a cave on the side of a hill near the river Weiroa, he was induced to offer a reward to any one who should produce either the bird, or one of its bones. In consequence, a large bone, but much worn, was soon produced; and shortly after, another of smaller size was found in the bed of a stream which runs into Poverty Bay. The natives were then induced to go in large numbers to turn up the mud in the bed of the same river, and soon brought a large number of bones, which proved to have belonged to a bird of gigantic dimensions. The length of the large bone of the leg is two feet and ten inches; they have been found a little below the surface, in the mud of several other rivers, and in that situation only. The bird to which they belonged is stated to have existed at no very distant period, and in considerable numbers, as bones of more than thirty individuals had been collected by the natives. Mr. Williams had also heard of a bird having been recently seen near Cloudy Bay in Cook's Straits, by an Englishman accompanied by a native, which was described to be not less than fourteen or sixteen feet in height, which he supposes to be about the size of the largest of those to which the bones belonged. Of these bones one case has already arrived, and a second is daily expected. A letter from Professor Owen detailed the contents of the box, which has arrived; and from these fragments it was clear that they had belonged to the species of bird which the Professor had already described in the *Zoological Transactions*, vol. iii. from a fragment of a femur which he had received some time previous.—*lb.*

PRESERVATION OF MEATS BY FERRUGINOUS SYRUP.—A memoir was received from M Dussourde on the preservation of meats by ferruginous syrup, —a syrup which undergoes no deterioration by keeping. Meat which has been steeped in this syrup dries with only a slight diminution of volume, and is not affected by the most active agents of putrefaction. When required for use, the meat is put into cold water, and it soon assumes its original size. Its color and odor are then like those of fresh meat, of which it has all the properties. The syrup is made by boiling iron in an impalpable powder with common syrup until the latter becomes sufficiently impregnated with the iron.—*lb.*

CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.—Negotiations have been opened between the Canton of Geneva and Sardinia for the construction of a railroad from Geneva to Chambéry. Since the Government has come to the aid of the shareholders of the Lombardo-Venetian railway, the works have been going on very actively at all the unfinished sections. A *Hamburgh journal* mentions a project for a railroad between that city and Berlin by the right bank of the Elbe. A new section of the railroad of Upper

Silesia, that from Brieg to Oppeln, was opened on the 25th ult. We learn from Brunswick that the railroads in that country are urged on with so much energy, that the road from the capital to Madgeburg will be finished in the course of the next month, and that from Brunswick to Hanover may be opened very shortly after.—*Court Journal*.

EARTHQUAKES PREVENTED BY ARTESIAN WELLS. M. Delpon believes that, by boring artesian wells, localities subject to earthquakes may be protected from such calamity: he says, whatever be the force which causes subterranean explosions, it would be neutralized by the opening of wells, which would serve for the escape of this force.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ANTIQUITIES.—The dredging machine, employed in clearing the bed of the Soane at Chalons, has brought up many interesting remnants of antiquity.—Among them are some coins of Charles, Cardinal de Bourbon, of great rarity—a small brass plate, on which appears a Christ on the cross, with symbolical animals at the four corners, and some Gothic characters which have not yet been deciphered, apparently a work of the earliest part of the middle age—some amphoræ and cinerary urns in good preservation. But the most valuable prize is a beautiful vitrified cup. It is shallow and broad like a dish, but the outside is enriched with wavy and spiral ornaments in relief; affording a new proof that the art of moulding in glass was well known in ancient days, and indicating the residence of the Romans at Cabillonum, after the Eduens and previously to the Burgundians.—*Ibid.*

ELECTRICITY OF STEAM.—We have so recently (*Lit. Gazette*, No. 1369, page 239) given the results of Mr. Faraday's investigations in regard to the electricity of steam, that we should not again recur to them were it not for the relation they bear to that extraordinary operation of nature, the thunderstorm, to which many of the remarks on Friday evening had reference. How is the atmosphere electrified? Is it by evaporation? by means of it clouds and mists, rains and dews, are formed; but does the same operation carry up and supply electricity? Hitherto our knowledge extended to this: we knew that by pouring water into a hot crucible, for instance, and by the first bursting into vapor, electricity could be obtained; and hence evaporation was supposed to be a source of electricity. The discovery of the electricity of the steam-boiler appeared likely to extend our views in this respect; for if the quantity of electricity produced were a result of the mere issue of steam, then might atmospheric electricity be affirmed to be due to evaporation. But Mr. Faraday asserts that there is no connexion between evaporation and atmospheric electricity; and proves that the electricity of steam is not produced by the evolution of steam, but by the friction of the water only, and that consequently there is no substance in nature so high in the scale of electric bodies as water: it takes rank above catskin, hitherto the head of the list.

Literary Gazette.

LIFE-COLORED DAGUERREOTYPES.—A letter from Nice, of the 27th March, announces that an artist named Iller has succeeded in obtaining daguerreotypes with all the colors of life, the rapidity of taking them being undiminished.—*ib.*

OBITUARY.

JOHN ALLEN, Esq.—April 3. In South street, aged 73, after a short illness, John Allen, Esq., M. D., Master of Dulwich College.

He was born in January 1770, at Redford, a few miles west of Edinburgh—a beautiful small property to which he succeeded by the death of his grandmother, and which was afterwards sold. He graduated at the University of Edinburgh as M. D. in 1791, and in 1792 he became a zealous and active member of the Association then instituted at that city to forward Parliamentary Reform, along with Thomas Muir and many other promoters of the measure, of whom Mr. Robert Forsyth, advocate, and Mr. William Moffatt, solicitor, are believed to be the only survivors.

Mr. Allen gave lectures on comparative anatomy at Edinburgh, which were of such excellence as to have induced M. Cuvier eagerly to seek his acquaintance. At the beginning of the present century he left Edinburgh, and since that time was a constant inmate, first with Lord Holland, and, after the death of that amiable and enlightened statesman, with Lady Holland. All who resorted to Holland House valued his extensive research, his accurate knowledge, his ever ready and exact memory, and his kindness in imparting information to those who sought it. His facility in unravelling the intricate and obscure parts of history was remarkable. His articles in the *Edinburgh Review*,* and his other works, attest his various and profound learning. His zeal for the Constitution led him to search for its foundations in the Anglo-Saxon laws, and to study a language comparatively little known.

He published "An Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative, in England;" "A Vindication of the Independence of Scotland;" and a Reply to Dr. Lingard, who had remonstrated upon a criticism of his History of England which Mr. Allen had contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. He wrote, indeed, more than one article upon that work, at first approving Lingard, but afterwards censuring his partiality, particularly his misquotation of Strada, with regard to the massacre of St. Bartholemew.

Mr. Allen was one of the members of the late Commission on Public Records.

An inmate in Holland House for more than forty years, Mr. Allen had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all the distinguished men of all countries, and his long life may be said to have been passed between the best reading and the best conversation. Nor in a society where Romilly, and Horner, and Mackintosh, were welcome and delightful guests, was there a single person who did not listen with respect to the voice of one with whom Lord Holland searched the records of history for the materials of his speeches, and to whose friendly eye were submitted those admirable protests in which the cause of liberty was so eloquently pleaded.

In the Exhibition at the Royal Academy last year was a pleasing picture of Lord and Lady Holland and Mr. Allen, seated in the library of Holland House, painted by Leslie.

He was esteemed and loved by Lord Holland, which is eulogy in itself, and there can be no doubt that his affliction for the loss of such a friend shortened his life.

* To Mr. Allen's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, XXVI. 341, Sir James Mackintosh refers as having been written "by one of the most acute and learned of our constitutional antiquaries." *Hist. of England*, 1. 941. Mr. Allen wrote the *Life* of Fox in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The warmth of his heart, and the steadiness of his attachment to his friends, were indeed not less remarkable than his high intellectual qualities. He had a marked part in that circle so eloquently described by Mr. Macaulay, "in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science had its place."

Mr. Allen has died worth about £7000 or £8000, of which he has bequeathed £2500 to the descendants in his mother's second marriage, named Cleg-horn, and resident in the western states of America. The sum of £1000 and all his medical books and manuscripts are bequeathed to his intimate friend Dr. John Thompson, Emeritus Professor of Pathology in the University of Edinburgh. In respect to his other manuscripts his wishes are expressed in the following terms:—

"I bequeath to Col. Charles Richard Fox all my manuscript journals, diaries, and letters, with the exception of such as have been already devised to Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh. I know that my manuscript collections, which were made for purposes that I cannot hope now to execute, are of no value to any one but myself; but I am loath to destroy them while I am still alive, and having the same confidence in Colonel Fox which I had in his father, to whom I had formerly bequeathed them, I am sure he will take care that they fall into no hands after my death where they can be used to my discredit." His Spanish and Italian books are left to Dulwich college. The will is dated Oct. 29, 1842.

HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, Esq.—Jan. 26. In Chester place, Regent's Park, Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M. A., Barrister at Law.

Mr. Nelson Coleridge was the son of Colonel Coleridge, a brother of the poet. He married his cousin, a daughter of the poet, a very learned and accomplished lady; she published some years ago a translation of the "*History of the Abipones*," from the Latin of Dobrizhoffer, and more recently a beautiful fairy tale called "*Phantasmion*." He was educated at Eton and at King's college, Cambridge, where he was elected Fellow, and graduated B. A. 1823, M. A. 182-. He accompanied his uncle, the Bishop of Barbadoes, on his outward voyage, and the result was a work entitled "*Six Months in the West Indies in 1825*," originally published anonymously, but with his name in the third edition, 1832, which is one of the series of Murray's Family Library.

He was called to the bar by the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, Nov. 24, 1826; practised as an equity draftsman and conveyancer; and was appointed Lecturer on the principles and practice of equity to the Incorporated Law Society.

In 1830 he published an Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets.

In 1836 he published the Literary Remains of Mr. S. T. Coleridge; and he has since been the editor of several other posthumous editions of various portions of his great relative's writings.

He also wrote several articles in the Quarterly Review.

W. H. PYNE, Esq.—May 29. At Pickering Place, Paddington, after a long illness, aged 84, William Henry Pyne, Esq.

As an artist, Mr. Pyne possessed a great facility of pencil, and a charming taste and fancy for natural and picturesque objects, whether animate or inanimate. His publication in quarto entitled "*The Microcosm of London*" is a most pleasing performance, and the character of the varied population of

the metropolis struck off with wonderful accuracy and amusing effect. His rustic figures are no less true and excellent. In his larger work, *The Royal Palaces*, the engravings are splendid, and the text replete with talent, whether applied to graphic remark or antique anecdote and research. His *Wine and Walnuts* (originally published in the *Literary Gazette*, and then collected in three volumes,) attracted much public notice, and induced him to start a weekly periodical of his own, which was called the *Somerset House Gazette*, but lasted only for one year. The pains he bestowed on his anecdotal inquiries were extraordinary; and every little incident and fact which he stated, if capable of confirmation, were as carefully investigated as if he had been composing national history. This gave great value to his pictures of elder times, his biographical sketches, and touches of manners. Latterly he communicated some agreeable papers to *Frazer's Magazine*, in which it is believed the last of his literary essays have appeared.

During his long career Mr. P. was intimately associated with all the principal artists of the time, and also with very many of its literary ornaments. His conversation was original, instructive, social, and entertaining, and caused his company to be much courted by all who could appreciate these agreeable qualities. He was connected with the late Mr. Ackerman, and the suggester and main-spring of many of that worthy publisher's most successful undertakings, from the issue of a print to the institution of the famous subscription for the sufferers in Germany. His mind, indeed, was ever full of curious projects; but perhaps his perseverance was not equal to his invention, and fortune did not reward his efforts so liberally as to bless his closing days with the independence his genius so richly deserved.

He was, we believe, the son of a respectable leather-seller in Holborn, and displayed so early and strong a predilection for the arts as to induce his father to place him on trial with a clever draughtsman and print-colorer. But when the time came that he should be bound an apprentice, much as he liked the pursuit, he refused to accept the master; and at fourteen left him in disgust because he had called his word in question! This sense of respect and right grew up with William Henry Pyne; and to the end of his life, though afflicted with much suffering, his temper was placid and amiable, his conduct affectionate and unworldly.—*Literary Gaz.*

It is with much regret that we inform our readers of the sudden and painful death of the Rev. Samuel Kidd, M. A., the talented Professor of Oriental Literature in University College. The Rev. gentleman fell down in a fit of epilepsy on Monday morning, and died before any assistance could be rendered him. He was an erudite scholar and a sincere Christian.—*Court Journal.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great-Britain.

1. *Arts, Antiquities, and Chronology of Ancient Egypt.* By George H. Wathen, Architect. Longman and Company.

Egypt, as the birth-place and cradle of his art, must ever be a country of peculiar interest to the Architect; but if he is also an antiquary, the attraction is irresistible. Mr. Wathen visited Egypt partly for professional improvement, and also to gratify a liberal curiosity. The result of his inves-

tigations leads him to conclude, that many incorrect opinions are current regarding Egyptian antiquities, and particularly as to the age of some of the most interesting monuments. In his very elegant work, Mr. Wathen, with diffidence, submits these views to the judgment of the public. This is the original feature of the volume. It is embellished with architectural and other plates, mostly taken from the magnificent works published by the French and Tuscan governments, and with tinted lithograph plates from views made by the author.—*Tait's Magazine*.

2. *History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, embracing their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, Discovery by Europeans in the Sixteenth Century, Re-discovery by Cook, with their Civil, Religious, and Political History, from the Earliest Traditional Period to the Present Time.* By James Jackson Jarves, Member of the American Oriental Society.

There is always something intensely interesting in watching the gradual development of civilization in any country, and we know of none of the little green spots of earth rising out of the bosom of the ocean for the habitations of man where this is more true than of the Sandwich Islands. Considered as bearing upon the interests of France, England, and America, these islands are of vast political importance, yet to the eye of the philanthropist and the philosopher, they furnish other material of abundant speculation and contemplation, and the history which the American traveller and author, Mr. Jas. Jackson Jarves, has here given us, is as really interesting in its arrangement and management as in its material. Writing from personal observation, we have a faithful description from the best means of its attainment, since no hearsay evidence can equal that of the bodily organs; and while the present is displayed in the colors of existing truth, the past has been narrowly investigated to furnish its own history. Thus Mr. Jarves has produced a really capable and interesting work, into which is crowded a vast mass of information, of which perhaps the most important feature is the theology of the land, though its domestic usages might seem to rival such a preference.—*Metropolitan*.

3. *A Practical Treatise on the Laws, Customs, and Regulations of the City and Port of London.* By Alexander Pulling, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 8vo. London: Stevens and Norton.

This Work may be read with advantage, not only by the citizen of London, but by every person who wishes to obtain a comprehensive notion of the present state of the last relic of the old municipal institutions of this country. These institutions are extremely curious, and well worthy the study of the politician. The explanation, however, of the functions of the Lord Mayor, the Common Council, the Aldermen, is more than a mere object of curiosity. These names are almost of daily occurrence in life, and comparatively few are acquainted with the whole extent of their duties. To those who feel a desire to rescue themselves from this state of ignorance, we cannot recommend a better guide than Mr. Pulling. He will tell them all they need know, not only of the principles on which the city is governed, but also of the mode of administering justice; its courts, its police, prisons, &c. The laws relating to the poor are also very fully detailed in the volume before us. But the most important portion of it is, perhaps, that in which the machinery of commerce is entered into. The public, we repeat, have long been in want of this

kind of knowledge; and Mr. Pulling gives ample details respecting the regulations of the port of London, the conservancy of the Thames, the public markets, the Exchange, &c. He has made extensive researches, and compiled his volumes with considerable method. We can, therefore, confidently recommend this "Practical Treatise" to the attention of our readers.—*Monthly Magazine*.

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
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
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