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JANUARY—APRIL, 1831.

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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1831

Art. I.—1. *Constitutional Code for the use of all nations professing liberal opinions. Chap. X. Defensive Force.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esq.—8vo. Heward. 1830.

2. *Bataille de Paris.* Par le lieutenant-général Allix.—Paris. 1830.

3. *Military Events of the late French Revolution.* By an Officer of the *Garde Royale.* From the French.—Murray. 1830.

4. *La Liberté reconquise.*—Paris. 1830.

5. *Evénemens de Bruxelles.*—Brussels. 1830.

OF the treatise at the head of this list, there would be difficulty in determining whether it is most remarkable, that it should have been printed *before* the events of last July, or that it should have been kept under a bushel *after*. To drag it from its unjust, and indeed unscriptural, hiding-place, and to garnish it with such small fry of ephemeral productions as may illustrate its importance and extend its effects, will be the object of the Article that follows.

A military force has always been a mystery. It was a thing that a nation ought to have, and ought not to have. When the public is in bodily fear,—as, for instance, when its sleep is disturbed by the apprehension of gun-boats in the Channel, or the dread of waking with its capacious throat cut from ear to ear by internal insurrection,—then a military force, like Edie Ochiltree in the novel, is cockered up as something exceedingly worthy to be praised. But when the fit of fear is over, it is found out (as may be true enough) that the guest is what most people could do without, and at best but a dangerous kind of vagrant in masquerade, viewed everywhere with suspicion not unmingled with dislike.

In this state of things it was matter of no ordinary interest, to his own country and the world, to see a great publicist step forward to take the dilemma by the horns. But the importance was incalculably enhanced, by the unparalleled conjuncture under which the circumstance took place. It is manifest that or ever the violet had blossomed, or the vine put forth her tender grapes, a vision had fallen on the seer and a sight upon the aged, and he had seen—not a he-goat that pushed northward and southward, nor a ram that pushed eastward and westward—but two millions of National Guards marching to the sound of the Marseillaise, and all nations, and languages, and tongues, applauding in their train. In brief, he had beheld a free people in the *paulò post futurum;* and he indited it in a book, and caused it to be engraven as on a rock, that they that come after may read, and the bands of the oppressed be loosed.

If a disinterested spectator were asked to what single circumstance in the history of the existing European generation he would attribute the greatest mass of human suffering,—the longest list of broken bones, and they are evils, and broken hearts, and they are greater, — the largest crop of hopes destroyed and expectations trampled on, of cities ruined and families dishonoured,—the heaviest freights of worldly happiness wrecked and scattered, to gratify the appetites of the smallest number and those the most unworthy,—the result could hardly fail to be, that next after the existence of the great Moloch in whose name and to whose honour these sacrifices have been made, he would ascribe it to the preponderating physical force which has been concentrated in the hands of regular or stipendiary armies. From which conclusion the step would be a small one to the next,—that in proportion as the force of regular armies has been neutralized and kept in check by either the actual or virtual operation of a superior strength in the hands of the rest of the community, has been the degree of safety, honour, freedom and all other good things, which has fallen to the share of those in whom is the real fee simple of the interests of the society. In so much that the *ratio* between one of these forces and the other, (under certain limitations through the necessity for some positive quantity of that from which danger arises), may be considered as the measure of all public good, so far as the same is dependent on the just regulation of the physical powers existing within a given political community. And if the countries in which this ratio is the greatest, may be considered as occupying the highest places in the scale of human improvement,—it seems to follow that one in which the proportion should be none at all, (as would be the consequence of the removal of all counterbalance, or in other words the disarming of the mass of the community), would present the *zero* or lowest depth, to which all other nations might refer, in calculating their rates of comparative degradation.

As intimated above, the dangerous force cannot be entirely removed. If it were removed tomorrow, it would only be to remake it, or something equivalent, the day after. Whether the case may be altered at some future period, it is not easy absolutely to determine; though there may be many reasons to suppose it will. When mankind shall have further emerged from the mists in which they have been born, and which they have been taught to take for light;—when new phases shall have been witnessed of the grand process by which man has been raised from a grovelling barbarian to his present degree of partial information and improvement;—when something like reasonable governments shall have been established throughout the influential masses of the human family, and it shall have been generally discovered, first, that government has an object, and secondly, that the way to obtain this object is to go the way that leads to it and not the opposite;—when men shall have admitted, and shall have ceased to persecute one another for believing, that common sense and reason may be applied to the direction of a government as of a line-of-battle ship, and that something may be done better than letting it drift before the wind, or than committing it and all on board to the arbitrary direction of an hereditary pilot;—when they shall have found out the gross folly, the profound blunders, the desperate inanity, and the low fraud, of all or most of the pretexts on which wars have been habitually waged and contests erected;—when they shall have thoroughly convinced themselves that nine-tenths of these disputes, and ninety-nine hundredths of the remainder, were begun, carried on, and prolonged, with no veritable object but that of finding *keep* ('provent,' as Captain Dalgetty has it) for a certain few out of the purses of the rest, and that the war-cries brought to aid have been so many clumsy frauds, in which 'patriotism' meant 'Open us your pockets,' and 'courage' meant 'Throw yourselves under our Jaggernaut upon the signal;'—when they shall have been penetrated and soaked with the persuasion, that wars have always been *hoaxes* on one side and generally on two, and that, notably, the longest and heaviest with which our own countrymen have any personal acquaintance, were founded on nothing but the resolution of one description of persons, that not a shilling in the hands of the industrious classes should remain unspent as long as it could be expended with the prospect of securing the power of taking another shilling for themselves;—when nations shall have compared notes, and have found out, in the words of the old presbyterian Colonel who fell at Preston Pans, how 'shamefully and scandalously they have been befooled;'—it would be hard indeed, if some progress was not made towards diminishing the demand for arms and men to carry them, and reducing the magnitude of the perilous element in the measure of the public safety. As sure as sheep are bred in Leicestershire with little heads, the fools of the next generation will be smaller fools than the fools of the present. There will be an awful reckoning for the wisdom of ancestors, when *ours* is grown old enough to come under that predicament; and it would be fearful folly to measure the imbecility of future generations by the standard of our own.

It is conceded however, that for the present at least, somebody must be kept to fight. If, then, men are to fight, whom are they to fight? secondly, whom are they *not* to fight? Certainly not those who pay for them. But if the fighters are set to do it, how can it be helped? Only as men help themselves against those who rob on the highway,—by waiting till they can get rid of it, and no longer. And how can it be got rid of? Heaven knows. But there is an easy way to keep it down, if ever it *should* be down; and that is, to keep a stronger force of honest men. If indeed the public could be persuaded to say to the rogues, " O rogues, keep us. We beg you to eat of our meat, and drink of our beer; and thus shall you be fat and well-liking, to fire upon us when there shall be occasion. Above all things visit us, we pray you, and see that we have no arms; for so might we be tempted, and your purpose concerning us fail. We are poor rascals, and wish to be poorer; our daughters also are exceedingly at your service, whenever you may please to require them. We know, and have been told by authority, that such things are the necessary consequence of your coming among us; God forbid that we should blame you for a necessary consequence,"—if there was any chance of finding a community with brains of calf and hearts of hound to speak in this manner, the vocation of the spoilers might last for a time that has no limit. But then, every body knows that the chance is nothing. It is only in matters included within the magic sound of 'politics,' that men can be persuaded to lay aside their wits. No man is bound to be an ass, except upon public account. Neither the squirehood nor the priesthood can persuade any body to prop open his gates, that the pigs may run into his potato-field. It is only when the thing is to be done on a national scale, that they can persuade men to pay both for the props and for the herd of swine.

Such is the state of things as it ought not to be; next, for the state as it ought to be. The object then, one, to wit *National Defence;* against enemies from *without* and *within;* neither against enemies from without to the exclusion of those who are within, nor the opposite, but against both; by *land* and by *water; abroad* and at *home.* For which object, branches two; the Radical [fearful word], and the Stipendiary. Stipendiary to fight for Radical; and Radical to frighten Stipendiary. 'Of the Radical force the members naturally unpaid;'—a poor invention, what can there be got by that? 'The Stipendiary, as the name imports, paid; which undoes the mischief, by taking money from one person and giving it to another, which is what political economists call putting money in motion. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether it be enough to undo it altogether; for

'Of the land-service force, the Stipendiary portion is but as a twig growing out of, and nourished by, the Radical branch. Though in respect of its quantity capable of being augmented, and but too liable and apt to be augmented to excess, the existence of it is the result and evidence of a considerable progress made in the career of civilization; forasmuch as thus, by means of a comparatively small portion withdrawn from the care of producing the matter of subsistence and abundance, the whole remainder of the population is left free, without obstruction, to employ itself exclusively in maximizing the aggregate mass of the matter on which life and prosperity depend.'—p. 3.

The object of government is not to maximize the aggregate mass of the matter on which life and prosperity depend; but to maximize the matter on which the prosperity of the governors depends. If this was not so, nobody would be a governor; and consequently there would be anarchy. With this exception the passage is probably correct.

'But while the number of them is thus comparatively small, their power of exerting force with effect,—and this for the purpose not only of defence, but of offence likewise,—will, in equal numbers, be comparatively great. And it being necessary not only for the actual exercise of their appropriate functions, but also for the putting and keeping them at all times in a state of preparation for it, that they should be kept together in bodies more or less numerous: hence it is, that they are at once a source of security on one account, and of danger on another.'—p. 6.

'In the stipendiaries belonging to the sea-service branch, no such source of danger is perceptible. The element on which they act keeps them in a state of comparative separatedness; and at the same time mostly at an uninfluential distance from the seat of the legislature.'—p. 7.

The process of obtaining the greatest good, is therefore reduced to the following rules:

'Rule 1. Minimize the stipendiary force, so far as is consistent with security against hostility from without.'

'Rule 2. Maximize the radical force,—to wit, so far as is consistent with the non-employment of compulsory means for the formation or maintenance of it.'—*p.* 21.

If prophecy means speaking of a thing beforehand, this is undoubtedly the National Guard by prophecy.

The Reasons also contain much in brief. To begin with the diminution of the Stipendiary:

'*Reasons.*—1. Minimization of danger to the constitution from insubordination on the part of these functionaries, and from resistance to, and even forced ascendancy over, their respective superordinate authorities, whether in the military line or the non-military; to wit, the army minister, the navy minister, the prime minister, and the legislature.

2. Minimization of expense,—of the quantity of the expense bestowed upon the service of this compound sub-department.

3. Minimization of power and disposition, on the part of the government, to engage in offensive aggression against other States, and thence to involve this State in needless and internally pernicious warfare.

Reasons for the maximization of the Radical:

1. Maximization of security, and sense of security, against danger of insubordination and ascendancy on the part of the stipendiary force.

2. Giving increase to the chance and facility of affording, without expense of bounty or enlistment, or at less expense, as well as without compulsion, increase in case of need, to the stipendiary force.'—*p.* 21.

As some persons have declared the style of the author to be to their apprehension occasionally peregrine and difficult, it may be useful to remark that 'maximize' means 'have the most you can of,' and 'minimize' means 'have as little as you can of.'

The above is the great discovery of the book; which, though like Columbus's egg, it is easy to say it was within every body's knowledge when they are told—yet leaves the question, of why people have been so long in making any practical employment of it.

These extracts are from the Sections entitled *Branches, what,* and *Leading Principles.* The next are from that surnamed *Radicals, who.* To which the answer is, not that they are all who drink Roasted Corn, or attend the meetings at the Rotunda, or wear tricoloured cockades, or beat the New Police when they catch them in small quantities; but that

'Exceptions excepted, to the Radical branch of the Defensive Force will belong, at all times, all who, being apt with respect to the performance of the appropriate exercise, are willing to join therein; none who are not willing. Appropriate denomination, accordingly, *volunteers.*'—p. 32.

It will present itself at once as an objection to this plan, that it can be used only in very limited circumstances. It contains no provision for the interest of any but the community; it is applicable, therefore, under none but popular governments. Consider, for example, what the consequences would be in England, if every individual who was 'willing to join therein,' had a musquet of forty inches barrel, and ammunition hanging by it in a pouch. In six months there would not be an abuse a man could live by. The mine of wealth which consists in the power of appropriating the public money, would be ruined and dried up; and the consequences would creep downwards into all classes of society, ramifying themselves like a plague, and preying on the wholesome frame of social order like a leprosy. If the rich were impoverished, it is clear the poor would starve; for it is the rich that feed the poor and not the poor the rich. The aristocracy and higher classes would be reduced to the state in which they are found 'in a neighbouring country,' of being obliged to keep their children instead of feeding them out of the public purse. Wealth would lose its best reward, which is the power of taking other people's; and industry its surest recompense, which is the certainty of being allowed to continue its exertions. To aver that such a plan would answer under better circumstances, is Utopian; that is to say, it belongs to an ideal state of things, where tubs shall be made with bottoms, and every cat have claws. Whatever is not present, can only be seen in vision, therefore it is visionary; and every thing is wild, which any man would be mad to expect. The whole vocabulary of *dyslogistic* statesmen, may be poured out upon a scheme so unlicked and barbarous, as that of giving arms to 'all who are willing to join therein.' There would be no amusement in the world, after such a consummation as this. There would be nothing in it worth taking,—that is to say, that could be taken. Instead of every man's *house* being his castle, every man's purse would be his castle; which would have much more serious effects on the existing order of things. Society would be one collection of unmanageable men, too strong to be robbed, and too self-willed to be muzzled. Chaos would come again, and the earth be without form and void; till at last the survivors would cast lots for a Royal Guard to fire on the remainder, and club their last sixpences to hire Swiss regiments in aid.

'The legislature will not, it is supposed, look for Radicals in the character of volunteers elsewhere than in towns of considerable size, and in the near neighbourhood of such towns. Reasons: avoidance of the expense in labour and money, of journeys to and from the place of exercise.—Principle, 'the expense-minimizing.'—p. 35.

No imperative reason appears, why an insulated Radical might not usefully exercise himself in learning to hit 'six feet by two' at a hundred and eighty yards, against his own hill side if he has one in his neighbourhood. But the legislature, as is properly observed, would not expect it of him if it was accompanied with any extraordinary degree of personal fatigue.

'To qualify the great body of the members of the radical force for attaining the ends of the institution, two sets of directing functionaries will be necessary: *commanders* and appropriate *instructors*. The instructors being but assistants to the commanders, will naturally act as such under their direction; as in private life, instructors in the several branches of art and science act under the direction of parents and guardians, their employers. Principle, the aptitude-maximizing.'

'In the case of the privates, service in this line being purely voluntary, the natural course of things is that, in them, that is to say in the majority of them, should be the choice of both commanders and instructors; for unless in this choice a vote were allowed to him, many a man whose service would have been useful, might decline to serve. Principles, 1. The Aptitude-maximizing. 2. The Number-maximizing. 3. The Contentment-maximizing. 4. The Inequality-minimizing.'—p. 49.

This mode of recommending for commissions, is a cold prospect for the higher orders. In fact an inattention to their interests, is one of the defects with which the author is most liable to be charged.

The next Section is headed *Stipendiaries, who.*

'A Stipendiary is every person, who, having by authority of government, as per Art. 2, been *located* in any part of the aggregate corps composed of stipendiary defensive force functionaries, has not been, as per Art. 3, *dislocated* out of it.'—p. 51.

On the nature of these functionaries more light is thrown in a following paragraph, where they are divided into such as serve by land on foot, armed with fire-arms and bayonets; who are subdivided again into infantry of the line, intended to act in close order, and for the most part in close combat, which the ancients were wont to call *ἀγχιμάχεσθαι*, *cominus*,—and light infantry, or say riflemen, destined to act by their dispersed force, and for the most part at a distance, which the Romans entitled *eminus*. Likewise those who serve on horseback; of whom some are Heavy Horse, or as we say in French *Cavalerie d'élite*; and those who are not Heavy, are Light. Also Horse Artillery, including Rockets, — to which last, little that is analogous can be found in antiquity, excepting the thunder and lightning which certain Indians did lance at Bacchus, in the first and last campaign he made in those parts. Nor is the story so devoid of likelihood, as may at first appear. For though some have thought that Bacchus was Noah, because he is the first whose drinking is commemorated, and others that he was Moses, because he had horns, which Michael Angelo also has represented in his figure of the latter; it is exceedingly probable that he was neither the one nor the other, but some hard-drinking soldado who penetrated into India, as many others have done since; neither is it any way incredible, that such a person should have horns, at least in a figurative sense, which is enough for the explanation of history, especially of ancient dates, it having, as is well known, been the custom of those times to speak much in metaphors and types, so that the account must not be construed too literally, and there may have been many circumstances leading to a full understanding, which as the ancients would express it, *præ vetustate deperiĕrunt.* And of the functionaries there are also that serve amphibiously (ἀμφὶ and βίος) on foot or horseback; which are called dragoons. *Quære*, may not posterity conclude from this, that the Horse-Guards Blue lived always in their saddles? They also which serve for attack or defence of fortified places, are manifold; as Military Engineers, Artillery-men including such as handle Rockets, Miners, Sappers, Military Artificers, Pontooneers (for making bridges by boats and otherwise). Finally those who may be held to be the veritable *amphibes*, or such as serve amphibiously by land or sea, videlicet Marines; to whom by reason, as would appear, of the mirthfulness of their occupation, the vulgar do ordinarily attach an epithet indicative of the same. These are the species enumerated by the author; but the learned have distinguished others, as the grenadier, whose function was to throw a hollow ball filled with gunpowder, entitled a grenade; which is undoubtedly from *granata* a pomegranate, the grains of powder lying inside and the hard shell upon the out, in the same order as in that fruit. Also the fusileer, who was in old time armed with a weapon lighter than the rest; which some call harquebuss. But as there is no limit to the number of ways in which men may be slain, so there is none to the number of functions which may arise out of the same; on which account it may be considered infinite, or as the mathematicians more correctly express it, greater than any quantity that may be assigned.

'Officers are distinguished into—1. Ordinary; 2. Erudite, or say Select.'—p. 56. In which it is not meant to affirm, that there are a great many ordinary officers; but by 'Ordinary' are shown to be intended, first, *corporals*, secondly *serjeants*, while the 'Erudites' begin at the rank of *ensign*, which is sometimes styled *second lieutenant,* and in the horse *cornet.* It will be plain that this is not taken from the existing state of things, for there are as yet many ensigns who are not erudite; but is rather to be considered as pointing to some state which in the mind of the author was commendable and to be desired. Neither are all fictive representations of this kind to be too absolutely blamed; for they may usefully set forth that which is desirable, though it may never be entirely compassed and obtained. Thus the book of Longinus Περὶ Ὕψους, or On the Sublime, was written to assist men in their endeavours after that mode of writing; but is not culpable because all who read it have not yet arrived at the mark. So that even though it could be proved that ensigns would never be erudite within the lives of the present generation, no blame can be attached to the having set forth, that it were well they should be, or at all events should be put into the way of being.

In addition to this claim that they shall be erudite or in the way of being so, the prospect for ensigns of good family is in other manners rendered dark and unpropitious. For example, few of them will look over the following quotation, without seeing in it something of sinister and sad.

> 'Art. 31.—Officers. Mode of location. Exceptions excepted, after the lapse or expiration of the *preparation period* (as per *Ch.* IX. Ministers Collectively, § 15, *Locable, who*)—no person who has not place in the *General Locable list,* to which he cannot have been aggregated without passing through the course of examination undergone before the Examination Judicatory, will be locable in any grade of the Erudite class.'—p. 59.

The remainder of the book is devoted to the questions which affect the interests and well-being of the Stipendiary; and there is scarcely any thing relating to his term and conditions of service, enlistment, recruitment, furlough, discharge or disbandment, promotion, discipline, protection from oppression, subsistence, pay, pension, prize-money, powers as to non-military persons, military judicature, and collateral or occasional employments, which is not discussed at length. In so much that if any should be taken with a curiosity to know how a great jurisconsult would frame an army, they can do nothing better than make themselves masters of the whole.

A Supplement at the end contains a Section on Courts Martial and another of Subsidiary Observations on military subjects, which appear to be the work of *aides-de-camp* at home and abroad. The following extracts from the last, are given solely with a view to the circulation of their contents in the existing state of Europe.

‘ Art. 2.—*On the Rifle, for Defensive Force.*’

‘ It has been asserted that the invention of bombs decided the superiority of standing armies over citizen levies, and gave a blow to civil liberty in most of the states of Europe[*]. The invention of the rifle appears calculated to reverse the superiority.

‘ On this head, question may be the following;—If an army of citizen defenders were opposed to an invading regular force, in such numbers on the two sides respectively as should balance the difference in the habit of acting in organized masses, and make the chances equal,—would not a relative advantage be given to the citizens, if both sides were to receive the power of arming themselves with rifles at discretion, with time for learning the mechanical use of the instrument?

‘ It may be maintained that there would:—1. Because, the citizens being the greatest number, the sum of all the additions that could be made to the efficiency of individuals on their side, would be greater than the sum on the other.—2. Because the additions to the power of the individual citizens, are in the same direction in which the advantage of the aggregate lay before: but the additions to the power of individuals in the regular force, (if extended beyond the comparatively small number who might be employed as irregular combatants before), are in a different direction, and consequently for every addition to the strength of the aggregate in one direction, there is a diminution in another. Or if it be clearer, say—the tendency of the change upon the whole, is to transfer the mode of combat from that in which the regular force has most advantage, to that in which the citizens.

‘ The *Aide-Mémoire* for the use of the French Artillery (edition of 1819) contains the only known statement of the relative powers of the rifle and the common musquet.

‘ The result of experiments there stated is, that the superior efficiency of the rifle (circumstances for and against, all taken into account) is, in situations appropriate to its use, as thirteen to five.[†]

‘ For practical evidence of the effect of the rifle for Defensive Force, reference may be had to America. Who will make any permanent impression on the United States, with their population of riflemen? Who would dictate forms of government to France, if in addition to her stipendiary army, she had an equal number of volunteer riflemen from her radical force?

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[*] Montesquieu, *Lettres Persanes*.

[†] ‘ Des épreuves comparatives, faites à Magdebourg, en mars 1814, par MM. le C. de B. Dussaussoy, etc., Officiers d'Artillerie, avec le Fusil d'Infanterie tiré avec balles de 18 et de 20 à la livre ; et la Carabine, dite du calibre de 22, rayée de 7 raies en spirale, tirée avec balles de 26 à la livre, tantôt nue, tantôt enveloppée de papier ou de calepin, tirée à 1-40 de livre de poudre, pointés horizontalement à 70 toises du but, ont donné les résultats suivans :

1°. La Carabine a plus de portée que le Fusil avec balles de 20, et

'ART. 3.—*On Military Economy.*'

'A point which may be usefully insisted on, in connexion with a treatise on Defensive Force,' is the great economy, so far as relates to the Stipendiary branch, of having every thing *of the best that is procurable.*

'Take for example the armature of the Infantry. The cost of an infantry-man in the Stipendiary branch, including pay, clothing, food if supplied distinct from pay, and armature with the common musquet, is ordinarily estimated at 30*l.* sterling (750 francs) a year. The cost of an ordinary musquet is about 1*l.* sterling, and that of a rifle is, on a large estimate, 10*l.*; hence, if the rifle is supposed to last only fifteen years (which is much under the truth), and to require renewing continually at the end of that period, the additional expense of arming and keeping a man perpetually armed with a rifle, with due calculation of the value of money at 5 *per centum,* may be

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presque autant que le Fusil avec balles de 18;

2°. La justesse du tir de la Carabine, et sa portée, sont d'autant plus grandes, que la balle a été plus forcée, pourvu cependant qu'on n'outre-passe pas certaines limites;

3°. La Carabine a 4 fois plus de justesse que le Fusil avec balles de 18, et 12 fois que le Fusil avec balles de 20;

4°. *Avec de bons tireurs, et dans le même temps on tire*: 20 *coups de Fusil, et on touche* 5 *fois une Cible de* 5 *pieds de haut sur* 3 *de large*...16 *coups de Carabine, et on touche* 13 *fois le même but.*—Aide-Mémoire à l'usage des Officiers d'Artillerie de France. 5ème édition, 1819. Table des Matières, p. xxxii.

'*(Technical Remarks, inserted by the Editor.)*—The number 26, where it appears in the first paragraph of the above, has been substituted for 16 which is a manifest misprint in the original.

'The result in favour of the rifle would probably have been considerably greater, if instead of the rifle of small dimensions (as described in other parts of the *Aide-Mémoire*), had been employed the English military model, with barrel of thirty French inches, and balls of the same size as the French musquet.

'The above statement is curiously at variance with the objections presented in preceding editions of the *Aide-Mémoire,* and allowed to continue in the last: the whole of which are founded on the supposition of mismanagement. There is no necessity for the ball being driven with violence; all that is required being, that by means of its greased cloth it should go down smoothly like the sucker of a pump. Hence the loading is easy, either on foot or horseback. The powder to be in blank cartridges, like those used in exercise; the balls covered with their greased cloth, twisted together at the ends. The ramrod of hard wood, cylindrical, of nearly the diameter of the bore; any bruise from an iron ramrod making the barrel useless ever afterwards. It is easy to add a bayonet of 28 or 30 inches long; making the whole length the same as in the musquet, and without removing the power of taking aim. Many other suggestions might be added, tending to increase the ratio of the comparative efficiency of the instrument.'

One of the most important of these, is the simplification of the sights, (a point in which the artillery, both by sea and land, is, or was, capable of much improvement). The front sight (*premier viseur*) should present a estimated as equal to a continual payment of 1*l.* *per annum*. Hence by a nation which has considerable capital at command, thirty riflemen may be raised, armed, and permanently kept on foot, for the same expense as thirty-one common infantry-men. But it has been shown that in appropriate circumstances, the advantage of the rifle over the common musquet is as 13 to 5. Hence if riflemen are raised to the extent that can be employed under such circumstances, and to no greater, 5 of these riflemen will be as useful as 13 men with musquets; or, preserving the same proportion, 30 riflemen will do the service of 78 common infantry-men. But 30 riflemen are only the expense of 31 of other infantry. The expense therefore of 47 infantry-men out of 78 will be saved; or a given expense will be applied, with an increased final result in the proportion of 78 to 31, or upwards of 5 to 2.

'In the same manner a cavalry soldier is ordinarily supposed to cost about 75*l.* a year. Let the horse be assumed to last on

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right angle, like the gable-end of a roof; and be of such a height that the line drawn from the angular point to the breech (*culasse*) shall be *parallel to the axis* or central line of the bore. It should be far enough from the muzzle to be clear of the bayonet; and if the bayonet is formed and fixed like the French one, it will be no impediment in taking aim. The rear sight (*second viseur*) should be on the false-breech (*arrière-culasse*) and not on the barrel; and should consist of a perpendicular column or prism, three quarters of an inch high, of which one corner of the base stands upon the line drawn from the front sight to the middle of the false-breech, and the column itself is on the right. In this manner, to aim at an object close at hand, the top of the front sight has only to be brought into one with the *bottom* of the rear sight; and greater heights must be taken along the side of the column, in proportion as the distance is increased. For want of this, a rifleman may shoot well at a certain distance he is accustomed to; but if he was brought, like "the Leather-stocking," to shoot at a panther's head at twenty yards, he would be uncertain of his mark. In this manner the taking aim at different distances is reduced as nearly as possible to the same process as throwing a stone at greater and greater angles in proportion to the distance it is to go; and is as easily learned by practice. After the rear sight is established, the parts of it not actually employed in taking sight, should be rounded off into any form that may best prevent it from scratching the hands or catching obstacles; and to prevent the possibility of using the wrong side, it will be best to give it a curved outline.

The secret of learning to use a rifle, is in beginning at 60 paces with a large target (8 feet square), and increasing the distance by 20 paces at a time.

These suggestions are from an officer who entered the English army five and twenty years ago in the Rifle Corps, and was with it at the events of Buenos Ayres, which may perhaps in some sort be called the cradle of the present liberties of Europe. He pledges himself that all the objections which are made to the Rifle, either on foot or horseback, are founded on mismanagement; and that it will be found to be a *god-send* for the 'cheap defence of nations.' Think only of a weapon which multiplies the force of any given citizen in the proportion of 13 to 5; and the use of which may be learned either in concert with others or alone.

an average six years; and let the question be, of the effect of adding 20*l.* to the purchase-money of the horse. The additional cost of purchasing and from time to time replacing such a horse, may (with allowance for the interest of money as before) be rated as equal to a continual payment of 4*l.* *per annum*. Hence 75 horse soldiers mounted in the improved manner, may be maintained for the same expense as 79 of the other; or by striking off six or eight men and horses per squadron, the regiments of new cavalry will cost no more than the old. The question therefore will be, whether for certain services, such squadrons will not be more effective, than squadrons of the common kind with six or eight men and horses more in each; or whether the efficiency of the new squadrons, with equal numbers, will not be increased in a greater proportion than that of 79 to 75.

'On the same principle, if it was proposed to give the rifle to a portion of the mounted troops, the comparative expense would only be in the proportion of seventy-six to seventy-five.

'These considerations throw light on the *expensiveness* of any thing that is *inferior*, in a permanent or Stipendiary force.

'In the arming of the Radical force, the economy of using the improved instrument is not so demonstrable, nor so reducible to practical effect. If every man of military age in the United States of America can be induced or obliged by law to arm himself with a musquet of the cost of 1*l.*, it does not follow that it would be feasible or proper to direct him to arm himself with a rifle of the cost of 10*l.* But still, the advantage derivable from the weapon in the proportion of 13 to 5, is capable (more especially in a time of public alarm) of being held out as an effectual inducement to a great number of individuals, to arm themselves voluntarily in the improved manner.'—*pp.* 301—304.

There is a story of a pedestrian, who when invited to mount upon the coaches, used to reply that he could not stop. In the same spirit it appears that a government, to a certain extent, might declare that it could not afford twenty-shilling musquets.

On examining the details of the various struggles which have taken place between regular troops and popular forces since the memorable July, it may be gathered, that an extensive city is a slaughter-house for any number of troops who may attempt to penetrate into it, provided the citizens are determined to make the most of their advantages. These advantages, in addition to the almost certain fact of a superiority of numbers, consist in their being in the actual occupancy of a position, which if they stand to their work, must be taken, like an artichoke, leaf by leaf. If it is asked why the soldiers cannot fight with as much prospect of success as the citizens, it is for the same reason that a force outside a fortified town cannot take it by assault from a force within;—because the position is strong, and the defenders occupy it first. The power of supplies, of relief, of shelter, and of assistance to the wounded, are also shown by experience to have been very generally in favour of the citizens. Artillery appears to have been more useful to the citizens than to the troops, which may be accounted for by the last being obliged to act in greater masses; and cavalry, nearly useless on both sides. A pile of bricks five feet high, a few carts and coaches overturned, or even a rope stretched across a street from window to window, flanked by a dozen or two of resolute musqueteers, and backed by more of the like impediments at short distances, form a *cul de sac* which the best regiment of cavalry in the world will not enter if it can help it. Paving-stones also from the tops of houses, have been much distinguished; whereupon all arbitrary powers should Mac'Adamize. A military friend has suggested, that the contents of a wine-merchant's store, (or *beer* would do as well), would furnish in the bottoms of bottles an equivalent to the ancient *caltrop,* an engine in which much confidence was put by our forefathers for taking off the edge of cavalry; but on this there cannot yet be written *probatum est,* though it may be assumed as certain that it would be a painful visitation to the veterinary surgeon. On the whole there seems little doubt, that future kings will abstain from attacking their capitals with cavalry; for the same reasons that cavalry is not employed to mount a breach. The writer of this knew a village in India, where a body of cavalry that engaged itself in the streets, was beaten out with long poles*; and if the people of Manchester had been moved to try their yeomanry after the same sort, it would probably have had the same result. And your dragoon, even on plain ground, is not so "fearful a wild-fowl" as men take him for. It is only because he is afraid, if a man with a musquet is not more than a match for him. Men are not put on horseback because they thereby become intrinsically superior to those on foot, but because they become capable of being employed under different circumstances. Every thing therefore leads to the conclusion, that at all events cavalry is not a good instrument to execute Ordonnances in a great town.

But the greatest advantage, of all, on the side of the people, is in the *morale.* Every soldier knows in his heart, without the corporal being sent to tell it him, that he is not made to fire upon the citizens. It may be disguised by any quantity of sophistry, and any conceivable mass of folly may be evinced in the framing of the oaths by which he is attempted to be bound,—but a fragment of God's grace given to all men continues to survive, and whispers to the poor musqueteer as he bites his cartridge, that

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* A fact of the same kind is stated in the accounts from Paris.—*Liberté reconquise. p.* 149.

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his teeth were not bestowed on him for that. Scarcely a man has placed himself in the ranks, however much he may have repented afterwards, without being led on by some vision of patriotism, or some prospect of being applauded by approving friends; and none of this, he knows, is likely to be his lot. The citizen on the contrary, when once he has been fairly shown blood, is in a state of excitement that hardly admits of the sense of fear; or if he is feebly constituted, he takes his post accordingly, and allows the better men to crowd into the front. Of all bitter, painful, and abominable situations, God preserve an honest man from being set in opposition to an armed people.

Another immense advantage, connected with moral force, is in the number of ancient soldiers who infallibly throw themselves into the popular ranks. " There are twenty causes which will always make an ancient soldier more likely to throw himself into the people's ranks than into the other. In the first place the others do not want him; they have already trampled him under foot, as one of the broken tools that serve the trade of war. New men have superseded him; and the place that once knew him in his squadron, knows him no more for ever. If he has served arbitrary powers, the probability is too, that he carries away no pleasing recollections of his history. He is anxious to show his countrymen, that he has not lived for nothing; and the widest field is opened for his ambition. A corporal in an army is nothing but a corporal; but in a popular contest, a corporal who has seen war is at the very least a captain by brevet. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, that all the old swordsmen are on the side of their fellow-citizens.

If the assailants of a capital should withdraw and occupy positions to cut off its communications with the country, then the military question reduces itself to whether the country will come to the rescue, in sufficient time and force to overpower the assailants. And here history seems to show that the modes in which a body of citizens can act with effect against a regular force, reduce themselves to two; one, the obstinate defence of towns or other positions highly favourable for the defensive; the other, resolute and reckless attack, in which the science of the leaders may be displayed in arranging the direction, selecting the points, and keeping masses in reserve for particular purposes, but after the movement is once begun, the result must be chiefly left to the courage and zeal of individuals to complete. This last made the strategics of the first French revolutionary armies, and of their opponents in Vendée.

On the whole, however, the inference seems to be, that governments had much better abstain from fighting with their people. The chances have gone greatly against them hitherto; and will go worse, if they try again. Men have become captious on the conduct of their rulers; and feel a general suspicion that 'enlightened sovereigns' are such as set their houses in a blaze, and 'paternal government' means violation of their daughters. They see much surer ways to safety than trusting to these phrases; and the future world will be governed by something else than that feeblest of all cants, the cant of kings.

ART. II.—*Histoire Naturelle de l'Homme.* Par R. P. Lesson. Paris. 1828—1830.

PICTURES of savage life, when drawn with ability, have in general a very remarkable charm for nations which have attained a state of high intellectual and moral cultivation; in like manner as pictures of infancy and boyhood delight the full-grown individual. Tacitus, a great master in the science of human nature, amused and no doubt instructed the Romans, by his inimitable description of the savages of ancient Germany; and modern voyagers and travellers, without possessing the philosophy or the style of Tacitus, contrive, by pictures similar in kind, however inferior, at least to entertain the curious readers of England and France. There are, in fact, few subjects so well calculated to rouse and fix attention as barbaric manners and barbaric arts. By looking carefully into these we see naked the roots of all our peculiarities, of all our passions, of all our follies; and may, if we please, learn to appropriate exactly the amount of our debt to philosophy and laws.

The public, however, not perhaps so much from indolence as from absolute want of leisure, shrinks from the examination of voluminous narratives or treatises, however interesting in themselves, and requires, like the half-starved weaver, in the Tale of a Tub, that these bulky affairs should be reduced to a "reasonable compass." For this reason it has been deemed worth while to pass the labours of M. Lesson through our critical alembic, and, having extracted their quintessence, the residuum may remain for those who happen to have a taste for it.

Though terming his work the "Natural History of Man," M. Lesson is very far from intending that it should be regarded as a general history of the species; it being, in reality, little more than a collection of the observations made upon the manners and customs of the South Sea Islanders, during the stay of the Coquille in the Pacific, on its voyage round the world. This circumstance, however, is one of the greatest recommendations the work possesses. Had it pretended to any thing more, it must at once have degenerated into a mere compilation; for, although exceedingly clever and ingenious in his way, the author by no means possesses the genius or the knowledge which might have qualified him to generalize philosophically from known facts, or to perceive the exact value of the observations of others. Philosophers may, nevertheless, derive abundant advantage from his useful and curious researches, which, bounded as they are, have certainly added very considerably to our knowledge of man during the earlier stages of his civil and political existence.

Without inquiring how, when, or by what races of men the various archipelagoes of the great Pacific Ocean were originally peopled, which might demand the exhibition of a great deal of learning and ingenuity to very little purpose, we come at once to the islands as they are—habitable and inhabited by men in different stages of civilization. The soil, climate, productions, &c. we shall mention only incidentally. Our business is solely with the inhabitants.

M. Lesson remarks, on entering upon his subject, that the moral features of these singular races of men already exhibit traces of the effects of their intercourse with the nations of Europe; new habits, new opinions, new manners growing up out of these relations, which must, in an inconsiderable lapse of time, totally obliterate their original physiognomy. As man is never at a stay, never, as far as his civilization is concerned, abiding in one place, the business is, to "catch e'er it change the Cynthia of the minute;" to paint the prevailing system of manners, the forms which the emanations of the mind assume when they transform themselves into what are called "the creations of art;" and that peculiar metamorphosis of the religious spirit, which circumstances have operated among the uncouth barbarians with which we at present have to do.

The first thing which presents itself to the thought, or to the eye, when a new race of men are under consideration, is the beauty or ugliness which their form and features exhibit. When we have formed to ourselves something like a notion of their style of countenance, of the colour of their eyes and hair, of the make of their nose, mouth, chin, &c. we appear to be somewhat contented, and can go on to other matters, generally proportioning the interest we feel in their concerns, however, to the measure of their personal attractions. Not that we can at all explain why the affairs of ugly people should be a matter of more indifference to us than those of more favoured mortals, unless in my uncle Toby's way, the matter is cut short, by saying "it is God's will it should be so;" which may, perhaps, be as philosophical a mode of explaining the thing as any other.

Of the various races into which the population of the innumerable islands scattered through the vast extent of the Pacific Ocean have been divided, the first, as well in personal beauty as in civilization, is that termed by M. Lesson *The Oceanian.* In the features of this race our naturalist conceives that something of the grace, delicacy, softness, and pleasing effeminacy of the Hindoo style of countenance may be detected; and this resemblance, which appears to be not altogether fanciful, constitutes, in his opinion, a sufficient ground for deriving these voluptuous savages from the Caucasian or Japetic stock, though he by no means pretends to explain how, passing the Polynesian isles without leaving any permanent marks of their migration, they could have projected themselves as it were to so vast a distance from their parent country as the Pornootoo islands, one hundred and fifty degrees of longitude east of Cape Comorin.

However this may be, the Oceanians are, as has been already observed, superior in beauty of form and features, to the other races inhabiting the South Sea islands. Their stature is in general lofty, their muscles finely rounded, their head of a peculiar structure, but handsomely formed, their countenance expressive of mildness blended with energy, although sometimes the traces of warlike ferocity are discoverable. The eyes though large are not prominent, and the eye-brows are thick and bushy, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe's ill-famed heroes. The complexion is bright yellow, darker among those exposed to the action of the sun's rays, and lighter among the superior classes, and among the women. So far the resemblance between these people and the Hindoos is not remarkably striking, for the latter have neither bushy eye-brows nor yellow complexions; and as we proceed, the traces of similitude become more and more faint. The Oceanians, since the truth must be told, have flat noses, large nostrils, wide mouths, and thick lips; but, on the other hand, their teeth are singularly white and beautiful, and their ears delicately small. M. Lesson does not agree with Bougainville and Captain Cook, in attributing a high degree of beauty to the Oceanian women; and insinuates that the taste and judgment of those celebrated navigators were somewhat clouded by the warmth and vehemence of their desires; but he, nevertheless, acknowledges that, just at the period in which they become nubile, they are distinguished for considerable charms, such as large dark eyes, exquisite teeth, smooth soft skin, a profusion of black hair, and a finely-formed bosom. It is added, however, that the figure is not upon the whole well proportioned; that the nose, like Tristram Shandy's, is flat, and that the mouth, which all connoisseurs allow to be the most important part of the face, is large. As some compensation for such grave defects, these fair dames have a complexion which strongly borders upon white, and a voluptuous, good-natured expression. The inhabitants of the islands of Mendoça and Rotouma are considered the most beautiful of all the Oceanian race: next to these are ranked the Tahitians; then the natives of the Sandwich Islands; then those of the archipelago of Tonga; and, last of all, taking the women as the standard, the inhabitants of New Zealand; while the men, on the contrary, possess finer and more robust forms than any other branch of the whole race.

Though second to the natives of Mendoça and Rotouma in beauty, the Tahitians, or Otaheitans, are considered by M. Lesson to be the type of the Oceanian race, notwithstanding that some writers have imagined the chiefs and the body of the people to be descended from two different stocks. The same idea has been started with respect to the Brahmins, and the inferior castes of Hindoos; but the Bedouin Sheikhs, whom no one has ever suspected to be of any other race than that of Ismael, differ no less in stature and appearance from the common Arabs, than the Brahmins from the ordinary Hindoos, or the chiefs of Otaheite from the people. But the differences observable may very rationally be accounted for by the difference in their food, and their greater or less exposure to the sun. Be this as it may, the men of Ohaheite are said to be handsome almost without exception, with limbs robust but well formed, tall of stature, their countenance expressive of mildness and good nature, their hair black and coarse, their skin peculiarly smooth and soft to the touch. Whether owing to some peculiarity in their diet or not, their skin emits, however, a powerful odour, which even their daily practice of bathing fails to remove. All nations which consume much animal food possess more or less of this offensive odour, as the Patagonians of South America, who surpass pole-cats in stink; while the rice-eating Hindoo, accustomed moreover to continual ablutions, smells like a nosegay. Both men and women wear the hair of the head short; but neither sex practises depilation, though the men are in the habit of plucking out their beard by the roots, leaving only a small mustachio on the upper lip. Owing, perhaps, to the indolence of their character, which equally disinclines them to manly exercises and to labour, their gait is tottering and unsteady, and whatever force or energy they exhibit is of short duration. From this general imputation must be excepted that portion of the youth, who are actuated by a passion for swimming, and who float and sport about for hours untired, in those sparkling waters which flow among the coral reefs that surround and protect the coasts of the island. These barbarians possess the senses of sight and hearing in extraordinary perfection, and discover a bird concealed in the foliage of a distant tree, or a small lizard rustling under a stone, when no European could see or hear either the one or the other. But this superior perfection in the organs of sense they possess in common with all other nations in similar stages of civilization. It is a circumstance perfectly unaccountable that, contrary to what is found to be the case among all other uncivilized people, there should be found a great number of hump-backed persons among the Tahitians, who, like the Thersiteses of all other countries, are remarkable for their gay, witty, and satirical humour.

The sole business of man in this life being, according to some philosophers, to eat, dress, and amuse himself, it is highly important, in examining the pretensions of any people to civilization and refinement, to observe the mode in which they cook their dinners, and, if we may borrow a word from the Shandean vocabulary, manufacture and make their breeches. M. Lesson himself appears to belong to that sect of philosophers vulgarly termed *gourmands*, for, like Homer, he is never so well pleased as when enlarging upon the savoury viands and delicious potations with which his heroes regale themselves; and remarks, that of all the arts to which civilization gives birth, that of cooking is the most important. Not wishing to controvert M. Lesson's opinion, we shall leave our friends without their bonnets and breeches, and attend for a moment to their dinners.

Among all the intertropical islanders of the South Sea, the same domestic practices prevail. They all, without exception, make use of subterranean ovens, in which, by the aid of hot stones, they bake their meat deliciously; employ the leaves of trees for various domestic uses; convert the bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut into soup or pottage; and extract from the juice of a species of pepper-tree a liquor, denominated *kava*, which enables them to enjoy the sweet oblivion produced by intoxication. The natives of Otaheite make but three regular meals in the day; but having no new novels or poems, and but few balls or parties, to aid them in killing time, they devote their numerous leisure hours to eating. It is, in fact, a rare thing to meet with one of these assiduous disciples of Comus, without a fresh cocoa-nut or a piece of bread-fruit in his hand, which, like lord Peter, in the Tale of a Tub, they appear to imagine contains the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, plum-pudding, and custard. Their system of cookery, however, is not as yet very recondite, nor are the materials extremely numerous or far-fetched. For seven or eight months in the year loaves, ready for the oven, drop upon their heads from the mayore-tree; when these fail, the cocoa or the taro, scarcely inferior in nutritiveness, supply their place; and, in addition to these, they have the ignama, or root of the tacca pinnatifida. For the sake of variety, and to provide, as the old proverb has it, against "a rainy day," they prepare a beautiful flour, known among the Gods by the name of arrow-root, but the name by which it is distinguished among mortals we forget; besides which they manufacture a species of pudding from bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, and a sort of dish, which, says M. Lesson, is incontestably the king of all dishes, composed of bread-fruit and mountain or wild bananas baked together.

Since the arrival of Christian Missionaries among them, or rather, since those Missionaries have acquired power over their minds, they have, we know not why, contracted the habit of putting their subterranean ovens in operation only once in seven days, (on Saturday) when, like rigid Methodists, they cook victuals enough not merely for the Sunday, but for the whole week. Even when the provisions thus prepared run short, they seldom, except on the eve of some festival or holiday, have recourse to their ovens; but kindling a few charcoals before the doors of their houses, roast a few roots, or a little bread-fruit, and, like Death in Paradise Lost, snuff the savour of Sunday across the abyss of half a week. To those who are deeply read in South Sea voyages, the subterranean ovens to which we have alluded, and, indeed, whatever else we have to mention, must of course be familiar; but for the interests of authorship, hope it may be there are still in the world some dozen or two of people, who do not know every thing, and it is for these that we would be supposed to write. Besides, as the French Government thought it worth while to send the Coquille round the world expressly to obtain an exact account of these curious instruments of cookery, and similar things, in order, perhaps, that when driven out of France, Charles X. and his ministers might know where to find the next best Elysium of gluttons; the least thing we can do is to pause a moment in admiration of this *chef d'œuvre* of barbarism, from which M. Lesson tears himself away with regret, and not without casting many "a longing, lingering look behind."

This method, says our author, is so admirably adapted for giving an exquisite flavour to meat, and at the same time so extraordinarily simple, that it is impossible to pass it over without describing it, at least briefly. This is most true. At a little distance from their dwellings, the Oceanians dig a large round shallow pit, the bottom of which they cover with stones. They then kindle a large fire in it, and, in order to prevent the heat from escaping, cover over the whole with a layer of earth.

When the heat is supposed to be sufficiently intense, the oven is opened, a layer of banana leaves is spread upon the hot stones, and a whole pig, the belly of which is also filled with hot stones, is placed upon the leaves, and covered with another layer of similar stones, upon which a new fire is kindled with the dry bark of the cocoa-tree. The smoke ascends in thick columns from small openings left for the purpose. A stratum of bread-fruit is frequently placed over the hog, and the whole being closely covered over, a great fire is kept up for about half a day. When the process is thought to be nearly completed, a thick covering of earth is heaped upon the oven, which, by concentrating the heat, gives the finishing stroke to the operation. The stones of these islands, volcanic in their origin, and consequently very porous, are extremely well calculated to receive and distribute heat. The ovens are opened just as the dinner is to be served up; and the meat thus cooked exhales a delicious perfume, and possesses a nutritive quality which, according to M. Lesson, the vulgar cookery of civilized nations might in vain endeavour to produce.

Being by no means Jewish in their tastes, they prefer pork to all other kinds of meat; but as they appear to take no care of the breeding and fattening of hogs, the mass of the population are but seldom enabled to taste this luxury. Formerly the flesh of dogs was esteemed a dainty; but this, somehow or other, has latterly fallen into discredit. According to our author, they are guilty of the absurdity of rearing poultry, and gathering eggs in the thickets, and yet make no use of them; but we imagine there must be some mistake in this. Even savages are generally gifted with too much wit to labour for any length of time in vain. They are particularly fond of fish; but, contrary to the practice of all other ichthyophagi, ancient and modern, we believe, these barbarian Apicii devour their dolphin and porpoise raw, as we do oysters.

The real bases of the food of the Oceanians, however, are the bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut. The stream of population, indeed, is said to follow religiously in the track of the latter over the vast archipelagoes of the Pacific, where, as soon as the cocoa springs up and yields fruit upon a new island, man instantly appears, and takes possession of the soil. Surrounded by groves of these useful trees, man may sit down at his ease, and bid defiance to famine; and if high intellectual cultivation and poetical feeling were compatible with idleness and inactivity, the fables of the Golden Age might be realized upon these fertile and beautiful islands. The rima, or bread-fruit, is not eaten raw; but for eight months in the year, the tree produces plentifully, and the fruit is gathered as it is wanted. During the months of November, December, January, and February, when this splendid tree ceases to be covered with bread, the natives eat a kind of paste, formed from its pulp, of a slightly acid taste, together with bananas dried in the sun, and squeezed by powerful ligatures. Our sailors greatly admire this latter preparation, which they take as an excellent anti-scorbutic. A very agreeable and refreshing drink is made by steeping the pith of the bread-fruit tree in water.

The cocoa-nut tree is to these islanders what the date-tree is to the Arabs, or wheat to us; they could not subsist without it. While fresh, its nuts are their favourite meat and drink. The kernel is eaten as it is gathered, and they sip with delight the rich milk contained in its centre. The tender young fruit, or rather the buds yet unformed in the husk, are regarded as a great delicacy; and when ripe and dry, the kernel is reduced to a kind of paste, which is made up into balls to be eaten like bread, or used in the cooking of other articles of food.

Among the principal fruits of these countries, must be enumerated the vy, or fruit of the spondias dulcis, which, if eaten with the skin, is at first unpleasant, on account of a sort of resinous taste which this part of the fruit possesses; but when peeled like an orange, is truly exquisite. When ripe, it melts upon the lips; but, as it cannot be preserved in this state, it is gathered while green, in order to be shipped in that state, and allowed to ripen on board.

The ordinary drink of the Otaheitans, is pure water. Before the arrival of the Missionaries, however, an intoxicating liquor was obtained from the root of the piper methysticum, which at first produced profound sleep, then violent perspiration, and lastly, the most furious paroxysms of drunkenness. This tremendous spirit is now chiefly used as medicine; and so far, whatever M. Lesson may say to the contrary, the Missionaries have been useful, whether they be ex-artisans or not. That branch of the Oceanian race which inhabits New Zealand, and has been compelled, by the rigours of the climate, and other circumstances, to adopt a system of manners almost diametrically opposite to that prevailing among the Tahitians, has ventured to eke out its scanty list of edible materials with human flesh. Attacked by intense cold, and buffetted by furious winds, these savages have gradually assimilated their character to that of their climate, and become rude, fierce, boisterous, and unpitying. Their country producing little or nothing during the winter months, they are forced, during summer, when fish is abundant, and easily caught upon their coasts, to smoke and dry vast quantities, which are laid up against inclement weather, as well as to provide against the chances of being besieged in their abodes by inimical tribes. Nature not producing spontaneously a great variety of alimentary substances, and the natives being by no means inclined to supply, by the efforts of industry, the niggardly contributions of nature, the food of the New Zealanders is extremely simple, consisting chiefly of the root of a species of fern, which grows in profusion on the plains, of potatoes introduced into the country by Europeans, radishes, shell-fish, and the flesh of pigs and dogs.

Though acknowledging that they devour with extraordinary pleasure the flesh of the enemies they kill in battle, M. Lesson attributes their cannibal habits, not to hunger but to superstition. Superstition, however, has enough to answer for, without being saddled with the horrors to which hunger alone has prompted, as our author might, without any extraordinary degree of sagacity, have inferred from the circumstance that, in proportion as other food becomes more plentiful and accessible, savages lose the habit of preying upon their fellow-creatures. Their anthropophagy, says M. Lesson, the effect of their religious prejudices, has disappeared from various islands in which food is abundant, though the horrid practice remains in full force wherever the rigour of the climate and the poverty of the soil cause the necessity of substantial nourishment to be felt. Here, without the aid of "religious prejudices," we have the whole theory of cannibalism. Men, tortured by insufferable hunger, cast "wolfish eyes" upon each other, and by degrees, conquering the strong repugnance which all animals feel to prey upon their own species, learn to kill and devour their fellows, exactly from the same cause which impelled the African hyænas, mentioned by Bruce, to eat their companions, or the Cape Spider, imprisoned by Le Vaillant, to sup upon his own legs. There is no nation, however, so openly and disgustingly addicted to anthropophagy as the New Zealanders. Their unnatural and ferocious appetite delights in the taste of a human victim; in which particular they are not very different from the Roman Vitellius, who, prowling about the field over which his victorious legions had strewed the carcase of many an Othonian, remarked, that "nothing smelled so sweetly as a slain enemy!" An observation which proves, that although civilization, by multiplying the means of subsistence, renders it unnecessary for men to eat each other, the cannibal propensity remains, nevertheless, though it *contents itself with the "sweet savour"* of that which its owner dares not taste.

In consequence of these abominable customs, says M. Lesson, these people have acquired a decided preference for human flesh, and reckon among the "white days" of their lives those solemn festivals, in which they can eat their fill of this favourite food. A chief of the village of Kaouri, on the island of Oumotou-arohin, confessed to the French officers that he experienced extraordinary gratification in devouring a corpse, and informed them that the brain was the most delicate bit, though the haunches were the most substantial. Observing them to be somewhat horrified at his naïveté, he added, in order to re-assure them, that he never ate Europeans; but merely the mischievous inhabitants of the banks of the Thames River and Mercury Bay. "The people of Europe," said he, "are our fathers, since they furnish us with powder to destroy our enemies." Those who fall in battle are invariably cooked, and eaten by the victors; but it does not appear to be certain that they devour the slaves whom they sacrifice on various occasions, though it is extremely probable that they are kept and fattened expressly for the purpose, as hogs and oxen are with us. A very laughable, but very natural mistake was made by a troop of these cannibals, who one day came on board the Coquille, from one of the islands. After making various other inquiries, respecting their customs and manners, the Europeans introduced, as delicately as they could, the question of anthropophagy; at which the savages appeared thunderstruck, imagining that the French also were cannibals, and that in reality they had been enticed on board, in order to be hashed up into soups and ragouts for the officers and crew of the Coquille! This idea having once entered their heads, they immediately imagined they felt the knives and forks of the naval *artistes* in their tendons and muscles, and slipping rapidly over the sides of the ship, got into their canoes, and pulled away with might and main towards their island, fully persuaded that all Europeans were cannibals. It may be suspected that several families of mankind have been accused of this abominable custom upon no better grounds.

Being anxious never to lose sight of the pleasure which their cannibal repasts afford them, they manage by various ingenious little contrivances, to awaken frequently in their minds those agreeable associations which their imagination connects with such exquisite treats. Among other things, they manufacture those instruments, which, when they do not use their fingers, serve them instead of knives and forks, of the bones of an enemy, and adorn those choice utensils with sculpture and inlaid ornaments of mother of pearl. It was, we presume, a feeling not altogether dissimilar which led Lord Byron to despise glass and metal, and select a human skull for a goblet.

The fern-root, of which they make their bread, is collected by slaves, and exposed to the sun to dry. It is then pounded in a wooden mortar, and reduced to a brown paste, viscous like glue; and containing considerable quantities of a woody kind of rind, which covers the root. This paste is then kneaded in small wooden troughs, and baked for use. The bread of the fern-root is far from being very nutritive, resembling, in some measure, that which is made in Finland, from the bark of the fir-trees; though certainly superior to the loaves of clay which certain subjects of the Russian empire are reduced to devour. Hunger, however, is not nice; and M. Lesson, remarks that he has beheld the New Zealander eating, with the sensuality of a gourmand, fish which was not only stinking, but half rotten. To preserve a certain kind of small fish, for which they appear to have a strong predilection, they press them together, as the Tahitians do their bananas, until nearly all their moisture is drained out, and in this condition preserve them for future use.

The food of a people has certainly some connexion with the national character, either as cause or effect; mild and peaceful tribes preferring simple and bloodless repasts, while the warlike and the ferocious love, like the lion and the tiger, to satisfy their fiercer appetites with the flesh of animals. The inhabitants of the island of Rotouma, offer in this respect, a striking contrast to those of New Zealand. The former rise early in the morning and, before tasting any food, issue forth from their huts to enjoy for a few moments the delicious freshness of the dawn. About eight o'clock they breakfast upon fruits; and having performed some trifling labour, meet together again about eleven, to collect the cocoa-nuts, and other articles which constitute their second and principal meal. These articles consist chiefly of vegetables, or of shell and other fish. These simple people, however, are great gourmands in their way; and, like their brethren of Otaheite, love to vary the pleasures of eating as much as possible. They cut one of the bread-fruit in two, take out the central portion, and having filled up the hollow space with the milk of the cocoa, of four different ages, cook the whole in a banana-leaf. Their beverage consists of rain water, the island possessing no springs, and the milk of the cocoa nut.

The Mongol-Pelagian tribes, who, according to M. Lesson, inhabit the immense Archipelago, termed, from Charles II of Spain, the Caroline Islands, are found in almost every stage of civilization, from the savage who does not even think of concealing the parts of generation, to the man who marches, *pàri passu*, with the natives of China and Japan. The reason why our naturalist derives these people from the Mongol race, is sufficiently curious. Discovering among them traces of inventions, which surpass any thing of a similar description possessed by the Oceanians, he forthwith concludes that they must therefore be the descendants, not of the children of Brahma, but of the Chineśe, as if these essentially quaint and mediocre people had ever equalled the Hindoos in refinement or invention! But if the natives of the western portion of the immense chain of the Carolines have made some progress in the knowledge of the useful arts; their brethren of the eastern extremity are still plunged in the lowest depths of barbarism. The inhabitants, for example, of Gilbert's Archipelago, of Sydenham and Henderville Islands; and in fact, of all the small archipelagoes, and islands in the neighbourhood, possess scarcely any thing human but the form; neither arts, nor manners, nor feelings. Their food consists almost entirely of fish, and even of this, the supply is so much below the demand, that, according to Mr. Malthus's interpretation of the practice, they compress the abdomen with a sort of cord, wound many times round the body, to impede the passage of their food, and thus lessen the cravings of hunger. Was it from these refined people, that our fashionable exquisites took the hint of compressing their abdomen with stays, for the purpose of lessening their butchers' and bakers' bills, in order to allow that of their tailor to be increased.

Perhaps the principal reason why these various tribes of men make so very slow a progress in civilization, may be discovered in the circumstance, that they are clothed, as it were, by the sunshine of their climate; and fed without labour, by the spontaneous bounty and fertility of their soil. In our northern regions we are in a state of continual warfare with the climate, which changing perpetually like Proteus, attacks us now under one form, now under another. This compels us to have recourse to various inventions, to guard against the open or insidious approaches of our enemy; and our dress, our dwellings, our umbrellas, our covered carriages, &c., are merely so many shields and bucklers, with which we protect ourselves against the inclemency of the weather. People who suffer no inconvenience from going naked, are slow in inventing clothes; and when nature herself takes the business of agriculture out of the hands of man, and with her sunshine and her benignant showers, ploughs and sows in his stead; man naturally enough stands by idle, shrugs up his shoulders, and allows his provisions to drop, as it were, into his mouth.

The greater number of the South Sea Islanders, whether we denominate them Mongol-Pelagians, Oceanians, or Papous, are very nearly in the position above described. "They toil not, neither do they spin," for the most part; and yet, with very few exceptions, they live like princes; that is, they eat and drink and do nothing. With dress, however, none of them are greatly incumbered, being in general of Thomson's opinion, that people when unadorned are adorned the most; that is, preferring Nature's manufacture before their own. The beaux and belles of Otaheite, have latterly formed an exception to this rule; for ever since they have become Christians, their passion for finery has been extreme, it being, apparently, a received opinion among them, as it is among many other nations, that a man puts on civilization and refinement with his coat and breeches; the meanness or magnificence of the latter, being the standard by which we are to estimate the former. Throughout the other intertropical islands of the Pacific, however, both sexes are in general content with concealing the pudenda with a small piece of stuff or cotton, which is manufactured of finer or coarser materials; and variegated with more or less brilliant colours, almost exactly in proportion as the wearers are more or less removed from the savage state.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas and Sandwich islands wear extremely light and imperfect garments, or rather wear nothing but the small piece of stuff above mentioned, which, among all these islanders, is denominated the maro. They understand, however, the art of manufacturing from the interior bark of the broussonetia papyrifera, a remarkably fine stuff, which, with much taste and gallantry, is commonly set apart for the use of the women. This circumstance accords but badly with the notion, that in these countries the women are despised and ill-treated; men seldom reserving the choicest and most valuable productions of their industry for the objects of their aversion or contempt. Their coarser stuffs are manufactured from the interior bark of the bread-fruit-tree. Like the natives of the Society Islands, they dye their maros of a brilliant red, with the fruit of the ficus tinctoria, or with the bark of the morinda citrifolia; and obtain a fugitive yellow from the curcuma. This fabric, however, is rather a species of paper, than cloth; not being woven, but formed by beating flat the bark of which it is composed, and glueing the whole together by a viscous substance, which exudes from various plants and trees. The description of this process given by M. Lesson, though interesting, is too long to be here introduced, and must therefore be read in the work itself. Besides this kind of paper-cloth, the natives of all these islands fabricate another kind, which, by being covered with a sort of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, is rendered completely water-proof. From this and similar circumstances, M. Lesson concludes, that the arts of these tribes are traditionary, and prove the descent of the whole from one common stock. This is an exceedingly common mode of reasoning, but it will be found upon examination to be altogether unsatisfactory. All men are similarly organized, possess similar propensities, and have, therefore, nearly the same wants, and the same powers. If, therefore, two families of mankind, placed at an immense distance from each other, find themselves, nevertheless, in much the same circumstances, they will inevitably, since they possess exactly the same instruments, and are actuated by like motives, hit upon the same inventions, though the one should never have heard or dreamed of the other. All men know, without teaching, what their eyes, their hands, their feet, and the other parts of their body are for; yet we might as reasonably imagine ourselves to be descended from the old Egyptians, because we walk with our feet, and see with our eyes, as they did, as derive the savages of the South Sea from the Hindoos, or Chinese, because they possess certain rude instruments of art, similar to what are found among those ancient nations of the Asiatic continent.

To proceed, however, with our subject; such tribes of the Oceanian race as are induced by the rigour or vicissitudes of their climate to have recourse to more ample garments than the maro, adjust their light drapery about their forms in the most graceful manner. The women frequently throw a large piece of stuff over their shoulders, which, descending in undulating folds to the feet, resembles in a very striking manner the costume of the ancients. The chiefs alone enjoy the prerogative of wearing the Tipoota, a garment similar to the Poncho of the South Americans, described by General Miller and others. The New Zealanders, placed, as M. Lesson observes, beyond the tropics, have been compelled by the rigour of their climate to adopt a more warm and ample costume than their brethren of the equatorial regions; and finding, in the silky fibres of the Phormium, a substance admirably adapted for their purpose, they have applied themselves to the fabrication of fine, but thick mats, in which, notwithstanding the simplicity of their instruments, they exhibit considerable skill. Their mantles are still thicker and warmer than the mats, and generally descend half way below the knee. They are often composed of dog skins, sewed together, with the fur outwards.

Though sparing, even to indelicacy, in their dress, the Oceanians are remarkable for their passion for ornament. The Tahitians, and the inhabitants of the Sandwich islands, delight, like the Greeks of old, to crown themselves with flowers, and invariably select for this purpose those which are distinguished for the most brilliant colours, or the sweetest odours, such as the hibiscus rosa sinensis, and the gardenia florida. These they twine about their heads, like Anacreon, in wreaths, or pass through little holes made in the lobes of their ears, in order the more easily to inhale their delicious fragrance. The inhabitants of the Marquesas and Washington islands, as well as those of Rotooma and the Fidjis, attach the highest value to the teeth of the Spermaceti whale, which, rendered sacred by we know not what superstitious ideas, are in their eyes, says the naturalist, exactly what diamonds are with us. The New Zealanders, and the natives of Easter Island, adorn their tresses with tufts of feathers instead of flowers, and suspend small round bits of painted wood in the lobes of their ears. Several of these islanders manufacture a kind of mask or vizor with the leaves of the cocoa-tree, to defend their faces from the scorching rays of the sun; and this species of armour has a somewhat pleasing and graceful appearance when worn by young persons.

The habit of anointing the body with oil is, as might be expected, universal among the Oceanians; those living within the tropics making use of cocoa-nut oil, while the rest are compelled to put up with fish or seal-oil. This fashion, which the heat of the climate excuses, if it does not render it necessary, communicates an unsavoury odour to the bodies of these savage belles; which, however, has one advantage, for, as Prior says—

> " Before you see, you smell your toast,
> And sweetest she who stinks the most."

At Rotooma, and in the Sandwich islands, the women have the extraordinary practice of powdering their hair with coral lime; while in several of these same islands they streak their bodies with the yellow powder of the curcuma, and daub their faces with ocre. Another practice, of which no traces are discoverable among any other wild people, except a few scattered tribes of Northern Asia and America, is to wear large patches of black or sky-blue on the face, like the fashionables of the last century. The practice of tattooing, for which these islanders are celebrated, we have described on a former occasion. Among the people of the Sandwich Islands a very extraordinary ornament is found; this is, a helmet, surmounted by a crest, ingeniously fabricated with straw, and fashioned exactly after the model of the Greek or Roman helmet. Neither we nor M. Lesson can conjecture whence they could derive the idea of such an ornament—for here the explanation given in the case of articles of absolute utility will not serve. Did they, inquires our author, bring with them from India the notion of such a helmet, where it must have been a sufficiently familiar object after the invasion of Alexander? There is no replying to this question, especially as the other branches of the Oceanian race,' all, in his opinion, equally descended from the Hindoos, have no idea whatever of this kind of military head-dress. The question must, therefore, rest for the present with that of the Longitude and the Origin of Evil.

In several of the Caroline Islands the inhabitants wear a sort of Chinese hat, fabricated from a species of grass; and their ornaments, which are numerous, are formed of shells. This race, no less than the Oceanian, delight in ornamenting their tresses with flowers or fragrant leaves, selecting most commonly the deep red blossoms of the *ixora,* or the perfumed leaves of the *arum.* The miserable natives of New Ireland, ignorant of even the rude arts of the Mongol Pelagians and Oceanians, cover the pudenda with the floral envelope of the cocoa-tree, or with the membraneous sheath of the banana leaf. The tribes who wander on the north coast of New Guinea, having continual communications with the Malays, and particularly with the Guebeans, receive from them in exchange for slaves, or other commodities, birds of paradise, tortoise-shell, or red or blue cotton, which are set apart for the use of the women. Finding it somewhat difficult to obtain ornaments and finery external to the body, they betake themselves to operating upon their own skin, and endeavour to improve their appearance, and add force to their natural charms, by making incisions on their shoulders and breasts, the cicatrices of which are artificially raised into knots and bumps, like the organs of thinking on a phrenological skull. The Papouas, whose frizzled hair is so abundant that they appear at a distance as if they had put their heads into bee-hives, or Scotch porridge-pots, adorn their woolly locks with a mixture of grease and ocre, with which they likewise make streaks upon their face and breast, and thus greatly improve upon their natural ugliness. Man, almost every where, employs the leisure which Providence bestows upon him in foolery of some kind or another. Here, the time and ingenuity which might produce a more comfortable hut, better clothing, or more savoury or nourishing food, are thrown away upon toys formed with feathers, mother-of-pearl, or shells, which are stuck upon the head, the girdle, or on the arms they use in battle. Another ornament, universally in use among this race, is a species of bracelet of dazzling whiteness, fabricated with the teeth of the barbirossa, or with ivory, and exactly resembling the bracelets found upon the arms of Egyptian mummies. Another extraordinary resemblance between their customs and those of the ancient Egyptians is discoverable in the wooden pillows, adorned with the head of a sphynx, upon which they repose the head when sleeping, and which, when compared with those found in the catacombs under the heads of mummies, and brought to France by various travellers, have been found to be exactly similar.

The most remarkable feature, perhaps, in the costume of the Otaheitans is, the mixture of European and native articles which it sometimes exhibits; for, as the number of ships trading to those countries, compared with the amount of the population, is small, the majority of the natives can seldom procure a complete suit of European clothes. Accordingly, you will sometimes encounter a gay savage with an English shirt, hat, and silk handkerchief as a cravat, while the native maro, with its scanty proportions, supplies the place of breeches, and the tipoota, or poncho of artificial papyrus, waves its ample folds over his shoulders. The tipoota is generally white, but the edges and corners are variegated with a border of leaves of brilliant red.

The women who, for the most part, have abjured as far as possible all native manufacture, begin to dress in the English fashion, wearing gowns, Indian silk handkerchiefs and ribbons; which, our naturalist assures us, disfigure them confoundedly. We suppose he would have found them more agreeable *in puris naturalibus*. Among the few articles of home manufacture which the dames still tolerate, from necessity, are the beautiful straw hats, which are as fine, silky, and brilliant as the best Leghorns. These they fabricate with their own fair hands, and we trust the missionaries will teach them, for the interests of morality, that it is one of the duties of Christianity to make straw hats, or something of that kind, for there is nothing so favourable to chastity as constant employment. Another article of Tahiti fabric is the water-proof mantle which they throw over their shoulders in rainy weather, and will probably continue to prefer to English cottons or silks, as tropical showers are great logicians in matters of this kind. On account of the heat of the climate, these dashing ladies go half naked at home, and even in the streets the unmarried women merely cover, but do not conceal, their bosoms with a kerchief of light gauze, no less transparent than the multitia or Tarentinidian vests of the ancient Roman ladies, who did not go naked because these dresses showed off their forms better, and rendered them more piquant. One of their aboriginal practices these belles still assiduously maintain, and, as it greatly sets off their persons, are likely to continue; which is, the habit of wearing garlands of beautiful flowers upon their heads, while others pass a single stem through the lobe of the ear, leaving the flower pendant like a star by the cheek. They perfume their garments with the sweet-smelling nuts of the tomanou.

So soon as man begins to feel the desire to wear a better coat, or inhabit a better house than his neighbour, he may be regarded as having fairly entered upon the high road to civilization. Nations that build their houses and fashion their garments after a received model are stationary, and can, in fact, have few motives for being otherwise. This is pretty nearly the case with all the nations inhabiting the islands of the South Sea. Each tribe has one original type, bequeathed to them by the wisdom of their ancestors, according to which every mother's son among them, whether he be poor or wealthy, wise or foolish, erects his hut. In determining the order of these huts, the climate may be said to have been the Vitruvius. In the Society, Tonga, and Marquesas Islands, where space and cool air are a desideratum in a house, the habitations are vast, spacious, and airy; while in New Zealand, where the winters are cold and long, and where the winds and storms frequently rage with irresistible violence, the huts are exceedingly small and low, being entered by a hole, like the den of some wild animal.

In the construction of their dwellings, as in every other art, the Tahitians take the lead of their whole race. Unfortunately, although between the hut of a chief and that of a peasant there is a considerable difference, there is here, as elsewhere, a model, from which it is unfashionable to depart. Even in working after the same model, however, it is extremely possible for two men to induce a difference; as Quakers contrive, by the materials and make of their single-breasted coats, to mark the rank of the wearer in the scale of wealth. The houses of the common people in Otaheite are formed with bamboos, one extremity of which is driven deep into the earth, or of branches of trees of equal size. These are placed nearly close to each other, leaving only a small space for the passage of light and air; and a few small poles placed transversely keep the whole together. The roof is formed with small rafters which meet above, and support the species of leaf which serve them instead of thatch. These leaves are first tied to small rods, which are then laid upon the rafters, the lanceolated end of the leaves remaining loose. M. Lesson says the process is begun at the top; but as, in this case, the point of the leaf would fall under the stem of the next, and thus offer an obstruction to the free descent of the water, this statement is probably a mistake; the more especially as he observes, that roofs formed after the Tahitian method are greatly superior to those which, in civilized countries, are made with slate or tiles. When completed, the whole has very much the appearance of the thatched roof of our peasantry.

These dwellings are, as we have said, of large dimensions, and owing to the manner in which they are built, the air circulates through them freely. Indeed, in the houses of the poor, the rain often intrudes with the wind, and renders the interior extremely uncomfortable. Those who have more wealth, or greater industry, hang mats round the walls to keep out the wind and rain. The elevation of these houses is not great; and a narrow aperture, which looks as if it had been left in the wall by chance, serves for a door. As the Tahitians are a sociable people, they have already discovered the secret that, when a man's house is too large for his own family, he may turn the circumstance to account by taking in lodgers. In this way, probably, it happens that several families are found inhabiting the same dwelling; and, as was anciently the case in France, and perhaps in other countries, the whole family, father, mother, and children, with grand-children, and great-grand-children, when there are any, sleep together in the same apartment. This common bed-room, which was expressively termed *chambre de manège* in France, is not very carefully closed against the intrusion of strangers; for M. Lesson remarks, that he has often seen young newly-married pairs stretched upon the same mat with their fathers and mothers.

These houses are surrounded by a wattled enclosure, about three feet high, over which you pass, when entering the house, by means of short poles driven into the earth. This enclosure is meant to keep out the pigs and other animals, and prevent their intruding, along with less ceremonious visitors, upon the privacy of newly-married people. Around the hut, on the outside of the wattled enclosure, trees of various kinds are planted, as is the case in Malabar, which furnish the inmates at once with shelter and food. The dwellings of the chiefs, which of course are larger and more spacious, though constructed exteriorly after the same fashion, are divided into a greater number of apartments. These divisions do not, as with us, consist of firm partitions, but of light trellice-work, which rises about half way the height of the house, the whole of the upper part being left open for the better circulation of the air.

Besides the houses of the chiefs and the people, there is a third sort of structure, which being appropriated to the casual use of any stranger who chooses to spread his mat and sleep there, may be termed caravanserais. These are of vast dimensions, but consist merely of a roof supported by a number of bread-fruit trees arranged as pillars. The villages of the Tahitians, which are chiefly situated on the sea shore, consist of a considerable number of these huts thinly scattered over a large extent of ground, for as yet they have exhibited no disposition to draw closely together, as men do in those countries where the dread of hostile tribes acts as an instrument of civilization.

The furniture of the Oceanians is particularly scanty. A mat or mattrass for a bed; a net-bag for holding various small articles of utility; hollow bamboos for containing water or oil; a hollow gourd for a smelling-box; cocoa-nuts wrought into vases, cups, and bottles; with a pestle and mortar for bruising the bread-fruit, in order to convert it into paste—such are the whole of their utensils. Where commerce with Europeans has not furnished them with tools, their houses and their pirogues, or canoes, are still constructed with axes of stone.

Their industry is neither very inventive nor very persevering. Their mats, the most important and curious article of their manufacture, are fabricated by women. Their canoes, formerly constructed with considerable skill and elegance, when the only tools in use were stone hatchets, are now turned out of hand, as a ship-carpenter would say, in a much more slovenly manner since their tools have been of iron. M. Lesson attributes this circumstance to their neglect of naval architecture, consequent upon the great fertility of their soil. But since their soil is not now more fertile than formerly, it may, perhaps, be more just to attribute it to their being as yet unaccustomed to our better tools, which are only better in hands skilled in the use of them. The emblematical sculpture which formerly adorned these pirogues, having been closely connected with their Pagan superstitions, have necessarily disappeared since their conversion to Christianity.

Among those islanders who have received from Europeans a knowledge of the use of fire-arms, the ancient instruments of war have necessarily been neglected. Their long-pointed lances their deadly slings, their light javelins of bamboo, have all been laid aside, in favour of the more destructive musket, which these demi-savages regard as the most sublime invention of civilized man. M. Lesson complains, that no civilized nation has hitherto condescended to collect and preserve those curious memorials of the ancient condition of these islanders, which, he fears, will soon be sought in vain, except in the descriptions of authors: but on this point he may console himself. A collection, which may perhaps be regarded as complete, exists in England, partly at the British Museum, partly at the rooms of the Missionary Society, where the curious student of the history of man may contemplate them at his leisure.

One of their most important warlike instruments is that with which they combat *ennui*, an enemy which appears to be no respecter of persons, but to attack all men alike, whether civilized or savage—this is the flute. In the use of this instrument the Oceanians show a laudable disposition to turn every part of their body to account; for, instead of applying the mouth to the business, which they perhaps regard as being rather hardly tasked in having to receive and transmit to the lower regions all the food they think it convenient to swallow, they call upon the nose to perform this office, a lazy member, which neither eats nor drinks, and, unless it be employed in flute-playing, or in kissing, as among the New Zealanders and others, may be accused of being of little use to a man, notwithstanding all the hue and cry which Tristram Shandy's father raised over the downfall of his son's. Our prejudices may probably lead us to think slightingly of a *nose-flute*, but M. Lesson assures us that, whatever we may imagine to the contrary, the nose is no bad musician; and that although among us it is chiefly employed in that most unmusical art, vulgarly called snuffling, its performances are by no means inelegant. This is very satisfactory, and the time may not be distant when patents will be taken out for nose-flutes, and they will be introduced, together with the mouth-harmonica, and other such exquisite instruments, among the stock of the Philharmonic Institution.

The details given by travellers and navigators respecting the manners, customs, and arts of barbarous nations, being the result of actual observation, may in general be relied upon; but when they would penetrate into the souls of these savages, and discover the exact nature of their religious belief, they are so extremely liable to misconception and error, that we must receive their testimony on such subjects with the utmost caution. Few are competent, even when they possess the language of a foreign people, to penetrate rapidly into the character of their creed; but when we find men pretending to paint the obscure notions of savages, with whom they could only communicate by pantomime, concerning the first cause of things, the future fate of the thinking principle which for a time inhabits the human body, &c. we with difficulty restrain our risibility. It is not one writer in a thousand who, notwithstanding all the aids we possess, is competent to form a tolerably correct notion of the religions of antiquity, much less to elicit from signs and dumb-show a system of metaphysics, for such a system every people possesses, however barbarous and imperfect it may be. The few particulars which follow upon this subject are, therefore, to be considered rather as approximations to truth, than truth itself.

M. Lesson's assertion, that the religious ideas of the Oceanians attest their descent from the Hindoos, is a mere gratuitous assumption, and would almost lead us to suspect that his acquaintance with Brahminism is as slender as his knowledge of the faith of the savages he describes. It is among the New Zealanders, the most uncivilized and brutal of all the Oceanian tribes, that our author discovers the strongest traces of Hindooism, which he appears to regard as the invention of Menù, and with just as much reason as others have thought the Paganism of Greece and Rome to have been the invention of Homer. The sculptures which adorn the pirogues of these savages represent, in his opinion, the three great divinities of Hindoostan—Brahma, Siva, and Vishnoo, surrounded by numerous circles, which he terms endless, as if there were some other sort of circle which really had an end. These circles he takes undoubtedly to represent the great serpent Calingam, which, had it not been prevented by Vishnoo, would formerly have devoured the world. But as he does not condescend to inform us how he came to conclude that the "principles" he saw represented on the canoes, or on the palissades of the villages, were really meant to convey an idea of the three principal gods of Hindooism, we may, perhaps, be permitted to suppose it possible that he may have been mistaken, notwithstanding the endless circles by which they were surrounded. From the presence of the Lingam among these emblematical figures, he appears to derive another argument in support of his hypothesis of the Hindoo descent of this people; but by the same argument, all mankind might be proved to be descended from the same source, as, under different names, the Lingam has been an object of worship among all barbarous nations. The poetry, moreover, of the New Zealanders, and the other Oceanians, seems, in our author's opinion, to contain traces of the "mystic Sabean and Brahminical ideas" of their ancestors; as if the extremely imperfect knowledge he possesses of their language enabled him to pronounce an opinion upon so abstruse a subject! He likewise discovers traces of a Trinity in their creed; and, in fact, it is not difficult for a man to discover whatever he chooses in a thing so multiform and unsettled as the creed of a savage.

M. Lesson himself appears to be perfectly sensible that the opinions of barbarians are liable to be metamorphosed by the persons who collect them; but then he seems to think, that this takes place only when the collectors are "ignorant navigators;" and we, on the other hand, believe that it always takes place, more or less, even when the collectors are modern philosophers. What appears to be tolerably certain is, that the Oceanians, like all other nations and tribes of men on the face of the earth, believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, who created the world, and still preserves it in existence for the benefit of his creatures. This Spirit, which they endow with beneficent attributes, governs the world only during the day, however, his empire declining with the decline of light; and another spirit, the genius of darkness, of accidents, and of death, comes upon the scene with night. This seems to be that rude mixture of Manichæan and Sabean ideas which obtains among all uncivilized nations in the first stages of their progress, and arises spontaneously out of their contemplation of the natural phenomena daily presented to their eyes. The genius of good, Orimazes, Osiris, or whatever it may be called, is no other than the sun deified; and Ahriman, Typhon, Siva, &c. the genius of darkness, which, by hiding the creation from the eyes of man, appears to blot it out of existence. The worship which barbarians offer to other objects is nothing more than a modification of what is vulgarly called *cant* or *blarney*, intended to mollify and propitiate the fierce and mischievous, and keep the mild and beneficent in good humour. It is, for example, mere absurdity to imagine, with many learned men, that by the worship of the serpent, the pagans mean to adore some occult power of nature, of which that mischievous reptile is the emblem; they observe that, among mankind, the most destructive and hardened nature may be mollified by persevering flattery and submission, and not understanding exactly the difference between a bad man and a serpent, they try upon the latter the arts which succeed with the former. Upon the same principle all the fanciful vagaries of superstition, by which, if we can believe what appears to be a mere joke of Juvenal, even *onions* came to be deified in Egypt, may be satisfactorily accounted for.

All nations appear to entertain more or less vague notions of a future state. The inhabitants of the Society Islands believe in a species of Paradise, whither the souls of good men are conveyed upon the wings of their beneficent divinity. The people of the Friendly Islands have imagined a delicious abode, where the souls of the aristocracy enjoy eternal happiness, while those of the vulgar, like the golden-mean people of Tom Paine, "are dropped entirely," or, in other words, annihilated. The New Zealanders, who, in spite of their cannibalism and destructive propensities, appear to have more poetry in their souls than any of their neighbours, imagine that the spirits of their victorious fathers hover in the blast over their native villages, and then, plunging into the glittering waves of the sea near the North Cape, repair to the Elysium prepared for them, which they denominate Atamira. The souls of those, on the contrary, who are slain in battle, and devoured by their enemies, are eternally unhappy; and it is said to be for this reason, from a species of revenge which would do honour to the heart of a Grand Inquisitor, that the New Zealanders are so diabolically anxious to feed upon their foes. They are desirous to have them not only dead, but damned.

The manners of these tribes vary with their climate. In all, however, if we can rely upon the correctness of M. Lesson, there is a strong tendency to love, contrary to what is asserted of the wild Tartars, and the North American Indians, whose indifference for women is said to be remarkable. We consider M. Lesson's view of the case to be strongly supported by the prevalence among almost all savages, of lascivious dances, representing, with still greater naïveté than the cheironomia of antiquity, the whole pantomime of love; and of wanton songs, for which, according to our naturalist, all mankind have a natural predilection. Montesquieu supposes that the eating of fish is highly favourable to fecundity, and by the same rule it should promote lasciviousness. So that it may be stated as a truism that Venus still springs, if not from the foam, at least from the fish of the sea.

Dancing is essentially the amusement of savages, and civilized nations preserve a taste for it, merely, we presume, from respect for the wisdom of their wild forefathers, who, when they had eaten a piece of raw fish, or the limb of an enemy, felt their blood kindle in their veins, and expressed their uncouth delight by sporting the toe round the fire which had cooked their dinner. For this reason, an assembly of bipeds of both sexes, increasing the rapidity of their circulation with delicate viands and wine, and frisking about in various postures, now bounding like fanatical jumpers, and now gliding along the floor like ghosts, have always appeared to us an extremely ludicrous sight, and have infallibly carried back our minds to those days when we were familiar with the relatives and friends of Robinson

Crusoe's Friday. Nevertheless we are by no means inimical to these primitive sports; and are not a jot the less delighted to observe a dance, because it is connected in our mind with cannibalism and blazing fires, than if it had originated at Almack's.

Another habit which tends no less powerfully than the above to promote obedience to the first great commandment—"increase and multiply"—prevails universally among the Oceanians; which is, the habit of licentious conversation. Forsyth wittily denominated the Neapolitans the most ingenuous people in the world, because they do not pretend to be virtuous; and, in like manner, it may in general be predicated of the Oceanians, that they do not pretend to be chaste, though M. Lesson allows that the women, both married and single, appear to blush and be embarrassed when assaulted with obscene or ribaldrous language. Why our worthy naturalist should conclude that their embarrassment was merely fictitious is more than we can explain; since even though they be unchaste, it does not follow that they must likewise be immodest.

In speaking of the New Zealanders, M. Lesson betrays that imperfect acquaintance with antiquity which is perpetually giving birth, among modern writers, to improper comparisons and foolish approximations. These ferocious barbarians exhibit, he says, the most remarkable features of resemblance to the ancient Spartans; and these remarkable features of resemblance, when they come to be enumerated, consist in the single circumstance of their facing death with intrepidity. But he should have remembered that contempt of death was only one of the Spartan virtues; that they were as mild, and hospitable, and cheerful during peace, as they were heroic in war; and that, while the brutal New Zealander suffers his son to lift his hand against his mother, and strike the bosom that nourished his helpless infancy, the Spartan, to whom this two-legged animal is compared, entertained the most profound reverence, not only for his own parents, but for old age in general. That, whereas women are roughly and unfeelingly treated by the Oceanian of New Zealand, they were regarded at Sparta almost as so many divinities; where the wretch who should have raised his hands against his mother would have been branded with infamy and thrust forth from society. These remarks are made merely to show the folly of indulging in such loose-jointed comparisons, which can have no other effect than to "amuse, (or rather mislead) the unlearned, and make the learned smile."

Art. III.—*Hannibal's Passage of the Alps.* By a Member of the University of Cambridge. London. Whittaker and Co. 1830. post 8vo. pp. 155.

LET not the imposing title of this article alarm the reader unnecessarily. He will not be inflicted with a dissertation on the invasion of Italy by Hannibal, or the tracing his route from New Carthage in Spain, to his descent among the Insubrians on the plains around the Po. All the lights which learning, research, and ingenuity are likely to discover, have already been collected and concentrated upon this subject; either by General Melville, who first opened up the true path of inquiry, or by those able expositors of his views, M. de Luc of Geneva, and Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, in their joint "Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps." Nor should we have dreamt of so much as adverting to a question which we considered to have been "fairly, if not finally laid to rest," had not our attention been forcibly attracted to it by the captious and petulant little brochure before us, in which some nameless Cantabrigian essays to disturb the received opinions of the learned, to discredit the historical veracity of Polybius, vindicate the consistency of Livy, and, above all, to pour out the vials of his learned wrath on the devoted heads of Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, who are the objects of incessant attack and abuse. But when any one chuses to push himself forward in the character of an assailant, not merely of the opinions, but the reputation of other men; and when, assuming an air of superiority, under cover of a mask, he presumes to dogmatise and vituperate; it becomes a sort of duty to take a fair turn up with such an aggressor, and to endeavour to ascertain whether his pith, pluck, and mettle, bear any reasonable proportion to the loudness and vehemence of his pretensions. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?* is the question which people generally ask in such cases; and accordingly, all that purpose is doing at present is, simply to put together a few critical remarks, calculated to prove how very far indeed the performance of the worthy Cantabrigian comes short of his promise.

Our learned *Cam*stary sets out with this observation: "There are subjects of no earthly importance to any one, and of interest only to a very small portion of society, which have still, within those limits, been discussed with greater zeal than matters of a higher and more useful description;" and he adds, "that of this nature is the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, the exact spot where he crossed having excited curiosity and minute examination from the time the event occurred to the present." But, there is reason for thinking, in opposition even to the great authority before us, that Hannibal's passage of the Alps is *not* an event of the nature here described. Historical truth may be "of no earthly importance" to our Cantabrigian, and we feel indebted to our author for the candour with which he makes the avowal. But other men have thought and felt differently; and the best evidence of the sincerity of their opinion consists in the "zeal" with which they have entered into the inquiry, as well as the "curiosity and minute examination" which it has excited, "from the time the event occurred to the present."

The memorable achievement of the Carthaginian leader has also been considered of some importance in a military point of view. Polybius, a soldier and tactician of the school of Philopœmen, regarded it in this light; for, little more than half a century after the event, he took the trouble of exploring personally the whole of Hannibal's route, particularly that part of it from the point where he effected the passage of the Rhone till, descending from the Alps, he encamped in the fertile plains around the Po, among his allies the Insubrians. There is undoubted evidence that Cæsar and Pompey were both greatly interested by this achievement, and ambitious of an occasion of imitating it. The Chevalier Folard, in his valuable work on Polybius, has considered it deserving of a long and elaborate military commentary, the principal object of which is not so much to illustrate the text of his author as to point out, for the instruction of tacticians, the transcendant military genius and resources displayed alike in the conception and execution of the enterprise. General Melville, thinking a soldier, like Polybius, who had personally surveyed the ground while the event was comparatively recent, a better authority than a mere compiler, like Livy, traced the march of Hannibal, with the work of the former historian in his hand, and was thus enabled, not only to determine the route which that great commander had followed, but to strike out a number of new lights, which M. de Luc has collected together in his valuable work, founded chiefly on the General's notes. And lastly, Napoleon Buonaparte, no mean judge of military exploits, is known to have cherished an intense admiration of the enterprise in question, and to have in some measure modelled upon it his own memorable passage of the Alps, when he surprised Melas on the Bormida, and conquered Italy at Marengo. It may be added that, as the first act of a mighty historical drama about to be performed on a new and mighty theatre; or, to speak plainly, as the commencement of a struggle, which at one time threatened the very being of the Roman republic, although eventually it issued in the triumph of Rome and the utter destruction of her most powerful and dangerous rival; its importance can be doubted only by those who are incapable of deriving either pleasure or advantage from one of the most instructive chapters in ancient history.

But, without dwelling longer on mere generalities, let us attend for a little to some of the specimens which our learned Cantabrigian has been pleased to afford us of his critical skill, as directed against the authors of the "Dissertation" above-mentioned. The charges he brings against them are grave and manifold. They are accused of having "deserted their guide (Polybius) precisely at those very passages on which their theory is built, pleading as their excuse his want of accuracy;"—their work is represented as disfigured by "partial quotation" and "false translation;"—they are taxed with "venturing on a construction of their author, which differs from that given by the Greek geographer, Strabo;"—and, to crown all, "it shall be proved," says the Cambridge critic, "that on the point on which so much stress is laid, Polybius is decidedly inaccurate, and by the recorded judgment of antiquity, was so considered." If our author were able to "prove" only the one-half of what he here asserts, we frankly concede to him that the credit of the "Dissertation," and the scholarship of its authors, would be very seriously damaged, if not altogether demolished: but it is happily one thing to accuse, and another to substantiate accusations by proof, as will be probably shown, in a very conclusive manner before we have done. In the meanwhile our author seems to consider the question as decided by the very act of accusation; for, having enumerated his charges, he adds, "When all these, together with various other collected errors, are made by the authors of the Dissertation to favour their argument and to constitute the proofs of their hypothesis, it will be felt that in refusing our assent to their conclusions, and in adhering still to the opinions of Strabo and Livy, we shall be guilty of no great or unpardonable presumption." There is no "presumption" in "adhering" to the opinions of any man or number of men, but there is something worse in accusing respectable and blameless individuals of wilfully perverting the text of an author "to favour their argument, and *constitute proofs* (as this elegant writer expresses it) of their hypothesis," except upon the clearest and most unquestionable evidence. It will soon be seen how the matter stands in this respect.

I. The Cantabrigian's first charge is, that the authors of the "Dissertation," after insisting on a strict attention to Polybius, because of his supposed accuracy, abandon their guide as often as difficulties come in their way, pleading his incorrectness as an excuse for deserting him. And he quotes in proof of it the following version and comment :—" From the Rhone *πορευομένοις παρ' αὐτὸν τὸν ποταμὸν ὡς ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς*, for those who are travelling along the river in the direction of its source to the ascent of the Alps, there are 1400 stadia," or 175 Roman miles: and they add, in a note, " This remark, *ὡς ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς* is of importance, inasmuch as it goes far to prove that the army marched constantly along the Rhone, till it reached the Alps." Here our author makes two objections ; 1st. That the above is not "a fair version of the original ;" and 2nd. That the authors of the " Dissertation," finding it impossible to reconcile the above statement of Polybius, with the angle or curvature formed by the Rhone at Lyons have deserted the guide, whom they profess to follow, with invariable strictness and fidelity. Now, we answer in the first place, that the above is not only " a fair version of the original ;" but the only one which the words can possibly admit of. Polybius, as Mr. Letronne long ago remarked, is speaking of the general direction of the route, but by no means says or insinuates that the 1400 stadia are to be measured along the banks of the river. The words *πορευομένοις παρ' αὐτὸν τὸν ποταμὸν* are not to be construed absolutely, but must be taken in connection with *ὡς ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς*, by which they are qualified and explained. It is not " proceeding along the river," of which the historian speaks, but " proceeding along the river in the direction of its source ;" and, if the reader consult any map in which the course of the Rhone is accurately laid down, he will find that this general direction excludes the angle formed by the river at Lyons, and implies, as a matter of course, that the invading army, avoiding this bend or curvature pushed right across, *ὡς ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς*, observing the general direction of the stream. And it is not a little remarkable, that if a line be drawn from Valence, (Valentia) a little below the confluence of the Isère with the Rhone, to Aouste (Augusta Allobrogum) the extreme points of the Peninsula, formed by the sweep of the Rhone to Lyons, such line will be in the general direction of the Rhone, with reference to its source, and will indicate the course which Polybius represents Hannibal as having followed. Secondly, it may be perfectly true, as the authors of the " Dissertation" suppose, that " Polybius was ignorant of the angle made by the Rhone at Lyons ;" but, from the explanation just given, this supposition is altogether unnecessary, because, even if the historian had surveyed the river throughout its whole course, from its source to its embouchure, he could have used no other form of expression than that which he has actually employed, to convey the precise idea which he wished to communicate of the general bearing and direction of the Carthaginian general's march. But although this hypothesis might well have been spared, it is the very *ne plus ultra* of silliness and trifling, to found upon such a circumstance as evidence of bad faith, or a proof of distrust of their guide on the part of authors, who have written a most learned, ingenious, and satisfactory book, in vindication of the superior accuracy and precision of his information.

It would appear, however, that there are few things more perilous than dogmatism. The accuser of Messrs. Wickham and Cramer has adventured upon a translation of this very passage, in which there are two gross and palpable blunders. His version is as follows:—"For those who take the road leading up stream (*ὡς ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς*) by the banks of the river, the distance is 1400 stadia, from the passage of the Rhone to the ascent of the Alps." Now, *ὡς ἐπὶ τὰς πηγὰς* does not merely mean, "up stream," as the Cantabrigian elegantly expresses it, which might be predicated of one proceeding from Vienne, (Vienna Allobrogum) to Lyons, but in the direction of, or towards its source, which never could be predicated of such a route; while the words "by the banks of the river," are a gratuitous interpolation of our author, involving an hypothesis, and to which there is nothing corresponding in the original. In the one case, an important qualification is altogether omitted; in the other a statement is ascribed to Polybius which he never made; and in both, the utmost ignorance is displayed of the true meaning and import of that author's text. Nor is this all: for almost immediately after, he renders the expression, *παρ' αὐτὸν τὸν ποταμὸν*, "constantly along or near the very banks of the Rhone;" a version which is too absurd to require a single remark from us, after what has just been said. So much for the critical accuracy of the little martinet, "constantly along or near the very banks of the Cam!"

His next stricture is remarkable for nothing so much as its excessive silliness. When Hannibal had arrived with his army at the Rhone, and had fixed upon a spot where he intended effecting the passage, Polybius informs us that he was then about four days' march from the sea, *σχεδὸν ἡμερῶν τεττάρων ὁδὸν ἀπέχων στρατοπέδῳ τῆς θαλάττης*; from which expression it is manifest, as the authors of the "Dissertation" have noticed, that Polybius does not here speak with precision, but merely gives an approximate estimate of the distance. On this, however, our brisk little Zoilus sets up a loud shout of triumph, exclaiming that "they sacrifice the vaunted exactness of Polybius," in the first instance; and next conduct Hannibal across the Rhone at a spot which was more than four days' march from the sea." Neither of these assertions is true. The expression of Polybius is purposely vague, because this particular distance had not been precisely ascertained; but his "vaunted accuracy" will moult no feather by his anxiously avoiding positive, unqualified statements, when they were not warranted by the nature of his information. In the next place, even admitting that σχεδὸν limits the distance to something less than four days' march from the sea, Roquemaure, where the authors of the "Dissertation" suppose Hannibal to have crossed the Rhone, is only about seventy-five Roman, or less than forty-three English miles from its embouchure, and thus answers, in the strictest manner, the conditions of the statement. Lastly, our hopeful critic, who never accuses others of mistakes without blundering most egregiously himself, carries Hannibal across the Rhone, at a point distant from its embouchure, little more than two days' march; thus setting aside the authority of his idol Livy, as well as that of Polybius, and involving himself in inextricable difficulties respecting the distance betwen the point where the passage was effected, and the commencement of the *Insula Allobrogum* at the confluence of the Isère with the Rhone.

II. The Cambridge critic's second charge, "that passages brought forward in support of the theory proposed in the 'Dissertation,' are quoted partially," is supported by proofs in all respects worthy of those which we have been considering. A specimen or two will suffice to make this very evident. The translation of distances, as given in the "Dissertation," is as follows:—"From the Pillars of Hercules to the Pyrenees, there are 8000 stadia; from the Pillars to Carthagena, whence Hannibal set out, the distance is 3000 stadia; from thence to the river Ebro, there are 2600 stadia, from the Ebro to Emporium, 1600, and also from thence to the passage of the Rhone, there are 1600 stadia: for all these distances have been measured in steps, and accurately divided at intervals of eight stadia, by the Romans. From the passage of the Rhone, for those who proceed along the river, as if towards its source, to the ascent of the Alps on the way to Italy, there are 1400 stadia. There remains the passage of the mountains, a distance of about 1200 stadia, which, being crossed, Hannibal would reach those plains of Italy that are adjacent to the Po." But mark what it is to discover a mare's nest. "On referring to the original, (says our critic) it will be seen that a sentence, involving consequences of importance, is omitted altogether: ὥστ' εἶναι (Polybius goes on to say) τοὺς πάντας ἐκ Καινῆς πόλεως σταδίους περὶ ἐννακισχιλίους, οὓς ἔδει διελθεῖν αὐτὸν, which, being literally interpreted, runs thus: " so that there were in all about 9000 stadia, which he (Hannibal) had to march from New Carthage." Let us now see whether this be not a simple numerical deduction from the foregoing statement of distances.

	Stadia.
From the Pillars of Hercules to the Pyrenees, Polybius gives 8,000 stadia, and from the Pillars to Carthagena, whence Hannibal set out, 3000; so that, according to this statement, the distance from Carthagena to the Pyrenees, is - - - - - - -	5000
From the Pyrenees to the passage of the Rhone - -	1600
From the passage of the Rhone to the ascent of the Alps -	1400
The distance across the mountains - - -	1200
Total distance - - -	9200

So that the whole distance which Polybius describes generally as about 9000 stadia, is, in point of fact, 9200, as any one might discover who chose to examine the translation of distances given in the " Dissertation;" but, because the authors of that work chose to omit a clause, wholly immaterial in itself, inasmuch as it merely states the sum-total of given numbers, our sage critic turns round, and charges them with the wilful omission of " a sentence involving consequences of importance." We may add, that, by an arithmetical process peculiar to himself, the critic makes the whole distance only 8400 stadia, leaving a defect which he judges fatal to the credit of Polybius; and that he fancies he has detected Messrs. Wickham and Cramer in a flagrant error in translating τὰ περὶ τὸν Πάδον πεδία τῆς 'Ιταλίας, " those plains of Italy that are adjacent to the Po;" the tendency " of this small but significant error," being as he opines, altogether mischievous.

It is not necessary to multiply instances of our critic's talent for nibbling and blundering; for our space is limited. The following, in addition to that which we have already given under this head, must therefore suffice. In the " Dissertation," the latter part of the 55th chapter of Polybius is thus translated :—" Having desisted from this attempt, Hannibal encamped on this narrow ledge, and having caused the snow to be cleared away, he set his army about propping up and re-constructing the road, a task attended with great labour and difficulty. In the space of a day, however, sufficient progress was made to allow a passage for the beasts of burden and horses, when these were immediately led down to the plains, which were free from snow, and sent to pasture." From this it is argued by Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, that the Carthaginian general must have effected his descent among a friendly people, which the Insubrians were known to be, and not among the disaffected Taurini; " for would Hannibal (they ask) on entering a territory whose inclinations towards him were at least doubtful, have dispersed his army, and left himself entirely without defence in the manner described by Polybius?" Here our critic fancies he has the authors of the " Dissertation" on the hip. " You have omitted a single word (says he) which is the key to the whole passage, and thus made out an argument, which is frequently, and exultingly brought. But I appeal from your partial translation to Polybius himself; and what does he really say? Why, *τοῖς μὲν οὖν ὑποζυγίοις καὶ τοῖς ἵπποις ἱκανὴν ἐποίησε πάροδον ἐν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ διὸ καὶ ταῦτα μὲν εὐθέως διαγαγὼν καὶ καταστρατοπεδεύσας περὶ τοὺς εκφευγόντας ἤδη τὴν χιόνα τοπους, διαφῆκε πρὸς τὰς νομὰς*: leading down the beasts of burden and horses, and encamping on some spots, which had as yet escaped the snow, he dismissed them to pasture." Our critic adds; " He (Hannibal) takes the precaution of encamping—this is the word omitted in the ' Dissertation,' and turns out the tired cattle to pasture, of course under the cover of entrenchments where they would be as safe as by the walls of a fortified city."

Now here, we observe, in the *first* place, that our critic misunderstands and mistranslates the very passage which he produces, in order to convict Messrs. Wickham and Cramer of " partial translation:" for the meaning of Polybius evidently is that " Hannibal having in the course of a day cleared a passage, sufficient for the beasts of burthen and the horses, immediately led them down to the places which were free from snow, and having also encamped there, dismissed or sent the animals to pasture." It is true, that in the somewhat free translation given in the " Dissertation," the encamping is not mentioned; 1st, Because the object of the authors was merely to give the leading or prominent statement, without its accessories; and, 2ndly, because the encamping was necessarily implied, inasmuch as Hannibal had still to cover and protect the advance of the elephants, for which a passage had not yet been formed, and had no alternative but to encamp and wait for them, unless he had chosen to abandon them to their fate. *Secondly*, our critic's notion that the " tired cattle " were turned out to pasture, " under cover of entrenchments, where," he adds, " they would be as safe as by the walls of a fortified city," is most unquestionably not derived from Polybius, and seems to be a pure imagination of his own. Polybius says not one word of " entrenchments," or any thing of the kind; but he does say that Hannibal, having conducted the beasts of burthen and the horses to a place free from snow, and having there taken up a position (evidently for the purpose of waiting until the elephants should be disengaged), he sent the animals forward to pasture. Now, the simple question is, Would Hannibal, so renowned for his prudence and sagacity, have ventured to send forward his tired and exhausted cattle to pasture amidst an unfriendly or hostile people, and thus risk the loss of his baggage and the destruction of his cavalry? The idea of beasts of burthen and horses pasturing amidst "entrenchments" thrown up on the lower ridges of the Alps, is an absurdity which never entered the brain of any man except the Cambridge critic. From the very nature of things they must have been sent forward to the plains, where alone pasture could be found, and where Hannibal, compelled to wait for the elephants, and to cover their advance, could not, for some time at least, afford them any protection. Is not this, then, a proof that the descent was effected among a friendly people; in other words, among the Insubrians or Insombrians, as stated by Polybius? Had Hannibal made his descent among the Taurini, as Livy asserts, and as our learned critic strenuously maintains, is it likely that he would have ventured upon such a dispersion of his army, or that this hostile tribe would have failed to profit by it? They lost not a moment in attacking him when he came within their reach; a favour which he repaid by assaulting their capital, Augusta Taurinorum (Turin), and taking it by storm. But this took place after his descent had been effected, and consequently, that descent could not have been made among the Taurini, who never surely would have waited till the invading force had recovered from the fatigue, disorder, and disorganization produced by the passage, and thus foregone the advantage of attacking it when exhausted, dispersed, and in some measure broken up. In a word, the omission charged against the authors of the "Dissertation" is wholly immaterial, while their reasoning remains untouched and unshaken by any thing our critic has advanced.

III. The limits to which this article is confined prevent our examining the "instances of false translation" which our critic has brought forward: nor indeed is this necessary: for, generally speaking, they either consist in the merest quibbles, or in opposing the literal rendering of the words to the amount or effect of them, as given by the authors of the "Dissertation." Of this there are very convincing specimens in his strictures on the well-known passage of Cornelius Nepos relative to the Graius Saltus, by which that author states Hannibal to have crossed the Alps, but which our critic denies (upon what grounds he has not been pleased to inform us) to be identical with the Alpis Graia, or Little St. Bernard;—in his commentary on the fragment of Pompey's Letter, preserved by Sallust, in which the writer says, *per eas (Alpes) iter aliud atque Hannibal, nobis opportunius patefeci,* taken in connection with the statement of Appian, relative to the same subject;—and, indeed, in all that he says under this head of dittay, consisting of a string of *niaiseries,* unworthy of a schoolboy.

The charge of knowingly venturing upon a construction of Polybius different from that given by Strabo, admits of a very short and conclusive answer. Strabo informs us, that according to Polybius, Hannibal passed by the road leading through the country of the Taurini; but Polybius himself positively asserts that Hannibal descended among the Insubrians before he invaded the territory of the Taurini, and consequently, could not have stated that he passed the Alps of the latter without contradicting himself. The authors of the "Dissertation" have preferred the distinct and precise statement of Polybius himself, to the incorrect representation given of it by the geographer of Amasia; and for this they are gravely reprehended by our Cambridge friend, who, in the excess of his admiration of Strabo, characterises his blunder as "the recorded judgment of antiquity!"

If the critic, however, had been at all conversant with the writings of Strabo, upon whose authority he is disposed to place so great a reliance, he would have found enough in them to shake his confidence in the accuracy of the geographer. We shall just mention one instance out of many which might be brought forward to demonstrate his ignorance, petulance, and dogmatism. Herodotus had stated, on good authority, very probably on personal observation and knowledge, that the Caspian was an inland sea, totally disconnected from the ocean, with another sea (the Aral) at the head of it, of the same description. Strabo, however, rejects this information as unworthy of the least attention; rates Herodotus soundly as a mere dreamer and fabulist; and stoutly maintains that the Caspian is merely a gulf of the Northern Ocean; an assertion which unfortunately imposed, by its confident dogmatism, on the superior science and good sense of Ptolemy, who adopted it in preference to the truth, as stated by Herodotus.

From what we have already had occasion to say, on the subject of the distances given by Polybius, it can scarcely be necessary to say almost any thing in refutation of the charges of inaccuracy in this respect, so frequently brought against the historian by our anonymous critic. We shall therefore content ourselves with noticing a single observation towards the conclusion of his strictures, which will probably aid the reader in forming a judgment of their real value. After enumerating the occupations of each of the fifteen days spent in crossing the Alps, which he does in pp. 40, 41, and 42, the critic concludes thus:—"Out of these fifteen days, then, Hannibal encamped and rested seven," from which it follows, that the passage must have been effected in the remaining eight. "And yet," he adds, "if we are to pay any attention at all to the statement of distances, in these eight days a hundred and fifty miles were accomplished, at the rate almost of a rapid retreat." [p. 4.] Who would not infer from this cunningly ambiguous statement, that the poor devils of soldiers, under the command of the one-eyed Carthaginian chief, were compelled to scramble over the Alpine rocks at the rate of nineteen English miles a day; or, at least, that such a supposition is necessary to the hypothesis of Messrs. Wickham and Cramer? The miles spoken of, however, are Roman miles, 150 of which are equal to only 85 English miles, which, divided by 8, give about 10½ miles as the rate of daily march; no very extraordinary distance, certainly, for soldiers to accomplish, who had been continually marching for five months previously, and were inured to the greatest fatigues and privations. But even this is beyond the truth; for, did our limits permit, it might be easily shown, that considerable progress was made on some of those days of alleged rest, during which the critic supposes the invading force to have been altogether stationary. *Sed, ohe, jam satis!*

IV. We cannot take leave of this performance without bestowing a slight notice on the theory of the passage which its author has proposed, and which has at least the merit of originality to recommend it. After perplexing and mystifying himself with the account given by Polybius, which he evidently does not understand, apparently by reason of its clearness, he adds, "With these facts before us, we have a clue, though a slight and frail one, to lead us out of the labyrinth we are now in; and having attended Hannibal in his entrance to the island [that is, the peninsula formed by the Isère and the bend or curvature of the Rhone at Lyons, called *νήσος* by Polybius, and *Insula Allobrogum* by Livy], and there seen his valour and policy rewarded, if we venture now to conduct him across the Isère at Grenoble, and along the river Drac to the Durance, making due allowance for the historian's wonted mis-statement of distance,—if we then cross the latter river near Tallard, and march for some miles through the plains leading by the side of the Durance to the valley of Ubaye, we cannot, I apprehend, according to the statement of Polybius, be far from the route of

Hannibal to the great chain of the Alps." We may add, that from Ubaye, or rather Barcelonette, the critic carries Hannibal, by Embrun *(Embrodunum)*, across the Monte Viso, and along the course of the Po to Turin, whence his route is traced, by Chivasso to Vercelli *(Vercellæ)* on the Sesia, and thence across the Gogna to the banks of the Ticino, where the first battle was fought. Such is the critic's theory. The objections to it are these:—1. Had the author taken the trouble to look into his own map of Hannibal's route, and to measure it with his compasses, according to the scale there laid down, he would have found, as we have done, that its length is nearly thrice as great as that of the route indicated by Polybius, and consequently, that no army could have marched such a distance within the time specified. 2. The critic has forgotten to explain how Hannibal came to march northward in the direction of the course of the Rhone for 175 miles, then wheel round and march southward, for nearly an equal distance, to Barcelonette, when he might have reached the latter place in three or four marches, by cutting across from Tarascon, where he is supposed to have passed the Rhone, by Cavaillon *(Cabellio)*, St. Etienne *(Alaunium)*, and Listeron *(Legustero)*; thus saving both time, which is of so much importance in all military movements, and unnecessary fatigue to his troops. 3. At the period of Hannibal's passage of the Alps, and for long after that event, there was no practicable road along a considerable part of the route traced by our critic; nor would it have been possible, if there had, for Hannibal to subsist his army, owing to the general sterility of the region through which he is supposed to have passed. 4. The localities of the route traced by our critic in no respect agree with those of the route actually followed by Hannibal, as described both by Polybius and Livy; it contains no deep, difficult, and dangerous ravine, answering to the *φάραγγα τινὰ δύσβατον καὶ κρημνώδη*, where so large a portion of the army was destroyed by the barbarians; no *λευκόπετρον οχυρον*, or *Roche Blanche*, commanding such a pass, where a skilful general might take up a position, and thus extricate his troops, when caught in a trap, and threatened with annihilation; to say nothing of a variety of other remarkable localities mentioned particularly by Polybius. 5. The theory under consideration is wholly inconsistent with the account of the passage given by Livy, whom our critic professes to follow implicitly, although according to the Roman historian, it may easily be demonstrated that Hannibal must have crossed by Mont Genèvre, instead of the Col de Viso. When the affair of the Allobroges had been settled, and *quum jam Alpes pateret, non rectâ regione iter instituit, sed ad lævam in Tricastinos flexit,* says Livy. Our critic, however, makes him turn sharp to the right at Moirans (*Morginnum*), and march to the southward, along the course of the Drac, as far as Barcelonette on the Durance, thus leading him entirely out of the direction mentioned by Livy.

A variety of other objections might easily be brought forward, but those already specified will probably be sufficient to satisfy our readers that, whatever be the route which Hannibal actually took, he could not possibly have entered Italy by that marked out in the volume before us. The question to be discussed, as has been again and again observed, is not what was the best or the worst, the longest or the shortest road, but what was the road which, according to the best historians, Hannibal was actually induced to take across the Alps; and this question, so far as our critic is concerned, still remains untouched. Hannibal had good reasons for pushing away to the northward after crossing the Rhone. The Boii, and his other guides, were decidedly opposed to an action with Scipio before passing the Alps: policy required that he should afford immediate aid to his ally, the Allobrogian prince, who was contending with a more powerful brother for the sovereignty: and he could not be blind to the advantage which he would derive from the support of allies, bound to him by their inveterate hostility to the Roman name, both at the commencement and conclusion of his difficult enterprise. Induced by these motives, he entered the territory of the Allobroges; decided the contest in favour of the prince his friend; and having achieved this important object, immediately made preparations for effecting the passage. It is evident, therefore, that Hannibal's determination as to the road he was to take must have been regulated by the position into which he was thus necessarily led: the question with him must have been, What is now the best route for me to take, in order to anticipate Scipio, and be prepared to contend for empire with Rome upon the soil of Italy? To this question, we apprehend, only one answer could be given. Having reached Chambery, or at least its immediate vicinity, no course absolutely remained for him but to advance up the rich and fertile valley of the Isère, and to cross by the *Alpis Graia,* or Little St. Bernard. "*Il a pris la route la plus courte*" said Napoleon; and this is strictly true, with reference to the position in which he then stood. He took the shortest and best road open to him, namely, that across the Little St. Bernard; and this is the only one which it is possible to reconcile with situation, time, distance, and all the other facts and circumstances reported by historians.

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[*] The critic's faith in Livy is unlimited. He even stands up for the vinegar story, observing "that the experiments of modern times afford reason for the supposition that the incident was not entirely without foundation." We should have been glad had he condescended to specify the "experiments" to which he refers,—or to explain how the summits of the mountains, described by Polybius as *τελέως ἄδενδρα και ψιλὰ*, supplied the timber necessary for the mighty fire requisite for heating rock, the worst of all conductors of caloric, charcoal alone excepted,—or to account for Hannibal having a quantity of vinegar sufficient for rending or softening the heated rock, even supposing the operation to have been otherwise practicable. On all these points, however, he has observed a prudent silence. Further, as his distrust of Polybius (which he feels "subjects him to the charge of a daring and ungracious singularity") is as violent as his confidence in Livy is blind and indiscriminating, we take leave to inform him, that if he will give himself the trouble of examining a little more closely the account of this memorable passage contained in the 21st book of the history of the latter, he will find that the greater part of it has been borrowed, or rather, literally copied, from Polybius (some chapters being little else than mere translations); with this difference merely, that Livy has arbitrarily inserted a number of proper names, which, so far from contributing any thing to the clearness or perspicuity of the narrative, serve, in many cases, to involve it in inexplicable mystery. It may be added, that Livy's affectedly careless mention of Polybius, at the end of this book, where he quotes him as authority for some matter of no earthly importance, and calls him *auctor haudquaquam spernendus*, while he studiously avoids acknowledging the heavy obligations we have just alluded to, does not say much for his honesty or good faith, and as little for the penetration or discernment of those who have laboured to exalt the copy above the original. For an unanswerable exposition of the value, or we should rather say the worthlessness, of Livy's authority in military matters, see GUISCHARDT's *Mémoires Militaires sur les Grecs et les Romains*, tom. i. c. v. p. 89, where he criticises Livy's rambling and unintelligible description of the cavalry fight near the Licino. See also Polybius, l. iii. c. 65, and Comment. de M. Folard, tom. iv. l. iii. c. 13, p. 99, *et seqq.*

ART. IV.—*An American Dictionary of the English Language; intended to exhibit,—1. The Origin, Affinities, and primary Signification of English Words, as far as they have been ascertained.—2. The genuine Orthography and Pronunciation of Words, according to general Usage, or to just Principles of Analogy.—3. Accurate and discriminating Definitions, with numerous Authorities and Illustrations. To which are prefixed, an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and of Europe, and a concise Grammar of the English Language.* By Noah Webster, LL.D. In two vols. 4to. New York; 1828. London; 1830.

THE appearance of a new, and what may be considered a rival Dictionary, naturally induces the recollection of the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson. That work appeared as long ago as the year 1755. It was the first attempt at exhibiting a complete vocabulary of the language, and the various senses attached to each word, with authorities and etymologies. It was a first attempt, and as a first attempt it was eminently successful; nor, till the appearance of the present work, has there been any thing which pretended to any rivalry with it. By the unthinking many, the work is regarded as if it were perfect; as a kind of court of ultimate appeal. The Master has said it! It is not in Johnson! And by those whose opinion concerning it is a little chastened, it is regarded as being so complete a treasury of the English language, that subsequent inquirers must think of nothing higher than to throw into it a few additional mites, and that all attempts at founding a great Dictionary anew upon another perusal of English Authors, would be mere waste of time, and idle presumption. This is far too high an estimate. Dr. Johnson's Dictionary cannot now be regarded as being in every respect worthy of the nation, and the language. The field is still open to competition, and we are not sorry when we see another, though in one sense a stranger, descend into it.

The author of the two large quartos now before us is an American gentleman, and his work is published at New York. There is now in the course of publication an English edition. This is prepared under the superintendence of one of our most industrious scholars, and it is patronized by a numerous and most respectable body of subscribers. The English edition is in some respects superior to that printed in America.

The prejudice in favour of Dr. Johnson has been of long standing: and it operates as an injurious check upon the enterprise of those who are willing to devote themselves to the unprofitable pursuits of the philologist. Many causes have contributed to produce it; and not the least efficient of these is the extraordinary merit, and the attractive character of the work itself. Not but that every person, who has made even but small advances in the critical study of the English language, has been sensible to its many and great deficiencies as a dictionary; not but that every person who resorts to it for etymologies, or for assistance when he meets with obscure passages in our early writers, has found reason for disappointment. Nor have the critical students in our language forborne to call the public attention to the fact. Tooke is too severe. "Johnson's merit ought not to be denied him; but his Dictionary is the most imperfect and faulty, and the least valuable of any of his productions; and that share of merit which it possesses, makes it by so much the more hurtful." [*Purley*, i. 223.] "Of all publications," says Mr. Mason, in the Preface to his large Supplement, "perhaps no one can be mentioned, where scrupulous exactness should be more peculiarly observed, than in a Dictionary. Yet Johnson's abounds with inaccuracies, as much as any English book whatsoever, written by a scholar. Demonstrating this in the present place may be considered wholly unnecessary, since so great a portion of those articles which form the ensuing vocabulary, contain in themselves incontestible proofs of the assertion. Nor need these manifest defects at all be wondered at, in one who took every opportunity of testifying a dislike to his task, and complaining of it as a drudgery; whereas to those that are intent upon their employment, and attached to literary investigation—*labor ipse voluptas.*"—These judgments are too severe; but hear the more sober judgment of gentler minds. "However valuable in other respects," says Mr. Boucher, in the Prospectus of his Thesaurus of Archaical Terms, "Dr. Johnson's Dictionary confessedly is, his warmest admirers cannot deny it to be still incomplete, as leaving unexplained many good and significant words, only because they happen to have fallen into disuse; notwithstanding their being yet spoken by a large portion of the community, and still found in authors on whose works the nation has long rested no ordinary portion of its high literary fame." Mr. Coleridge thus speaks: "Of this celebrated Dictionary I will venture to remark once for all, that I should suspect the man of a narrow disposition who should speak of it without respect and gratitude, as a most instructive and entertaining book, and hitherto, unfortunately, an indispensable book; but I confess that I should be surprised at hearing from a philosophic and thorough scholar any but very qualified praises of it as a Dictionary. I am not now alluding to the number of genuine words omitted; for this is (and perhaps to a greater extent), true, as Mr. Wakefield has noticed, of our best Greek Lexicons, and this too, after the successive labours of so many giants in learning. I refer at present both to omissions and commissions of a more important nature. What these are, *me saltem judice,* will be stated at full in the *Friend,* republished and completed." — ***Biographia Literaria.***

In fact, Dr. Johnson's Dictionary ought to be looked at, not in respect to the present advanced state of philological knowledge, but to the state of it at the time when the Dictionary appeared. The Dictionary itself raised the public expectation above the works that preceded it, and has thus created a feeling which operates against itself.

The English Dictionaries before his time had been the works of men of small attainments; Bulloker, Cockeram, Cole, Kersey and Bailey. There was also the *World of Words* by Philips, a man of better note. Some of them professed to explain only "hard" words, and the whole of them had not even the merit of presenting a tolerably complete vocabulary. Whoever wished to know what words we had, by an easier method than selecting them for himself from the writers who had used the language, found his best resource in the Dictionaries of foreign tongues, such as Palsgrave's, Cooper's, and Florio's, or the Polyglots of Baret, Minsheu, and Howell, with some of later date. There were also Dictionaries of particular Arts; and History, and Geography, the Mathematics, Law, and Medicine, with Biography, Poetry, and Mythology, had each been presented to the public before the time of Johnson, under an alphabetical arrangement of their terms. Glossaries also there were to some of the old Poets; and those learned antiquaries Spelman, Twisden, and Watts, and after them Gibson and Kennett, had prepared Glossaries adapted to the Chronicles. Junius and Skinner had entered at large into the etymological department of English Lexicography.

These were the writers to whom our countrymen had to go for any information concerning the words which composed the language which they spoke. We need not say what a change must have been produced on the appearance of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. A ready means of solution for many a question was provided, and for many a question which must have remained unresolved if his work had never existed. But we should not give to Dr. Johnson what is indisputably his due, if we regarded his work in the light of an enlargement or improvement of any of the works of any of his predecessors, or even of such a Dictionary as a man of ordinary powers might have compiled from the joint labours of them all. Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was eminently a new and original work; grand in its conception, felicitous in its execution. The result of much reflection on what the dictionary of a living language ought to be, followed out by great labour in research, and much painful exercise of the finer faculties of the mind in discriminating senses and framing apt descriptions of them. It threw into thick darkness all the English Dictionaries which had preceded it: and when it is compared with the contemporary Dictionaries of France, Spain, and Italy, its great merits will become the more conspicuous.

That it was a work of admirable public utility, was also at once perceived. The success was complete. Four editions appeared in the life-time of its author, and a fifth in the year of his decease. It was in advance of the state of philological knowledge, and philological curiosity of the age. This is apparent from the attacks which were made upon it. They were malignant, yet feeble. The writers of them were incapable of discovering the capital defects, and seized upon little and trifling matters, which have the appearance of having been but baits purposely hung out to catch the smaller fry.

Yet the number of genuine English words which have no place in his Dictionary is truly surprising; and the number of genuine and unnoticed senses is still greater. We do not speak here of mere fantastic terms, or pedantic terms, or poetical compounds, (of the two last we have too many) or of senses applied in all the boldness of oratory or poetry; but current English, and if the words are not found in the few writers whom Dr. Johnson consulted, it is only because they had no occasion to use them; and if the senses are not found there, it is because the course of their thinking never led them to use the words in those senses. In fact, Dr. Johnson lived before there had been much attention paid to the inquiry after English words and senses. His "Remarks on the Tragedy of Macbeth," published two years before he issued his proposals for a Dictionary, shew how narrow was his acquaintance with the writers of the language of which he was about to be the lexicographer; and his edition of Shakespear is confirmatory of this deficiency. The present advanced state of our knowledge, is in a great measure owing to those who succeeded Johnson in the illustration of the works of England's favourite bard. Capell showed how the difficult passages in his plays were to be made *intelligible: it was by going, not to Johnson's Dictionary for* the meaning of words wherein the difficulty lay, but to the writers contemporary with Shakespear, who wrote and spoke the same language with him, and who had been entirely over-looked by Dr. Johnson. Tyrwhitt and Farmer, Percy, Steevens, and Malone followed out the hint of Capell; and the labours of these men are to be regarded, in the first instance, indeed, as elucidatory of the text of the great author to which they are appended; but in the second instance, as contributions to the history of the English language, as materials for a Dictionary.

We know not on what sound principle Dr. Johnson could admit the words of Shakespear and Spenser, and exclude those of their contemporary poets, and prose-writers, who were gentlemen and scholars, writing the English language with at least equal purity. But it is not merely the want of words and senses which may be regarded as in some degree archaical, though they were in common and universal use within the period at which Dr. Johnson considers the English language to have been spoken in its purity, but there are a multitude of words and senses to be found in much later writers, of great authority, which possessed claims not to be disputed for admission into the Dictionary. The reader may be convinced at once that this is the case, by comparing a few pages of Johnson with the corresponding pages of the Supplements of Mason, Joddrel, and Seager. These writers may have gathered up some words and senses that are not worthy of Dictionary honours; but it will be at once apparent that they have many words, and many senses, which, upon any principle of propriety, or of uniformity, ought to have found a place in the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson. On this capital defect we shall say more when speaking of the Vocabulary of Dr. Webster.

If there needed any other proof of the deficiencies in words and senses of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, it would be afforded by the improved edition by Mr. Todd. That edition is nearly twice the size of the genuine Johnson, a plain evidence that in the opinion of Mr. Todd, who yields to no one in admiration of his master, there was much to be supplied.

There is also much to be subtracted. It is not every word, which every person who puts pen to paper chuses to invent, which is entitled to a place in a Dictionary: not even when the inventor is one of distinguished name. The Spenserian words, of which there are so many in Johnson, are for the most part better adapted to a particular Glossary of that Author than to a place in a Dictionary which professes to exhibit what is the

English language as used within a defined period. Many of them are worse than decided archaisms, which might, if necessary, have been collected in great numbers from Chaucer and his contemporaries, for they are counterfeits of archaisms, the new coinage of Spenser himself, with the rust of antiquity artificially induced upon them. Nor do such words as *all-night*, *birth-strangled*, *ditch-delivered*, *blood-boltered*, and many other *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* deserve a place in a Dictionary.

Nothing can exceed the felicity of many of Johnson's definitions. If he had done no more than struck out these, he would have performed a work of incalculable utility, and which would justly entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. But here he sometimes fails; and more particularly in his explanation of terms of science, he betrays the absence of that knowledge to which he did not pretend.

To much etymological lore Dr. Johnson did not make any pretension. He was content to follow Junius and Skinner, and he has rarely improved upon their attempts at etymology. It is little information which can be gained from his work in the higher etymology, that which responds to the question, Why have we and our forefathers, for fifteen hundred years and more, been applying a particular vocable to a particular object, quality, or action? Why, for instance, we call a Horse a Horse, a Man a Man, or use *good*, *bad*, *long*, *short* rather than any other sounds and correspondent combinations of letters, to express the qualities indicated by those words? Where Junius and Skinner supplied him with this information we have it: but he had not that acquaintance with the roots of the English language, and the congenerous languages of the continent, which enabled him to throw much original information of this kind into his Dictionary. Nor in the lower etymology, that which respects the derivation of one word from another in the same language, or rather the different states in which a root presents itself with terminals added, or initial syllables, he appears not to have had any clear and systematic ideas. While that which is an extremely interesting and important part of a Dictionary of such a language as the English, the account of the time when, the manner how; and the persons by whom, new words were assimilated from the languages of the continent, or from the ancient languages, seems scarcely to have presented itself to Dr. Johnson as belonging to the duty of a Lexicographer.

We stand indeed in this department on much higher ground than that on which Johnson and his contemporaries stood. And it is chiefly owing to the genius of one man. There have been since the time of Johnson not only persons who have made a more diligent search of words and senses, but there have been others who have sought for general principles in the structure of language, and there has been at least one person, who has found them. When he said that "the first aim of language was to communicate thought, the second to do it with despatch," in that second principle he introduced a new power into philology, by the aid of which he has reduced to order what was before confusion, and seemingly the most hopeless confusion. His second volume contains much that is very important to the maker of a Dictionary. Let the numerous words, which he has there first examined, and what is more, classed, be compared with the account given of them by Dr. Johnson: or let the valuable contributions to an improved Dictionary by Mr. Richardson, in which he has embodied many of the principles of Tooke, be compared with corresponding articles in the Dictionary of Dr. Johnson, and it will be seen how much lexicography owes to the philosopher of Purley. But the fame of the illustrious discoverer of these principles rests mainly on his new doctrine of the particles. Tooke, like every great inventor, has those who affect to depreciate his labours, and to deny the originality of his discoveries. Do they pay sufficient attention to what was the state of things when he began his inquiries? Do they observe how later grammarians have followed in his footsteps? The folly we perceive has extended to America. True it is, that his principles are obvious; they are presented to every eye as clearly as is the sun in the firmament: obvious as it was, that if the mariner sailed westward on the western ocean, he would in time find land. But they are all in preceding grammarians. Yes, Columbus had the benefit of the Voyage of Madoc. Few persons in England would speak of Tooke in the manner of Dr. Webster:* and there are many, who look upon his philological discoveries as they do upon the brilliant discoveries of men in other sciences, as contributing to constitute the highest glory of the age which has just passed away.

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[*] Dr. Webster says:—"To Horne Tooke are we indebted for the first explanation of certain indeclinable words, called Conjunctions and Prepositions; and for this let him have all merited praise. But his researches were very limited, and he has fallen into most material errors, particularly in his second volume. I have made no use of his writings in this work." Now, surely the first clause of this passage is unjust to the memory of this distinguished philologist. Who would not suppose on reading it, that Tooke's merit consisted in having hit upon the true etymologies of some of the Conjunctions and Prepositions? whereas, the fact is, that he first unfolded the true nature and character of those two classes of words. This was a far nobler achievement. Another American writer, speaking of

The "twilight," of which he speaks at the close of a work, which is as beautiful as it is convincing and original, was soon closed in the darkness of death. Peace and honour to his memory! Whether he had much more to communicate may be doubted.* More, we mean, of principles, for the principles already established admitted of almost indefinite illustration. We incline to think that he had delivered his whole mind. Nor do we know that in this department of mental philosophy there have been many new principles discovered beside his, applicable as guides to the compilation of a Dictionary. What has been since done, has been rather to extend the power and applicancy of Tooke's principles, the successful application of them to particular words, sometimes even to correct the particular application of them by Tooke himself. Yet the grammatical writings of Gilchrist, and Crombie, of Taylor, Kigan, and Fearn, of the anonymous author of Enclytica, and of several other persons, should be carefully studied by any one who should now attempt an English Dictionary, and who is desirous to give to a work of so miscellaneous a character that stability and uniformity of which it is capable, and which will be the natural result of the possession of sound and extensive grammatical principles in the mind of him by whom it is undertaken.

Tooke's Theory of the Particles, says, "of which he might have been *a* discoverer, though the same theory had been applied before to other languages on the continent of Europe, and was not unknown to the ancients." [*American Quarterly Review*, vol iv. No. VII.] Indeed? How strange that this should have been unknown to Adelung. Writing a little before the appearance of "The Diversions of Purley," that great philologist says :—"The Particles are throughout considered as Adverbs; since they denote either a circumstance in general, in which case the precise meaning of them results from those parts of speech with which they are immediately connected; or they point out a circumstance of itself, and independent of any other part of speech, in which situation they are called adverbs; or they relate to particular kinds of circumstances: thus the Prepositions denote the relation subsisting between two substantives, in which relation they have been placed by the verb; as the Conjunctions mark the relation between sentences and their members."—*Three Philosophical Essays*, p. 120.

We happened to meet with this passage of Adelung on the same day, on which we read what Mr. Southey has said on the character of Tooke's discoveries at the 228th page of the first volume of "Omniana." The question seems to be—whether there is sufficient reason to believe that we should have understood at this day the true doctrine of the Particles, if it had not been unfolded by the genius of Tooke? Mr. Dugald Stewart does not withhold the tribute of high admiration, even while he notices what appear to him mistakes, and defects, and dangerous positions, in "The Diversions of Purley."

* [His MS. alterations and additions have been introduced into the recent edition put forth by Mr. R. Taylor. *Editor.*]

There was a collateral result of the studies of Tooke, which is of considerable importance in its bearings on English lexicography. He was led to the discovery of some of his principles by a comparison of words as they are now written, with the form in which they appear in the writers *medii ævi*, and backward to the time when we call the same words Saxon. And this has shown the great importance to every one who undertakes a Dictionary of the English language, especially in respect of the derivative and etymological portions of it, that they study such writers as Chaucer, Wickliffe, Robert of Gloucester, and Robert of Brunne, not that they may bring forward in the pages of the Dictionary the long-forgotten words with which these writers abound, but that they should be able to give a satisfactory account of the progress in form and signification, of words which are still in use. Of this we have nothing, absolutely nothing, in Dr. Johnson. Indeed as the study, for philological purposes, of the writers of the Elizabethian age began after the time when Johnson had finished his Dictionary, so the study of the writers really obsolete, and the revival of the English *medii ævi*, is to be referred to the time of the Rowley controversy, and of the labours of Mr. Tyrwhitt upon Chaucer.

Admiration of Dr. Johnson himself, and admiration of his Dictionary, are two quite different things. He is not to blame that he did not anticipate discoveries which had lain hid from the beginning of philological study, and which might, and probably would, have been concealed at this moment, but for the perspicacity of one gifted mind. He is not to blame that he did not foresee the course of curious inquiry which English criticism would take, and anticipate all the new views, and all the new words and senses, which would arise among us. We repeat, that Johnson's Dictionary is to be compared with the other Dictionaries, and with the state of knowledge, in its own time. Mr. Todd has undoubtedly greatly improved it. He has availed himself of no small portion of the late discoveries of subsequent inquirers, and has consequently made his work more valuable than the original. He has added also much from his own stores. Why did he not seize the prize which seemed to be presented to him, and by a complete new-modelling of the work, and by a still more extensive reading, make his Dictionary in all respects correspondent to the now reasonable expectations of the public? We say new-modelling of the work. For the time is come, when a work which professes to be a Thesaurus of the language, should not be a mere word-book, the whole of it in strict alphabetical order, but in a scientific arrangement of roots, derivatives, and compounds, in the manner of the Greek lexicons of Scapula and Stephens. In no other way can a Dictionary exhibit in a lucid manner the real extent, the real limitations, and the actual wealth of our language. The roots only in an alphabetical arrangement. We mean only what we may call the proximate roots ; that is, the word in its simplest state as existing in our own tongue, and considering our simple substantives, verbs and particles in the light of roots, though it may be possible to shew that they are very antient derivatives from some word which is still existing in the language. The objection which will present itself to most minds is, the inconvenience which would attend consulting a Dictionary upon this plan. But surely in a vast majority of instances the word sought could be found at once through the knowledge of its root : and in other cases an Index, like that in the Scapula, would supply all that was wanting. But the systematic arrangement of the Dictionary should not end here : the senses should be systematically arranged also, beginning with the root-sense, and the derivative senses placed according to their nearness to the root-sense ; that is, whether springing immediately from it, or branching out from some sense which had itself shot out from the root-sense ; the whole accompanied with suitable notes of the operation of mind, in deriving one sense from another, in the manner of which we have a beautiful example in the Lexicon for the New Testament by the German Schleusner.

Such a Dictionary would be a great, a useful, and an immortal work. It is plainly within the limits of human power; and Dr. Johnson's work would be a Storehouse of collected materials which might be used in the preparation of it. But there must be great original reading, and especially of the contemporaries of Johnson's favourite authors, More, Spenser, Sidney, Shakespear, Raleigh, Bacon, Hooker, Jonson, and Milton, if it was intended to regard the English of their time as being genuine English, and not to fix, as some appear inclined to do, the beginning of the English language with Dryden, Addison, Swift, and Pope. Men they were of admirable powers, and their writings are full of sense and truth, and have upon them the freshness of vigorous youth, and the strength of native thought. They are of less note than their illustrious contemporaries mentioned above, *Quando ullum inveniet parem?* but they are full of eloquence and wisdom, wits, gentlemen, poets, and scholars ; not indulging in affected terms and holiday phrases, but writing our admirable language with taste and judgment, in simplicity and purity. These men have never been read for lexicographical purposes. Why, even that short and exquisite poem, the " Christ's Victory and Triumph," of Giles Fletcher, which had scarcely seen its century when Johnson began his Dictionary, has at least six words which are not to be found in the dictionary,—*latch, orgials, orizal, calls, spangelets,* and *bousing-can.* Even the Shakespear-commentators have neglected many of the writers of that age, and have looked principally at the more obscure writers of those times, whose works have almost perished. When new words were not to be found, new senses would be discovered, sometimes lost and intermediate senses, of the greatest use in placing existing senses in their proper relation to the primitive or root sense. The older writers should next be read with equal care for the lights which they afford respecting existing words; and lastly, all the historical information respecting the introduction of words, and the use of them, which is dispersed through our literature, should be carefully gathered together.

Bold would be the man who should undertake such an Atlantean labour. He must be patient of toil, and full of the spirit of curiosity. The latter would carry him through; for not an hour would be passed in this employment in which he would not meet with novelties, and in the earlier part of his progress with very interesting surprises. But he must also be a man of great self-devotion. Other labourers have their reward, but the literary labourer abandons such expectations, and must live upon the prospect of distant renown. Governments are yet but committees of war and finance, and the last subject of their consideration is the encouragement of literary industry and enterprise. It was said, that the Royal Society of Literature was to take the English language into their particular protection; nobody has heard what, in this character, they have yet done.

There is, however, great encouragement to any one to undertake the preparation of such a Dictionary as this in the present prospects of the English language. Our branch of the great Circassian family is likely soon to overshadow half the earth. Such a work would now carry its author's name to the utmost limits of the civilized world, and in a few years it would be consulted and valued on the banks of rivers unknown alike to geography or song. Dr. Webster calculates that in little more than two centuries, there will be not fewer than three hundred millions of people inhabiting the North American continent, forming the great American republic, and speaking the English as their native tongue. We may also look to our North American possessions, to South Africa, to the Indian Peninsula, to New Holland, and to the great multitude of the islands, as about to receive a population of English descent and English tongue. No language was ever spoken by a number of people equal to those who, at no distant period, will speak the language of England; and all of these who are not the most ignorant and illiterate (and the number of this class is every day diminishing), will look to the banks of the Thames for authorities in verbal propriety, and for information concerning the origin and antient usages, the structure, and the exact force, of that noble language, which will be their best inheritance.

We are mistaken if we suppose that all interest upon this subject will be confined to the mother-country, or that our colonists will not be quite as anxious as we are to maintain the language in its purity, and to know why and how the language is what they find it to be. The encouragement which Dr. Webster has received to publish this great Dictionary (he had, we are informed, two thousand two hundred subscribers), shows that in one great branch of the English family there is a solicitude concerning the language; and the contents of this Dictionary, and of some other grammatical writings which we have seen, prove that the enlightened inhabitants of that country are anxious to prevent any wide deviations from purity of speech, and to lay a restraining hand upon the propensity, which will always exist in a new country, to the formation of new words. Dr. Webster's Dictionary, saving a few little fanciful peculiarities of his own, will, certainly contribute much to this object. This, however, is but one of the least of its merits. Its claims upon the public attention there, and in this country, are of a far higher character. It is, to a great extent, an original work. It abounds in information adapted to the ordinary circumstances of life, and it abounds also in most curious philological observations. It is not sufficiently historical or systematic, to be the Dictionary which is adapted to the present feeling and expectancy of the many enlightened and curious philologists of this country, but it is a work of admirable practical utility, and in the department of the higher etymology there is much to enlighten and inform the most profound of our philologists

It may well be doubted, indeed, whether it would be possible for a person, not living in the mother-country, to execute such a work as a complete Dictionary. We doubt whether any American library contains the very books which must be read; nor must such a person confine himself to the writings which have been printed (even Wickliffe's Old Testament, one of the most important writings for such a purpose, is not yet printed), but he must be a searcher out and diligent peruser of the early monuments of the English tongue which exist in our great depositaries of manuscripts. That perfect familiarity with our institutions, which is to be expected in such a person, can hardly be acquired except by a native and constant resident. Nor can many of the nicer peculiarities of pronunciation, and of existing senses, be exactly caught except by one who has opportunities of mixing habitually in the educated society of England. America does not, we believe, contain among all her citizens one who is so well qualified to present to his countrymen an English dictionary as Dr. Webster. His whole life, now a long one, has been devoted to the study of language. The comparative tables which he has constructed of all known languages, and the other collections which he has made for the general history of Speech, exceed, it is said, any thing ever before accomplished by any single philologist. But, for the last twenty years his attention has been directed peculiarly upon the English language, with a view to the preparation of the work now before us. Indeed, during the whole of his life, that language has been the peculiar subject of his contemplation. The schools of America have long been supplied with elementary books of instruction in the language, prepared by Dr. Webster forty years ago; and in an advertisement prefixed to the Dictionary he complains, with an appearance of justice, of the use made of his writings, and the advantage taken of his observations by Mr. Lindley Murray, who was also an American, in the Grammar which has been, and still is, though undeservedly, so popular in England. The better to qualify himself for his undertaking, Dr. Webster visited this country, and resided for eight months in London and at one of the Universities.

Like Dr. Johnson, he has prefixed an Introduction and a Grammar. These are indispensable accompaniments of a Dictionary. In the early part of his Introduction he carries us back to the beginning of time, and sets before us views of the origin of language, and of the origin of the diversity of languages, in which, to say the least, there is much that is very disputable. We can scarcely reconcile this part with the more enlightened and juster views of the operation of mind in producing languages, and effecting changes upon languages already existing, which open upon us as we proceed. Much of the Introduction is highly instructive to any one who is intent upon that great question, the alliance and dependency of the ancient languages of civilized man; and it must be carefully studied by all who would thoroughly understand the higher etymology of the Dictionary: for with respect to the older words of our language, those which were used by our Saxon forefathers, Dr. Webster is not content with showing that the existing word is the Saxon word a little changed in its orthography; but he penetrates the palpable obscure which is beyond the time of the formation of the Saxon language, and endeavours to show whence our Saxon or Gothic ancestors acquired the word. Some may object that this is not suitable inquiry for a Dictionary of so modern a tongue as the English. But it must be remembered, that though in its present state it is modern—not more than three or four centuries old—and indeed greatly altered from what it was at the beginning of that period—yet that the great staple of the English tongue is a language of high antiquity—one branch of the great Teutonic language, spoken in times far beyond the reach of any chronicle, coin, or inscription, by the people who inhabited Central Europe. We cannot think such disquisition misplaced; but we could have wished that Dr. Webster had shown us more fully the changes which, in successive centuries, took place in the vernacular language of Englishmen, as the Saxon gradually became the language which is now called English. Dr. Johnson gave in his Introduction a valuable series of specimens of the language in its different states. Mr. Todd enlarged the number. It would have been well if Dr. Webster had presented us with new specimens, and accompanied them with such remarks as his extensive philological attainments would have enabled him to add. There should also have been tabular exhibitions of the numerical relation of words of Saxon origin to those which are of French, Latin, and Greek origin, or rather of that which was the real language of England, to the words which were taken in by assimilation from other languages in the successive centuries. These specimens and these tables should be of writers in all the various departments of literature.

Another deficiency there is in the Introduction. There is no general view of the various analogies of composition and derivation, which are to be found in our language; of the origin and meaning of the syllables, or rather little words, which are not found in an uncompounded state, but only as prefixes or terminals of polysyllabic words; or of the more important changes which have taken place in the orthography of words, and in the grammatical structure of the language in the several centuries during which the language has been gradually advancing from pure Saxon to what we must call pure English. Though as Saxon it is indisputably a very antient language, as English it is very modern, and its gradual formation as a modern language, is a most important topic in an introduction to a dictionary.

We have something, but far from being sufficient, on the changes which words have undergone in their literal form in the section of the introduction, which is entitled "On Orthography."

And we have also some valuable remarks on the changes in our accentuation and mode of speaking.

The Grammar is too much upon the old plan. The parts of speech are still the orthodox number, eight. We have an elaborate display of moods and tenses; and an abundance of rules of syntax, though Dr. Webster very fairly shows us that our best writers have taken the liberty to violate them all. The time is come when even our children should be taught that the first division of words is only into substantive and verb (to which the genuine, not the substantive, interjection, if it be allowed to be a part of speech at all, is to be added), and that the other classes of words are not to be considered as correlative to them, but only as certain modifications of them, to facilitate discourse. The true nature of what we have long been taught to call auxiliary verbs should be now explained in every grammar; and the freedoms of construction which we have derived from our forefathers, and in which resides much of the grace and beauty of our language, should not be sacrificed to the power of grammar-writers, whose tendency is, to introduce into every language a cold formality, a Quaker-like plainness and uniformity.

In examining the Dictionary itself, and endeavouring to make our readers acquainted with its nature and design, and the information to be expected from it, our attention is first called to the VOCABULARY. This, Dr. Webster tells us, is the most extensive that has appeared in any dictionary. The number of words in the American edition of Todd's Johnson is fifty-eight thousand. The number is here extended to seventy thousand. On carefully examining this vocabulary, we find that its basis is the vocabulary of Dr. Johnson. Dr. Webster has taken Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, and then added to his collection of words such new words as fell in his way, and were not already in the Johnson. Whatever sins of commission there may be in the vocabulary of Dr. Johnson, will be found in this of Dr. Webster. We could have wished that Dr. Webster had given an independent consideration of this important point in a dictionary. We can, however, excuse him for having here so much followed Johnson. He probably thought that no dictionary would be tolerated which did not contain every word, which Johnson had advanced to dictionary honours; and, in the present state of the public mind, he may have judged rightly. The tyranny of the Johnsonian prejudice is yet too strong but it is beginning to pass away.

The consequence of this subserviency is, that we have all that host of poetical compounds which Johnson admitted, *leaden-*

stepping, storm-beat, &c.; to which Dr. Webster adds, *corse-encumbered,* and some others. These are not properly words; and if they were, there is great want of diligence shown in gathering them together, for many thousands more might doubtless easily be found.

We have the verbs occurring twice, in what grammarians call the active and neuter, or the transitive and intransitive sense. This is a needless multiplication of the articles of a dictionary, for the word is the same, and it is only that there is some peculiarity, like a new sense, in the use of it.

We have a great many participles. To this there is the same objection. The participle is only the verb used adjectively. It is still the verb: the senses of the verb adhere to it: and if it acquire senses which do not belong to the verb from which it springs, those are still, it must be admitted, senses belonging to the verb in one particular application of it.

We have all Johnson's pedantic words, such as *discalceate, discalceated, discalceation.* We know not on what principle these words, which are never used, can be admitted into a dictionary, unless upon the principle that every word which every educated person has introduced into his writings, should be placed immediately in the dictionaries. There is no objection to have them gathered together, but they are inconvenient in a dictionary, and are, after all, but a slender specimen of the words of this class which might be collected. There has ever been a disposition among scholars to adorn, as they considered it, their writings by sesquipedalian words, borrowed from the languages of antiquity. Wilfrid Holme, one of our older poets, would himself half fill a dictionary. He speaks of the Earl of Westmorland lying sick at home of the *podagree.* Sir John Ferne writes, *deprompted, intromissive, pervulgate, maniciples, grammatications.* But the University-men of the seventeenth century are the people for words of this kind. We have taken up by accident a sermon, bearing the following title:—"A Greek in the Temple: some Common-places delivered in Trinity Colledge Chapell in Cambridge, upon Acts xvii. part of the 28th verse, by John Sherman, Bachelour in Divinity, and Fellow of the same Colledge, 4to. 1641." It is full of eloquence and learning. We find the following words in the book, as we turn over the pages:—p. 7, "A *fastuous,* affected, swelling exercise doth at once undo thy commendation;" p. 8, "taking off from himself the envie of much reading and in a *couchednesse* granting that they themselves were very well read in such books;" p. 21, "from hence also the teacher of the Gentiles instructeth us Christians not to *disembrace* goodness in any, nor truth in any." He, we see, indulges in Saxon as well as Roman sesquipedalians. We must forbear further quotation; but we find as we proceed the words, *connotation, sermocination, cognoscibility; disacknowledge, significativeness, connexive, interpunction, superefficiency, transanimation, anasceuastical, resultance.* There have been many Shermans among our scholars.

Dr. Webster has followed Dr. Johnson in admitting the Spenserian words, such as *aby, adaw, certes, cosset, derring, galage, gripple, royne.* Many of these are counterfeit antiques: and those which are really parts of the language of England, as it was spoken one or two centuries before Spenser was born, are peculiar to him of all later writers, and belong decidedly to the class of words which are archaical and out of use. The admission of them, to maintain consistency in a Dictionary, should have let in the whole family of Chaucerisms.

Dr. Webster has also followed Dr. Johnson in admitting the Shakespearian words. Far from us to insinuate that words used by Shakespear are not parts of the English language, or that they ought not to be found in a Dictionary. But we do contend that there are a multitude of words belonging to the same family; that is, words in familiar use in the time of Shakespear, and found in the writers contemporary with him, which have an equal claim to admission into the dictionaries, nor can there be any well-weighed principle which can admit the one and reject the other. We will instance a few: *advite, awk-end, belsire,** *blenchar, bocconi, brokle, cangeant, clowers, corzy, crained, curats, de-leave, gult, hame, helme, horse-loaves, hounces, lammes, lash, lue, mynchen, oase, organippe, orsoy, pompey, pouldern, purfled, rear-de-main, shayle, shraming, spirgel, strigges, syllabery, tresaile, unneth, wanze.* The writers of what is called the Elizabethian period would supply many hundreds more. They are not words tainted with either affectation or ancientie, but the current language of the times: not revived Chaucerisms, but words in use when the language is supposed to have been spoken in its purity. They have since, for no good reason that can be assigned, fallen into disuse, but so have many of the Shakspearian words, which are nevertheless in the Dictionaries.

We search in vain in Dr. Webster's work for any addition to words of this class. He has not been a reader of early English literature. But we also search in vain for a principle by which he was guided either in admitting or rejecting words, which have been sufferers in the hard times which England has known. We fear he had no principle, and that he is merely a follower of Johnson. Dr. Johnson's principle is not a satisfactory one. Such as it is, we present it to the reader:—"Obsolete words are admitted when they are found in authors not obsolete." Whom does he mean by "authors not obsolete?" Is it really the six or eight writers whom he quotes out of all the fine spirits, who adorned the Elizabethian period? We suspect it is, and that he was not unwilling to leave all the rest in the predicament of obsoleteness. We know with what name his biography of the Poets begins. Obsolete they were at the time when Johnson wrote, when the national taste was notoriously depraved, when the public could endure Rymer's criticisms, and when a critic, and a poet to boot, could put forth such a sentiment as this:—"'Tis my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing anything from Chaucer's tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Fairy Queen." Our great writers had entered into a cloud. This is a kind of apology for Dr. Johnson; but it is none for Dr. Webster, who lives in the day when they have broken through the cloud, scattering the mist and vapour, which composed it, and shining forth to amaze the beholders. No one now regards such writers as Ascham, Burton, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Ferne, Gascoign, Golding, Googe, Green, Harington, Lillie, Marlow, Nash, Peacham, Sackville, Sylvester, or those later names Fuller, Hacket, and Howell as obsolete, or would hesitate to vouch them to justify a word and keep its memory from oblivion. Take only Sir John Harington; his translation of Ariosto abounds in words not in the Dictionaries. But why shall not words sanctioned by his authority be found there, when we consider that he was a man of refined taste, a courtier, a wit, a poet, and a scholar, and the words, besides, the current language of the age? But there is another reason why these authors should be read for the purposes of a dictionary. The Shakespearian words themselves were never half understood till they were illustrated from the writings of his contemporaries: and at present many of them stand in the dictionaries but half explained, or not truly explained at all. Let the reader turn to the words, *abridgement, carve, cranking, single-ten, sun-burned, windlace*, and we defy him to understand truly the passages of the great bard in which they occur. The humour of placing the ass' head upon the shoulders of Bottom the weaver is lost through the absence from the dictionaries of one particular sense of the word *brake*. The curious reader will at once perceive into what kind of brake it was that Bottom entered if he consults that pleasing picture of rural life, "The whole Art and Trade of Husbandry, by Barnaby Googe."

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* This is an extraordinary omission in Dictionaries, which give us *belami, belamour, belgard.*

Dr. Webster has, however, added 12,000 words to Dr. Johnson's vocabulary. Of these many hundreds are in constant use, and found in the current literature of the day. What kind of words these are will be understood from a specimen of them, which Dr. Webster himself put forth. They are,—Nouns:—*grandjury, grandjuror, eulogist, consignee, consigner, mammoth, maltreatment, iceberg, parachute, mal-practice, fracas, entailment, perfectibility, glacier, firewarden, safety-valve, savings-bank.* Adjectives—*gaseous, lithographic, peninsular, repealable, retaliatory, dyspeptic, missionary, nervine, meteoric, mineralogical, reimbursable.* Verbs.—to *quarantine, revolutionize, retort,* v. i., *patent, explode* v. i., *electioneer, reorganize, oxydize, magnetize.* For the absence of some of these we can account, but it surprises us to find that some of them are not in the improved Johnson. We do not recollect to have met with *grand-juror,* or *fire-warden* or *nervine. Fire-warden* is probably an American word; it stands in company with *fire-ward* without an authority. We never heard the verb to *patent,* and it is to us offensive; we hesitate about *repealable* and *reimbursable,* which a good writer would scarcely use. To *quarantine,* is not English: the proper form of the intransitive verb being to *perform quarantine,* and of the transitive to *put on quarantine.*

Many of these words, however, though of recent formation, are decidedly English, and entitled to a place in any work which professes to exhibit the English language. The list might be enlarged. We are almost licentious in the invention of new words, and new words once used by a writer of good reputation soon find their way into common discourse. There is scarcely a new work issues from the press, or a number of any periodical work, which does not contain some words that are not in the Dictionaries. In the first volume of Mr. Southey's Colloquies, for instance, we find *worsen, dispathies, contrarient, hebetate, detrude, malignified, flood-lands, charity-monger, bibliolatry.* Some at least of these are not current English, and yet they are all words properly formed, and if not already in the Dictionaries, not unworthy of a place there. A gentleman who has kept a sharp look-out for the exuberances of the modern press, has made a list of fourteen or fifteen hundred words in frequent use by good writers, which are not to be found among Dr. Webster's additions to Johnson's vocabulary. The list is exceedingly curious, and we shall indulge the reader with a specimen, taking good and bad as they occur in the order of the alphabet:

abatised, ablare, abolitionists, absenteeism, abysmal, accidentality, acclimature, accordantly, acherusian, achromaticity, achromatism, acquaintanceship, acquirability, actualize, adaptedness, adducer, adjacence, adjustable, adjustage, adornment, adventureful. The last is Mr. Bentham's, who has many expressive and well-formed words on Saxon and Roman analogies. Perhaps this curious list may appear in the Appendix. There are other words, not of new formation, though part of the current language, which we are surprised not to find. *Embathe* was pointed out long ago by Sir Herbert Croft as an extraordinary omission in the Dictionaries. *Black-art* does not occur. The substantive interjection *paw* is genuine English; so is *prial,* a contract of *pair-royal,* meaning "three of a kind," and *mess,* "a party of four." *Gore,* a term in semstresy, is found in our poets as well as in common discourse; and *semstresy* itself, we submit, is genuine English. We cannot speak to the standing of *minim,* a word of diplomatics, but it is so happily invented to denote the M's and the N's of the old court-hand, that it well deserves a place in the Dictionaries.

Some of Dr. Webster's additions have been the coinage of the American mint. Virgil and Varius are no doubt entitled to the same privilege with Cecilius and Plautus. Terms which arise out of their peculiar institutions, or even out of their peculiar habits of life, when they are generally received throughout their country, and are not, like some of our provincial words, confined to a small district, are evidently proper for a Dictionary. But let her citizens, let her writers beware. We consider such a word as *Co-bishop* too vilely formed ever to be tolerated. Some kind of precedent might perhaps be found; but bad precedents are not to be followed. *Rantism* is still worse. It stands in this Dictionary on the authority of an American bishop. It ought at least to be *Ranterism,* but we never desire to see either. Dr. Webster's explanation is as bad as the word. He defines it, "the practices or tenets of ranters," which word *ranter* is itself defined "a noisy talker, a boisterous preacher." *Lengthy* is admitted by Dr. Webster, who has one English and three American authorities. Mr. Pickering, a gentleman of Boston, who has written on words supposed to be the coinage of America, says that the word is of more frequent use in England than in America. The history is somewhat remarkable. When first introduced into England, it was as a specimen of the manner in which the Americans were proceeding to debase our language. It was used not without this reserve of meaning, and in this manner we make no doubt that lord Byron used it in the passage quoted by Dr. Webster. Frequency of quotation, together with a feeling of its convenience, for the genuine word *longsome* had fallen into disuse, gradually reconciled the English to it, and it is no doubt sometimes used without a secret glance of the mind to the strange dealings with the English language supposed to be going on beyond the Atlantic.

We have also a great number of historical and geographical words, which never before found their place in what was entitled "A Dictionary of the English Language." If we write *Johnsonian*, or talk of a *Pittite*, and a *Foxite*, or a *Benthamite*, a century at least must roll over those words, and during the whole of that time they must be in familiar use before they can be in a state for introduction into a Dictionary. *Augean*, *Augustan*, *Epicurean*, *Herculean*, are proper for a Dictionary: they are old, and they are familiar, and they have senses, which are not strictly and closely their etymological senses. Not so *Aquitanian*, *Acroceraunian*, and *Antosiandrian*, and others in countless profusion. These have no pretension to be accounted parts of the English language; they serve only to swell a number, and raise a momentary feeling of regard for the diligence of a man who runs up 58,000 to 70,000. We wish the English Editor had swept them all away into the great limbo of an Encyclopedia; and if *Artotyrite*, and a vast number of other words of like form and class, were to accompany them, we should think the Dictionary relieved of a great mass of quite irrelevant and useless matter.

But the largest portion of the new words are terms of Science. Nothing is more trying to the skill and judgment of the Lexicographer than these. One thing we think indisputable, that all words pertaining to science, or to the arts, which have been long in use, the language of the common people, and not of the philosophers, such as terms in mining, nautical affairs, commerce, as they are in all probability parts of the traditionary language of England, should be inserted and explained. We entirely agree with Adelung in thinking that what Johnson says in his Preface concerning words of this class, is an insufficient apology for what was perhaps in reality indolence:—"I could not visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation; nor visit the warehouses of merchants, and shops of artificers to gain the names of wares, tools, and operations, of which no mention is found in books. What favourable accident, or easy inquiry brought within my reach has not been neglected; but it had been an hopeless labour to glean up words by courting living information, and contesting with the sullenness of one, and the roughness of another." This is one of the cases, in which Johnson seeks to hide a defect by a figured and gaudy robe. But the difficulty is respecting terms, not of native growth, the coinage of erudite men, and often, but of recent introduction into the vocabulary of science itself: words formed in the analogies of extinct languages, or even on the name of some lucky person, to whom a plant or a mineral had happened first to present itself. They cannot all be excluded; they cannot all be admitted. That would now be an imperfect Dictionary, which should not contain the word *oxygen.* Even *rose* and *lily* are exotics, together with *myrtle, mignionette, hyacinth, tulip, mezerion,* and many other words as delicate and beautiful as are the objects betokened by them. *Hydrangia* and *Dahlia* are now lisped by every lover of flowers; and if these are admitted into the Dictionary, why exclude *Banksia* and *Hibbertia,* or even the names of the flowers of the latest importation? There is a real difficulty. We suspect that no better rule can be found than to refer them to the question, whether the word which asks admission is one to which the general ear is familiar?—an uncertain guide we admit, but perhaps the best that can be found.

Dr. Webster has leaned rather to admission than rejection. He has introduced many words which appear to us not yet entitled to a place in a Dictionary; words indeed never heard but by those who have gone deep into the arcana of science. This has, however, enabled him to introduce much information into his Dictionary, and to give it something of the character of a compendious Encyclopedia of the sciences. Terms of exploded sciences, as astrology and alchemy, are sparingly inserted; and we perceive that he has found no place for the words brought in by the phrenologists. By giving adjectival terminations, for which there are authorities, to some of his scientific terms, as *didynamian, dicotyledonous,* he has prepared them to take their place among genuine anglicisms.

II. When the author of an English Dictionary has presented us with a vocabulary, founded on just principles, the next thing which is required of him is, that he show us the words in a correct ORTHOGRAPHY. This is not so easily done as it may appear, for here he himself may require a better guide than it is easy to find.

Of the great majority of words, indeed, there is one established mode of writing them, which has been the invariable practice of the educated part of society for a century, or a century and a half. There are few words for which we can go back beyond the century and half, without finding some diversity of the mode of writing them. From this no one ever departs without giving warning that it is his intention to do so, and assigning reasons for the departure. In dealing with these words, the duty of the lexicographer is evident and easy. He may see that the mode of writing a word is not in consistence with the etymology, that it varies from what is usual in words of the class to which it belongs, or that it would be an improvement if some unnecessary letters were withdrawn; these may be all good subjects for remark in his notice of the word, but he cannot be at liberty to place it in his alphabet, in a form which is opposed to all existing usage.

But there are many English words, the orthography of which cannot be said to be settled and invariable. We see *dispatch* and *despatch*, *intreat* and *entreat*, *expense* and *expence*, *instructer* and *instructor*, *favor* and *favour*.

We go to a Dictionary for information upon this point; and it is reasonably expected that questions of orthography will have engaged the attention of the Lexicographer, and that we shall find in his work that which may serve to guide the practice.

Dr. Johnson was content to select that form which appeared to him to have the greatest number of votes in its favour, without referring to the questions of descent or of analogy. Dr. Webster has not allowed the matter to rest there. He has adopted certain principles of orthography, to which words of dubious orthography are made to conform; and he has in some instances gone so far as to collect within his net of analogy some words, which had, as far as we know, hitherto preserved one invariable form.

The chief of his principles are these:—

1. The words in *our*, or *or*, as *labour*, *labor*, are made to assume the latter form.

2. The final *k* is omitted in words of Greek and Latin origin, as *public*, *music*. In this, he but conforms to what has been long the established practice in England.

3. The words *defense*, *offense*, *expense*, and all of that class are written with the *s*, in conformity to their originals, and in correspondence with the derivatives, *defensive*, &c.

4. *Blamable*, *abatable*, *debatable*, and all similar words are written without the middle *e*; except where *e* follows *c* or *g*, as *unserviceable*, *changeable*.

5. All verbs formed from the termination of Greek and Latin verbs in *izo*, and such as are formed on the like analogy, are written with *ize*; while words from the French, *priser* and others, are made to retain the *s* of their originals.

6. When a verb of two or more syllables ends in a single unaccented consonant, preceded by a single vowel, the final

consonant is not doubled in the derivative; thus we have *equaled, traveler*, and some others.

Where words are decidedly of uncertain orthography, these rules perhaps might be admitted to guide the usage. But it should be clear that the usage is divers. Concerning other words we much doubt the propriety of bringing them to the Procrustes-bed of analogy. It will be long before the public eye is satisfied with *endeavor, savior, color, ardor*.* And if once analogy is allowed to prevail against custom, how many more words are there which will be curtailed of their fair proportions? There is one class of words which we wonder that Dr. Webster's love of uniformity, did not lead him to chastise We mean the words derived from the Latin verb *cedo*. He gives us *procede*, but *exceed*.

In fact this is a much more difficult matter than on a hasty view of it would appear. There have been various attempts, before this of Dr. Webster, to make our orthography more stable; and to reform it where it was notoriously corrupt. One of the most successful of these is found in an elegant little volume, printed but not published, the ΠΕΡΙ ΜΟΥΣΙΚΗΣ of Plutarch, translated, 12mo. 1822. The author, the rev. J. H. Bromby, of Hull, adopts the following principles:—

1. He agrees with Dr. Webster in writing *labor*, &c. Ritson, we may observe, was also one who in modern times has sought to reform the orthography. He, on the contrary, would retain the *u* in all words of this class, writing even *Editour*. Perhaps a reference to the historical question, whether we had the word originally from the Latin or the French, would be, after all the best guide; and it would leave us with the advantage of this graceful variety.

2. He retains the Teutonic *er*, in lieu of the Pelasgic *or*, in verbal nouns which have their root in the English verb—*cultivater, instructer, translater*. Dr. Webster in these words adheres to the modern usage, and writes *cultivator*, &c.

3. Of active participles, and participials from Latin verbs, not of the first conjugation, he has made the final syllable *ent*; and of nouns similarly derived *ence*, and *ensy*:—*ascendent, dependent, dependence*. Here also Dr. Webster agrees with him.

4. *Defense, expense*, &c. as by Dr. Webster.

5. Verbs from *cedo*, uniformly in *cede*.

6. Adjectives from *etus*, in *ete*, as *complete*.

7. From *orius* or the radical noun in *or*, in *ory*, as *accessory*.

8. From *abilis*, together with all those that are formed from

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* In works edited by Mr. Valpy, the u is always excluded.—Ed.

the English verb, in *able,* as *estimable, convertable.* Dr. Webster has *convertible.*

9. From *ibilis,* with the exception of those from the English verb in *ible, visible, discernible.*

10. The initial syllable *in* from the Latin, which had given place to the French *en,* he has restored: *inlarge, inquire.*

11. As also the syllable *ti* in the middle of words where the sound had occasioned the substitution of *ci: antient, negotiate.*

These are the suggestions of an accomplished scholar, and they well deserve to be known beyond the confined circle to which the modesty of the author has restricted them. They are well considered, sound, practicable, and gentle. Still there is a word well known to the learners of grammars, Exception, and it may not perhaps be any real inconvenience if we admit exceptions to our orthographical analogies.

Dr. Webster has a few words, in which he is very adventurous in his orthography. Thus, instead of *bridegroom,* we have *bridegoom,* as being the successor of the Saxon bꞃẏꝺᵹuma. No doubt the *r* may be a corruption, though something may be said on etymological grounds for *groom:* but *bridegroom* has so long been established, that it ought to have stood in the alphabet, and *bridegoom* assuredly ought not to have been there. Dr. Webster gives *bridegroom* with a reference to *bridegoom,* but the English editor, with better taste and judgment, has rejected *bridegoom,* and given what Dr. Webster has to say on the subject under the proper word *bridegroom.* Dr. Webster inserts in his alphabet *icland* as well as *island,* and *highth* as well as *height.* Partial reforms of this kind do no good. He is not, we suppose, prepared to restore *leng* where we now have *long,* or to make the substantive, *longth* in conformity to the modern form of the adjective, or rather verb from which it springs, *long.* Alas! for much of our fine poetry, if any great change ever takes place in the orthography of the language.

There is one point in respect of the orthography to which we think that more attention should be paid. We mean that lost orthographies, when there is in them any thing which is remarkable, should be preserved in a dictionary. Thus, for instance, *statue* is often found in the writers of the Elizabethian period, and even down to the Revolution, written *statua.* This shows its origin, and it shows also how we ought to read the word when we meet with it in Shakespeare, and not attempt to mend his supposed imperfect metre by the introduction of some unmeaning monosyllable.

III. The want of exact conformity between Orthography and

Pronunciation, renders it necessary that a dictionary should afford information respecting the manner in which words are to be pronounced, or on what is called the ORTHOEPY of the language.

The cause of this want of conformity between the written word, and the sound of which it is the representative, seems to lie in that constant effort after supposed refinement, which has been a part of the English character for many centuries. We have been ashamed of the rough sounds uttered by our forefathers, and of what some one contemptuously calls the Dutch origin of our language. We would be more like the Frenchman and the Italian. Speech being more easily changed than writing, the changes in speech have outrun those in writing, and in many words we speak in a mitigated manner, while we write in that which is antient and accustomed.

It is the same in other languages. The Frenchman does not actually utter the sound which the written word represents; and it would be as absurd in us, as in him, to seek to make great alterations in our orthography, to make it conform to the sound, or in our utterance to make it conform to the orthography. There is a conventional agreement, which is easily understood by all who are native to either language.

But the writer of a dictionary, who wishes his work to be useful to the world at large, will endeavour to convey to the minds of children, of persons who have few opportunities of hearing the conversation of educated men, of those who live remote from the scenes in which the language is spoken in its purity, and even of foreigners,—an idea of the manner in which words are spoken, when there is a great want of congruity between the written word and the word uttered. This has usually been done by annexing to the word itself another word, made up of letters which in their union more nearly, and perhaps exactly, represented the sound of which the original word is the conventional representative. We have seen very strange-looking lackeys thus waiting upon their masters, *tingktyur, mjuhtual, majthollodschi,* and *ardzhyz.* The reader would hardly guess what word is concealed in the last we have named. Adelung tells us that it is our mode of pronouncing *orgies.* Dr. Webster has an edifying list of words of this kind, collected from Pronouncing Dictionaries. They are intended to show that there is variety in the previous authorities on this subject. There is in fact some variety in the mode in which particular words, and even classes of syllables, are pronounced by the most correct speakers. When Captain Basil Hall corrected the American school-mistress, who appealed to him if one of her scholars had not repeated a little poem with all due discretion in the pronunciation, in the words *combat* and *chivalry,* he would no doubt, when he returned home, find many persons in England, and educated persons too, pronouncing those words as the little girl pronounced them. The common word *virtue* is differently pronounced by persons who pride themselves upon the nicety and correctness of their pronunciation. It is the fashion to pronounce the substantive *wind* with the *i* short; but we have many couplets in which it rhymes to such words as *find.* It is in pronunciation as in orthography—all is not settled.

Dr. Webster's plan of representing the mode in which words are pronounced, is, on the whole, simpler and better than any before adopted. His page is not disfigured by the appearance of such ill-looking vocables as are sometimes made to represent the sounds in other dictionaries. Occasionally we have the word in a second orthography, as *communion, communyon:* but more commonly all that is needful is done by—1, the use of an accent, as in *del'egate;* 2, marking some of the vowels as long or short; and 3, annexing particular marks to certain letters, which indicate that they are to be pronounced in a certain manner, previously described.

We have observed nothing peculiar, nothing fantastical, in Dr. Webster's orthoepy. He rejects that sound of the *u* to which the authority of Sheridan gave a temporary popularity, by which *virtue* became *vert-shue.* The only remarkable deviation from the usual mode of speaking which we have observed, is in the word *horizon,* which he would have spoken with the *i* short: this is contrary to usage, and there is no advantage in the change. It does, however, appear to have been an old pronunciation of the word:—

> "The lotos dives, deeper and deeper ay,
> Till midnight; then remounteth toward day:
> But not above the water, till the sun,
> Do re-ascend above the horizon."
>
> Sylvester's *Du Bartas,* week 1, day 3.

IV. There is no information for which the educated portion of society so often apply to a Dictionary as that which respects the origin and history of words, or what, in the most comprehensive sense of the term, is included in ETYMOLOGY. Few return satisfied from an application to Johnson. There are some additions in this department in the improved edition by Mr. Todd: but the most abundant information is to be derived from this Dictionary of Dr. Webster's.

The English language consists of two grand divisions. The largest and most interesting portion is that which has come down to us from our Saxon forefathers, which has been, little changed, the language of the common people since the Conquest; which before that event was the language of court and people; and which was spoken by our whole nation before the time of our settlement in England, when we were wanderers in the great forest of Germany. The second portion consists of a great assemblage of words introduced from all people, and nations, and kindreds, and tongues, many by our scholars, and many by our travellers, but many, perhaps the most, by the persons who translated from other languages, and who found not, or supposed they found not, in the native language of England terms which were precisely equivalent to the original before them. There is what may be considered a third division: words which have been formed by derivation or composition, either in the Saxon department or the miscellaneous department, and sometimes by a corrupt union of the two.

In respect of the words in the first department, it has been usual to say, that the English word is derived from the Saxon. The more correct expression would be, is a Saxon word still in use. The slight changes in the orthography are not material in this respect. It has also been usual in Dictionaries to produce the Saxon word, and there to leave it. But this is in fact no etymology at all. It is at best mere orthography; a representation of the different literal elements by which the same word has been represented at different periods by the same nation. The etymology is all beyond this: and the essence of the subject lies in this question, Why did our Saxon ancestors—that is, why did *we*—adopt that particular combination of letters to express that particular idea? A question, often, to which it is extremely difficult to return an answer, and a question which must often be left unanswered. But the time is gone by when inquiries of this nature are to be met by the ridicule of Swift, or when it is to be seriously maintained that there can be nothing sound in the higher etymology.

Where that question is not the one proposed, there can be nothing which deserves the name of etymology. Why is corn called corn, wheat, wheat, and the harvest the harvest? When this can be shown in a manner which leaves the mind in no state of dubitation, there is scarcely any thing more gratifying; and a considerable collection of facts of this kind opens views of the modes of thinking, and the modes of life of human beings in the remotest times, who have left no other memorial of themselves but the words which they have bequeathed to their posterity; and even opens views of their laws, liberties, and religion. It lets in light upon the varieties of character in nations inhabiting different climates: we see through it what circumstance most forcibly struck the minds of different people contemplating the same object. We believe that we are here but at the beginning of knowledge; that there are a multitude of etymological facts, that will be discovered in addition to those which are already in our possession; and that there will be classifications of these facts, and the discovery of general principles, which will surprise and delight as much as the advances which are making towards the explanation of the nail-head, the arrow-head, and the hieroglyphic characters. Dr. Webster has adopted the right mode in the Comparative Tables, of which he speaks in his Introduction: and it is heartily to be wished that his countrymen may afford him sufficient encouragement to give to the public those great general principles, which the contemplation of the words, as placed in his Tables, seems to have suggested to his mind.

In investigating the origin of our antient words, Dr. Webster has made great use of the congenerous languages of modern Europe. This was right; and it is the first time that this has been done to any extent for the English language. How successfully, the few extracts which we give from the work will shew; but we must apprize the reader, that before he can fully enter into the merit of them, he should peruse the Introduction to the Dictionary, of which it is impossible to give any intelligible abstract within our limits:—

1. Hazel. Sax. hæꞅel, a hat or cap; hæꞅl, hasel; hæꞅl-nuꞇu, hazel-nut; German, *hasel;* Dutch, *hazelaar;* Dan. *hassel, hassel-nöd;* Swed. *hassel.* By the Saxon it appears that the word signifies a cap, and the name of the nut a cap-nut.

2. Nut. Sax. hnuꞇ; Dutch, noot; Germ. nuss; Swed. not; Dan. nödd; Irish, cnudh; Welch, cna, cnau. It seems to be allied to knot, a bunch or hard lump.

3. Dress. Fr. *dresser,* to make straight, to set up, to erect; Armoric, *dreçza, dreçzein;* Ital. *rizzare,* to erect, to make straight; *dirizzare,* to direct, to address; Span. *enderezar;* Port. *endereçar,* to direct; Norm. *adrescer,* to redress. The primary sense, is, to make straight, to strain or stretch to straightness. The It. *rizzare* is supposed to be formed from *ritto,* straight, upright; Latin *erectus, rectus,* from *erigo, rego.*

4. Dragon. Lat. *draco;* Gr. δρακων; It. *dragone;* Fr. *dragon;* Dutch, *draak;* German, *drache;* Irish, *draic* or *draig;* Welsh, *draig;* Swed. *drake;* Dan. *drage.* The origin of this word is not obvious. In Irish *drag* is fire; in Welsh, *dragon* is a leader,

chief, or sovereign, from *dragiaw,* to draw. In Scotch the word signifies a paper-kite, as also in Danish; probably from the notion of flying or shooting along, like a fiery meteor. In Welsh, *draig* is rendered by Owen a procreator or generating principle, a fiery serpent, a dragon, and the Supreme; and the plural *dreigiau,* silent lightnings, *dreigiaw,* to lighten silently. Hence I infer that the word originally signified a shooting meteor in the atmosphere, a fiery meteor, and hence a fiery or flying serpent, from a root, which signified to shoot or draw out.

5. King. Sax. cýnᵹ, cýnıᵹ or cýnınᵹ; German, *könig;* Dutch, *koning;* Swedish, *konung, kung;* Danish, *konge;* Welsh, *cún,* a chief or leader, one that attracts or draws. If the Welsh word is the same, or of the same family, it proves that the primary sense is a leader or guide, or one who goes before, for the radical sense of the verb must be to *draw.* It coincides in elements with the Irish *cean,* head, and with the Oriental *khan,* or *kaun.* The primary sense is probably a head, a leader.

6. Mood. Goth. 𐌼𐍉𐌳, anger; Sax. Sw. Ɱoꝺ, the mind, a lofty mind, pride, violence; moꝺıᵹ, proud, spirited; German, *muth,* mind, mood, courage, mettle, spirit; Dutch, *moed;* Danish, *mood, mod,* heart, courage, mettle. We observe these words unite the sense of mind with that of *spirit, courage, anger,* for the primary sense is derived from moving, driving or rushing forward, or from exciting. We observe analogous cases in the Latin *animus,* and Greek *θυμος*.

7. Husband. Sax. huꞅbonꝺa; huꞅ, house, and buenꝺ, a farmer or cultivator, or an inhabitant, from býan, to inhabit or till, contracted from buᵹıan; Danish, *huusbonde;* Swedish, *husbonde;* Swedish, *byggia;* Danish, *bygger,* to build; Dutch, *bouwen;* German, *bauen,* to build, to till, to plow or cultivate; German, *bauer,* a builder, a countryman, a clown, a rustic, a *boor;* Dutch, *buur,* the last component part of *neighbor. Band, bond,* in this word, is the participle of buan, býan, that is, buenꝺ, occupying, tilling; and *husband* is the farmer or inhabitant of the house, in Scottish, a farmer; thence the sense of husbandry. It had no relation primarily to marriage; but among the common people, a woman calls her consort, my man, and the man calls his wife, my woman, as in Hebrew, and in this instance, the farmer or occupier of the house, or the builder, was called my farmer; or by some other means, *husband* came to denote the consort of the female head of the family.

These are admirable articles; and he must be very insensible of the value of literary favours such as these, who does not regard the venerable author with respect and gratitude.

In the second, or modern division of our language, there will be found in Dr. Webster's Dictionary much etymological lore. He gives the word as it appears among the people from whom we have borrowed it; but in many instances he does not stop there. He inquires from whence that nation derived it, and he performs for that part of another language what he has done for all the Saxon part of our own. Thus, *extricate*, is evidently from the Latin *extrico*, and with giving that information most writers of Dictionaries would rest satisfied. Not so Dr. Webster. He shows the probable affinity of *trico*, the lost simple verb, of which *extrico* is a compound, with the Greek θριξ τριχος, hair or bush of hair, from interweaving, intangling, whence the Italian *treccia*, 'a lock of hair,' the French *tricoter* 'to weave,' and *tricher* 'to cheat;' and the English *trick* and *intrigue*.—*Column* is the Latin *columna*, but he does not leave it there, but shows a Celtic parent of *Columna* still remaining in the Welsh *colov*, 'a stalk or stem, a prop,' whence *colovyn*, 'a column;' and in the Irish colbh, 'a stalk.' We need not, however, add that there are multitudes of words in this department, as there are indeed in the other department, which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for.

But in respect of the modern words of the English language, it were to be wished that Dr. Webster had given us some information of another kind. We should have valued the Dictionary more if it had shown us when these words were assimilated, or the class of writers, or even the individuals, by whom they were first introduced. Much might be done in this department of English philology, by a careful perusal of our older writers; for the great influx of new words which kept their ground, took place in the Elizabethan period, and in the age before it. There are also many occasional notices in our writers of the history of these new words. Thus, Sir Thomas Elyott, writing in 1534, speaks of the now familiar words, *frugality, temperance, sobriety*, and *magnanimity*, as being then not in general use in England. Fuller tells us that the word *plunder* was first introduced by the soldiers who had been sent to the assistance of Gustavus Adolphus; Roger North that the word *mob* originated in a certain club in London, in the time of Charles II., where it was used facetiously for the *mobile vulgus*. *Admiralty* was first used among the retainers of the Lord Admiral Seymour, as we are informed by the son of one of them. *Tarrier*, in a poet contemporary with Shakespear, appears with a marginal explanation as being an unusual word. *Skates* is called a Dutch word by a writer of the time of Charles II., and at no more distant period than that reign, *hurricane*, *portrait*, *sympathy*, are often found printed in such a manner, as to show that they were not perfectly naturalized. *Tour* is printed tour as late as 1712. *Selfish* we owe to the Puritans; and the word *Puritan* itself is said to have been first used by Parsons, the Jesuit. *Deism* was a word scarcely known in England in 1692, when Bentley published his Sermon on "The Folly of Atheism, and (what is now called) Deism." Information of this kind is all matter for a Dictionary.

It would also have added to the value of the Dictionary, if information of this kind had been given respecting the terms of science. We have them all traced very satisfactorily to their etymological base, and the explanations of them are full and instructive; but we should have liked to have known whose invention they were, and the time when they first gained admittance into the nomenclature of science.

On the third class of words, the derivatives and compounds formed within ourselves, there is little to be said in the etymological part of a Dictionary. They for the most part speak their own history, as far as their formation goes; but, if the poetical compounds are introduced at all, it should have been shown in what poet they first appeared; and the various processes of composition, and derivation found in this department of the language, it seems to us, should have been more lucidly exhibited.

V. The SENSES in which words are used is the next kind of information which is reasonably sought at the hands of the maker of a Dictionary; that is, what are the ideas which the vocable is customarily used to express.

If the rule had been one idea one word, there would in this be no great difficulty; and originally that was the case. But there has been great extension of the meaning of many of our words, and they have been applied by metaphor to so many objects, which resembled that of which they were at first the representative, that the senses are very numerous, and we can never be sure that we have gathered them all.

Dr. Johnson in this department greatly eased the labour of all his successors. With little or no assistance from those who preceded him, he has gathered an inconceivable number of significations, leaving, however, (as what can be perfect?) still many that were in use, to be collected by the more close observers, who have followed him.

Still in this department of English lexicography, the great labour has been performed by him, and the first honours are due to him. There may be deficiencies,—there may be superfluities,—he may even sometimes have mistaken for new senses, what in fact arises from the connection of his word with others in the sentence, (as he certainly sometimes does in his attempt to explain the particle with only the antient lights), but still we must regard with the highest respect the diligence in the collection of them; no less than the felicity of the description of them.

Dr. Webster shows throughout this department of his work, that he has not been disposed to follow Johnson with the servility which is manifested in the vocabulary department. He has evidently given no small portion of thought to the consideration, of what senses were so independent of others as to be fairly considered senses worthy of notice in the Dictionary, and his whole system of explanation may justly be pronounced the result of thought. The consequence is, that some of Johnson's senses have disappeared. We have also senses not admitted by Dr. Johnson, senses which we must suppose had escaped the research of his predecessor. Dr. Webster says, that his new senses amount to 30,000; but it is to be remembered that many of them are the senses given of words which were not within the plan of Dr. Johnson, or not thought worthy of admission, or which have come into use since the death of Dr. Johnson.

The next thing is to describe the senses with brevity and clearness, Dr. Johnson has in this set a noble example to all who shall attempt to frame a Dictionary. Here and there may be something that shall provoke a smile,—it was perhaps intended to do so—and there may be instances in which the definition or the description may be a little too refined for ordinary readers; there may also be failures:—but these are spots only. Too much praise can never be bestowed upon the manner in which this part of his work is in the main executed. Dr. Webster has sometimes borrowed the explanations of Dr. Johnson; and when he has been called to define or to describe without assistance from his great predecessor, we can perceive that the spirit of Johnson has its influence over him, and we must do him the justice to say, that in clearness, terseness, and completeness, he comes not far behind the great master in this art. When he has substituted his own definitions or descriptions for those of Johnson, in the instances in which we have compared them, we see no reason to regret the change; and there is not only a manifest, but a vast, improvement in all the words pertaining to science. These are so full of information, so admirably given, that we must present the reader with a specimen.

1. Earth. In Chemistry, the term *earth* was till lately employed to denote a simple elementary body or substance, tasteless, inodorous, uninflammable and infusible. But it has also been applied to substances which have a very sensible alkaline

taste, as lime. The primitive earths are reckoned ten in number, viz. silex, alumin, lime, magnesia, baryte, strontian, zircon, glucin, yttria and thorina. Recent experiments prove that most or all of these are compounds of oxygen with bases, some of which appear to possess the properties of metals. In this case the earths are to be considered as metallic oxyds.

2. Trap. In mineralogy, a name given to rocks characterised by a columnar form, or whose strata or beds have the form of steps, or a series of stairs. Kirwan gives this name to two families of basalt. It is now employed to designate a rock or aggregate, in which hornblend predominates, but it conveys no definite idea of any one species; and under this term are comprehended hornblend, hornblend slate, greenstone, greenstone slate, amygdaloid, basalt, wacky, clinkstone porphyry, and perhaps hypersthene rock, augite rock, and some varieties of sienite.

3. Prussic. The prussic acid is a compound of kyanogen or cyanogen, prussic gas and hydrogen, and hence called hydrocyanic acid. It is one of the strongest poisons known.

The truly philosophical arrangement of the senses is a work yet to be performed. There is little or nothing of it in Johnson, and far less than we could desire in Dr. Webster. He does, indeed, profess to give what he regards the root-sense the priority, but we are not told whether the secondary senses, which follow, proceeded immediately from the root-sense, or from senses themselves derivative; nor have we, except in a few rare instances, any attempt at showing how the more modern senses grew out of the root-sense, or any other representation of the several species of which the root-sense is often the genus.

A want of acquaintance with early senses is frequently apparent. Thus of *apparel,* he does not seem to be aware, that as applied to dress, it is but a specific, the generic sense being the keeping any thing in nice order, as a house, a farm, and that it was so used in the time of Elizabeth. What we now call a *cannon,* is only one species of the old *cannon* which was used no longer ago than the time of James 1st., for the barrels of guns, pistols, &c., as well as for the greater pieces of ordnance. *Christen* was used in the sense of making Christian; and as applied to the baptism of infants, is but a specific. *Moment* was formerly a defined sub-division of the hour.

It cannot be supposed that we have examined every article in this large Dictionary; but in those which we have examined, we have seen reason in the main to admire the accuracy as well as the extent of Dr. Webster's acquaintance with the usage of terms. Even those which relate to peculiar institutions of England, the law-terms for instance, are explained as well as they could be by a native. The language of blazonry, we perceive, is little understood in America. We are told that the chief "represents a man's head." The ogress is not a cannon-ball; but this is nearer the truth than Gibbon's notion of the heraldric ogress, who very fairly confounds it with the ogresses of fairy-land.

VI. We proceed in the last place to speak of AUTHORITIES. There is in this respect a great difference between the Dictionary of Dr. Webster and that of Dr. Johnson. In the latter the senses are supported by a great array of authorities. They are selected from our great writers with admirable judgment. They are flowers of English literature set in this great garden of words; and if he who consults the Dictionary finds not always that of which he was in search, he can scarcely fail of being regaled with their fragrance, and delighted with their beauty. People have been heard to declare that they knew not a more entertaining book than Johnson's Dictionary. A valuable moral purpose is also answered; for the quotations often convey admirable instruction. The question is, whether they are in place in a work of lexicography; whether, as Dr. Webster asks, we need authorities for the use of the word *hand*. But Johnson amuses and instructs by his quotations under that word; and we profess that we should part with his authorities with regret.

It cannot, however, be denied that there are more than are required by the just exigencies of a dictionary. An authority, we think, should be given for every distinct sense; sometimes more than one; but to make a Dictionary complete, there should be at least one authority, or, if it be a word of speech, not of writing, it should be shown in what glossary it has been found.*

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* We can conceive of words being entitled to a place in a dictionary for which the authority of a great writer cannot be produced. And in fact there are many such. Terms of seamanship, for instance; terms of commerce; and some trivial words. The universal use, or the use by a great multitude of persons speaking the language, may be, in the eye of the philosopher a better authority than a single writer, however eminent; and we are quite sure that such a word as *sleut*, for instance, has a far better claim to admission than *noctivagation*, or Sir Thomas Brown's *discalceation*, though no written authority can perhaps be produced for it. The archaical terms preserved in speech, but scarcely ever found in writing, should all be collected. Something has been done by the compilers of provincial glossaries. The words found in the North of England have been collected by Willan, Brockett, Carr, Hunter, and others. Mr. Wilbraham has collected the Cheshire words; Mr. Forby and Major Moor the East-Anglian words; and Mr. Jennings those of Somerset. We wish there were more of these small and really entertaining volumes. The

Dr. Johnson is too abundant; but Dr. Webster, we think, is here defective. He has authorities, but they are sparingly given, and they are sometimes not found when they are most wanted.

Dr. Webster has retained some of Johnson's authorities; better could not easily be found. But the peculiar character of this Dictionary in the department of authorities is, that they are very frequently given from American writers. He writes with a patriotic feeling:—"I do not indeed expect to add celebrity to the names of Franklin, Washington, Adams, Jay, Madison, Marshall, Ramsay, Dwight, Smith, Trumbull, Hamilton, Belknap, Ames, Mason, Kent, Hare, Silliman, Cleaveland, Walsh, Irving" (why—why is Dr. Channing omitted?), "and many other Americans distinguished by their writings or by their science; but it is with pride and satisfaction that I can place them as authorities, on the same page with those of Boyle, Hooker, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Ray, Milner, Cowper, Davy, Thomson, and Jameson."—*Preface.* But if new authorities were to be sought, we would venture to suggest that the writings of Parr, and of Johnson himself, are remarkable for that precision in the use of words, which is most especially to be desired in a writer, whose sentences are to stand as authorities in a Dictionary; and that there are many noble sentences, full of eloquence and instruction, to be culled from the speeches and the writings of such men as Fox and Burke. Nor has England lately been without her bards.

There is another peculiarity in this department of Dr. Webster's work. He is for ever citing the received translation of the Scriptures as an authority for the meaning of words. This is good to a certain extent; but Dr. Webster appears occasionally to prejudge some of the most important questions in theology, and to sink the impartial philologist in the party-polemic.

We would suggest, that in the selection of authorities for a Dictionary, search should be made for passages in which we have a definition or a description of the word. There are many such dispersed through our best writers.

But the subject of English Lexicography is so extensive that many points must be left untouched. We hasten to conclude. The American edition of Dr. Webster's work is before us, and five parts out of the twelve which are intended, of the edition which is in the course of publication in England. The American edition is creditable to the press of that country, but we observe

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information contained in them will not be despised by the philologist, who knows that the perfection of his science, as of every other, depends upon the closeness and the accuracy of the observations.

with some surprise, that though they have Hebrew, Ethiopic, Arabic, and Persian types, the Gothic words and the Saxon words are printed in the common letter. We know not whether this arises from the want of proper types, or is designed; and if it is designed, the author is but complying with what is the wish of many persons in this country, who think that it would tend much to the encouragement of the study of the Saxon, and also of the Gothic, if they were printed in the Roman type. The opinion, however, of the majority of scholars in this country would incline to the retaining of the accustomed character, as is done in the English edition; and there could be no difficulty in obtaining any assistance here, at the hands of Mr. Taylor, whose press has been long celebrated for its correct production of works connected with the history and literature of our Saxon forefathers.

Not only is this improvement introduced; but the English edition is executed with great exactness; and the price at which the Numbers of this most useful and valuable work is delivered to the subscribers, is unusually moderate.

The English edition has the advantage of some MS. improvements by the hand of Dr. Webster. Thus, under the word *cannibal*, we find an addition, containing some curious information:—" This word is probably of Indian origin. Columbus, in his narration of his discoveries, mentions certain people called *canibals*; but in the Isles, he remarks, the natives lived in great fear of the *caribals*, or people of *Cariba*, called in Hispaniola, *carib*. Hence it seems that *canibal* and *caribee* are the same word differently pronounced." On the same page we have, under the word *canoe*, a valuable addition, in which is shown the first appearance of that Indian word in Europe.

The superintendence of the English edition is committed to Mr. Barker, of Thetford, and in better hands it could hardly be placed; for he is a man of immense industry; he has that accuracy of mind which generally accompanies eminent classical attainments; and he is possessed of very various erudition. He has interposed a few remarks to correct mis-apprehensions, or to supply that which was wanting. Thus, the word *columbine* in the theatrical sense, was omitted; and is supplied by Mr. Barker, with a valuable illustration of it. We would wish for more such. Mr. Barker promises an Appendix; but the intended contents of it are not stated in the Prospectus. Modern words in common use omitted;—the words in use by our best writers two centuries ago, and which are of genuine English descent, not admitted into the Dictionaries;—pedantic words used by scholars, which escaped the researches of Dr.

Johnson;—poetical compounds of the same character with those which are too freely, but improperly, admitted;—the words of art not yet admitted;—the relics of our antient language to be gathered from the glossaries of the provinces: all these, it seems to us, would be proper subjects for the Appendix; nor would a good collection of the genuine proverbs of the English nation, in which there may often be discerned philological peculiarities, be more out of its place than such a collection of Greek adages is as appended to the Greek Lexicons.

We have entered very fully into the examination of this work, because we regard it as one of a very important character; and amongst the effects of the extensive circulation of it in England, will be the reduction, in some degree, of the unreasonable prejudice in favour of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. But the critical student in our language will not find that his wishes are obtained, and his hope satisfied; but will still look forward to that happy hour, when he will behold in one great Thesaurus, the treasures of his native tongue laid up in lucid and beautiful order, with every thing of history belonging to it.

ART. V.—1. *Report from the Select Committees of the House of Commons on the Affairs of the East-India Company. China Trade.*—London. Parbury, Allen, & Co. 1830.

2. *Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee of both Houses of Parliament, appointed to enquire into the East-India Company's Affairs, and the Trade between Great Britain, the East-Indies, and China.*—London. Parbury, Allen, & Co. 1830.

THE publishers of the following remarks are practical men. In the management of their individual concerns, the only safe guides they ever found, were plain fact, physical and arithmetical proof, sober reason, and humble expediency; and they honestly confess their doubts, whether any others can be trusted to, in the more complicated affairs of societies and nations. Whatever may in the present times be the obloquy attached to it, they set theories and theorists at defiance; and mean to stand or fall by the rules of single and double entry, and the vulgar decision of a profit-and-loss account.

They are at the same time aware of the modifications, which on a subject so extensive as 'The Trade between Great Britain, the East-Indies, and China,' may arise out of the difference of climate, of religion, of domestic habits, and of progress in science and in the arts of common life. They are most ready to assent to the principle, that no fact should be acted on at home, till it has been ascertained in what degree its validity may be affected by the same circumstances which have given rise to the complicated structure of the Chinese alphabet, and the burning of widows at Benares. What is founded on partial examination must always be incomplete; and what is incomplete, can never be perfect. It is under the fullest impression of these truths, that the authors of the remarks bring forward,—as being in accordance with the whole of their experience, and uncontradicted, so far as their personal information has extended, by even a solitary exception,—the practical inference which follows. And that is, that *if in the prosecution of any commercial speculation, more is lost by those who lose, than is gained by those who gain, the speculation is a bad one upon the whole.* If indeed reasons could be shown, why those who gain *ought* to gain, though at the avowed expense of greater loss to those who lose,—as for example if it could be demonstrated, that the two parties belong, not to the same, but to different communities, so circumstanced that there is some allowed fitness and propriety in the one appropriating to itself the possessions of the other,—the question would assume another form. But till this plea is distinctly raised, there appears to be no necessity for combating it. The reasoning will therefore be confined to the ground above stated. It has been advanced with caution, and will be supported with moderation; and in particular, the most unbounded attention will be paid to any arguments which may be adduced to show, that the circumstances of the East-India Company are such as to constitute an exception to the rule.

'THE SELECT COMMITTEE appointed to inquire into the present state of the Affairs of the EAST-INDIA COMPANY, and into the Trade between *Great Britain*, the *East-Indies*, and *China*, and to report their Observations thereupon to the House; having from time to time reported the MINUTES of EVIDENCE, and having now closed that part of the inquiry which respects the CHINA TRADE, deem it expedient to place before the House a Summary of all the Evidence which has been taken upon that subject.'—*Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons.* p. 1.

The reason of the Committee's beginning at this particular part of their matter, which so far as may be gathered from the form in which it was laid before them was manifestly the end, is stated in the following paragraph:

'Your Committee directed their attention, in the first instance, to the papers relating to the finances of India, laid before the House in February last by the King's command; but having found it necessary to call for further statements, your Committee determined to proceed to an examination of the state of the trade with China, postponing, until that should be completed, their inquiry into the Company's finances.'—*p.* 1.

The effect of this untoward necessity, is to direct an increased interest to any particulars in which a connexion may be found between the China Trade and the finances of India. Nevertheless the Committee immediately return to a subject relating to Indian finance; and subjoin the following statement:

'The present report, therefore, will embrace only the CHINA TRADE; but as in the course of it there will frequently be occasion to use the term "Board's Rates of Exchange," it may be desirable so far to refer to the first day's Minutes of Evidence, which relate exclusively to financial matters, as to explain that phrase to mean, that in the plan for the separation of the territorial and commercial accounts of the Company, framed in obedience to the Act of the 53d Geo. III. c. 155, s. 64, the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India (contrary to the opinion of the Court of Directors) determined to use the old rates of exchange, according to which,

the Sicca Rupee is equivalent to 2*s.* 3*d.* ·84.
the Madras Rupee to 2*s.* 3*d.* ·408.
and the Bombay Rupee to 2*s.* 3*d.*

and which as they now materially exceed either the bullion par or the market exchange, have the effect of giving to the Indian territory a great advantage from the Company's trade, independently of any direct benefit which may accrue to it from the appropriation of the surplus profits of that trade, as prescribed in the 57th section of the Act of the 53d Geo. III. c. 155. It is however stated that, if that advantage had not been derived by the territory in this form, there would have been a corresponding increase of the surplus so to be appropriated.'—*p.* 2.

All parts of this paragraph are not equally lucid; but the object of the Committee appears to have been to impress upon their readers in the outset, that what is gained by the Company in the Chinese part of their concern, goes to support the Indian part; and that consequently the question for the British community is, whether the whole concern, Chinese and Indian together, is, as respects the community in general, an imposition or a benefit.

The evidence on the China Trade is classed under the following general heads, *viz.*

'The disposition of the Chinese in respect to Foreign Trade, and the mode in which their transactions with foreigners are conducted at Canton:

The state of the British trade with China, particularly of that in tea:

The mode in which the Company's sales of tea in England are conducted, and the effects of the laws which regulate the trade

in that article upon the Company and upon the public respectively:
The trade of the Americans and of other foreigners with China: and
The effects expected from the abolition of the Company's exclusive privilege.

Multifarious as are the topics referred to in the evidence, they may all be comprised under one or other of these divisions; while by adopting this simple arrangement, your Committee hope to bring before the House, without troubling it with unnecessary details, a clear and comprehensive summary of the information they have obtained, abstaining from the expression of any opinion.'—p. 3.

The last words are of importance; because they leave room for any latitude of comment upon the statements of the conflicting parties, without compromising the respect due to the Select Committee of the House.

The disposition of the Chinese in respect to foreign trade, and the mode in which their transactions with foreigners are conducted at Canton, are described as they are collected from the evidence. In which it is only requisite to substitute the words England and English for China and Chinese, with a few other occasional changes of local designations, to be struck with astonishment at the uniformity of nature's operations, and the similarity which exists among their effects in different quarters of the globe.

'The people of China are represented to be intelligent, industrious, and persevering; and although said to be in some measure independent of foreign trade, owing to their success in agriculture and to their extensive inland commerce, yet highly sensible of its value, and anxiously disposed to cultivate it [*What an extraordinary people*]. This disposition, indeed, is strikingly manifested in the Chinese settlers on the Eastern islands, whose object in emigrating is the accumulation of wealth with a view to returning into their own country [*how wonderful*], to which they have a strong attachment [*how peculiar*]; and a further proof of this spirit is to be found in the number of Chinese junks which frequent the various ports of the Archipelago [*Only think, — that Chinese junks should frequent the various ports of the Archipelago*].

'One witness has certainly said that the Chinese are "anti-commercial," [*Must get at the truth*]; but this term has been explained to apply, not so much to the disposition of the people as to that of the government [*Have they Corn-laws?*], whose policy, as it is stated, is adverse to foreign trade and to all foreigners, even though they [*the 'Order'*] are aware of the advantages derived [*by the people*] from that intercourse. Towards the English, it is by some apprehended, that there exist peculiar jealousy and distrust, arising from a knowledge of their territorial acquisitions and military achievements in India, especially those in Nepaul and Ava.

'The government of China derives from the foreign trade a revenue, estimated at the most at 650,000*l.* per annum, [*about the same as the English government derives from the tax on corn*], besides the advantage resulting from the patronage of Canton, said to be the most valuable in the empire, and to be sold by the government to the highest bidder. Hence it follows that *the local authorities are greatly interested in maintaining the trade*, which, from the same cause, is *subjected to heavy taxes and extortions.* The inhabitants also of Canton and its neighbourhood, as well as the numerous classes employed in the culture and manufacture of tea, have a deep interest in the trade [*meaning, probably, in what is left of it*], every interruption of which consequently causes great individual distress. [*The poor inhabitants of Canton and its neighbourhood! Think only of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Canton and its neighbourhood, if the rest of China should cry out for Free Trade.*]—p. 4.

The never-sufficiently-to-be-admired coincidences here displayed between what takes place in China and in other countries, can only be explained upon the principle which makes it credible that an apple falls in the gardens of Koo-yoong in the same manner as in those where Newton learned his theory.

'Tea, although cultivated in maritime districts, is brought chiefly to Canton through the interior, the government prohibiting it from being transported by sea in native vessels, [*moved evidently by a consciousness of the importance of the inland trade which is thus created. The Chinese were always our masters in internal policy.*], in which, however, in spite of that prohibition, tea is conveyed in considerable quantities [*it is astonishing how difficult smuggling is to repress, in the best regulated communities.*] to the Eastern Archipelago, and even to Canton.'

'Foreign ships are not permitted to trade at Canton until security is given to the government for the payment of its dues; which security also involves responsibility for the good conduct, and submission to the laws, of the ship's company. The only persons whom the government accepts as such security are the Hong merchants [*recollect, the Hong*], formerly ten in number, but reduced by bankruptcies to seven. These, with the exception of the senior, excused upon the ground of his numerous avocations, become security for the Company's ships in turn, the whole of the Company's trade being apportioned among the seven Hong merchants in shares.'—p. 6.

How the Hong maintain their numbers against the other accidents of life,—as for example, whether they are chosen by a house list, or are hereditary,—has not been clearly established by the evidence. It is stated, however, that at Christmas 1829,

'the Hong, generally, were in such a deplorable condition as to render necessary either " a radical change of system," [*so in the ori-*

ginal] or an increase in the number of Hong merchants. With a view to this object, a negotiation was commenced by the Select Committee with the local authorities; and advices have recently been received, dated the 23d of February and 2d of March last, announcing that this negotiation had led to the addition of three merchants to the Hong, and to the expression of a desire on the part of the Viceroy of Canton further to increase the number.'—p. 8.

An inference from this would be, that the Viceroy of Canton is the propagator of the Hong; and that his exertions may be stimulated by an application of the Select Committee. But the evidence is perhaps scarcely sufficiently direct, for the establishment of these points.

'The Hong merchants form the body through which the government of China permits the foreign trade to be carried on, allowing, however, other persons (designated in the evidence as "Outside Merchants" and "Shopmen") to trade with foreigners; but not in certain articles, such as tea, raw silk, cloths, and woollens, all of which are by the Chinese edicts reserved exclusively to the Hong merchants, they being responsible for the duties of the outside merchants.'

'The Hong merchants are by law mutually responsible for each other, to a limited amount; but that regulation does not appear to be always enforced.'

'No one is responsible for the debts of the outside merchants [*How ingenious; responsible for the duties, but not for the debts*], and traders are warned of this in official notifications.'—*p.* 7.

'The object of the Chinese government in their several regulations affecting foreign trade, is stated to be that that trade should be always within their own control. This would have been more completely secured than at present, had that government accomplished a plan, proposed in 1814, under the sanction of an imperial edict, for giving to two or three of the senior Hong merchants, as the agents of the government, an absolute power to fix prices. The attempt was resisted by the Company's Supercargoes, who, after having recourse to the measure (adopted usually by the Chinese when they have an object to attain) of stopping the trade, succeeded in defeating an arrangement which must have proved injurious to all foreigners in China.'—p. 9.

'Smuggling in various articles is carried on in China to an immense extent, and to the injury of the Hong merchants, who are never concerned in it. It takes place chiefly in the contraband article of opium, which is imported into China in country and American ships, and much of which is purchased at the Company's sales in India.'

'The Chinese government prohibits the use of opium upon a moral principle; but this prohibition, although frequently reiterated in imperial proclamations, is not only disregarded by the people, but also by the government officers, who appear systematically to connive at the smuggling of opium, and to derive a large profit from the bribes of the smugglers. The Company's servants in India and China are cognizant of the fact that the opium sold at their sales is conveyed to China, but they are expressly prohibited from having any dealings whatever in that article [*That is, the Company's servants grow opium with all their might for the China market, but they let others be the carriers, because the Chinese government has prohibited opium upon a moral principle*].—p 10.

So ends the report upon the disposition of the Chinese in respect to foreign trade, and the mode in which their transactions with foreigners are conducted at Canton. The representatives of the people have weighty duties; and a full consciousness of this must have been present, to enable the Members to have proceeded thus far as befitted the gravity of a Select Committee, without bursting into laughter at the solemn absurdities of the most absurd nation under the sun, always excepting the nation that copies them. Nothing but official dignity could have carried men through the examination of such an enormous farce. A government in China that restrains foreign trade, in order that it may collect a revenue of 650,000*l.* and sell the patronage of a single port to the highest bidder; and a government in England that does the same. Tea prohibited from being carried in the vessels that could carry it cheapest, in order that it may be carried in some other that shall be dearer. A *Hong* with pigtails, in Canton; and another without, in Leadenhall-Street. "Outside-merchants "and Shopmen" allowed to trade with foreigners, but not in certain articles, as tea, &c. which must be reserved for the Hong. Hongs, after all, 'in a deplorable condition.' Hongs never smuggle, because smuggling is 'to their injury.' Governments in both countries, much moved by 'moral principle.' Concluding question, this; whether if the Chinese should be found some morning to have sent the *Hong* to sea upon empty tea-chests, and to have conveyed their moral government canal-wise to the other side of the Great Wall, they would not have done the most sensible thing recorded in their history.

If there was not perpetual evidence at hand, it would be incredible and past the powers of human persuasion to establish, that men whose whole life is given to commerce,—who live and move and have their being in one continual round of experiments on the nature and consequences of trade and barter,—who are as sharp as hawks to the perception of any the smallest advantage or disadvantage in a negotiation with an individual antagonist, and as tenacious as ferrets to hold their gripe when they have got it,—it would be utterly incredible, that men like these should be completely baffled and unable to trace the fact, that every thing which is paid for at a higher price than need be paid for it, causes a simple loss of the difference in price to the consumer, in the same manner as if he was directed by his government to throw it into the sea; and that further all gain or advantage to the receiver of the dishonest price, is obtained by the equal loss and damage, first, of the "Outside merchants and Shopmen" who would have supplied the goods at an equitable price by a fair trade, and secondly, of those traders wherever they may be scattered, with whom the difference of price which is given for nothing to the monopolists, would have been laid out in something else. So that all restrictions of this nature do really amount to somebody robbing somebody; and not only one somebody, but three somebodies; to wit, first the consumer, and afterwards the two sets of individuals who ought to have traded with him in an honest way.* Manchester does not know this; Liverpool has not yet found it out; or Manchester and Liverpool would join the consumers in so loud a note, as should frighten all Hongs from the Mersey to Canton. The Americans are trading prosperously without a Hong, and carrying out the very goods to China which the Liverpool man may not; and all because the American has too much hold upon his government to allow himself to be hindered. No doubt there is in America disposition enough to make a Hong; but the American is able to resist it, and the Englishman is not.

Of the arguments brought forward on both sides (which are mustered by the Committee with an equanimity truly admirable), those which go to prove the evils that would result from the removal of the Hong in England, are in the main reducible to the apprehension that other people would not know how to leave off a trade when it was a bad one. The Hong wants to be a paternal government; and the infant simplicity of Liverpool is to travel in a go-cart under its direction. All these reasonings are met by the example of the Americans; who use their own legs, without being the worse for it.

One argument however demands notice apart; and it is connected with the reason which induced the Committee to begin with its business at the end. The profit of the Company upon the China trade for the last fifteen years, is stated to have amounted to nearly 17 millions of pounds sterling (*p.* 38). But in order to reconcile the consumer to this, he is told

> 'that these profits have afforded to the Company the means not only to pay the dividend upon the East-India stock, and the interest of the bond debt (the latter of which however, it is contended, should not be charged on the commerce of the Company), but also

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* See the Art. on Free Trade, in No. XXIII.

of materially aiding the finances of the Indian territory, which are said to be in such a situation as to render that assistance necessary.'—*p.* 38.

The whole of which being analyzed amounts to a representation, that if the Hong have a good trade in one place by the loss and damage of the community, they have a bad one in another, which neither does good to themselves nor the community, by the token that it does not pay its own expenses. And therefore the Hong argue, that they have the ingenuity to tack these two trades together, and that a trade by which the community loses, and a trade by which nothing is gained, in conjunction make a benefit. And this brings on the inquiry, of what is the good of India;—who gains by it, and how. For the Hong have demonstrated, and with some success, that they do not pocket the profits of the China trade directly, but pour them into the great mash-tub of India. Who then profits by India? And here the secret is found to be, that the residents in India, and those who accumulate fortunes there to bring home, are an offset supported in the main by a land-tax screwed to the extent of taking away all property in the soil from the natives of the country, but still unable to make both ends meet, without taking seventeen millions in fifteen years from the consumers of tea in England to aid. The Hong therefore gain, not directly but indirectly. Those of them who have returned with fortunes from India, have for their share the fortunes they have made, or such part as has come out of the tea-pots of Great Britain and been thence transferred to Indian account. And these and the others, have moreover all that is drawn, had, and received, by their kin, clan, and connexions, who may in any shape make part of the great out-lying detachment; so far at least, as what a man has the power of giving to his connexions, may be justly said to be given to himself. Here then is the ultimatum of the process; a general officer in India wears a coat paid for by the half-pence of English washerwomen, and the judge and magistrate's palanquin is borne by the sinews of the operative whose soul aspires to tea. It is part and parcel of the general plot, by which the aristocracy of England are to be supported by the commonalty. They dare not take it from them directly; they dare not take it without the trouble of going to China or India to fetch it. But they *do* take it; and trust to the hocus-pocus of the circuit, for the concealment of the fact. An individual may get his living very honestly in India or China, and so far as his insulated conduct has been concerned may have hardly earned the competency he brings home. But that does not make it honest, that washerwomen in England should be robbed to enable gentlemen to bring home competencies from abroad. But so it is; the government has been given up to the higher classes; clergy, lawyers, squires, and till of late years every man who wore a good pair of small-clothes, have joined their efforts on one single point, which was, to persuade the industrious that they had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. And the consequence has been, that in one shape or other, and under various degrees of transfusion, modification, perplexity, puzzle, and circuitousness, the industrious classes have been saddled with the keep and maintenance of those which have been the law-makers; the oppressive classes all the time keeping up an outcry of danger to property, while behind it they were organizing the means of taking every body's property themselves. One set of men is to be maintained in the East, and another in the West; and by an avowed and specific rule, no man is to be admitted into the house of representatives, unless he can prove that he has a personal interest in supporting the great injustice of all, the maintenance of the landlords by a tax on bread. The people of this country know perfectly the situation in which they are; and the knowledge is not confined to the weak and ignorant who may be injured with impunity. The men who are now coming forward with a demand for justice, are not the poor imps who may be cut to pieces by yeomanry and a bill of indemnity be passed the week after; but they are the men of one thousand a year who ought to be men of two. They are the *Garde Bourgeoise* of the society; and if they stand by the others, it will be hard if they do not make themselves attended to. Learned lords may well say there is a glut of manufactures; when there is a law to prevent them from being sold for what is wanted in return. The manufacturing and trading interests are nearly extinct by act of parliament; for the greatest part of what go by those names, are only pumps to pump out the moisture of the industrious classes, and pour it into the vessels of the favoured few. Commercial polity is one matted fraud; a *plica polonica* of intertwisted wrongs, in which nothing is palpable but that the patient pays for all. But the end is at hand; the government has acknowledged the necessity for amendment, and the injured masses are halted to see what measures it pursues. If the present men do nothing, somebody else will. After all that has been said in scorn, the march of intellect will be too strong for the oppressors; and political economy will be the stripling to lay the hands of the eyeless giant upon the pillars of their pride.

Art. VI.—1. *George IV., Memoirs of his Life and Reign, &c.* By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. London. Treuttel and Würtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter. London. 1830.

2.—*Life and Times of George IV, &c.* By the Rev. Geo. Croly, A. M. James Duncan. London. 1830.

OF the above compilations the first is an unpretending narration, composed chiefly of newspaper details of birthday balls, and levees, reviews, processions, and other pageants, interspersed with notices of the birth of one royal person, the death of another, and meagre accounts of various political events, that took place in the late King's life. The second work is ambitiously written. The author assumes a very high tone, and evidently considers himself a very fine writer. His production, however, and that of his more modest compeer, are both below mediocrity. We dismiss them, therefore, without further comment as to their general merits.

The purpose of the present article is to attempt an estimation of the character of George IV; to learn what that character really was, and the degree of respect to which it is properly entitled. An inquiry into the manner by which his character, whatever it may have been, was produced, forms no part of our present plan: that inquiry is connected with questions of high political importance, which cannot be discussed in the form of incidental topics. Let us learn what the man's character was, and leave it to others to determine whether it be wise to place a human being in a situation which will almost necessarily produce it.

It must be carefully kept in mind, that the object proposed is to estimate the character of George IV., and not George IV. himself. It is one thing to form our judgment of the man, it is another to determine whether the class of mind, intellectual and moral which he possessed, was such as it were desirable that all men should possess. The latter is the object now in view.

It is obvious that no judgment as to a man's character can be framed without reference to his acts; we must, therefore, discuss the acts of the late King, and names must be employed to distinguish the degree of praise or blame to which they are entitled.—It must be recollected, however, that these names are used to characterize the acts, and are not used as applicable to the individual who performed them. To determine in what degree he deserves approbation or reproach in consequence of having performed them, is another, and totally distinct consideration, which we at present are not called upon to entertain.

A man who by his situation is called into public life, has of necessity a public and a private character; an estimate of his character as a whole must be framed on a consideration of both the one portion and the other. It will be requisite, therefore, in discussing that of the late King, to view him in his private life, and in his official capacity.

In the performance of this task, the late King will be considered as completely matter of history. The opinions about to be expressed, will be stated with the same freedom and unreserve, as would be observed were a despotic Henry, or a crapulous Charles the subject of observation. The late King, as much as they, has now become the legitimate theme of the historian; and respecting him, as respecting every other historical personage, truth and freedom of speech are undeserving of reproach. If it be requisite, that the history of mankind should be correctly told, it is absolutely necessary that contemporaneous history and contemporaneous opinions should exist; and also, that such history should be complete, and such opinions unreserved. We must not await till time shall have effaced all traces of those minute but important events, the history of which is whispered from one man to another; but which few are bold enough to write. If it be wished that history should be the faithful chronicle of the times, these fleeting evidences should be seized on, and the various opinions which resulted from them, should also be eagerly sought after. It is well known, that contemporaneous opinions respecting the character of public men are often founded on evidence not to be found in books; but which lives in conversation alone. It is also known, that in the vast majority of instances, such opinions are well founded, though not apparently justified by those acts which are consigned to written records. Every contemporary opinion is a piece of evidence—and as such ought freely to be admitted. Who is there that does not desire that such opinions could be obtained respecting every character which has influenced in any degree the destinies of mankind? Who is there, that does not, for example, deem the private letters of Cicero, the most important fragment of Roman History? And why, but because they are the undisguised opinions of a contemporary? To make such opinions, and contemporary history to the greatest degree trustworthy, perfect license ought to be permitted, and unreserved discussion willingly allowed. Moreover, the characters of public persons, persons intrusted with power over mankind, are of right the property of mankind.

Intrusted with command, and calling on the people to obey and respect them, they should be fully open to public animadversion, so that men should know those in whom they have confided, and should thoroughly understand the worth for which their respect is demanded. At no time is such animadversion so desirable, as when based upon the fullest evidence: at no time can evidence so complete be obtained, as during the lives of living witnesses. If these observations be correct, and if the character of the late King is at any period to be discussed, this above all others is the period for thoroughly investigating it. Acting on this opinion, we proceed to our task without further observations on the perfect unreserve with which it will be performed.

The King's first appearance in the world of fashion was in the character of a lover. At the age of eighteen, in the very flush of boyhood, with all the warm feelings he ever possessed, then it may be supposed in their very spring-tide, he became enamoured, or fancied himself enamoured of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Robinson. As this transaction is remarkable on many accounts, it deserves to be particularly described.

Mrs. Robinson, as is well known, was a handsome and talented actress. Her husband being unwilling, or unable to provide for her, she was compelled to obtain her own livelihood; young and inexperienced, she went upon the stage, to be assailed by every temptation which wealth and art could command. She, more than other women, was destined to a trying ordeal. The Prince of Wales saw and admired her; but being a sort of prisoner at Kew, could not sue in person. A Prince of Wales, however, has means beyond most men; he obtained as his go-betweens Lord Malden, and, as is sometimes asserted, the celebrated Charles James Fox. These persons were of such supereminent loyalty, that they deemed it their duty to pander to the appetites of the Heir Apparent. Having full powers to treat, they entered into negotiations with the lady, who, captivated by the glittering prize held out to her, in due form and time acceded to the wishes of her royal lover as expressed by his right honourable diplomatists. The connexion continued, till the Prince grew tired; he then cast off the woman of whom he had deemed himself so rapturously enamoured, without explanation, and with insult, almost amounting to brutality. He left her without a provision, till one was actually wrung from him; and even then the small stipend nominally allowed, was never regularly paid.

This transaction gave earnest of a character which the King's after-life but too well verified.

At an age when generous feelings are usually predominant, we find him absorbed by an all-engrossing selfishness; not merely careless of the feelings of .others, but indulging in wanton cruelty. The forming such a connexion was not then, is not now, deemed in the class to which he belonged, any other than a very venial offence: no inference, therefore, can be drawn from its existence, which necessarily would lead to an unfavourable opinion respecting the tone and character of his mind. But what can be said of the state of that man's mind, who in youth can be cruelly insulting to the first object of his affections? The connexion between the Prince and Mrs. Robinson had been attended with some degree of romance—it took not the character of coarse sensuality. The parties were young—they were educated; elegant in their tastes—and on one side at least, perhaps on both, there was much personal beauty. All these things tended to make the affair one rather of sentiment than mere animal passion. Allowing that these connexions are from their nature doomed to be short-lived; attaching no blame to the Prince for changing his mind, and growing tired of his beloved; what mode we ask would have been adopted by one of generous feeling, one alive to the pains and pleasures of others, to break off this connexion? There is no man of a refined, delicate, and generous mind, who can regard without peculiar and strong emotion the woman with whom he first fancied himself in love. Let his love wear away, let him even become attached to another, still this first emotion has left traces in his mind, which time and succeeding emotions cannot efface. We may suppose, then, that a man endued with such feelings, would be careful, although the first fervour of his love were abated, so to put an end to the connexion, that no unnecessary pain should be inflicted on her who had once been the object of his affections and the loved participator in his most exquisite delights—he would be solicitous to soften the misery of separation; to soothe her wounded self-love; to allay the bitterness of disappointed hope—and above all he would have endeavoured to shield her from want hereafter. A generous-hearted boy would have done this—and we should have augured well of the future man in consequence of such kindness. But he who when the fit was over insulted his poor mistress—who concentrating his considerations wholly on himself forgot her and her wants—who without a thought, without a pang, let her fall from affluence to poverty—who when his own purpose was obtained, without explanation, with brutal abruptness left her at once and for ever—he who does this, and does it being yet a very boy, gives earnest of a heartless, selfish, reckless man. It will be hereafter seen if the sequel belied the commencement.

We cannot here avoid remarking on another portion of this affair. England is the land of decorum; her high places are the abodes and fastnesses of supereminent and canting decency and religion. They who are dissatisfied with the constitution of this country, are overwhelmed with every epithet which our language affords, expressive of an absence of decency, of an absence of good taste, of an absence of religion. We beg to ask what in the highest classes of society in this country, what among our well-conditioned prelates, among our elegant and delicate and high-bred women, our high-minded and independent gentry, was, and is, the feeling with respect to the part which Lord Malden and Mr. Fox are reported to have taken in this affair? We are told of the dreadful effects of republican and levelling institutions—one effect is usually forgotten, (perhaps not forgotten, though never specified) the higher classes would in virtue be raised to the level of the other portions of the community. Does any one believe, that in republican America a great statesman and a senator could be found to play the pander for any young man? There are many who would rank the name of Fox with that of Washington and Jefferson. Is there any one who for an instant, without shame at the libel his thoughts implied, could fancy Washington or Jefferson degraded to the occupation of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox? But where is it that such degradation flourishes, where is it that this outrage against decorum, against the outward doctrines of morality, of religion, is permitted, nay sanctioned? Why in England: amidst the most decorous classes, and by the censorious aristocracy themselves. The Reverend biographer of the late King has totally omitted any mention of this proceeding—his mind was of too delicate a class to be employed in relating "those early errors into which he (the King) was drawn by the strong temptations that beset a Prince."—Such are his notions respecting the duty of an historian! Would the same delicacy have been displayed, had the subject of his memoirs been less than a Prince; had he been marked out for vituperation, instead of fulsome eulogy? Such, however, is the convenient mode by which in this decorous land, offences against all the canons of their morality, when committed by the powerful, are glossed over and forgotten: the foremost in the ranks of the worldly-wise censors being usually some godly son of the established church.

The next circumstance which calls for consideration, as indicative of the general character of the late King's mind, is the conduct he pursued on his marriage. For the better understanding the moral of this affair, it is requisite to consider the various parties as private individuals; to judge them by the rules we should employ in estimating the conduct of persons of our own condition in life. So long as they are placed at a distance, and invested with the trappings of royalty, we shall be led involuntarily to consider them a different order of beings, endowed with different feelings, and subject to different laws from those which we ourselves acknowledge. Let us then suppose a young man in ordinary life indulging in every species of extravagance, and so pressed by his debts, as to be ready to take any desperate course to escape from them. He applies to his father for assistance. The father's answer is, "marry, and you shall be freed from your difficulties." At this period the young man, besides other indulgences, permits himself the luxury of two mistresses. In spite of the blandishments of these ladies, in spite of the love of what he terms liberty, the debts drive him to marriage. A wife is found and proposed to him—he accepts her. She is young, a stranger; about to be separated from her family, and to confide herself and her happiness to the guardianship of one whom she supposes to be a high-minded gentleman. It is requisite that this young and comparatively helpless stranger should be escorted to the house of her future husband, and that when there, she should have a number of female attendants. What would be said of any man in private life, who should choose for the escort of his bride one of his former mistresses; who should place that mistress as an attendant on his young wife; should point her out as a sort of instructress in the ways of her newly-acquired country? Besides having one mistress under the same roof with his wife, besides placing that mistress at his wife's table, he renews his former connexion with his second mistress, provides her with a splendid establishment, and for this second mistress completely separates himself within a few months after his marriage from the poor young woman, whom for his own selfish purposes he had made his wife. He does this on no pretext, but that of his own wishes. He does it openly and totally regardless of the misery he creates in the bosom of his innocent and cruelly-neglected wife. Now let it be remarked that any man who had acted thus in private life would have been hooted out of society, while there are few epithets expressive of disgust and abhorrence, that would not have been used to characterize his conduct. It is customary to admit without dispute the claim that is generally made to politeness, as a quality peculiarly remarkable in the character of the late King. They who make the claim, and they who admit it, seem to have strange opinions on the subject of politeness. If the term be used merely to signify grace in making a bow, knowledge of the petty observances in fashionable life which mean nothing, but are employed only as a species of free-masonry to distinguish those who belong to the class, possibly, though here we are inclined to doubt, the King might have been polite[*]—but if by politeness is meant carefulness to render one another happy, in as far as petty observances and little services in society permit, if we mean watchfulness not to wound the feelings of others, an ever-wakeful desire to lend an aid to those who need it, to shield the weak, to gratify the wishes, to study the convenience, and to soothe the petty misfortunes of others, in short if by politeness is intended a wish to make, and the making, the intercourse of life in as far as we are able a means of happiness, then it may be boldly asserted that the late King was not polite. To be polite in this sense, a man must to a great degree cease to be selfish, but no act of the King's life seems to have been guided by any principle but that of self-gratification—and to such lengths did this principle lead him, that in boyhood it made him brutal to his mistress; in manhood forgetful even of common decency to his wife. One of the grand tests ordinarily used to distinguish a polite and courteous gentleman is his treatment of women. But it is not merely in mannerly courtesy that he is distinguished—a thousand observances of idle respect and mocking deference will not atone for one insult, one act of ungenerous wanton forgetfulness. What artificial courtesy could so well distinguish the character of a man's mind, could so well lay bare his real feelings, and mark the worth of his so-styled polite observance, as the cruel insult, nay brutality of making a strumpet the companion of his wife? 'Tis strange that such things should be before the public, and at the same time, that nauseous panegyrics respecting the "finest gentleman in Europe" should be a moment tolerated. Excusing for an instant his neglect of his wife, excusing his making her a sacrifice to his convenience, excusing his having two mistresses and his not discarding those mistresses, but superadding a wife to his establishment—waiving all mention of these grave delinquencies, why, it may be asked not treat that wife with decent respect? Why make his house a brothel, and put his young wife into it?* Why, if his own extravagancies led him to marry, should he make his wife bear all the inconveniences and miseries of the union.—A generous man would have said, "my own folly has led to this painful situation—it is but just, therefore, that I should bear the burthen—the union is not agreeable to me, but nevertheless I alone ought to suffer the misery resulting from it, thus paying the price of my own folly and extravagance. Others, and those innocent, ought not to be punished for my misdeeds." He would consequently have lived in harmony with his wife and behaved to her with kindness and respect. If his love for his mistress had been too strong to be resisted, one commonly careful, one but ordinarily alive to the feelings of others—would at least have practised secrecy and decorum in the illicit connexion: thus shielding his poor wife from the misery of knowing his criminal faithlessness. But no, such was not the mode in which the Prince was accustomed to reason. Self was his god, and self alone he worshipped. It was convenient to have his mistress in his own house, therefore he had her there. It would have required care and some little trouble to have practised secrecy, therefore he blazoned his neglect. It was gratifying to his vanity to have a dashing establishment for his second mistress, Mrs. Fitzherbert—therefore he had one. But let any father put the question to himself—"what would be my feelings if my daughter were treated thus? What should I say of him, being of my own rank in life, who thus cruelly neglected and wantonly insulted her?" If the conduct be revolting in private life, by what art can it be extenuated, when the parties are a Prince and Princess. If the daughter of a private gentleman, if the daughter of a peasant would be sheltered from such treatment by the indignant voice of public opinion, is there any reason why the daughter of a Duke should not be equally defended. If the rude hind, who should have been equally reckless in his behaviour, would have been visited by the execration of his people, what is the circumstance which exonerates the conduct of a Prince from equal animadversion?

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[*] Mon éventail resta hier une grande seconde à terre, sans qu'il s' élancât du bout de la chambre, comme pour le retirer du feu." Rousseau, in a note to this passage, says, "à Paris on se pique sur-tout de rendre la société commode et facile, et c'est dans une foule de regles de cette importance qu'on y fait consister cette facilité. Tout est usages et loix dans la bonne compagnie. Tous ces usages. naissent et passent comme un éclair. Le savoir vivre consiste à se tenir toujours au guet, à les saisir au passage, à les affecter, à montrer qu'on sait celui du jour. Le tout pour être simple. *La Nouvelle Heloise*, iv. Part. Lettre ix.

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* Even the Reverend Mr. Croly is obliged to allow the truth of these statements; merely stating with his usual foppery of language, that "the royal marriage was inauspicious: and it was soon rumored that the disagreements of habits and temper on both sides, were too strong to give any hope of their being reconciled." [p. 260.] Doubtless the *habits* of the Princess had not been prepared for the admission into her house of one mistress of her husband, and for the constant visits of her husband to the other. It may be conceived that her temper was ruffled by such proceedings. But it was not *her* habits that were wrong, nor *her* temper that was of an improper description, though the reverend personage would insinuate as much: allowing, nevertheless in the very next paragraph, that the charges respecting Lady Jersey must be considered as correct. It is an instructive sight, to behold how the historian of a King can get over royal delinquencies.

Amidst these grave evidences of an all-absorbing selfishness, another may be adduced of an equally striking, though much lighter character. The evil here fell indeed upon an insect, a court beau, and thus it is difficult to feel much sympathy with the sufferer; still it is instructive to remark the nature of him who could treat even an insect thus cruelly. We allude to the well-known story of beau Brummell. Brummell had been the Prince's favourite, he lived upon his royal patron's smiles—had been indulged by him, had been privileged to use many familiarities, and enjoyed much the same sort of license as that allowed in earlier time to the royal fool. In an evil hour, the beau trespassed beyond the mystic boundary with which his patron chose to be surrounded; and was for ever banished from the royal presence There is something inexpressibly little in this mighty, long-enduring anger of the Prince of Wales. It shews however the character of his mind, and his exquisite sensibility when he himself was concerned.* The silly courtier had said, "Wales, ring the bell." The royal Prince's dignity was so injured by this sally, that forgiveness was impossible. The same man who without scruple had subjected his wife to the insult of having her husband's mistress at her own table, felt himself wounded to the soul when a poor parasite became too familiar. A few months since, the newspapers announced with becoming eulogy, that the King hearing that Brummell was starving on the continent, made him consul for some foreign port. This was mentioned as an amiable trait. "The King it was said "does not forget old friends" Thus is the name of friendship prostituted! For a trifling folly you chase your friend from your presence—you forget his very existence for something approaching to a quarter of a century, and then by accident hearing that he was starving, you give him two hundred a year out of the pockets of the people, for filling a situation, the duties of which he is totally unfit to perform!

The fate of Sheridan is another exemplification of the character of the King's friendship. While of service, Sheridan was the friend of the Prince; when the Prince became Regent, Sheridan was no longer of use, therefore he was discarded. He was now no longer needed to fight the battles of His Royal Highness in Parliament, since money was to be obtained in a different way than by opposing the Ministry. Besides, to get rid of Whig associates now became desirable. As is well known, the Prince did get rid of them without scruple; his former connexions were cast off and totally forgotten. Among these the case of Sheridan was peculiar. He had been the *private* as well as the public friend of the Prince: he had laboured for him in his most intimate concerns; he had been intrusted in the most delicate and difficult private negotiations, and had proved himself a steady, and, to the Prince, an honest adherent. Yet this man, thus tried, was discarded without a pang, without a scruple, when no longer needed by the Prince, who "never forgot old friends." Let it not be supposed that any apology is here offered for Sheridan. His character is indeed no subject of admiration: the public voice has long since consigned it to a merited obloquy. But for the Prince this is no excuse: to him, Sheridan had been a faithful friend, and had claims which a generous spirit could never have forgotten. The punishment inflicted upon Sheridan, was such as all men deserve who make personal considerations the guide of their political career. He who inflicted that punishment, however, is entitled to no applause, but adds another stain to his tarnished reputation even by the very good he effected.

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* The haughty, overbearing *exigeant* behaviour of the Prince in private life, makes Mirabeau's sarcastic description of the Duke of York, applicable to his brother. "Pour moi je lui trouve toute l'allure d'un prince allemand doublé d'insolence anglaise, mais depourvue de la libre cordialité de cette nation."

These instances of selfishness, and flagrant opposition to the dictates of common decency, are usually *avoided* (to use a law phrase) by declarations respecting the general spirit of benevolence which characterized the late King: his spirit of benevolence being inferred from the numerous acts of public charity which he is known to have performed.

To judge correctly of a man's benevolence, it is necessary to know the amount of the sacrifice of personal advantage induced by the charitable act. A person of very moderate means, sees a case of distress and is desirous of relieving it. His moderate means restrain him: to carry into effect his charitable wishes, he must not only forego many pleasures, but absolute necessaries. In spite of the great sacrifice of personal convenience and comfort, he relieves the distress: this is evidence of great benevolence of spirit. One twenty times as rich as he sees the same object; out of his carriage window, without one atom of sacrifice, he throws twice the sum given by his poor benevolent neighbour. Is he twice as benevolent? Can we conclude that he is benevolent but in a very moderate degree from this act? So with His Majesty's donations. He sends a thousand pounds to the poor weavers at Spitalfields. The act is extolled to the skies: but does any one believe that the King sacrificed ought by this act of ostentatious charity? Did one wish go ungratified in consequence? Did one bauble go unpurchased? Was one idle whim unsatisfied? Was there a statue less on Buckingham-house? A facing the less on the dress of the guards? A racehorse the less in the royal stables? We know well there was none of this. Where, then, was the charity? During the late King's life, the people of this country, at various periods, suffered grievously from want. Thousands died of starvation, and millions lingered out their lives in hopeless, direful penury. Much of this want was supposed to arise from the wasteful extravagances of the government. Did the Prince unnecessarily increase an already lavish expenditure, or did he, guided by that spirit of benevolence so vehemently insisted on, diminish in as far as his personal expenditure was concerned, the sum torn from the people? The answer to this question will be found highly instructive.

From July 1783 to July 1786, the sums expended by the Prince were as follows:—

Debts.		*Expenses paid.*	
Bonds and Debts ..	£13,000	Household, &c. ..	£29,277
Purchase of horses ..	4,000	Privy Purse	16,050
Expenses of Carlton House	53,000	Payments made by Col. Hotham	37,203
Tradesmen's bills	90,804	Other Extraordinaries ..	11,406
	160,804	Salaries	54,734
		Stables	37,919
		Mr. Robinson's	7,059
			193,648

Total £354,452.

In three years he thus expended 160,804*l.* more than his income. When his first establishment was formed, 50,000*l.* per annum were allowed him, besides the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, amounting to 13,000*l.* per annum, and 100,000*l.* for outfit. This was not sufficient: 160,000*l.* was in three years added in the shape of debts. This would suffice to make many displays of charity, even at the rate of that so generously bestowed on the Spitalfields' weavers. There is yet more to be added: the King, his father, after the year 1783, granted him 10,000*l.* per annum in addition to his income. In spite of this, in 1795, on his marriage, came forth another estimate of debts amounting to the enormous sum of 642,890*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.* The spirit of benevolence must have been weak in the royal breast, since it permitted the Prince to wring from a suffering people this extraordinary expenditure, to be lavished in worthless amusements, in degrading pursuits, and often criminal indulgences. What could he, what did he offer in return for this extravagant waste? What benefit did he produce? What service did he render? Had he ought in his own bosom to justify this flinging away of other men's wealth; could he say, I have done this good, I have performed that service—I am being paid for my labours, am enjoying the reward of the many good deeds I have performed for my country? Truth would have held another language: she would have bade him say—" I am a burthen to the people: at their hands I deserve nothing. I am an idler, a spendthrift, a follower after debasing pleasures; my hours are spent in riot and debauchery, in drinking, in horse-racing, in visiting prize-fights, in gaming; I spend what I have never earned; I am lavish of other men's gains; and, careless of their misery, indulge in wild and reckless extravagance." " Quæ Charybdis tam vorax? Charybdin dico? quæ si fuit, fuit animal unum; Oceanus (medius fidius) vix videretur tot res * * * tam cito absorbere potuisse. Nihil erat clausum, nihil obsignatum, nihil scriptum. Apothecæ totæ nequissimis hominibus condonabantur: alia mimi rapiebant, alia mimæ; domus erat aleatoribus reperta, plena ebriorum: totos dies potabatur, atque id locis pluribus: suggerebantur etiam sæpe (non enim semper ipse felix) damna aleatoria. * * * Quamobrem desinite mirari hæc tam celeriter esse consumta. Non modo unius patrimonium, quamvis amplum (ut illud fuit) sed urbes, et regna, celeriter tanta nequitia devorare potuisset."

Hitherto the character that we are examining has offered few attractive qualities. The sequel if possible is of a still graver complexion.

The passion of the Prince for horse-racing led to exceedingly disagreeable results: in consequence of certain transactions respecting a race in which he was concerned, he thought fit to retire from the turf; other versions of the same story, say that he was expelled. The reverend biographer of his Majesty touches this affair with a very delicate hand; making the dispute arise solely out of the conduct of a jockey, and describing the Prince as indignantly retiring in consequence of the ill-treatment of his servant. Other accounts give a different complexion to the matter. The jockey was accused of fraud of some sort, and whatever the imputation was, it extended also to the jockey's master. Rumour says, that on the night previous to the race some person obtained an entrance to the stable of the favourite, and gave him a pail of water. The horse in consequence lost the race. The Jockey Club, whatever might have been the offence, decided against the jockey, and it is often asserted, cast blame at the same time upon the Prince. It is well known that the Prince was openly insulted in consequence of this transaction, a threat being expressed that his rank alone shielded him from personal chastisement. That the Prince was suspected by some of being a participator in the fraud is certain, that such suspicion was openly avowed is equally certain.—It is reported, though for the truth of the report we would not pledge ourselves, that the Prince was expelled in consequence from the Jockey Club. A slur was evidently cast upon his character, which neither he nor others have even yet effaced. Retiring in indignation was no satisfactory answer—men seldom flying to their dignity for support, till most other defences have failed.

The public papers teemed with accounts of the transaction, and the following extracts from letters and pamphlets of the time, mark that an opinion was abroad unfavorable to His Royal Highness. In a letter published in the "World," December, 1791, the writer says, "It was he ALONE who absorbed the guilt and infamy of the transaction; he alone sustains the odium; for his situation in life deprives him of the poor and sorry consolation of an associate in the crime laid to his charge. Were there a thousand accessaries he would eclipse them all: he alone would be considered as the principal, and stand alone exposed to public censure and derision; for who among the most necessitous and profligate of his pretended friends would have presumed to suggest so foul, so iniquitous, an expedient; and he that gave that advice will he have the effrontery to avow it? I am positive he will not, though it were to screen the deluded youth from reproach and ignominy. The fraud was no sooner committed, than it blazed forth in all its turpitude: vice felt herself honoured by the audacity, as well as by the atrociousness of the trick, and gloried in what has been matter of profound grief and astonishment to every virtuous mind in the kingdom. It was at first imagined, that the splendor of rank would have dazzled the million, and afforded a shield to the dignified perpetrator: those who counted upon this security, paid but an ill compliment to the morals of the nation. These *gentry* (meaning the turf associates of the Prince) have since been taught that the morals and manners of the people are not to be violated with impunity. They have found that even the public prints, whose mistaken lenity has hitherto spared their persons and their crimes, disdained a criminal taciturnity upon the occasion, and demonstrated their patriotism by stigmatising what they justly considered a dishonour to the country. Their zeal and their clamour appear to have penetrated into the very sanctorum of turf-swindling, and to have frightened even the stoutest of the Banditti.

"A mean and pitiful request was made in a succession of anonymous paragraphs, that the public would suspend their judgment until a certain club, or combination of men, gave their report."

This club was the Jockey Club, and they gave their report against the Prince; thus affixing on him the accusation, that he was participant in the fraud. A groom was made to swear before a magistrate respecting the affair, and a species of defence set up, upon which the above-quoted writer declares, that "the story, so far from being elucidated, seems by this lame and nameless defence, to be more than ever perplexed; so far from being brought into the clear and brilliant atmosphere of truth, it seems to be more envelloped than ever in dark and sulphurous clouds which blacken even to the complexion of Erebus the hapless object whom it is pretended to bleach and purify." And as to the testimony of the groom he observes, "I think it was indecent if not dangerous, to make the character of one of the most elevated men in the kingdom depend solely on the credit, which may or may not be given to the testimony of a man in one of the very lowest and certainly least honourable occupations in life, (he was jockey as well as groom), and who *being unfortunately, though no doubt undeservedly, involved in the same censure that affects his royal master*, will find it difficult to escape suspicion." In another portion of the same collection it is said, "It was with a view to reclaim his royal highness from bad company, that the letter signed Neptune was addressed to him in 1784, and when at the distance of seven years the scandalous adventure at Newmarket proved that admonitions were without effect, when it appeared that bad habits and bad examples had taken strong and deep root in a mind, on the purity of which the fate of millions might hereafter depend, it was surely justifiable in the writer who signs himself Legion to expose in all the severity of language, a conduct, in which guilt and meanness disputing the superiority aimed at depriving the nation of its fairest hopes and promises."* Mr. Croly's account of this transaction would not lead any one to suspect that suspicion had attached to the Prince. He, like a loyal person, and a sincere lover of agreeable truth, leaves out every thing not favorable to his royal idol. The next time he attempts to become an historian, it would be well if he altered his conduct. Let him attempt to write a true history: with some pains he may probably succeed.

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* See "A Letter to the Prince of Wales on a second application to Parliament to discharge debts *wantonly* contracted, since May 1787," the fifth edition of which may be found in the British Museum, under the title here given. The reader who is inclined to the task, would do well to look also at a work published in 1792, styled "The Jockey Club, or a sketch of the

One other instance of want of faith on the part of the Prince, is as flagrant as the one already mentioned, and more strongly evidenced. Of his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, there is now no doubt. Though this fact be perfectly notorious no surprise needs be excited by the bold assertion of Mr. Croly to the contrary. A bold denial of an evident truth, being by certain classes of persons deemed judicious policy. Mr. Fox and the party of which he was the head had painful reasons to know that the accusations respecting this piece of imprudence were but too well founded.

When the Prince applied to Parliament for money to pay his debts, Mr. Pitt endeavoured to frighten off the claimant, by threatening to make his marriage public. At this time Mr. Fox was ignorant of the exceedingly injudicious conduct of the Prince. Mr. Pitt's threat led him to inquire of the Prince, and to ask what course was to be pursued. Upon the assurance of his royal highness he came down to the house, and boldly denied the marriage. "His royal highness had authorized him to declare, that as a peer of parliament he was ready in the other house, to submit to any the most pointed questions; or to afford his majesty or his majesty's ministers, the fullest assurances of the utter falsehood of the statement in question, which never had, and which common sense must see never could have, happened." Fox afterwards discovered the falsehood, and as is well known to those who were his intimates, never forgave the Prince for making him the bearer of it. It may be conceded that the marriage, though considered by the law a gross delinquency, is in fact, if any, a very slight offence. It was an indiscreet act, and that was all.—But the making his friend assert a solemn falsehood for the purpose of denying it, was a piece of treachery which nothing could palliate. It tended to throw doubt upon the most sacred ties which bind man to man, to induce suspicion where the most perfect trust ought to prevail, and thus to destroy some of the sweetest sym-

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manners of the age," which may also under the title quoted, be found in the British Museum. These books tell the floating rumours of the time, and are in many parts exceedingly well written.

pathies of our nature; making friendship but a hollow name, and confidence a mockery. There are few if any temptations which ought to induce us to look with a lenient eye upon such a transgression. When, however, we call to mind, that a desire to gain money to support his unbounded extravagance, led to the commission of this offence, the nature of the temptation,* serves but to heighten our disgust.

The exemplary piety of the King during the later years of his life, is usually adduced both to serve as an edifying example, and as a splendid illustration of the worth of the royal character. The Duke of York also is considered another shining light, and his opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill, has been deemed a memorable instance of pure principles of religion. Among numerous anecdotes respecting the piety of George IV, and his correct estimate of christian duties, the following is often quoted with a species of exultation. "The King one Sunday Morning having discarded a servant in a passion, and for no serious offence, was respectfully told by the Bishop of Winchester, that he was not in a proper frame of mind to receive the sacrament. His Majesty instead of being displeased, thanked his monitor, and by restoring the man to his place, recovered his own peace of mind." His Majesty was also remarkable for his regular attendance at church, for his participation in the mystery of the sacrament, and for his correct and orthodox belief. Thus far all is well, and if we look no farther, nothing can appear more edifying than the royal piety, and the martyr-like spirit of opposition manifested by the Prelates of the church.

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* His Majesty's biographers, think it requisite in every case, to cast blame, if any be due, on any body, rather than that the King should receive it. Mrs. Fitzherbert is scoffed at, and her scruples deemed idle, solely for the purpose of exonerating the King. The clergyman thinks proper to laugh at the lady for being old, and considers himself severe because he forgets the manners of a gentleman. And although a clergyman, and therefore probably knowing that marriage is by the Romish church considered an act, the *religious* legitimacy of which is without the cognizance of the civil power, yet laughs at the supposition of the scruples of Mrs. Fitzherbert being satisfied by a *regular dispensation*. Mr. Lloyd does the same thing, and shews himself as ignorant as the churchman. The *sin* is in illicit connexion, illicit because not preceded by certain *religious* observances. To avoid this, Mrs. Fitzherbert, a roman catholic, obtains a dispensation from her church, and precedes her connexion by the religious ceremony. Put aside the religious feeling, and there was no sin in the matter, whether a marriage occurred or not, was indifferent. The scruples were religious scruples, and could only be avoided by the church, to which, as a good catholic Mrs. Fitzherbert appealed, and was by it, armed against the invasion of sin.

Persons who are excessively orthodox in their belief, and who vehemently insist that others shall be so, ought at least to set the example of a strict and full adherence in acts to the consequences deduced as principles from that belief. It is not enough that in mere formal observances, there be conformity to principle—it must extend to the substance of the law; for example, a Church-of-England Christian should be not only a regular attendant on church, but also a steady resister of the lusts of the flesh. The first observance, if commanded at all, is almost a matter of indifference; whereas, the infringement of the latter is a mortal sin. That piety therefore which is confined to the former observance, is but a poor apology for religious feelings. To a truly religious mind there is something exceedingly revolting in an outward cant and pretence to piety; in a godliness in minute and indifferent matters, and an open breach of the leading doctrines of religion with pretended fervour on our lips, and super-sublimated piety of comportment. Louis XIV surrounded by a host of mistresses and illegitimate offspring, listening with every symptom of devotion to the ascetic discourse of Bourdaloue or Massillon, and fasting according to the law, exhibits no very edifying example of piety. Neither did the prelate who reprimanded this king's grand-daughter, for appearing at mass in any thing but full dress, betray any very exalted opinion of his mission. Like our prelate of Winchester, he had the extraordinary courage to reprimand, where he knew full well there was no danger. But was there nothing else, that it would have been better to amend before the reception of the sacrament? The following picture of other courts and times bears a remarkable resemblance to some not so distant. "Ici, Louis, le modèle des rois, vivait (c'est le mot à la cour), avec la femme Montespan, avec la fille Lavalière, avec toutes les filles que son bon plaisir fut d'ôter à leurs maris, à leurs parents. *C'etait le temps alors des mœurs, de la religion; et il communiait tous les jours.* Par cette porte entrait sa maitresse le soir, et le matin son confesseur. Là, Henri faisait pénitence entre ses mignons, et ses moines; *mœurs et religion du bon temps!*"* This religion of the good old times is now correctly estimated by our neighbours; let us hope that we also may gather wisdom from experience, and learn properly to appreciate it.

A man, though he may hold opinions inimical to the interests of mankind, is not therefore necessarily vicious. He is a dangerous person, and when his opinions lead him to pernicious acts, he becomes a criminal, and for the act deserves punishment. But the punishment is applied to repress the act, and by no means proves, or supposes, the culprit vicious. He is vicious, who, having a fixed set of opinions, fixed principles, acts in opposition to the dictates of those principles; a moral frame of mind, not consisting in holding opinions correctly framed, but in that strength of purpose which enables a man to resist all temptations leading to what he believes deviations from the path of duty. One, steady in error, and undeviatingly pursuing a pernicious course, may claim our respect on the score of probity, though possibly we may have a contempt for his understanding. He however is most of all deserving of reproach, who, yielding assent by his understanding to correct principles, giving in his adherence, and claiming respect for that adherence, yet swerves from the path he knows to be the path of duty, and by wily arts tries to hide his dereliction. He essentially, above all others, is vicious. This, above all others, is the tone of mind most injurious to the interests of mankind. Now, every species of Christianity, even that modification of it sometimes termed Church of Englandism, most vehemently forbids, even to royalty, all gratification of the sexual appetite, excepting under peculiar forms: and not only does the Christian, but so also does every system of morality deserving the name, prohibit adultery. We beg to remark here, that no accusation is being made; certain well-known principles are called to mind, and in juxta-position certain facts are placed. From such statements no conclusion is here drawn: if any can be found to follow, the fault is not in us, but the facts. The only fact now to be stated, after the above exposition, respecting adherence to principles, and one portion of the Christian doctrine, is, that the late king was well known to be a staunch adherent to that doctrine. Praise is, as already observed, often claimed for him on account of such adherence, and his exceedingly pious demeanour. After the above observations it may perhaps be easily determined to what extent such praise is due.

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* Paul Louis Courier, "Simple Discours."

Besides being gentle, benevolent, and polite, ever considerate of the feelings, and solicitous respecting the happiness of those around him, and pursuing no selfish gratification when inimical to the interests of others; besides being firm in honest purposes, frugal in his habits, generous in his friendships, of spotless integrity, and eschewing all arts of mean hypocrisy, besides all this a finished character should in his tastes and pursuits give evidence of a cultivated and exalted mind. The "finest gentleman in Europe," even on this point is hardly deserving of admiration. In early life his association with the leaders of the opposition threw a lustre over his career, which has blinded many of his historians. That association was the result of selfish views, both on the one side and the other; and even brilliant as were the talents of many of the persons who composed his circle, the tastes which predominated among them were of a grovelling description. The Prince associated with them because they were useful to him—not because they were talented. He and they spent their hours in the worst species of debauchery; drinking, gambling, horse-racing, boxing were the chief amusements of this crapulous assembly. In later times when these talented associates, or others like these would have been of no service, humbler and vulgar spirits were selected as the fit partakers in the same sensual orgies. When the Prince became thoroughly his own master, freed from the trammels of a subordinate situation, he withdrew from every thing that could be called talented society. The humble dependent, who required no consideration, who was satisfied with the honour of losing his senses at a royal table, became alone the sharer of his intimacy.* With the exception of the leaders of the opposition party, who, of the many great men that adorned the reign of his father and himself, could be ranked among the friends and associates of the late King? It is true that the really great would have fled such society as surrounded him; but still we see no endeavours to win them to his circle. There were no manifestations of interest in those pursuits and investigations which are connected with the great interests of humanity. The many discoveries in moral, political and physical science, which occurred within his life, seem to have attracted no attention, appear not to have lured him for an instant from important investigations into the capacities of the various competitors for the St. Leger, the elevated indulgences of eating and drinking, or the equally worthy consideration of, the chances of the hazard table. The sum of his private munificence to the professors of science or of art, is confined to a few scanty pittances to a broken down play-wright or a superannuated fiddler. But, when was seen an interest in the progress of science, an anxious solicitude for its success—a kind and friendly cheering on of the student and professor through times of doubt and despondency and want? Where was evinced a love of science for science itself? Where, unless some paltry interest of personal vanity was involved, was any science or any art made a matter of consideration? It is not by buying books, collecting pictures and statues, or building houses, that an interest is evinced for the arts and science. "N'avez-vous jamais ouï parler du Marquis Tacconi à Naples, grand-trésorier de la couronne, grand amateur de livres, et mon grand ami, que l'on vient de mettre aux galères? Il avait 100,000 livres de rente, et il faisait de faux billets; c'etait pour acheter des livres et il ne lisait jamais. Sa bibliothèque magnifique était plus à moi qu'à lui: aussi suis-je fort fâché de son aventure. * * * Mais, dites-moi, auriez-vous cru que la fureur bibliomaniaque pût aller jusque-là? l'amour fait faire d'étranges choses; ils aiment les livres charnellement, ils les caressent, les baisent."* A man who forges to buy books he never reads may have an extraordinary love for books, or may be vain of possessing them; but assuredly he cannot be said to have a love of the knowledge which those books contain; which love alone evinces a cultivated mind and a true and worthy interest in the progress of science. His collection considered as evidence respecting the character of his mind or pursuits might as well be a room surrounded by shelves, adorned with painted backs of books. So with pictures; it is not merely by possessing them, that a taste is evinced for the art itself, or an understanding of its principles, or an interest in its success. Of his Majesty's interest in literature besides the possession of books he never read, we have no evidence. As to official donations to literary-job-societies, they are matters of mere observance; done in a public capacity as part of the duties of that capacity; the money also coming directly out of the pockets of the people, and being used as matter of patronage. Moreover the societies themselves are, with very rare, perhaps it may be truly asserted with no exceptions, hindrances to the advance of science. To foster them is to render literature and art, like every thing else in this country, a job, an instrument of personal undeserved advantage, and not a public benefit. These societies arise out of, and are conducted with a view to personal interest; and high patronage is afforded to them from personal vanity, or for political purposes. Make every thing, and above all literature, a job, and you take the most effectual means of maintaining the great dominant parent job, the government.

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* It is well known, that during the latter years of the King's life, the conversation at his table was not only lewd but absolutely disgusting. The coarsest jokes conveying most pleasure to a faded appetite.

There was one taste of the late King which may be correctly said to be an elegant taste, viz. his supposed love of painting. The disposition of his mind, the class and character of his ideas, were here evinced in a no less remarkable manner than in his debasing amusements. As is well known to every one, the beauties of the art may be, and are usually divided into two distinct classes; first, such as result from the depicting scenes, whose interest depends upon moral causes; and second such as result from a correct imitation of mere physical objects. To the first class belong all the grand conceptions of the art; conceptions which make its professors often for intellectual power, take a rank with the leading minds which from time to time elevate and do honour to our species. They who take delight in the works of these men; they who do so, not from fashion, but from a thorough understanding of the high intellectual characteristics which distinguish them, are, and must be themselves, *pro tanto,* men of cultivated and exalted tastes. The second portion of the art may again be, and is usually subdivided. In depicting mere physical objects it may happen, that those are chosen, which, though they are not immediately the results of human passion and thought, still by association come to be intimately connected with them. Such, for example, are the landscapes of Claude. He who takes an interest in these productions, an interest based upon an understanding of their intellectual character, he also evinces *pro tanto,* a cultivated and elegant taste. But there is another portion of this second division, which is in no way, or very slightly, connected with human emotions, or if connected with them, it is with those of the least elevated description. Such, for example, are those exquisite imitations by the Dutch painters, of brass pans, large cabbages, glasses of wine or beer, or the light of candle. Such, to make one step higher in the art, are drinking, dancing, and amorous boors. These are admired in the one instance, merely as excellent imitations—we admire the ingenuity—nothing more—the artist is little if at all superior to the maker of a pretty toy. In the other with some singular exceptions, the class of the painter's mind, is not of necessity so far as the art is concerned much above the rank of a low and clever buffoon, while that of his admirer may take its station with that of the buffoon's applauders. It is well known, that the pleasure which the late King took in painting was almost totally confined to an admiration of the lowest class. His collection of the Dutch masters chiefly occupied such portion of his attention as was bestowed upon painting. His painted brass pans are the best in the world; in fact in the vulgar walks of the art he is reported to have the best collection in Europe.

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* Lettre de Paul Louis Courier à M. et Madame Clavier.

When praise is claimed for his late Majesty on the score of taste, let it not be whispered by any that his Majesty had a building taste, and a dressing taste: let Buckingham House be passed by, as if it were a spectre, let every one turn away his eyes and dread to behold it, let no one say, that there is a Pavilion at Brighton, let no one raise the laid ghost of the Chinese Bridge, let all forget the guards, be silent as to the tenth; and bury in oblivion those numerous and important orders issuing from the Horse Guards, to determine the position of a button, the conduct of a sash, and the colour of a facing. In charity we say, let no man speak of these things.

Such was the man " whose manners" according to the Duke of Wellington " received a polish, whose understanding acquired a degree of cultivation, almost unknown to any individual, and who was admitted by all to be the most accomplished man of his age."* This most accomplished man of his age, could not write his own language correctly, (the noble Duke as may be seen below is nearly in the same predicament,) he whose understanding was cultivated beyond that of all other men never said, wrote, or did a single thing which as a proof of intellectual power would entitle him to rank above the poorest dabbler in wit, science or literature.* This is an assertion made advisedly, and one that we wish to have scrutinized to the very letter. Look through the late King's life in his public and his private character, take every, or any act well authenticated as his, and then let the question be asked how many men in this country could do and have done things immeasurably superior. Is he to be the most cultivated man of his age, whose life must actually be ransacked to find even one act evincing mental power—and that too when the world teems with men whose whole lives have been a series of long, uninterrupted efforts of intellectual labour; who day after day have added to the stock of human knowledge, and have rendered service to human nature? Shall we look back and compare him as to a cultivated mind even with his own political associates? Where is the man who placing him by the side of Burke, does not see the royal compeer shrink to the dimensions of a pigmy? Can we liken him to Fox, to Sheridan? To go still higher, did not Hume live within his day? Was not Smith of his age? To descend from this high estate (for the mere mention of these two names seems a bitter mockery) let us go to something even below the ordinary level. Louis XVI and Louis XVIII were both far the superiors of his late Majesty in every portion of their education: and their tastes, particularly those of Louis XVI, were for the most part the tastes of educated men. To make the assertion of the Duke of Wellington still more ridiculous, let us take as a comparison a man of high rank, brought up in dangerous indulgences, in the enjoyment of wealth and without a ruler; one of dissolute and idle habits; let us in short take Lord Byron, and place him beside the King, to be judged as to the cultivation of his mind. In what single circumstance could the King claim superiority? Change their situations; make Byron the King, and the King a peer, and who is there that does not see that his late Majesty would have been undistinguished from the herd of right honourable mediocrity, while Byron for mental power would have stood almost alone in the world's annals of Kingship? But it may be said, this is not what is meant by a cultivated mind; neither knowledge nor intellectual power is intended. But if not, are we to understand by it a power acquired by care over our desires—a good government, in short, of ourselves in life, obtained by watchfulness and training ? A review of the late King's career at once proves, that no such meaning could have been in the speaker's thoughts. Truly polished manners cannot be supposed to be the cultivated understanding spoken of, for those are expressly added in the list of advantages. Let us cut the matter short and at once avow, that the Duke, determined to eulogize, let his imagination get the better of his judgment, and throughout was more solicitous of making flattering than correct assertions.

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* The Duke of Wellington, who thus coolly takes upon himself to determine the degree of cultivation to which the people of this age have attained, in the next sentence gives the following proof of his own degree of cultivation as to English. " My Lords, he carried those advantages to the government to which he was afterwards called, *and which he so eminently displayed when on the throne.*" Now the grammatical construction leads us to suppose that the noble Duke intended to say, that the King when on the throne displayed the government to which he was afterwards called. This being flat nonsense, we, out of charity, must suppose that the duke meant something else. Well, then, let us suppose him to intend to say, what the sentence by no means warrants, viz. " that he displayed when on the throne, those advantages, which he carried to the government." This with all the straining is nearly unintelligible. What advantages? Possibly the advantages were " polished manners, and an understanding, which had acquired a degree of cultivation almost unknown in any individual." But if so, how can the duke correctly say a few sentences after—" But these advantages (always advantages) which shewed so conspicuously the polish of manners which he possessed, were not only observed by persons immediately around him—for I appeal to many of your lordships who have transacted the business of the country which required an interview with the sovereign—whether his Majesty did not on every occasion evince a degree of knowledge and of talent much beyond that which could reasonably be expected of an individual holding his high station." Now be it remarked the advantages shewed the polish of manners—therefore it is evident the polish was not one of the advantages. But if not, what were the advantages which the King displayed on the throne? It appears from the second quotation, that these advantages, which shewed the polish were not known to those merely around the King, *for* the Duke appealed to certain Lords, whether the King did not manifest talent above what was reasonably to be expected from a King. In truth this eulogium would disgrace a school-boy called upon to make exhibition of eloquence on the breaking up of school: It proves that the noble Duke cannot speak his own language correctly, and thus determines his fitness for the task he so gratuitously took upon himself. Measured by the Duke's standard the King might have appeared an extraordinary person.

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* We know not what poor savage took an apothecary's apprentice for a conjuror. In sober sadness it is a melancholy thing to see the destinies of a nation confided to such ignorance.

It may possibly be objected that the whole of the above observations respecting the private character of the late King and the mode pursued throughout in forming our estimation, have been based upon an incorrect principle. It may be said, that to take isolated transactions, transactions happening at long intervals of time, and on them to form an estimate which includes the whole of a character, is to pursue an unfair, and deceptious method : that a character can only in fact be correctly estimated upon a contemplation of the whole of a man's acts, and that any one formed upon consideration of less than the whole must be erroneous. That, for example, in the case of the late king, allowing the acts adduced to be far from praiseworthy, it may have happened that the intervals of time between them may have been passed in the most exemplary and meritorious manner ; and, consequently, it may be asserted that the impression likely to be left on the mind of the reader by our observations, would be wholly incorrect.

To this apparently plausible objection (which indeed is often pressed into service on this subject), the answer is easy.

There are certain classes of acts, the commission of which, without further evidence, is sufficient to prove the existence of peculiar states of mind; for example, a single assassination, in the present stage of civilization, would of itself be sufficient to establish the existence of a criminal carelessness of human life, of the well-being of society, and of the general feelings of mankind. The turning of your family out of doors, and leaving them to starve, would alone, and without additional evidence, prove you cruel and criminally hardened against reproach. Thus isolated acts may be sufficient to justify an opinion respecting certain portions of a man's character. The isolated acts we have adduced as evidence of certain portions of the late king's character, to us appear to possess this quality; and, it must be remembered, that although they be isolated, and happening at various periods of his life, they point, many of them, to the same conclusion, and thus form the strongest chain of evidence that could be desired. Certain passages of his youth were brought forward which seemed to indicate a strong tendency to selfish considerations; of his manhood, many were adduced which forcibly evidenced the same disposition; in old age his acts bore the same characteristic. Thus, step by step throughout his whole life, the evidence has been sought, and not confined to any one isolated portion of it. Many of the circumstances, besides proving this strong selfish feeling, evinced a cruel recklessness concerning others. This recklessness is not made to result as a conclusion from any one act, or from acts performed in any one portion of his life; here, as in the former case, the evidence extends from boyhood to old age. In addition to these traits of character, the conduct mentioned, in many points, proves extravagance, debauchery, low and vulgar tastes, habitual opposition to acknowledged principles of virtuous action, contempt of public opinion, contempt of decency, contempt even of an outward shew of decorum. Many of the acts described, of themselves would be sufficient to prove all this, although in no case does the opinion rest on the support of one alone. If the conduct of the late king connected with his marriage be alone taken, who does not see, that he who, like the king, sacrificed the happiness of a young helpless stranger to his private convenience, who first made her his wife so that he might rid himself of his debts; who, when this end was accomplished, neglected and insulted her; exposed her to the arts of his own mistress, and finally in a few months separated himself from her, leaving her a widow though a wife, and indulging himself in the full unblushing enjoyment of his former illicit connexions—who, to rid himself of his wife openly braved the public indignation, forgetting all decency and decorum, forgetting every manly, every generous sentiment; who is there, we ask, that does not see that this conduct alone is sufficient to mark the real character of the king? Who is there so blind, that does not at once discover, that a *habit* of mind was the cause of all this flagrant deviation from duty? Who can believe that the character was not depraved when the deviation was so steadily, so unblushingly continued? In one not habitually wrong, there would have been some one feeling of remorse; one generous wish, one generous act, at least would have betrayed itself during the transaction. Can any such be found? In what, from the beginning to the end, could there be seen ought but the most confirmed and reckless selfishness? Need we require more damning evidence, and extend the nauseous inquiry through a whole life?

It should be observed, moreover, when all that is known of a man's acts are for the most part marked deviations from duty, any one is justified in supposing, that the unknown conduct is in accordance with the known; and no one is justified in calling in question that supposition, by a mere surmise to the contrary. Such evidence as exists favours the first hypothesis, and evidence, and not surmise, is required to refute it. If it can be shewn, not merely surmised, that the conduct of the king, which intervened between the acts we have adduced was, not simply harmless, but absolutely in direct opposition to that on which we have founded our opinion, then, but not till then, shall we be willing to acknowledge, that these grave derelictions from duty are not deserving of the severe rebuke, which, under the present circumstances, they so richly merit; and also to allow, that the character which those derelictions now justify, must in a great measure be differently drawn. But where is the evidence thus potent? And how has it happened that such blazing instances of merit have so long been hidden from the world? If, however, none such can be discovered—if, in examining closer, we find that where absolute and open violation of established morality was not practised, there existed low debauchery, debasing indulgences, vain and haughty insolence of demeanour, and an overweening self-estimation, we have little inducing us to believe that the small portions of the royal life, not yet laid bare to public inspection, would do credit to himself, or add much support to the too willing admiration of his admirers.

The previous examination has been confined to the private character of the late king; his conduct in public life now claims attention.

There would without further evidence be much reason to believe, that a mind constituted like that of George IV. was little fitted to take a beneficial part in the government of any country, much less in that of one, the interests of which are so extensive and complicated as that of England. To be enabled to govern any country with wisdom, much knowledge must be acquired, much labour must be gone through. To be enabled to govern it with probity, there should be, besides self-command of no ordinary description, an active principle of benevolence to excite and to guide the ruler; and a deep and strong feeling of the duty imposed on him, of the great trust confided to his hands, of the solemn obligations connected with his station should dominate over all other feelings, and be unto him as a species of religion. In him who ran the frivolous race above so often alluded to, whose mind was occupied by the petty pleasures of fashionable life—who when at eighteen he was freed from the dominion of his tutors, believed his education finished, and acted on that belief—who dedicated himself solely to the follies and enjoyments of a life of mere pleasure—who believed his only duty was the gratification of his own wishes—in this man it would almost appear idle, to look for the great qualities of a worthy ruler. The fop cannot by intuition gain those exalted powers, which even to a well-trained, laborious, and capacious mind, are matters of difficult attainment;* and the idler, accustomed to yield unbounded license to his desires, is little calculated to resist the temptations which beset the path of a king, freed on many important points from all real responsibility. It now remains to discover, whether this general probability was belied by the result.

Until the time of the Regency, the Prince of Wales appeared seldom as a public man, except in the character of a suitor for money. The Opposition, with Fox at their head, made use of his name, and derived a species of countenance for their political schemes, by joining him to their party; in return for this service they were ready at all times to ask money of the Commons, to defend the Prince's conduct, and to attack his opponents. This mutual service continued till the illness of George III, and the consequent Regency of the Prince of Wales, who then for the first time appeared in the capacity of Ruler. The ministers of the king had always been the declared political enemies of the prince, while the friends of the prince were the regular opponents of the king. Now that the prince had in fact mounted the throne, it was fondly hoped by the Opposition, that their term of expectation was at an end, and that the long-wished-for time of enjoyment had arrived. Vain were these anticipations. The ministry, for the first year of the regency, were retained, it was stated, out of respect for the king. When in 1812 the Prince became Regent without restriction, he declared that "he had no predilections to indulge, no resentments to gratify, no objects to obtain, but such as are common to the whole empire." In other words, the whigs were discarded. As a matter of political importance, it was utterly indifferent as regarded the nation, whether the whigs or their opponents were intrusted with power. The sudden change in the opinions of the Prince derived an interest solely from the evidence it afforded, respecting the principles which must throughout have governed his political conduct. If during the time previous to the illness of the king, the difference existing in the opinions of the Ministry and the Opposition was sufficient to justify the marked conduct of the Prince, in openly giving the latter party his name and countenance, for the purpose of counteracting to the utmost the proceedings of the ministry, this same difference in opinion ought to have had the same effect when the Prince became Regent. The interests of the nation were the same; at the one period as well as at the other the people required a good government; and if the principles of the so-called Tories were opposed to good government before 1811, they being the same, must have had the same pernicious effect after that period. One of two suppositions under this hypothesis must be correct; either the Prince changed his opinions without reference to the interest of the people, or if he did guide his conduct with reference to the general welfare, he must have discovered that his political doctrines up to the mature age of forty-nine, were utterly erroneous. The first supposition seems by far the most plausible. It is a curious circumstance, that since the accession of the House of Hanover, every prince of Wales (George III, who was but a child during the reign of his grandfather, excepted) has been in violent opposition to the reigning king; and that George II, who was surrounded by the Opposition precisely as was George IV, left his friends and his supposed principles on his accession to power, exactly after the same manner, and with as little scruple as George IV. These coincidences, which will appear the more striking and complete, the more minutely they are examined, strongly favour the opinion, that personal and not general views, led to the change in both cases; since it is extremely improbable, that both George II and George IV should, by a singular fatality, be kept in political darkness, one to the age of forty-four, the other to that of forty-nine; that both should suddenly be enlightened, and on the same event, viz. accession to power; and that both should at once get rid of disagreeable friends, influenced solely by a wish to promote the public welfare. However, let it be supposed that the regent did change his opinion on public grounds, it is remarkable, to say nothing more, that the evidence which led to such change had never before been seen and considered by him. There must have been extreme haste in taking up his opinions, and something approaching to criminal neglect in maintaining them for so long a period, seeing that the evidence by which to correct them could so easily have been obtained. Under this supposition, therefore, the Prince, up to this period of his political life, appeared only as one hunting after the public money, and supporting with criminal facility and obstinacy, a set of political opinions, utterly erroneous. Whilst rendering this great national service, he expended some millions of the people's money. Thus careless in his younger days as to his principles both of public and private conduct, his example by elevating the tone and character of the reigning morality, must have tended greatly to the solid improvement of the British youth.

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* Mr. Lloyd, carrying his eulogy still farther than even the Duke of Wellington, when speaking of the king, says—"His majesty, whose observation nothing could escape,"—from this possibly we are to conclude, that his majesty having left off study at the age of eighteen, was inspired with all knowledge, and gifted with super-human intelligence. It is difficult to conceive how men bring themselves to utter such fulsome nonsense.

In the government, which is vaguely denominated the constitutional monarchy of England, the part that can be played by the monarch is of a very peculiar description. If his desire be to do good, he finds the greatest caution, labour, and talent required, to put his good intentions into practice; if, on the contrary, his wishes be evil, nothing is more easy to a certain extent, than the fulfilment of them. Should a philosophic and philanthropic monarch by accident be placed on the throne of England, it is more than probable that his desire would be to reduce the expenditure of the government, to educate the people, to free them from the oppression of tyrannic laws, to relieve the poor from the cruel domination of the rich. He would wish to see justice within the reach of all, and dealt equally to all; the game-laws and game-preserving magistrates would be the objects of his abhorrence. Quarter-sessions justice, and the influence of every local aristocracy, he would wish to have destroyed. These abuses, and a hundred others, however, having powerful supporters, could not be reformed through the means of any monarch, without serious pain and disturbance to himself. The aristocracy would wage war with him, render his life a burthen, and perhaps drive him into the arms of the people. On the other hand, in the present state of things, the people have acquired some power—oppression extends only to a certain point—hitherto to grind them by the exaction of enormous sums to be spent by the aristocracy, has been no very difficult matter; but there is a step beyond this, which, when attempted, becomes dangerous. To keep the people in subjection, then, is an arduous task; and the king who should attempt it, or who should assist the aristocracy while they attempted it, would find his peace now as much disturbed by the clamour of the people, as, when endeavouring to do good, he was disturbed by the clamours of the aristocracy. Any one, therefore, merely desirous of personal comfort, and careless of his duty, would steer a middle course; he would share with the aristocracy the plunder, which the people are accustomed to yield quietly; he would aid them in all oppressions patiently submitted to; while, on the other hand, he would abstain from such outrage as would endanger his own quiet; he would neither exasperate the aristocracy by attempting to do good, nor the people by any unusual endeavour to do evil.

George IV was essentially a lover of personal ease—during the later years of his life, a quiet indulgence of certain sensual enjoyments seemed the sole object of his existence. Although the whole frame of his mind was of a haughty despotic character, and although, in consequence, he loved and sought obedience to his will, still the love of ease predominated over this and most of his other passions, and led him to take that middle course described above. A sort of compromise was made, his love of power was gratified by making those who approached him servile in their bearing, and apparently the slaves of his will, while his ease was carefully preserved by attempting no very outrageous opposition to the public will. The mode of life he had pursued up to his regency, had deadened (if we may use the expression) the springs of his existence—his energy both mental and bodily was destroyed, or nearly so—as age crept upon him, the effects of his dissolute career became more and more apparent, by his increasing fear of any disturbance of his quiet—His life in fact became that of an old man, who had lost all taste for boisterous animal indulgences, and who never had any mental ones.

With this morbid love of ease or fear of disturbance beginning to make its appearance, he came into power. For some years, though a strong, it was not the dominant feeling. In the years of the Regency, therefore, he manifested a much stronger disposition to go to dangerous lengths in oppressing the people than in later times. In Lord Londonderry he had an active co-operator in any scheme proposed for mal-treating the many; and while this minister lived there were few plans left unattempted to enslave the people throughout the whole of Europe. Though the name of the King of England was not with the Holy Alliance, his spirit, his good wishes were. While the members of that blessed fraternity were sedulously, though vainly, endeavouring to forge chains for the continental nations, the ministers of George IV were equally busy in the same nefarious practices here. The Six Acts were passed*—the Manchester people were murdered—plots were hatched to punish, and get rid of the troublesome, and those who were not cut down by the swords of the dragoons, were judicially sacrificed: juries were packed to condemn those who exclaimed against these proceedings; spies were employed; terror reigned throughout the land;

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*We hope that some conscientious member of the legislature will press upon the present ministry, the necessity of repealing these infamous enactments, as well as that, by which a man may be transported upon a second conviction for libel. This last act is the work of Mr. Peel.

the confidence even of private life was shaken: and never were there seen in England times of greater misery, dread, and doubt. In a moment, auspicious for the people, Lord Londonderry committed suicide, and the King, now robbed of the support of this bold bad Minister, was still called upon to fight the battle of despotism. But age was now coming upon him, and his love of ease had been rapidly increasing. In the former contests with the people he found he had gained little, more than universal dislike. His greatest admirers allow, that he was exceedingly unpopuplar. (Such is the mild expression!) Whatever benefit the aristocracy had derived from these struggles, the consequence to himself, he but too plainly saw, was disagreeable, not to say dangerous. The public indignation grew every moment louder—day by day the people becoming more instructed, grew in their demands more united—more steady, and more impatient of opposition. To stem this increasing torrent required one firm in purpose, quick in resources, careless of danger, careless of trouble. George IV decrepit through a premature old age, was totally unequal to the task. He determined, as far as he was concerned, therefore, to pursue a different course, and avoid the dangerous encounter. His ministry in accordance with these wishes adopted milder measures, and as the aristocracy themselves had been alarmed by the fierce resistance of the people, little opposition was manifested towards these more peaceable proceedings. In this obedience to the popular will there is nothing to be admired, while in the previous despotism there is much deserving of the severest reprehension. The principle of the one portion of the King's conduct and of the other was the same; a desire for his own personal convenience led to both, the welfare of the people was considered in neither case. So long as it was deemed that there was nothing dangerous or disagreeable in oppression, oppression was practised,—when, indeed, alarm came upon their oppressors, the people for a while were freed from molestation. But is this the object for which a government or a governor is chosen? And shall they claim praise for abstaining from mischief, and being merely useless? "Quale autem beneficium est quod te abstinueris nefario scelere"? But thus it is ever, with the Government of this country. So long as they are cruel and oppressive, they demand admiration for the courage with which they resist the dangerous demands of a misguided people. When to resist these self-same demands becomes impossible, then our rulers lay claim to equal admiration for the liberality of their conduct. Thus, whether actively vicious, or yielding a reluctant and forced consent to beneficial changes, and thus being merely useless, they demand, and too often receive, laudation.

Before proceeding further in the discussion of such matters *as are personal to the late king, it will be well to make a few observations respecting the extent to which the military acts which* occurred during his reign, ought to be considered connected with his character as a sovereign: the language commonly employed when speaking of these and other remarkable events being likely to lead to exceedingly erroneous opinions. If, during the reign of a given king, events have taken place which are deemed "glorious," the reign itself is called "glorious;" and, by a natural transition, the epithet is applied to the monarch. If this be mere matter of formal observance, no harm can be considered to arise from it; but if, as is too often the case, persons are really led to believe that the character of the king is affected by events happening during his reign, which events he in no way contributed to bring about, then a serious evil does flow from this absurd application of epithets. It may, and does happen, that in the reign of a monarch essentially stupid and vicious, many acts are performed, many discoveries made, which conduce greatly to the welfare of the country he governs. If, in spite of his own vicious conduct, the monarch may come to be considered worthy of admiration, in consequence of these beneficial acts and discoveries, our notions of right and wrong are perverted; a false and fictitious standard of morality is set up. It is requisite, therefore, completely to separate the acts in which the monarch took a part, from those in which he had no share, and to judge him solely by the former class. Thus, during the Regency of George IV, many proofs were given by the British army of extraordinary valour, and by some of our generals, of great military skill; but, as the king had no share in these achievements, they redound not to his credit, and personally no admiration is due to him on their account. In such portions of the planning the campaigns as really resulted from the ministers, the king might have had a part. There is, however, no evidence of this; neither is there any evidence, that the plans, as far as regarded the share of the ministers, deserved any praise. For the conduct of the campaigns, it is plain that no praise is due but to the general and his army. No admiration, for example, is due to George IV, from the circumstance that the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo, was not completely out-manœuvred by Napoleon, and that the soldiers of the British army, by their unconquerable courage, turned the fate of the day. This victory has no more connection with the consideration personally belonging to George IV, than has the discovery of the spinning-jenny by Arkwright; that of the safety-lamp by Davy; the principle of population by Malthus, or that of foreign trade by Ricardo. The *king is as completely separated from the military as from the philosophic renown.**

The same observations hold as to the various attempts lately made, to reform the law. Whatever credit results from these attempts on the part of the ministers, in as far as the ministers are concerned, is due to Mr. Peel. A still higher praise is due to those who, against years of opposition and contempt, set forth the evils of our law, and who, by creating a general demand for its melioration, forced the government to commence the difficult task. Take away the share of merit due to Mr. Bentham, to Sir Samuel Romilly, and Mr. Peel, and what will be left as the portion of his majesty? His majesty existed when the reform was attempted, and so did St. Paul's. He indeed may be the historical sign by which the time of the reforms can be marked; and such will be the only service rendered by him on the occasion.

Catholic Emancipation, which will be cited as an instance of the liberality of the king, is another of those acts which, though happening in his reign, do no honour to himself. The measure itself was a highly beneficial one, and the ministry, by yielding wisely to the pressure of circumstances, deserves a little praise for policy—but for policy alone. So long as the measure could be resisted, it was resisted; when opposition became dangerous, emancipation was granted: the principle of our government being, not to do all the good possible, not to advance cheerfully with the people, and even to precede them in improvement, but steadfastly to resist every advance, obstinately to maintain every pernicious privilege as long as possible; to yield a benefit only on compulsion. However, whatever be the approbation due, it is well known, that the measure was, even by the ministry, forced upon the king; that he was frightened into compliance, and that he never ceased to intrigue against the measure till the bill had actually passed. The share he really did take in the proceeding had little worthy of public approbation.

Leaving, then, aside these various acts in which the king had no share, what, it may be asked, is really attributable to him? The king, for his private satisfaction, prosecuted the late queen; thus, for the purpose of gratifying his selfish desires, setting the whole kingdom in a flame. The king, for the purpose of playing a part in a pageant, got up a coronation at an unparalleled expense. The king squandered enormous sums in fitting up Carlton House, which was afterwards pulled down: he also expended some hundreds of thousands of pounds in repairing the palace of St. James, which he visited not half a dozen times after. He spent still more in repairing Windsor Castle, which was only fit to receive him a few months before his death; and lastly, he commenced rebuilding Buckingham Palace, which he left unfinished. This last abomination creates a blush even on the face of official hirelings; the extravagance, impolicy, and injustice, which attended this precious proceeding, utterly overwhelmed the long-tried impudence of Downing Street. The ministers one, and all, shrunk at the very mention of this scandalous attack on the pockets of the people.* The statement of childish, yet criminal wastefulness, may yet be increased by a list of sundry changes and grotesque exhibitions of taste at Virginia Water; not to mention the expenditure entailed upon the nation by the costly household military establishment, the decoration of which occupied such portion of the royal attention as was not devoted to the more arduous task of adorning his palaces and cottages, laying out his fish-pond, and other similarly important considerations.

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* This observation must be taken with one limitation; so much of military renown as results from the late various changes in the regimentals of the army should, we are given to understand, be shared between the king and the army tailors. Perhaps this was the circumstance which induced Lord Stewart to style his majesty the first cavalry officer in Europe.

These were the personal acts of the late king. If future ages mention his name with reverence, and consider his achievements as doing honour to humanity, these are the deeds which must justify their applause. His character, neither as a public nor private individual, will demand honour from mankind, because he was endued with exalted feelings; because he was strenuous in the performance of the great duties of his station; because, as a ruler of the people, he was frugal, just, laborious; because he made private yield to public convenience; was great in intellectual power, and possessed of the knowledge requisite for the head of a great nation; because sedulously careful of the public weal, he devoted his hours to constant study, so that he might acquire all such lights as improving science daily produced; because, in his private life he set a bright example of self-restraint, adherence to duty, of elegant and elevated tastes. These are *not* the sources from whence George IV deserves, or will derive applause. If posterity award approbation to his memory, the task of discovering the grounds on which it is to rest may be well left to their labour and ingenuity.

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* Mere extravagance was not the only offence connected with the rebuilding of Buckingham House. The money unjustly withheld from the Baron de Bode, is believed upon evidence painfully efficient, to have been squandered on this frightful palace; the principles of common honesty being utterly scouted on the occasion.

Art. VII.—*A Treatise on the Election Laws in Scotland, to which is added an Historical Enquiry concerning the municipal constitution of Towns and Boroughs, &c.* By Arthur Connell, Esq. Advocate. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1830.

THE voice of Reform has reached us from Scotland: loudly and deeply it rings in our ears;—an augury that it will now be effected. The pledges of the new Ministry have given room for hope. Our object is not so much by reasoning to demonstrate the necessity for Reform in the northern half of the island, a task wearisome from its very obviousness, as to place before our readers a brief sketch of the wrongs and mockeries to which its people have been subjected, in order to interest English sympathy in their cause, and to remind themselves that it is no timid, elusive half-reform, that can serve the present generation or satisfy the next.

Scotland contained, in the year 1821,* according to the government census, 447,960 families, averaging from four to five persons each. Of these, 130,699 were chiefly employed in agriculture; 190,264 in trade and manufactures; 126,997 were not comprised under either class,—that is to say, their adult males were either annuitants; soldiers, lawyers, clergymen, or schoolmasters, and beggars.

This population is represented in the House of Commons by 45 members; of whom 30 are returned by the counties and 15 by the Royal Burghs. The number of persons having votes in the counties in the year 1821 was 2987. The 15 members for the burghs are chosen by 67 self-elected town-councils, each averaging 20 persons. In other words, in the year 1821, the 45 Scotch members, representing a population of more than two millions, were elected by 4327 individuals. Were we addressing such persons only as had neither interests nor prejudices opposed to reform, we might stop here and say "The tale is told;" but as our admonitions are intended for the benefit of those also who have faith in what they call "virtual representation," it may be necessary to go a little further.

It is not very easy to understand exactly what "virtual representation" means; the world knows, however, that it is a sort of *hocus pocus* phrase, employed in cheating men out of their rights: its advocates, perhaps, define its operation as follows:—By virtual representation, the component members of a legislative body, who, although not elected by the whole, nor perhaps even by the majority of the people, are so chosen that we find among them men who from their social relations are inclined to support the interest of one or other of the great classes (mercantile, agricultural, and so forth) into which the community resolves itself, and from their talents, integrity, and information, are capable of doing this with effect. There are two tests that may be applied to the Scotch representation in order to ascertain whether it is possessed of these requisites:—What is the individual character of the members chosen? By whom are they elected, and do their legislative acts prove them to be tied down to the will of their electors? The first is rather invidious; we, therefore, prefer the second.

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* We have taken for the basis of our calculations the census of that year; the population has since increased materially, but we are not aware that the proportions of the enumerated classes have varied.

The counties, then, let it be presumed, represent the agricultural, and the burghs the mercantile interest. Assuming for a moment that they do, a question very naturally occurs. The number of families interested in trade and manufactures outnumbers those interested in agriculture, and of the remaining inhabitants, such as are not public servants and alike dependent upon both classes, must, in the character of monied men, be understood to belong more to the former class than the latter. How comes it, then, that to the agriculturists are allotted 30 representatives, to the merchants and manufacturers only half that number? It is not that the mass of property is in the hands of the former, for, taking into consideration the baneful effects of the entail system, there can be little doubt that the merchants and manufacturers engross by far the largest portion of the wealth of the community. It is not that they have a more permanent interest in the soil, for the manufacturer is as firmly rooted as any landholder in the country.

But why this trifling? The simple, the undoubted fact is that the electors in the Counties and Burghs do *not* represent the agricultural and commercial classes of Scotland, nor have they any interest or feeling in common with them.

First of the counties, all land in Scotland is held either mediately or immediately of the king. The elective franchise is possessed by those persons only who hold land immediately of the King. A man may possess half a county, without having a vote upon it if he hold it by a charter constituting him a vassal of the person who holds it of the Crown. On the other hand a person who holds a large estate immediately of the Crown may sell every acre of it, and if he make his bargain with the purchaser, so that the buyer consents, in virtue of a charter granted in the name of the seller as feudal over-lord, the right of voting remains in the seller though he no longer possesses a foot of land. Further; the right of voting is attached to a certain value of land held in chief, and if the superiority (as it is called) possessed by this landless vote exceed that sum, he may create as many votes as his superiority can be divided into, and sell them to others as landless as himself. Finally a Scottish peer, who dares not even shew his face at an election, and who it may be has a seat in the House of Lords, either as a British Peer, or as one of the Representatives of the Scottish Peerage, can create over-lords upon his land, and thus give to his dependents votes at the elections of a county in which they possess no land. Nor is this merely what may or can be done, it is what is daily practised.

And looking now at the manner in which the representatives of the agricultural interest are elected, the numbers of persons really possessed of land in Scotland, amounted according to Sir John Sinclair in 1811 to 7637. But in addition to these there are in that country an intelligent and wealthy body of farmers, who holding large quantities of land upon lease, have vested capital in their agricultural speculations, to an amount which renders their interest in the soil scarcely if at all secondary to that of the landlord. This is not the place to inquire whether agricultural labourers have not a right to be considered as forming a part of the agricultural interest; but taking the word in its usual restricted acceptation, let us see whether the persons above enumerated are any thing like adequately represented. The number of electors in the counties in 1821 was 2987, the proportion of this number who are merely fictitious, or parchment voters is about one fourth. Then of the remainder some are in the army and navy; others, members of the faculty of advocates, a body of from four to five hundred persons from among whom must be chosen the holders of at least sixty offices in the gift of the Crown. It is calculated it may be also observed, that one half of the land in Scotland is at present held under the fetters of strict entails, and such is the nature of the law respecting that species of holding, that there is scarcely an entailed proprietor who is not labouring under many difficulties.

Facts like these inevitably infer and produce corruption. But such a result, (and we speak it more in sorrow than in anger) is no matter of doubtful speculation alone. Instances of the grossest want of principle are known to us, and have been witnessed by us, not among the parchment voters, from whom nothing else was ever expected; but among the *bona fide* landholders of Scotland. Will any one just cast his eye towards the flourishing little Presidency of Madras and calculate, the number of younger sons of Scotch Landowners upon that establishment? A wealthy (and liberal) Director of Leadenhall-Street, was lately returned for a County in the South of Scotland, and made great parade of his having ousted the nominee of a noble lord. Cadetships may not have been given by him for votes but we know that votes were offered him upon the condition of his procuring cadetships. Nay, there is an instance in a neighbouring county, in which a sum of 600*l.* was coolly pocketed in vulgar bank notes, by one of the oldest families in it; and in virtue of the vote so gained did the father of the present member obtain a status in the county, which seems to have become hereditary in his family. Before leaving this subject, it may be as well to explain to our English readers what is meant by the term "independent interest" in a Scotch county. The great mass of most counties is about equally divided into two different parties pretty nearly alike in point of numbers, who are each "thirled" to the support of some noble lord, or wealthy commoner. In addition to these there is generally a small balance of men, chiefly practitioners in the lower walks of the law, who have saved enough to purchase small estates with votes attached to them. These men become of importance during severely contested elections from possessing the power of giving the majority to either side. They call themselves independent, because being attached by the usual family ties to no leading interest, they are at perfect liberty to sell their vote to the highest bidder. The county of Ayr has not been contested for many years. One of this class said to the writer not long ago with great naïveté, in allusion to this circumstance, "only think, Sir, I paid 500*l.* for my vote 20 years ago, and I have never yet been able to make a farthing by it."

And what is the state of the burghs? They are, even according to the population returns, and taking for a moment the best view of affairs, but a small portion of the mercantile and manufacturing interest, and therefore, their representatives are but the "virtual representatives," even of their own class. The number of inhabitants of the burghs was in 1821, 432,207; the number of persons at that time engaged in trade, and manufactures, (exclusive of annuitants) was 913,672. This can easily be accounted for. Greenock, one of the chief commercial dépôts, a wealthy and populous town, is not a royal burgh. Peterhead, the principal seat of the whale-fishery, is not a royal burgh. Paisley, the next manufacturing town after Glasgow, is not a royal burgh. And many others similarly circumstanced might be mentioned. But it is needless, for the manufacturing industry of Scotland is not confined to towns, but has its chief seats in many instances in the rural districts. The cotton mills of New Lanark, the Carron, Clyde, and Shotts iron-works are not located in any town, Nay, more, the weavers employed by the manufacturers of Glasgow, are spread over the whole surface of the country. They are to be found filling the villages and lone houses, in every nook and corner of Galloway, and of the farthest isles of the Hebrides. And here be it asked what share even this "virtually" represented minority, have in the election of Members for Parliament.

The 15 members for the burghs are returned by the self-elected town-councils of the 67 royal burghs: that of the City of Edinburgh choosing one member, and the remainder clubbing together in fours and fives, into 14 districts to choose the rest. An early opportunity will be found, for an exposition of the internal municipal government of Scotch burghs; and, therefore, we omit at present any account of the constitution of the town-councils which govern them; in the mean-while the reader may rest assured of the fact, that except in one or two instances where the abuses of the magistracy had been so gross, as to render necessary the interference of Courts of Law; and where the new sets have yet before their eyes this wholesome lesson; the inhabitants of Scotch burghs have no effective voice in the election of their magistrates, in whom, however, is reposed the trust of electing the Member of Parliament.

These town-councils, as has been already stated, average twenty persons; and as the institutions of the burghs are such as to throw the power into the hands of the rich, one should expect that in the manufacturing and mercantile districts, the wealthier merchants would bear rule. Let us look at the Glasgow district. There are four burghs in this district, Glasgow, Dumbarton, Renfrew, and Rutherglen. Each of these appoints a delegate, who repairs to the head-burgh for the time, to concur with the delegates for the other three, in choosing a Member of Parliament. The burgh in which the election is held, and it is held in them all in rotation, has the casting vote. Well, suppose a man who is well known to the merchants of Glasgow obtain a majority in the town-council, and have a delegate named, who is in his interest. There is a chance, though a small one, that the wealthy merchants of Glasgow having a character to support (such as it is) may wish to send a man of respectability to Parliament: but there are still three burghs, each having a voice equally potent to be dealt with. In Dumbarton, the town-council consists of fifteen persons. They are self-elected, and for many years all its offices have been filled by one family. Rutherglen and Renfrew have but a small population, the former indeed is but a suburb of Glasgow. They are inhabited exclusively by the labouring classes, who have no time to spare for the close attention to burgh matters required in a magistrate. The consequence is, that the government of these burghs has fallen into the hands of a few men, who, too idle to live by honest industry, suck nourishment from the profession of a magistrate, "as a weazel sucks eggs." Now, be it kept in mind, that in three out of every four elections, the casting vote is possessed by one of the three magistracies, constituted as we have now described; consequently, that a person who, by open bribery, or by that conjoined with unlimited indulgence to the tippling habits of the "patres conscripti" of the two burghs last-named, will be quite secure against any faint shadow of danger likely to result from the compunctious visitings of the Glasgow dignitaries.

On looking further down the roll of Scotch burghs, it will be found that a majority of the districts are composed exclusively of such materials as the three stars of the fifth magnitude in the constellation we have just been describing; they have not even one such constituent member as Glasgow. Their magistracies are either the dependents of some wealthy neighbour, sometimes a retired merchant, sometimes a landed gentleman, sometimes a peer; all their places of power and trust being filled by himself in person, or by his led-captains, or they are composed of a junto of self-elected bankrupts, who live upon the revenues of the corporation; and give their voice to the aspirant for parliamentary honours, who pays them best, and makes them most frequently drunk.

A few illustrative facts may here be stated with advantage. In the report of the Select Committee appointed to examine into the state of the royal burghs of Scotland laid before the House in 1820, we find the evidence of Colonel Francis William Grant, at that time, and we believe still, sitting in the House of Commons as representative of a Scotch county. That gentleman was, by his own account at one and the same time Provost of the burgh of Cullen, Preses of the burgh of Forres, and a member of council in the burghs of Elgin and Nairn. At that time he resided only part of the year in the north of Scotland: and even while there his place of residence was 21 miles distant from Forres, 30 from Nairn, 36 from Elgin and 40 from Cullen. In 1819 the sum of 3000*l.* was expended in improvements upon the town of Cullen and that sum was paid by Mr.

Grant. Now on looking to the list of the Royal Burghs we find that Forres and Nairn belong to a district in which there are only four burghs; in other words in two elections out of every four they name the Member who is sent to Parliament by that district. The burghs of Cullen and Elgin belong to a district in which there are five burghs. One of these belongs to Lord Kintore, so a noble Lord and an hon. M.P. have the power of returning for that district.

Turn to the Wigtown district of burghs. The magistrates of Wigtown and Withorn are the creatures of the Earl of Galloway, the Provost of New Galloway is the nephew and heir of Lord Kenmure. Turn to the Dumfries district. The magistrates of Dumfries have manfully met the wishes of their fellow-citizens and petitioned for reform; those of Sanquhar are equally well disposed; but Kircudbright is an appanage of the Selkirk family; the Provost for life, of Sanquhar is Chamberlain to the Duke of Buccleugh; the Provost of Lochmaber is at this moment a bankrupt spirit-merchant, the two baillies are the innkeepers of the place, and what is worse, it is said that these three and the town-clerk are the only resident burgesses who have education enough to qualify them for filling their offices.

One statement more, and we quit this disgusting subject for the present. We have mentioned above, that the electionis made by the delegates from the burghs of a district, meeting at one of them, and there giving their votes for a member. We pass over at present, all the chicane, debauchery, and sometimes even violence which are employed in candidates in order to obtain the nomination of a delegate in their favour; for the hustings in England, with all their outrages, are a scene of purity when compared with the low, sordid and brutal excess, which stamps with its dull brawling a Scotch burgh election. We dwell upon one fact alone. So totally are these people demoralized that they have not even that honour which is said to be found among thieves, and consequently no confidence in each other. It is customary for the candidate (who cannot trust one of them) to have himself named delegate for one of his burghs, his agent or confidential friend for the others, who meet and go through the mummery of electing himself.

The inevitable inferences from what we have now stated, and no fact has been advanced for which we could not produce documentary evidence or parole testimony, are:—That the Scotch members in parliament, are returned by a very small minority of the rich land-owners of the country, containing, however, many Peers: that the complex system of machinery by which that small junto exercise their power has not only degraded the political character of all who are connected with it, but has injured even their domestic morals, and in many instances their physical health: that the division of the country into burghs and shires can no longer be esteemed equivalent to a division into agricultural and commercial districts, even though it were advantageous to keep up any such distinction.

Having thus ascertained the character of the electors we turn to their representatives. We say nothing of their general apathy to the concerns of Scotland, to their ignorance of its institutions, to their uniform subserviency to power; one example of their conduct will suffice for their condemnation. The Burgh Reformers of Scotland petitioned parliament for the first time in 1784. They could not get one of their own countrymen to present their petition. Dumpster of Dunnichen, who was at that time esteemed the beau ideal of an independent statesman, told them openly that he believed their assertions, and sympathised with their grievances, but that regarding himself as the parliamentary advocate of the corporations complained against, he must act for their interest. From that time the cause of Burgh Reform has been coldly advocated by a few and warmly opposed by all the rest. Not one of the grievances alleged by the petitioners has been denied, their complaints have uniformly been got rid of, with cool gentlemanly insolence, upon points of form. The elected have proved themselves right worthy of their electors.

Let the Reformers of Scotland keep these important facts steadily in their eye, now that the ball is at their feet. The change in their elective system must be a *radical* one, though many excellent and well-intentioned men will startle at this word. They misapprehend its true meaning. It means nothing more than that the country shall be really, truly, efficiently represented, and that the child's play of frivolous and fruitless discussion, by which attention is distracted from the true sources of existing evil, must be laid aside.

There has been a great deal said in the late Scotch Reform meetings against going into details. This timidity is deplorable—if it be nothing worse than timidity the language is full of fallacy — and we fear has a portion of dishonesty too. In this way the question of the ballot was shuffled off, at the Edinburgh meeting. The ballot is a question of *principle* and not of *detail.* It is *the* question—the all-important question. Its gravity is beginning every where to be understood; and the conviction of its omnipotent necessity is spreading through the country like the light of a summer day. We are convinced that no scheme of reform without the ballot will satisfy public opinion, and that any delay which impedes the obtainment of this primary security, will only make the demand for it louder and louder. Those in Scotland who have been most clamorous about principles have not confined themselves to broad and general statements, but have entered into details of their petty individual grievances, and let enough peep out to show that if they did not bring forward a specific plan of reform, it was not because they had not one *in petto*, but because they feared it might not be generally acceptable.

A plan of reform somewhat like the following has, we know, in its favour the opinions of many able and honest Scotsmen, and is also sufficiently explicit while it is free from all embarrassing details. Let every county continue to elect a Member of Parliament. Let fifteen of the most populous burghs elect each a Member. Give a vote for a Member of Parliament to every householder in a county who has not a vote in a represented burgh, and who occupies house or lands valued at a yearly rental of 10*l*. or upwards. Give a vote for a Member of Parliament to every householder in a represented burgh who has not a vote in a county, and who occupies house or lands at a yearly rental of 10*l*. or upwards. Let the votes in election be given by ballot.

By adopting this plan we obtain forty-five districts sufficiently well proportioned in their population for all practical purposes; the inhabitants of which are already habituated to the division. The complex machinery of burgh election, which is acknowledged on all hands, to be of no use but to give employment to lawyers and to perpetuate heartless and brutish debauchery, will be got rid of. Representatives will be gained, not of this or that interest, but of the nation at large. Lastly, the vote by ballot is perhaps more peculiarly requisite in Scotland than in any country in the world. The slavish deference of the lower orders to the aristocracy in many districts, the power possessed by the money interest through the instrumentality of the cash-credit system, the circumstance that the affairs of all the land-owners are managed by law-agents resident in Edinburgh, and many other local peculiarities, give facilities to the speedy and effective organization of a system of undue influence. But of these topics we intend to discourse hereafter.

And will it now be objected that such a plan of reform is too sweeping, too sudden. To the fallacy concealed under the first assertion we have already alluded. Those who employ it wish to excite terror in the minds of their hearers by leaving them impressed with a notion that we are proposing by one measure, to alter the whole system of civil government, whereas we are only speaking of a very important, but certainly subordinate instrument of national institutions—the mode of exercising the elective franchise. Sudden it is not. The Reformers of Scotland have now, to use one of their country phrases, "been simmering it and wintering it" for fifty years. They certainly are by this time ripe for a real instead of a mere nominal melioration. The fallacy involved in this objection is wrapped up in a phrase which is a prodigious favourite with a numerous class, who have a vague feeling that they are aggrieved, and a vague wish for redress, but have never taken the trouble to form an accurate notion of what they want. They say we want a "gradual reform." Now if this means anything, it means that men's minds must be allowed gradually to ripen for it. A measure of reform cannot be carried into effect by such insensible gradations, as those through which the trees push out their buds, and the autumnal leaf changes its tints. Reforms in government are more analogous to the breaking-up of ice in large rivers—an event gradually prepared by the thaw, but which is generally accompanied with more or less noise. But the plan here proposed is neither sudden nor sweeping. It merely lops off those branches of abuse which are already dead. The country's institutions have long been insensibly verging to this conclusion, the people's minds are prepared for it. It can only annoy the delicate susceptibilities of that drowsy race who expect society to vegetate into the millenium.

To the Reformers of Scotland we say: you have grown to your present numbers without the countenance of any political leaders, do not now bind yourselves down to any. Know your own minds; be temperate; be decided. The moment is favourable, and must not be lost. Insufficient remedies will only aggravate the disease. Keep a fixed eye upon the selfish interests that would disarm and the timidity that would dishearten you. England is making common cause with you, and the energy of her co-operation will be measured by the energy of your demands.

ART. VIII.—*The Heiress of Bruges; a Tale of the Year Sixteen hundred.* By Thomas Colley Grattan. London. Colburn and Bently. 4 vols. 1830.

WHEN we consider the very important uses to which fiction may be turned, without defeating a main object of it, viz. the amusement of the reader, it is always with regret that we lay down the work of a man of talent who has applied his gifts to small purpose. Fiction, for reasons obvious enough, is a mine that latterly has been most assiduously worked, and it is lamentable to perceive that the undertakers are guided by no principle of science or calculation; that hazard alone is their director, and whether they produce metal or rubbish is an affair left to the stars.

The writers of novels on morals should at least be moralists: of historical novels historians, and the productions of fiction in either of these branches should be as strictly addressed to the great ends of morals and history as treatises on history themselves. We cannot pardon a novel that attempts a picture of manners, for not putting the reader into a right way of thinking of the scenes it describes, not by any formal essay or signpost-system of instruction, but by directing the sympathy of the reader, which is done imperceptibly towards the just and useful quarter. The same truth holds with the fictions that turn upon scenes of history: it is not enough to verify chronicles and re-animate the dry bones of antiquity; the fictionist ought to know better at this time of day than to waste his best efforts in painting tyrants in amiable colours, and gilding atrocities with fine names. Above all men, he should be instructed in a few principles of political and economical science, or in a few ruling ideas respecting the true interests of mankind, by which he might bring events and scenes to the test, and thus be enabled to avoid the glaring error so frequently fallen into by our writers, of misdirecting public sympathy.

Whether it be owing to the better education of the French litterateurs or to the greater activity of their moralists and publicists who shout wisdom almost in the streets, it is certainly a truth that the greater part of the writings in France, whether light or serious, erudite or occasional, in their nature, have tended towards one great end, the establishment of a popular government: sometimes they have striven openly, but most commonly the effect expended itself in producing a strong under-current in their works which carried along with it almost unconsciously the sympathy of the reader.

Mr. Grattan has taken up the history of a great struggle on the part of a people in order to cast off an atrocious tyranny, and has occupied four volumes with matters connected with it; and yet at the close of his work it would be utterly impossible to say to which side he leant or even which were in the right. The princes and governors oppress, the citizens rebel, armies fight, besiege, conquer, and are defeated; heroes distinguish themselves in battle, common people die by thousands, the population is not heard of except as it produces soldiers; or popular rights except as a bye word against them, or as the device of a banner; and all this time we are led to no conclusion: the writer evidently sees nothing but action, and his reader feels nothing but confusion. If an historical novel is any thing else than the chorus of the geniuses of evil,

> "Hubble, bubble, toil, and trouble,"

then is Mr. Grattan most egregiously wrong in the conduct of his "Heiress of Bruges."

At the same time Mr. Grattan's writings are not deficient in a certain species of animation which produces its effect upon the reader. The complaint is not that he is dull, but that he is wild.

The story of the "Heiress of Bruges" is of the times of Spanish domination in Flanders. The events turn upon some attempts to shake off the foreign yoke (for the Flemish yoke has always been a foreign one) as they were aided by the Dutch, under Prince Maurice. The tale ends with the famous battle of Nieuport, gained by that prince against the Spanish Arch-Duke Albert. The body of it is as usual an intrigue grafted upon the stock of public history. The hero is a leader called De Bassenveldt, who joins the popular cause and manages to make love and war in the same breath. The Heiress is the daughter of a Burgomaster of Bruges, of great wealth, whose fortunes, for he was originally a gold-beater, arise from the discovery of a treasure in an old sack among the ruins of a place in which he is at work. The street where this building existed is said to have thence received its name of Ouden Zak (old sack), and whether the street took its name from the treasure or the name of the street has suggested the idea of it to the author, certain it is that a considerable street in that old town is so named. Van Rozenhoed, the Burgomaster and father of the heiress, becomes involved in the resistance made to the Spanish authority, and he and his daughter are thrown into a very interesting state of distress. De Bassenveldt, the brave, the accomplished, the almost omnipresent, is always at hand to save, and out of the embers of an unsuccessful revolution the Burgomaster is lucky enough to rescue a sufficiency from his fortune so as still to entitle the bride of De Bassenveldt to be called the Heiress of Bruges.

A principal charm of the work is its seasonableness. The interest at this moment excited by the struggle of the Belgians, to shake off an odious dynasty, and secure the public liberty, has a retrospective effect upon similar scenes engaged in with similar objects. The Belgians are said to be a turbulent people, because they have always been an oppressed one. We here see them rising up against a tyranny of an odious character. We see this fine country made the theatre of pillage, riot, and confusion, of military exaction, and civil suffering: these are the scenes which are now passing, have been or will pass on the very same spot, and the descriptions of them by at least an energetic pen combines the dignity of history, with the familiarity of a Newspaper. The passage which follows is a spiritual description of an attack on Nimuegen, by the partizan leader Schenck, who had been induced, he being a mere mercenary and soldier of fortune, to range himself under the banners of Prince Maurice, who employed him in such expeditions as the one which ended so fatally to him. It is a scene which will afford a favourable specimen of the author's narrative power.

'As the travellers now moved on, they observed a number of canvas-covered boats stealing quietly along the course of the river under the opposite bank, and listlessly carried with the current towards Nimeguen, whose spires were visible before them in the morning haze. Claassen and Brocklaer remembered having heard the preceding night, that this morrow was the market day of the neighbouring town, and they concluded that the boats in question were freighted with peasantry and their rural merchandise. Yet there was a regularity in the compact and silent order of their liquid march, which spoke something more than the straggling train of open barges following the track of this first flotilla, and evidently filled with country people and their stores of live and dead stock. Claassen and Brocklaer were but civilians, unlearned in the stratagems of war; and even the peasants and farmers whom they overtook, or who joined them on the road, more accustomed than the citizens to its wiles, seemed unsuspicious of the important and memorable expedition whose progress they now gazed on. But in a short time they were all made involuntary witnesses of a brief but animating episode of civil war.

'A considerable winding in the road, caused by the intervention of a ferry, and some local obstructions then existing, gave the boats, carried on smoothly by the stream, a considerable start of the land travellers; and by the time these latter had gained a height overlooking the eastern entrance of the town, the former were in the very act of being moored in close line, by the sloping beach which led down from the open suburb. With a simultaneous movement of practised discipline, every awning was now at some concerted signal torn down, and each boat shewed at the same instant a freight of mail-clad men, while lances, swords, and targets glistened thickly in the beams of the risen sun. A shout of triumph burst from every boat. One warrior, rapier in hand and helmet in air, sprang on shore, and in a minute more than three hundred gallant followers tracked his advancing steps, up to the gate of the surprised and unsuspecting town. The terrified inhabitants of the Faubourg fled along its straggling streets or hid within their houses, while the lazy guard that had lounged about the beach instead of standing to their arms, fell instant victims to their too great confidence of safety. The town itself and its garrison were also quite unprepared. Had the attack been made at night, every man would have been found at his post; but so daring an attempt in the open eye of morning was not to have been looked for, and could only have been imagined by such an intrepid and audacious partizan as Martin Schenck.

'He, the leading chieftain who had first sprung on shore, now pushed forward to secure the object which had so long occupied all his thoughts, in the safe shelter of his fort on the river, in his bold inroads upon the Archducal territories, in his scanty hours of rest on his hard soldier-bed, or in the saddle, where much more than half of his unquiet life had been passed. The guard at the gate, panic-struck at the fierce pageant of advancing enemies, but still more so at the utterance of the dreaded name which the chieftain's followers shouted in a stunning yell, abandoned their post, threw away their arms, and fled into the town; and the towers and walls rung with loud shouts of "Schenck! Schenck! Schenck!"—while the troops and citizens mingled together, in a confusion of alarm that a legion of demons could not have more forcibly aroused.

'Pride, vengeance, and cruelty, were in the heart of Martin Schenck as he rushed onwards to the open gate; and in an instant more, pillage and ruin would have glutted him and his fierce band, but for the daring conduct of one man, whose arm was nerved with the giant vigour of revenge. Just as the foremost of the assailants were putting their feet on the drawbridge which separated them from complete triumph, an individual whom chance brought to the spot, a fellow of fierce aspect, in attire half civil, half military, whose face shewed the workings of terrible passion, and who displayed the bald and disgusting aspect of an earless head, threw himself up towards the chain that moved the bridge, and swinging from it with violent gesture, raised it abruptly, casting Schenck and his nearest companions back upon those close behind him. Several pistol shots were immediately discharged across the ditch which now gaped between the assailants and their mutilated opponent. He was, however, unharmed by the assault; and quickly securing the chains, he ran under the shelter of the portal, rang for a few loud peals the alarm-bell with which the gate was furnished, and then as rapidly seized a lighted match which the coward sentinel had flung down as he and his comrades fled, and applying it to the touch-hole of the nearest gun, sent a shower of bullets into the ranks of the disappointed and furious enemy.

'This intrepid and unexpected conduct saved the town, and was the signal of utter discomfiture to the well-planned and bravely-executed enterprise. Gun after gun in the immediate defence of the east portal was successively discharged by this solitary cannoneer; and while Schenck and his furious soldiers stormed, swore, and made frantic efforts to scale the wall, the garrison and citizens crowded towards them, to gain courage from the sight of their scanty numbers and desolate condition.

'A hastily-formed sortie was soon made from two of the other gates, and the assailants taken in flank, were obliged to retreat into some houses of the suburb, and turn their late attack into a feeble and hopeless defence. The bells of the city rang out their assembling peals. The shouts of men, the screams of women and children, the roar of fire-arms, the clash of weapons and rattling of armour combined to complete the scene. Priests, carrying the Host in one hand and a sword in the other, rushed out at the several gates at the head of the furious multitude, and the air rang with cries of vengeance against the hated and execrated Schenck.

'Nothing was now left to this still-undaunted adventurer but a retreat to his boats, and reliance on the chances of the river to escape the perils of the shore. He accordingly gave the word; and all that remained safe and sound of his men sallied from the houses, and slowly wended their way back to the beach, fighting inch by inch, but exposed to assaults of every possible missile from the open streets or the thronged windows under which they passed. All those whom wounds disabled from following, were quickly butchered, and many fell on the disastrous retreat. But still numbers gained the boats, and crowding in, seized their oars and pulled away in all the selfish energy of ruin. Schenck, as he had been the first man to land, so was he the last to re-imbark. He had gained the river's edge unarmed; and at length stepped over the edge of the crowded boat, which a feather's additional weight seemed sufficient to overturn. He had been close followed along the whole line of his retreat by the man before noticed, to whom his discomfiture was wholly owing, and who, armed with a small hatchet and a shield which he had picked up in haste, dealt blows of violent intention against the enraged but still cool and undaunted chief, whose rapier's point gave back each assault, with a well-directed aim that left its track in his furious enemy's blood.

'And now, while Schenck stood on the edge of the boat, and the oarsmen gave it a final shove into the deep stream, this desperate wretch, streaming with gore, and brandishing his savage weapon, sprang from the beach, and in the unerring grasp of vengeance he seized Schenck round the body. Both tottered, stumbled, and fell into the water, while the boat was instantly upset and the whole of its crew submerged. Schenck and his destroyer several times sank and rose again; the latter in the very pangs of death pouring out a mingled expression of gurgling curses and suffocating laughter, and striking with his weapon at the now defenceless head of his drowned enemy.

'"Down, down to the pit, fell villain!" muttered he, "know you not Louis Drankaert, who now pays you back his debt! To hell! to hell—I promised you death by fire or flood—choke, villain, choke—Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

'And then a sudden lapse of sinew—a faint struggle—a last gasp—and both sank together, in the deep-locked and double embrace of hate and death.

'Ere an hour elapsed, the ferocious populace, diving as though they sought pearls in the bottom of the flood, dragged up the bloated body of their enemy, and its sundered quarters were instantly placed over the four principal gates of the town, mementos of the brutal spirit of the times, and the horror inspired by him, whose one grand quality of courage has made him in the page of history almost half a hero. A very few of the shattered expedition regained the fort, to recount the fate of their commander and comrades, and raise up a bloody spirit of retaliation.'

The similarity of Schenck's end to that of Balfour of Burley, in Old Mortality has called forth an apology from Mr. Grattan which he has affixed to the last volume of his own work. Mr. Grattan "never happened to read Old Mortality till within the last three days" (July 28th 1830.) To imitate Old Mortality is pardonable, not to have read it an offence, for one who deals in fiction. The apology was unnecessary, for Schenck's fate is strictly historical, and a reference would have done better than such an apology.

The sacrifice of the Moriscoe girl Beatrice, the co-heroine of the story, by the inquisition in Brussels affords another animated specimen of Mr. Grattan's talent at description, though it is description of a very different kind from that of the death of Martin Schenck. Like the former scene it is easily detached from the main story, and consequently better adapted than many other passages that may perhaps more deeply interest in the perusal, for quotation.

'A law of the emperor Charles V, passed half a century before, had decreed the frightful punishment of living burial against female heretics, and many executions of the kind had varied by their bloodless atrocity the horrid butcheries committed all through the Low Countries during the tyranny of Alva. After that period such sacrifices had been less frequent; but as late as three years before the date of our story, an instance of this barbarity had publicly taken place in Brussels, by the orders of Albert, who at that time held the highest dignity of the Christian priesthood, next to that of its supreme head. A poor servant girl, named Anne Vanderhove, arrested on a charge of heresy, refused, in all the pride of martyrdom, to renounce her faith. She was condemned to the grave—not to the common occupancy of that cold refuge of the lifeless body, but to all the horrors of living contact and hopeless struggles with the suffocating clay. She suffered her punishment, in the midst of a crowd of curious fanatics; but such was the disgust inspired by the spectacle, that it was thought impolitic to hazard in the face of day another exhibition of the kind. Beatrice's judges, therefore, after a summary hearing, decreed that she too should be buried alive—but at night. She heard her sentence, in just sufficient exercise of reason to comprehend and shudder at it. But her mind, wandering and unsettled, had not force enough to dwell on the contemplation of what awaited her, and unconsciousness of her approaching fate gave her the semblance of indifference.

'But Beatrice, with all her pride and almost unfeminine force of character, was not proof against a fate so horrible. As the hour drew nigh when she was to be led forth to execution, the blood in her throbbing veins seemed suddenly frozen, like the hot streams of lava checked in its molten flow. Her blanched cheek and starting eyeballs, told that her fever was quenched, and her insensibility awakened to a full sense of her terror.

'In darkness and silence the sad procession moved from the prison's most private door, on the night fixed for the execution, the third after the hapless girl's arrival in Brussels. The persons employed were few; no sympathising crowd attended to strain the victim's pride and courage, and make her for very shame's sake brave the terrific scene. Lone and desolate she was led along by two brutal men, with taunt and execration; they, dressed in the dark habits of their office; she, bare-footed, and clothed in the yellow garment called a *san benito,* her beautiful jet locks cut close, and her disfigured head and pallid face surmounted by the conical cap in which the inquisition decked its victims for sacrifice. Four masked men walked first in the procession, two carrying spades, and two bearing the insignia of the Holy Office. Next followed the secretary, with a book and materials for writing, ready to record the particulars of the execution. Then came Beatrice, dragged onwards by her supporters, and urged towards the closing scene by the odious voice of Dom Lupo, pouring a strain of pious blasphemies into her reluctant ears. He stepped close in her track, and leant his head forward, determined that she should not have a moment's respite till the damp earth closed those ears for ever. A dozen armed men brought up the march; and no suspicion of the inquisitor's proceeding aroused the citizens, in the narrow and unlit streets through which it moved.

'In less than half an hour, Beatrice's bruised and lacerated feet, felt a sudden relief that spread up refreshingly through her whole frame, on pressing a grass-plot, moistened by the night-dew. At the same moment, a gleam from a lanthorn opened by one of the men close to her, shewed that she stood on the brink of a newly-dug grave. She started back at the appalling sight—and was upheld from falling by her attendants, on whose faces she saw a malignant grin, while the tones of Dom Lupo's voice seemed to hiss in her ears, like the serpent triumph of a fiend.

'"Erring daughter of the only true and most merciful church," gloomed he, "unrepented sinner, on the verge of death—ere the grave close over thy living agony—ere the arm of Almighty wrath shove thee into the pit of Hell, and eternal flames enfold thee—listen to the last offer of the mother thou hast outraged, of the faith thou hast defiled. Recant thy errors—renounce thy false Gods—confess thy crimes—and return into the blessed bosom of the church!"

'Beatrice, rousing the whole force of her latent energy, pushed the inquisitor from her, with a look of scorn, burst from her keepers' arms, and sprang into the open grave.

' "Lost and condemned for ever and ever—let the earth lie heavy on her head!" exclaimed the furious priest, stamping his foot with rage, and motioning to the familiars, who instantly commenced to shovel the earth into the grave. Not a sound was heard but the soft rustling of the leaves over head, for this scene took place in the open ground above the Sablon, formerly mentioned as the scene of some earlier executions; and Beatrice's grave was dug at the very foot of the tree, where the Jews in 1370 had expiated their imputed sacrilege.

' Not a murmur, not a movement betrayed an instant's shrinking from her fate, as the cold heap of clay covered Beatrice to the very neck. Her face was still above ground, and the infuriated bigot, whose word was to save her or stifle her voice for ever, once more approached. He knelt beside her—thrust his crucifix close to her still straining eyes—and in accents that faltered from rage, he cried out,

' "Dost thou still dare refuse? Death is on thy lips—hell gapes for thee! Wretched woman, say but one word—kiss the blessed relic and thou art saved."

' "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" said Beatrice, in hollow and broken accents.

' "It is done! Cover her quick! Let her perish in eternal fire!" cried the inquisitor.

' The executioners heaped the earth still higher—the head was covered in—and only then a smothered scream burst upwards, while the struggles of natural agony shook the mound to and fro. Still the legal and consecrated murderers went on, with trembling hands and quaking hearts. But as they hastily closed their work, a deep and heavy groan came upon the air from a not distant part of the waste ground; and the group looking round in guilty terror, saw a man close wrapped in a cloak, but struggling with another—of aged and decrepit stature—as if he would break from his hold, and rush upon their unholy labours. A weapon gleamed in his hand; and the whole group of guilt, inquisitor, familiars and guards, struck with panic, and imagining rescue and revenge from a hundred indignant arms, hastily fled from the scene with loud cries for help.

' In a moment the grave was torn open, and Beatrice still panting in the struggle between life and death, snatched from its re-opened jaws, and about to be borne off in the close-locked arms of her brother, when the insatiate inquisitor, his ardent vengeance overcoming his fears, turned from his flight to give one assuring glance upon his victim's grave. By the light of the lanthorn which streamed on the ground, he saw that, instead of the indignant crowd his apprehensions had imagined, only two men were on the spot, one of them old and diminutive, and the other encumbered with the exhumed body. In the glow of fanatic fury, he forgot all personal fears, and, while his dastard creatures held on their terrified course, he sprang back alone to the burial ground, and seizing the old man with one hand, he stretched forth the other to grasp from the Moriscoe's hold his still insensible burthen.

' " Sacrilegious villains !" cried he, " give up your impious purpose, and resign the body of the recreant lost one. Let it rot in its earthy prison, till the last trumpet rouse it in resurged life to burn in eternal fire."

' A deep and silent plunge of the Moriscoe's poignard struck the blaspheming bigot in the throat. Another blow pierced his heart, as he fell into the imperfectly hollowed grave; and while he lay there several strokes were dealt on him by the feeble hands of the old man, with one of the spades which he tremblingly seized. And then, in the instinct of terror at the deed, he shovelled the loose earth over the bleeding carcase, while the Moriscoe's pale profile looked stern and rigid in the expiring light. The work was soon complete; and the mound of earth thus hastily thrown up (soon covered with as rank weeds as ever sprang from a polluted soil) were long marked by shuddering superstition as " the grave of the Mahommedan girl." The fate of the inquisitor was quite unsuspected; and he might have been still believed to have disappeared supernaturally, or perished by some less awful visitation, had not unerring records thrown light on his fate.

' The tottering steps of the old man quickly led the way across the thickly-planted site of the little Sablon, and by many a winding lane and alley towards the hill of Caudenburgh, till the Moriscoe, with his beloved burthen, found a safe refuge in the old man's dwelling, in the narrow street on the side of the hill, not a hundred yards below the house of the Marquis of Assembourg.'—Vol. iv. pp. 150, 159.

Mr. Grattan is an Irishman, and consequently is more abundant in his figures than correct in the use of them: After the hurry and confusion of which we have complained in the conduct of the story and the evident want of end, or aim in all he writes, we object to the author's carelessness and inaccuracy of style. Persons who read with modern haste, are content with as it were the complexion of a paragraph: the writer's meaning is felt and his expression is not criticised. But let any one try the experiment of translating any characteristic passage into French or Latin, and the confusion and looseness of thought will become immediately apparent. Mr. Grattan's education has not been scholastic, and he has not made up by subsequent application the defects of early instruction.

Art. IX.—*Maxwell*, By the Author of Sayings and Doings.—3vo. 12mo.—Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THERE is at least one virtue in Mr. Theodore Hook, he does not dose us with fashionable novels, on the strength of some familiarity with the great; he might have told us all about the intrigues of the Lord Johns and the Lady Georgianas, and their houses, horses, carriages, first, second and third coachmen, wheel and fore postillion. But, on the contrary, we hear nothing of Grosvenor Square: the author understands middle life and he describes it. Maxwell is a Novel full of such people as we all know, for there are few persons who among their acquaintance do not possess a character or two. Cheapside is not a genteel place, nevertheless thousands tread its classical pavement daily who have equal claims to be recorded in Romance with Maxwell, Apperton, Moss and the remaining *dramatis personæ* of this new effort of the author of Sayings and Doings. Maxwell is a surgeon of eminence, without a single peculiarity beyond a violent prejudice against his daughter's marrying any man not born in lawful wedlock. Apperton is a stock-broker who is not peculiar enough to be honest: he turns out a rogue and absconds. Moss or Mousetrap, as he is called, is undoubtedly an original: he is an idle old do-nothing, who amuses himself with grumbling in a style not to be expected from a person of education and condition for such undoubtedly is the brother of the rector of Fudley *cum* Pipes. This gentleman has a language of his own; English unlike the pliant Italian is not rich in diminutives or in those adscititious terminations which mark the temper of the speaker. Mousetrap adds to the name of such objects as he loves the endearing affix *ums*: thus his gin is *ginnums*, his Kitty, *Kittums*. To which peculiarity he joins that of preferring the dialect of English spoken by the wayfaring individuals who have the guidance of the public carriages: a free-masonic order who converse by signs, innuendos and slang. All this it must be confessed implies no great stretch of genius: but we do not cry *low* because it is *common*: on the contrary, we confess to have been pleased with the homeliness of the heroes of Maxwell. We could not charge the author with affectation, at least, of all faults that which most ruffles the temper of a critic.

But if Mr. Hook is content to go into the streets for his characters: he is not so easily satisfied with his events. They are not impossible, they have probably each taken place in their turn, but when huddled together in three volumes they truly cut a most improbable figure; they as nearly represent life as a collection of wild beasts represents nature: the lion and the tiger are found in the same jungle, but Pidcock's neither resembles India nor South Africa. Maxwell turns upon such events as these: a man who has been hanged at Horsemonger Gaol coming to life again: on a man's picking up a wife in the street: on a first-rate London surgeon being obliged to flee his country from having speculated in foreign funds: on a gentleman, who has a vehement prejudice against natural children, giving his daughter to a suitor without inquiring who his father was, and after years of acquaintance discovering that his son-in-law is a bastard, and that his mother keeps the Cat and Cauliflower in the Commercial Road or some such place. But these are only a few of the violences to probability in the course of this tale, which was intended by the author to contain a picture of every-day life. To say that a novel is composed of commonplace characters, and improbable events, seems at first sight to be making a fatal objection to its success. It is not, however, exactly so: a lively style—a pointed manner of expression—a talent at catching the general features of daily life, and a great facility at caricaturing vulgarity, and ridiculing the awkward attempts of pretenders who aim to appear something they are not—these merits are sufficient in the present age of hasty reading and more hasty writing to ensure popularity. Character and story in fiction are now held merely as a species of machinery for compacting and arranging together a series of scenes which are sufficient to amuse, provided they are what is called spirited, or rapid, or witty, and follow each other fast enough. Parodying a saying of a celebrated political character, it may be observed of a novel, it is worse than absurd, it is dull. Now Mr. Hook is not dull except when he writes upon morals or politics: he is utterly unequal to discussion: but in description he is perfectly at home. When he writes of society as it lives and moves, he is full of spirit: when he would analyze its component parts, and reason upon its structure, the rector of Fudley *cum* Pipes never hushed his congregation to repose in a more soporific drone. This is ignorance not stupidity. Mr. Hook has learned his learning from the world, and among people not accustomed to search very deeply into its constituent parts. It is not surprising, therefore, that when urged to write on political subjects, and when acting under political prejudices, he should write both dully and absurdly. When he keeps to his part of skirmisher, there are few readier with his shot or surer in his aim. But Mr. Hook when serious is not always heavy, a circumstance which proves that his prosing when he does prose arises from ignorance: for when he speaks of that which he understands, his observations are not by any means destitute of good sense.

Of the style of the humour of Maxwell a few pages of conversation between Mousetrap and Maxwell will abundantly satisfy the curious reader.

'Maxwell was one of those who had mixed generally with the world, and knew it well. There were points upon which, like all the rest of us, he was blind: and, amongst others, perhaps, the promised happiness of his daughter, and the extraordinary talents of his son, were two. However, so long as his friend Moss continued an inmate of his house, there was no great chance of his either continuing well satisfied with himself, or extremely proud of his children. Plain speaking was Mousetrap's distinctive characteristic; his conversation abounded in blunt truisms, founded upon a course of thinking somewhat peculiar to himself, but which, when tried by the test of human vice and human folly, proved very frequently to be a great deal more accurate and agreeable.

'"Are you sure, Mack," continued Moss, as he commenced the fresh bottle, "that that Apperton is as rich as he makes himself out to be? I know some of them brokering boys are worth a million on Monday, and threepence on Thursday—all in high feather one week, and poor waddling creturs the next."

'"I tell you he is a man of great property," said Maxwell.

'"Ah!" said Moss, "you tell *me*, because *he* tells *you*. I never saw anything the day we went to call on him but a dark hole of a counting-house, with a couple of clerk chaps, cocked up upon long-legged stools, writing out letters—a smoky fire-place—two or three files, stuck full of dirty papers, hanging against the wall—an almanack, and a high railed desk, with a slit in a pannel, with 'bills for acceptance' painted over it;—that's all stuff—gammon—trash. I like to see warehouses and hogsheads, and casks and crates, and bales, and boxes.—Don't you understand?"

'"But Apperton has nothing to do with bales and boxes," said Maxwell; "he is a stock broker, of first-rate eminence."

'"Oh! that's it," said Moss, shaking off the snuff again—"a bull and bear boy!—Why, I suppose now, that chap would not belong to Crockford's for the whole world—and yet all's fair in the alley. Oh!—marry Kitty to *him* by all means—they are the chaps 'wot' makes time-bargains—they speculate for thousands, having nothing in the world, and then at the wind-up of a week or two, pay each other what they call the difference; that is to say, the change between what they cannot get, and what they have not got."'

The character of old Moss's humour is still further brought out in the following passage, which commences with a discussion between the calculating Stock-broker and his intended, as to where they shall spend the honeymoon.

'"Where shall it be then?" said Katherine, "you have only to fix, and I shall be happy to accede to your proposition."

'"No, by no means," replied the lover; "*you* must decide and *I* shall obey."

'This was with reference to the watering-place to which they were to retire to pass the honey-moon—since watering-place, by the influence of Moss, Maxwell had announced it to be.

'"What say you to Hastings?" said Miss Maxwell.

'"Hastings?" said Apperton, snarlingly.

'"The country about it," said Kate, "is pretty, the situation sheltered to suit my father; there are many agreeable objects in the neighbourhood, and the spot itself is historically interesting."

'"So it is," said Apperton, "and I dare say it is a nice place enough; but they gave some friends of mine, last year, an infernal bad dinner at an inn there—thirteen shillings a bottle for claret—and the fish not over good."

'"Well then," said Kate, "the Isle of Wight,—a perfect paradise?"

'"Yes, the pictures I have seen of *that*, are very pretty," said Apperton; "but then there's all the trouble of the sea, and additional expense and uncertainty."

'"Well then, Brighton?" said the nymph.

'"Why, yes, Brighton, I think, is best," replied the swain. "It's nearest to town."

'"Not so secluded as it might be," sighed the bride elect.

'"Not quite secluded," said Apperton, "but sufficiently so. If you like retirement, any of the small streets away from the sea, would answer; and the rents, I suppose, are much lower in those parts of the town, than on the cliffs."

'"Ah!" sighed Kate again.

'"They tell me the beef isn't good at Brighton," continued the Stockbroker; "but I dare say we shall be very happy: the mutton, my friend Hopkins says, is famous, and fish I know is uncommon cheap; and besides there are stages to town almost every hour, so that one can run up to business when it gets dull."

There was no romance in this—hardly enough of pleasurable anticipation to make Apperton's objections interesting—however, whenever he came out with his matter-of-fact prosing, poor Katherine sighed, and thought of ———, but I have promised not to say whom.

'"Amoret and Phillida," cried Moss, from the front drawing-room; "come, come, tea-time, tea-time; surely you have had enough of your honey stuff and twaddle. Ring the bell, Stockbroker, let's have up the toast, and the twanky: you have plenty of time for cooing when I am not here—I like none of your turtle work, unless with plenty of green fat."

'"We must go," said Kate, "or my dear Mousetrap will be angry."

'"Where's your father, Kittums?" said Moss, "pottering about in the surgery, I suppose? Well—if I had his money—his nibble, as I call it—I'd leave the dead creturs in their graves."

'"Science requires the exertions of scientific men," said Apperton: "no man could mend a clock, if he did not know how it was made—he must look at the works before he can regulate the machinery."

'"Mighty good," said Moss; "but the simile won't hold; you can't work it out. If I were you, I'd never attempt to be figurative except in 'Change Alley."

‘“Mr. Moss,” said Miss Maxwell, “let us consult *you* about our retreat.”

‘“What retreat?” said Moss.

‘“Why after our marriage,” said Apperton.

‘“Ugh,” said Moss, thrusting half a handful of snuff into his already curled up nostrils; “your retreat! there's no retreating after marriage.”

‘“Now don't be cross,” said Katherine, who saw that Moss was about to exhibit, in plainer terms than she thought would be agreeable to Apperton, his real sentiments upon their union, “you know what we mean—where shall we go to?”

‘“Oh, to spend the honeymoon!” said Moss. “Into solitude, with four horses and two postillions, a man servant, and a woman servant, all covered with white ribbons, by way of privacy,—'gad, I don't know —thank my stars, I never tried that scheme of happiness.”

‘“We were thinking of Brighton,” said Apperton.

‘“By way of seclusion!” said Moss. “Well, Brighton will be as good a residence as any other; there's nobody there knows much of either of *you;* and the place has got so big, that you may be as snug as you please: a large town and a large party, are the best possible shelters for love matters. Aye, go to Brighton—the prawns for breakfast, the Wheatears (as the cocknies delicately call them, without knowing what they are talking about) for dinner, and the lobsters for supper, with a cigar, and a little ginnums and water, whiffing the wind, and sniffing the briny out of one of the bow-window balconies—that's it—Brighton's the place, against the world.”

‘“Well then, Brighton let it be,” said Apperton; “and you, who seem to know all the advantages of the place, shall be appointed caterer. For as to trusting to servants in a place like *that,* I declare I would as lief be hanged.”

‘“Hanged, would you,” said Moss; “what like the respectable merchant who suffered, as they call it, for murder this morning?”

‘“Oh, my dear Mr. Moss,” cried Katherine, “don't talk of that.”

‘“Talk of it, why there's nothing else talked of, that I hear,” said Moss; “a gentleman criminal is too rich a treat to be overlooked; and a murder in good society forms a tale of middling life, much too interesting to be passed over in a hurry.”

‘“Ah!” said Apperton, “I knew Hanningham very well; and certainly I should have said he was the last man likely to commit such an act—but there's no trusting to appearances.”

‘“True, Stockbroker,” said Moss, “I never *do* trust to them, though others do.” And here he cast one of those eloquent glances across the table at Kate, in which he was accustomed silently to express his unconquerable dislike of her betrothed.’

We will confess that though for manifold reasons the author of Maxwell is not a favourite of ours, and that though we may approach his writings with some prejudice, still it is seldom that he fails to amuse us. If amusement were the end of all things then this would be high praise: it may, however, without doing great violence to the greatest happiness principle be held as the end of one of Mr. Colburn's novels.

Art. X.—*L'Insurrection. Chant Belge.* Bruxelles. 1830.

THERE are many reasons why the late Revolution in Belgium has been so ill understood in England. The sources of information both official and popular, have been for the most part Dutch. English travellers passing through or resident in Belgium, occupied themselves but little with its administration. The English papers, whose attention was directed to subjects of more immediate importance, only casually and slightly noticed the proceedings of the States General; and the French press which was directing all its efforts against a Jesuitical tyranny, was not tempted to go out of its way to notice a Protestant one.

This Revolution, therefore, which burst upon us without any preparation, has been generally considered as the effect of chance and caprice, originating in the movement of a drunken mob, and a few foolish young men, whom the newspapers from Paris had rendered patriots, and a revolutionary opera roused into rebellion; ideas of this sort, however hastily adopted, are difficult to remove. Here we undertake to do so; not with the inconsiderate warmth of partisans, but in the calm investigation of lovers of truth.

In the conference between the Ministers of the Allied Powers in 1814, it was agreed as a consequence of the treaty of Paris, but without any previous reference to the citizens of either country, that Holland and Belgium should be united. A protocol was accordingly drawn up, stating the terms of that union—these terms contained eight articles; forming a basis of the strictest impartiality; in conformity with which, Article I. declared that the Constitution of Holland should be so modified by common accord as to suit the wants and wishes of the United Provinces. Much may be said of the manner in which Belgium was treated relative to this modification. None of its articles were allowed to be discussed or changed. It was to be accepted or rejected as a whole and although these circumstances rendered the thorough understanding of its general spirit so essential, it was published only one week previous to the meeting of the Belgian Notables. These Notables, moreover, were not chosen as might be supposed, after a general law by the nation. They were named by the government. Of 1603 thus called together, 1323 met—Voted for the Constitution 527; against it 796; absent 280. The King, notwithstanding, declared it to be accepted, in these words:—

"Un sixième environ des personnes convoquées n'a pas assisté aux réunions des Notables, et quoique leur absence puisse être envisagée comme une preuve de leur adhesion au projet de loi fondamentale, il eut été plus satisfaisant pour nous qu'aucun d'eux n'eut négligé l'occasion d'émettre franchement son vœu sur des intérêts aussi graves. Des 796 Notables qui ont desapprouvé le projet 126 ont formellement déclaré que leur vote était motivé par les articles relatifs au culte; articles qui conformes à une Législation depuis longtemps existante, fondés sur les traités et en harmonie avec les principes que les Souverains les plus religieux ont introduits dans le système Européen, ne pouvaient être omis dans la constitution des Pays-Bas sans remettre en problême l'existence de la Monarchie, et sans affaiblir la garantie des droits de ceux là même que ces stipulations ont le plus allarmés. Si cette vérité n'eut été obscurcie par quelques hommes de qui le corps social devait au contraire attendre l'exemple de la charité et de la tolérance évangelique, les susdits votes se seraient joints à ceux des 527 Notables qui ont approuvé le projet. Les Etats Généraux nous ont aussi communiqué leur approbation, d'autant plus remarquable que donnée à l'unanimité dans une assemblée très nombreuse, elle doit être regardée comme l'opinion clairement exprimée de tous les habitants des provinces septentrionales. Et comme d'après cette énumération et comparaison des votes respectivement émis, il ne peut y avoir aucun doute sur les sentiments et les vœux de la grande majorité de tous nos sujets, et qu'il conste évidemment de l'assentiment de cette majorité, nous n'hesitons point à remplir notre obligation en sanctionnant d'une manière formelle le projet qui a été remis de notre part aux Etats-Généraux et aux Notables, et en déclarant comme nous déclarons par ces présentes que les dispositions y contenues forment dès à présent la loi fondamentale du Royaume des Pays-Bas."*

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* "About a sixth part of the persons summoned did not attend the meetings of the notables, and though their absence may be considered as a proof of their adhesion to the Fundamental Law, it would have been more satisfactory to us if none of them had neglected the opportunity of frankly expressing their opinions on so important a matter. Of the 796 notables who have disapproved of the project of law, 126 have formally declared that their vote was induced by the articles referring to religious matters; articles, which, as they are conformable to a legislation long existing, founded on

This was the manner in which Belgium approved of that modification which was to have been the effect of common accord. Nevertheless, the constitution thus adopted seemed in some measure to have considered as its object—the maintenance of that equality and impartiality between the Government of the Northern and Southern Divisions of the Kingdom, which was the fundamental principle of their union. In this spirit several of its articles were conceived; some guarantee, however, was necessary for their observance. The best that could be given was the liberty of the Press—and this was accordingly granted by an article (227) which allowed all persons to express their opinions, under the responsibility of answering for such writings as might attack the rights of society or of an individual. But the preservation of these rights is the very definition of Constitutional liberty; it was impossible, therefore, for a Constitutional government to grant anything more satisfactory in this particular. Still the author might ask what security he had, that in exposing any act of ministerial injustice, the meaning of this article should be strictly observed, or not in fact misapplied against him; he was given such a security in the immoveability of the Judges, as well as in the popular system of their appointment; since, every Judge was to be chosen from a list of three names presented to the King, either by the lower Chamber or the Provincial States: thus, that impartiality which it was the main object of the Constitution to secure, was connected with and confirmed by two articles—one providing for the liberty of the Press—the other the recommendation of the Judges, by the lower Chamber or the

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treaties, and in harmony with the principles which the most religious sovereigns have introduced into the European system, could not be omited in the Constitution of the Netherlands, without making problematical the existence of the monarchy, and without weakening the guarantees of the rights of those to whom these stipulations have caused most alarm. If this truth had not been observed by some from whom the social body might have expected an example of charity and Evangelical tolerance, the above votes would have been added to those of the 527 notables, who approved of the project. The States General have also communicated to us their approbation, which is the more remarkable, as it was unanimously given in a very numerous assembly; and must be regarded as the clearly-expressed opinion of all the inhabitants of the Northern Provinces. And, as after this enumeration and comparison of the votes respectively given, there can be no doubt of the sentiments and wishes of the great majority of our subjects; and that the consent of this majority is obvious, we do not hesitate to fulfil our obligation by sanctioning in a formal manner the project submitted by us to the States General, and to the Notables; and by declaring as we declare by these presents, that the dispositions contained therein, form from the present moment the Fundamental Law of the kingdom of the Netherlands."

Provincial States, and the continuance of their functions during life.

It so happened, however, that shortly prior to the publication of this Constitution, an event took place which threatened the repose of Europe, and of the Low Countries in particular. Bonaparte returned from Elba, and the King of the Netherlands, under the provisional state of things which then existed, published an ordonnance threatening with the severest punishments,* any who should attempt to pervert the loyal disposition of his subjects. The terms of this ordonnance were purposely vague, inasmuch as it was meant to be comprehensive; its effects, therefore, were doubly severe. Still the crisis in the King's affairs was urgent, and if when the circumstances which called for this law had ceased, the law itself had been abolished, its enactment would simply have been condemned as one of those arbitrary acts of expediency, which the present moment sometimes seems to justify, but which never fail to furnish bad examples for the future. Bonaparte, however, fled from Waterloo. He was an exile in the midst of the seas at St. Helena, he died—but this law still remained in existence. It existed, and was maintained in practice, from 1825 to 1829.† Had it only been confined to its original end, and reserved for some occasion, should such unfortunately occur, similar to that it had been created for, less might be said against it. But this ordonnance, called for by the most singular circumstances, and expressly levelled against acts of rebellion and sedition, and such writings, as, according to the text,‡ pointed out their author as the agent of a foreign power, was applied in the most ordinary times to every production of the press; and since in its wording all persons were charged against creating quarrels and spreading dissensions, it was made impossible to attack the acts of a Minister, or in short to express any political opinion whatsoever. without coming within the scope of its oppression. Let it not be supposed there is exaggeration in this statement: let it not be thought, either that the ordonnance was not such as we have described it, or that it was put, under other circumstances, into execution.

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* Branding, the galleys, death, &c.

† Five months after its suppression it was replaced by another little less severe, although during this interval not one single case of a violation of Article 227 (regulating the liberty of the press, and providing for the rights of society) had been brought before the Courts.

‡ These are the words: "Que l'écrit signale l'auteur comme partisan ou instrument d'une puissance étrangère, ou qu'il ait occasionné un soulèvement."

There are facts which speak more strongly than ourselves—

In October, 1828, Messrs. Bellet and Jador, two foreigners, placed however in the same civil position as Belgians, by the 4th Article* of the Constitution, underwent the sentence of one year's imprisonment, for the publication of a trumpery song in a newspaper.

The king *remitted* their sentence of one year's imprisonment into one of perpetual banishment, which was naturally felt by the prisoners to be more severe. It was in vain, however, that they petitioned against this act of royal indulgence. They were told there was no choice but to obey and be gone. Mons. Ed. Ducpétiaux, a young lawyer of considerable ability, published a remonstrance against the government, whom he accused of persuading the king to an abuse of the constitution, which could never have intended that power to be applied to the aggravation of punishment, which was expressly granted for the purposes of mercy. The ordonnance of 1815 was, as usual, brought forward, and Mons. Ducpétiaux in his turn condemned to imprisonment and fine. Protesting against his judgment, Mons. Ducpétiaux consulted the different courts of law, and received the result of their various deliberations. From Louvain, from Liége, from Luxembourg, from Maestrich, from Bruges, from all the quarters to which he applied, came one unanimous opinion against his sentence, as tortured out of an ordonnance formerly passed under peculiar circumstances, and which was then altogether contrary to the constitution of the kingdom.

But where was that system of judicature which was to protect the press? Where were the judges presented to the king by the Lower Chamber or the provincial States, and holding their offices during life?

For above thirteen years a provisional judicature was the only one which existed, nor has any other up to this time sat in Belgium—a provisional judicature, in which the judges were selected as well as named by the king, and entirely dependant upon his good will and pleasure. Thus the Article which conferred the liberty of the press was rendered null—the Article which regulated the appointment and the existence of the judges evaded. Yet these were the two articles which more especially guaranteed the impartiality which was the fundamental principle of the Union. Still that impartiality might have existed; and many may be disposed to think it possible, that a spirit of unwise dissatisfaction, justified in some degree the important changes in the constitution, which we have mentioned.

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* Tout individu qui se trouve sur le territoire du royaume, soit regnicole, soit étranger, jouit de la protection accordée aux personnes et aux biens.

Here then is the place to inquire, what causes the Belgians really possessed for complaint. Whether their representations were the murmurs of the factious, or the remonstrances of the oppressed.

The taxes of a country should necessarily be upon its means—in proportion to its wealth, not in proportion to its population. Holland is more wealthy than Belgium. If this required any proof we might observe, that the inhabitants of towns, taken on a general estimate, are richer than those of the country, and that this class of population is more numerous in the northern than in the southern provinces.*

The larger sum which the property-tax brings to the revenue from the former division of the kingdom, is a still stronger fact.† But what proof of this nature is required! When it was asked why Holland should send the same number of deputies to the States General as Belgium, was it not said, "True, the people of Belgium are the greater number, but the people of Holland are the most wealthy, and property is to be represented as well as population." If a country ought to be taxed according to its riches, then Holland ought to have been more heavily taxed than Belgium: and this, in fact, was at first the case. In 1821, however, the budget (passed for ten years) changed the system of imposition: for taxes upon colonial luxuries (paid by the wealthy and commercial people) were substituted others, which pressed upon the poorer and agricultural class. This change is more remarkable for having introduced into Belgium the odious *mouture*, which, in becoming the cause of a temporary tumult, ended by bringing about the Revolution. Nor did the Belgians even then submit to this detested tax, without making every legal resistance.

The following are the divisions in the two Chambers:—

	For	Belgians	Dutch		Against	Belgians	Dutch
Upper ...	21	2	19	———	17	17	0
Lower ...	55	2	53	———	51	51	0

Thus out of 72 Belgians who voted on this question, 4 voted for, 68 against it; while the Dutch were unanimous in its favour.

By these and similar means, in 1827, when, since 1821, a general augmentation of four millions of taxes had taken place, Holland was augmented by one million, Belgium by three millions; and in the aggregate of impositions Belgium paid the greatest proportion.* Thus we see the poorer country taxed more heavily than the richer; † and this injustice will become more striking as we enter further into the subject, and show, that from all the offices and establishments which Belgium was contributing the most largely to support, it was almost an exclusion to be a Belgian.

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* Dutch population 2,281,789—in towns, 770,691; in country, 1,511,098. Belgian population 3,777,735—in towns, 651,341; in country, 3,126,394.

† In 1827, Property-tax, North, 8,601,656 florins; *i. e.* 3 florins 77 cents. per head. South, 7,793,197 florins; *i. e.* 2 florins 6 cents. per head.

Nor was this partiality confined to persons—it extended to localities. Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp. Antwerp so favoured under the French empire, and by the natural advantages of its position, received no mark of attention from the Dutch government.

There were two societies of Commerce—both in the north: of various public establishments, the vast majority were in the same part of the kingdom.—La haute cour militaire was in the north. Les écoles militaires were in the north. Le conseil suprême de la Noblesse was in the north. La Chancellerie de l'ordre militaire de Guillaume was in the north; and who would think it possible, La Chancellerie de l'ordre du Lion Belgique was in the north also. Nor is this more extraordinary than that the administration of the mines was in Holland (although there is not a single mine in that country), and their administrator moreover a Dutchman.

Our readers will imagine, perhaps, that this functionary had been brought up to, and was peculiarly calculated for his department. Let us not mistake the spirit of the Dutch Government! The administrator of the mines was an ancient secretary of the Admiralty. The only public establishment in Belgium, which was placed there after ten years of expectation, was the bank at Brussels. In this, at all events, we might expect to see Belgians. The director was a Dutchman, the secretary was a Dutchman, the chiefs of the different bureaus were Dutchmen, and so on.

In a table of the different persons in public employment in the year 1829, we find—

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* In 1821, the sum total was about 72 million of florins; of which Belgium paid 35, Holland 37. In 1827, the sum total was 76 mill. 859,424 florins; of which Belgium paid 38 mill. 808,319 florins; Holland 38 mill. 051,102 florins. Belgium, surplus, 757,217 florins.

† Nor was this all; the interest of the debt during these six years had been also augmented above 3 millions of florins; the capital of which had been chiefly expended in the war in the Dutch colonies, and the improvement of the dykes and canals of Holland.

	Dutch.	Belgians.
Ministers and Secretaries of State, not including Prince Frederick	12	3
Council of Ministers	6	0
Councillors of State	12	11
Extra Councillors of State, two foreigners	27	18
Referendaires of first class	8	5
Referendaires of second clsas	12	10
Administrators and Directors, two foreigners	13	1
Secretaries General, and Greffiers	19	1
Referendaires of the ministerial departments	24	3
Principal Clerks, two foreigners	106	11
Council of Nobility	5	1
	244	65

DIPLOMACY.

	Dutch.	Belgians.
Ambassadors, three	2	1
Envoys, twelve	9	3
Chargés d'affaires, five	5	0
Resident Ministers, two	2	0
Minister Plenipotentiary, one	1	0
Consuls, eighteen, two foreigners	11	5
Result	30	9

ARMY.

	Dutch.	Belgians.
Generals in Chief	4	0
Lieutenant Generals	16	4
Colonels of infantry	13	4
Colonels of artillery	6	0
Directors of engineers	4	0
	43	8

To palliate this injustice in the army it has been said, that many of the Dutch had served under the French empire, and that their rank consequently proceeded from priority as well as favour. All recent nominations, however, as the Army List will shew, have been in the same spirit; and Belgians who had remained during ten or twelve years as cadets, saw the Dutch put over their heads of three or four years standing.

In a military school at Breda, formed in 1828, of eighteen military employments therein, two only, and these the least considerable, were given to Belgians or Catholics—of twenty-one civil employments the Belgians had only four, and one of these was French master, which no Dutchman was calculated to fill. Of the 170 cadets admitted, 132 are Protestants, and 38 Catholics, among whom are thirty, or thirty-one Belgians. If we had time or space to continue on this subject, we might shew that the same system prevailed in the appointments of the magistracy,* and the pay and pensions of the clergy of the different religions.†

It is now time to notice one of the most singular perversions of words, that power ever yet employed. One of the articles of the constitution declared, "que l'instruction publique serait un objêt constant des soins du Gouvernement." So it ought to be of all Governments. Who would ever think that this article, so simple in itself, and so natural in its meaning, could be construed into the gift of an arbitrary power over the whole education of the kingdom. This was actually the case however. It was commanded that all existing seminaries for education should cease within a certain time, unless they received the approbation of the king, without which none in future should be established. At least it might have been expected that certain qualifications would be stated for obtaining this approbation. No: it was entirely arbitrary in the king to grant or to withhold it. A distrust was every where shewn for the Catholic, a preference for the Protestant religion. In North Brabant, almost entirely Catholic, eight out of eleven inspectors of schools are Protestants; and this is more remarkable, since under the old system, when these inspectors were chosen by the provincial administration, five out of six inspectors were Catholics. In the other provinces of the North, among all the inspectors there is only one Catholic. So that in the Northern Provinces, including North Brabant, there are altogether out of seventy-nine inspectors, five Catholics; and yet in these provinces the Catholics according to a census in 1815, form about a third of the whole population. Protestant professors, moreover, German as well as Dutch, were appointed in the Universities in the South, and were even found in the "College philosophique," the ostensible object of which was the education of Catholics for the Romish Church. But stronger objections may be made to the assumption of this power than even to the use that was made of it. It was not a casual act of violence proceeding from a temporary cause and likely to have a mere temporary effect; it was a well-aimed, a long sweeping blow against independence—the effect of which was to be felt by a future generation.

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* Twenty places successively vacant in the "cour supérieure" at the Hague, were given to Protestants. In North Brabant, where the population is almost entirely Catholic, out of twelve places successively vacant, eight were given to Protestants; and finally the High Tribunal so long delayed was to have been established at the Hague, though, during the last ten years more than eight times the number of causes were tried by the cour supérieure of Brussels alone.

† The payment of the Protestant ministers varies from 800 to 2,000 florins; the payment of the Catholic ministers varies from 100 to 975 florins. The former receive a pension after forty years of service, the latter after fifty; and there are other details respecting the receipts of these pensions, all in favour of the Protestant Clergy.

If other acts of injustice and oppression were not in violation of any express article of the constitution, it was because the persons who framed that constitution could hardly have foreseen their possibility. They could hardly have thought it conceivable that the king would commit the most partial act of which he could be guilty, the actual imposition of the language of one part of his subjects on the other, when the system of Government he had sworn to observe was that of the most perfect impartiality. He did, however, positively declare, not only that Dutch should be used in all public documents, but that all persons speaking in the public courts should employ it. The language of society—the language of the bar—the language of a great portion of the people of all ranks—was French, but this did not signify. It was in vain that a lawyer had consumed the best years of his life in the study of his profession. He was to teach himself a new tongue, or the capital of his labours, of his education, was to be wrested from him. Some quitted the bar, others, induced by long habit, still continued at it, but prepared themselves to see the honours, the applause, and the practice they had been accustomed to, transferred to others, so fortunate as to have been born on the northern side of the Mordyke. The loss of these persons was not merely that of an honorable livelihood, it is necessary to penetrate our minds with a sense of those higher feelings of pride and ambition which animate men who have reached the head of their profession in order to appreciate the extent of that oppression and injustice, which this foolish and tyrannical ordonnance inflicted.

Still the measure was not full. The minister who urged his master thus headlong to his ruin, in the midst of his designs did not feel easy respecting his accomplices. He desired to see those whom he employed completely in his power. But how was this to be effected? Nothing so easy, said Mr. Van Maanen, and out came another ordonnance, which declared that every person who was dismissed from, or who voluntarily quitted office, must have a satisfactory testimonial from the king, without which he was deprived of all his public rights as a citizen. He could neither vote for, nor be eligible to the local magistrature or the chambers. He was a stranger in his native land. Did Charles X, in the height of his folly or his power ever dream of such an ordonnance as this?

But why were there not petitions against these abuses? this has been asked before—it may now be answered. The Chambers were overwhelmed with petitions, they came in hundreds and thousands from all the provinces. But the king's ministers were forbidden to attend the States General without an express order from himself. They were supposed, therefore, to know nothing of these petitions; the complaints of the people were laid upon the President's Table as so much waste paper, and Heaven only knows what use they were finally put to by the members of the Chambers.

At length came the famous speech of the 11th of December, when William, forgetful of the protocol of 1814; and the conditions on which he held his kingdom, declared the Constitution to be an act of his particular grace, which he might yet modify according to his pleasure.

This is the eve of the Revolution—at length it broke out. It broke out under the encouraging influence of the events at Paris, (that is not disputed) but from causes long existing and as perfectly national, as any which ever yet roused a nation to resistance. The Revolution broke out—and its first movement made by the people was attended by those popular violences, which should teach Ministers and Sovereigns to listen in time to the people's representatives. The cause is stated to be a municipal tax. But it is necessary to know all the odious circumstances of this tax, in order to understand the real nature of the revolt. The *Mouture* had been at length abolished by the Chambers as a general tax. One of the usual mandates allowed the Regencies (in order to supply some deficit in the revenue) to impose it as a local one. We should mention that this was contrary to the Constitution, which conferred the power of fixing all local charges on the Provincial States, which were not then assembled.

Many towns, Mons for one, would not take upon themselves an illegal authority, others supplied the deficiency from more legitimate sources. The Regency of Brussels, however, the one most under the influence of the Ministers, established the odious imposition; and the people of that city found they were oppressed by a tax, partial to themselves, and which, detested throughout the country, had received the formal reprobation of the Legislature. When this tax was first imposed it was carried, as we have said, by a Dutch Majority; 68 Belgians out of 72 in the two Chambers voting against it. With the cry, then, of the Brussels mob for its abolition should be blended the voices of the sixty-eight Belgian representatives. It was not the clamour of a rabble, it was the appeal of a nation—and events proved it so.

The Bourgeoisie who had put down the riot, took occasion of it to demand the redress of their grievances, and at this time the King declared himself willing to submit their complaints to an extraordinary assembly of the Legislature.

It has been said, that the Belgians should have awaited quietly the decision of the States General. But it must be remembered that their cause was not going to be tried before an assembly of their own nation alone. It was going to be tried before a joint assembly of the two countries, an assembly that was to meet in Holland, while the greatest part of their complaints were against the influence of that country.

It was only necessary for the Dutch to vote together, and three or four Belgians to vote with them, in order to legitimatize the refusal of their requests. It may be said a majority of this kind was not likely to occur, and would not have sufficed. By the table subjoined it appears that similar majorities occurred—which did suffice in all instances to overpower the interests of Belgium.

VOTES OF THE CHAMBERS OF THE STATES GENERAL.

	Ayes.		Noes.	
Laws for the Introduction of the Mouture and Abbattage Taxes....	55	53 Hollanders 2 Belgians	51	0 Hollanders 51 Belgians
Budget of 1829	53	49 Hollanders 4 Belgians	51	4 Hollanders 47 Belgians
The Ten Years' Budget from 1830 to 1840*	61	48 Hollanders 13 Belgians	46	5 Hollanders 41 Belgians
Law for declaring the Chase a Royal Privilege (Droit regalien)	25	25 Hollanders 0 Belgians	50	0 Hollanders 50 Belgians
Law against the Press	52	46 Hollanders 6 Belgians	52	4 Hollanders 48 Belgians
Law for Tax on Beer	39	39 Hollanders 0 Belgians	58	3 Hollanders 55 Belgians
Project of Law respecting the Coffee Trade	60	13 Hollanders 47 Belgians	36	0 Hollanders 36 Belgians

We see that to expect any thing from the justice of the chambers was out of the question—their decision in fact depended upon the king; nor had any thing happened peculiarly calculated to put his majesty in good humour.

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* This was a vile system, which enabled the Ministry to get prospective grants for ten years in advance; notwithstanding which, there was always a large additional annual Budget. The government would, therefore, calculate on the *minimum* of its means; the people never could estimate the *maximum* of their responsibilities.

If the Belgians obtained any seeming attention from him now,—it was not simply because they complained, their complaints had been unattended to for years: it was because they complained with arms in their hands. These arms, however, they were commanded to lay down, in a singular Declaration; which while it promised that their requests should be treated with favour, threatened to hang those by whom they had been induced to make them. Nor was this all. Just prior to prince Frederick's march upon Brussels, a pamphlet had been published at the Hague, which had created some sensation on account of its author. This person had long been known as the protegé of Van Maanen, and the defender of his administration. In a passage of the pamphlet alluded to he complains of those who had commanded in Brussels at the commencement of the insurrection, and states what it ought to have been. "Brussels," says he, "ought to have been bombarded, so that not one stone was left upon another, until such time as the most notable citizens, their feet naked, a cord about their necks, had delivered up those from their body, whom the government had pointed out to them, in order to suffer an immediate and ignominious death before their eyes." Nearly at the same time appears the proclamation of prince Frederick, containing almost similar threats, almost similar demands.

We have now almost done with this question. We took it up in the first place from friendly sympathy towards a people whom we had seen in a variety of interesting circumstances, and whose cause appeared to us totally misunderstood in this country. We had a second motive, however, which we also felt to be an imperative one. We felt it as a duty in these times, to shew, where we had the power, that Revolutions are not the mere work of chance and accident, or likely to break out in those countries which have every reason to be satisfied with their government and their rulers.

When it is asked what causes Belgium had for a revolution, we would reply by asking what causes a country can possibly have for a revolution, which the Belgians had not?

The impartiality, which was the basis of their Constitution, had never been observed. The liberty of the press, which that Constitution guaranteed them, had been annulled. The independent system of judicature, by which they ought to have been protected, had been evaded. The education of their children had been taken out of their hands. Their very language had been proscribed; and they saw the minister who had done all this—assume, as if for further designs, an arbitrary power over those in his employment.

Surely the cause of a people whom all these grievances drove into rebellion is a holy and legitimate one.

Surely a people so aggrieved were permitted, were commanded, were obliged, if they possessed a spark of personal honour or national feeling, to revenge the contempt, by casting off the yoke of their ruler.

And if the Revolution, whose progress we have traced, whose principles we have shown, and whose acts we have characterised, be legitimate and just, who shall claim the right to interfere with it.

Let those who arm for the battle weigh all the chances, and pause upon all the consequences of defeat.

Here will be a struggle, not for the power of a state, but the preponderance of an opinion: the rights of men, the prerogatives of monarchs will be at issue; and the Despot may expect to find his bitterest enemies even amidst the martial hosts of his adherents.

Will Italy, long suffering under strangers, wage a war of foreign interference? Will parcelled-out Poland, already in arms for its own liberty, maintain the principles of partition? Will intelligent Prussia combat the effects of intelligence? The small states of Germany, long ashamed of their degradation, pant to release themselves from the expensive state and proud prerogatives of their petty tyrants.

Every heart burns, every arm is ready, every ear is attentive; and the first cannon that is fired gives the signal for a general Revolution throughout Europe.

Art. XI.—*Journal of a Tour in Italy, and also in a part of France and Switzerland.* From October 1828, to September 1829, by James P. Cobbett. London. 1830.

BEARING the name it bears, this Volume, unpretending as is its appearance, promised a great deal of solid information concerning Italy, on the scores of Agriculture and Politics; but this was perhaps too much to ask of a tourist who skimmed over the country with the usual rapidity of an Englishman. Mr. Cobbett's book does not differ in its plan from that of his predecessors who have published their experiences during a forced march across a land which to see and comprehend would require years. His book is unpretending, it is individual, and remarkable for its impartiality and general correctness; and above all for its appreciation of the merits of Italy, undismayed by dirty ruins and bad dinners. Mr. Cobbett has travelled a great deal; and great travellers are indulgent to the deficiencies and observant of the advantages of various countries. He is an agriculturist; and as we do not often find our farmers straying from their native homesteads, we were curious to learn how the sunny fertile Italy would strike one who looks on tracts of land with an eye to profit, and regards a landscape with the scrutiny of an estimator of its production of nourishment for man. On this point as on all others, Mr. Cobbett is superficial, and yet it is the principal one in his volume. Of pictures he tells us nothing—of statues only enough to prove his admiration—and on architecture, with the exception of St. Peter's, he is silent—he enters into no details concerning the governments, the style of living of the inhabitants, the manners, customs, and literature of the various states; there are very few anecdotes to be found in his pages. But he tells us what he saw, and that is much, and sometimes he tells us what he felt, and as his remarks never rise into the sublime, so they are usually interesting from their liveliness and truth. The climate of this favoured land strikes him with admiration: he describes well the manners and appearances of the peasantry—and the *naïveté* of some of his observations exhibits the spirit of indulgence with which he is inclined to view the difference that exists between his own ideas and prejudices, and those of the people of whom he is a guest. He is a good-humoured and an intelligent traveller—but neither inquisitive nor critical.

He enters Italy by Marseilles, Nice, and Genoa, having gone down the Rhone to the first-named city, uninspired by the soul of Petrarch, he describes the country about Avignon as "very barren; a good deal of mountain of mere rock."—[p. 11.] Again on approaching Nice, over "pine-covered hills," he tells us

> 'Most of the country barren. So much pine rock that there are only some small spots having a sufficient depth of soil to get in the plough.'—p. 19.

And again,

> 'There must, in such an immense range of rocky mountains, necessarily be many thousand acres altogether uncultivated; but this is hardly to be called barrenness in the usual sense of the word. The bare rocks, though capable of producing not even a natural blade of grass or a weed, do not give you that disagreeable idea of inanity which arises in looking over some tracts of arable land, where the plough might go, but where the trouble of sticking it would be useless.—p. 36.

This exculpation from the charge of inanity, as appertaining to the sublime scenery of the *Riviera* between Nice and Genoa, is generous. He makes amends, however, on entering Tuscany, and views her fertility with greater admiration even than that usually accorded by the picturesque tourist. He eulogises the style of farming in the Lucchese territory of which he says:

'This is not farming, according to our custom; it is literally market-gardening all the way. Not one inch of ground seems neglected. We have nothing properly called farming at all to be compared to the field outline here displayed.'

But his chief applause is expended upon the country surrounding Florence; and taking his account as that of a farmer, it is interesting from the peculiarity of its view.

'To admire Florence,' he says, 'as it deserves to be admired, you must look down upon it from the high ground in its vicinity. You must consider its situation—the mountains, far and near, that overtop its buildings, the river that divides the city, the rich vale it flows into beneath; the olives, the vines, the gardens and orchards that dress every elevated spot: look over the city at some distance from it as we did this morning, have the whole of it, and all that encompasses it, in your eye at one time, and you will confess that the capital of the Florentines is what they call it—*la bella*, the beautiful. An Englishman with whom I went to Bellosguardo to-day told me that an acquaintance of his from London, in whose company he had once taken the same walk, did not like the scenery of this country comparing it with that of England. The cockney discovered a lack of woods, live hedges, and hedge rows, and green-fields. Such lack there certainly is here; and our common idea of the rural in England is, indeed, very different from anything to be seen here. Our country is a green one; it is not for nothing that we have so many showers of rain, and that the sun with us is so shy; verdure is the characteristic in our rural picturesque. A meadow, a thatched cottage and a coppice: here are the components of an interesting landscape in England, though the greater part of it consists of mere grass and leaves. Our landscapes are full of *softness*: here on the contrary a sort of *hardness* appears. Rough stone walls, instead of hedges, cause much of the difference. There is not so much foliage in general as with us, and the leaves of the evergreens, to which class a large part of the trees in Italy belongs, are never so delicate as the dendrions. The olive tree, which the inhabitants of southern climates admire so much, is an evergreen: but its leaf has always a great deal of the grey (the *glaucus*) in it. Then there are the vineyards, and who would not admire these? But some of us say that they are too artificial, that every vine is found to grow in a particular way, and that the vineyards, unlike our woods, are monstrous both in shape and in hue. Can we, however, venture to bring anything we have in contrast with the *olive* and the *vine*, without apprehending the pity of those who possess these two? Can we see these flourish, and not congratulate the Italians on their glorious *sun*, every ray of which seems to assure them that both ease and plenty are their birthrights?

these are beauties on the face of England, which we cannot help marking the absence of here, and nature has given her land the advantage of producing the things which are solid objects of envy to other nations; but what greater triumph could an Italian derive from the comparison, than that of being told that ours is a country on which nature has *not* bestowed the *olive* and the *vine*.—p. 129.

The farther south Mr. Cobbett travels, the more encomiums he lavishes on the fertility of the land—the Campagna di Roma, in its wild and desolate beauty, moves him not at all because,

> 'the far greater part of it bears nothing but a poor grass, brambles and high weeds. Only a few patchy crops of wheat and lupines.' —p. 171.

but then as he approaches Naples, his enthusiasm revives, and it is impossible not to participate in the fervour with which he exclaims,

> 'Only think of fifty or sixty acres of land in this way; high poplars standing in rows with wide intervals; vines clambering up every tree, their long shoots led from the branches of one tree to those of another, crossing in all directions, some of them hanging down towards the ground. One would suppose that the land must be sufficiently drawn upon by the vines and the impoverishing poplar roots. Nevertheless there are luxuriant crops, growing under the trees; capital wheat, now all but in ear and turning yellow; fine Indian corn planted in drills from two to three feet apart, besides oats, beans, and other things. The country was level; we had nothing else in view on either side; but what could be more delightful than to look, as far as the eye could carry, between the stems of the poplars, the bright sun shining through the lofty branches and shoots of the trees and vines down upon the crops growing under them.'—p. 207.

With such a taste for the fruitful in a landscape, no wonder that Mr. Cobbett fully sympathizes with three Italian gentlemen whom he saw, just returned from England, whose judgment of our country, he says,

> 'Was expressed in six words, which said at once more for and against our country than perhaps the same number of words in any language can say, "*non vi manca che il sole.*" *i.e.* You want nothing but the sun'—p. 371.

Mr. Cobbett's judgment of the Italians is favourable and therefore praiseworthy, since it shews that he was not carried away by the differences that might shock his habits—nor put out of temper by paltry annoyances. His view is cursory but it is just. He has discovered their inherent courtesy, which is so great that the bitterest reproach you can make to an Italian is saying, "*Siete poco cortese.*" He laughs good humouredly at their sloth which is trying to a traveller. He defends their love of money. But he is wrong in excusing this their worst fault. While "*i miei quattrini*" sit so near an Italian's heart, he will never rise from his present state. In this respect, the Italian women are far superior to the men ; the duties of housekeeping do not devolve on them, and they therefore only regard money as the means of procuring pleasures, while the men love the coin, love the name, and make good at each hour of their lives, their attachment to the vulgar English proverb, a "penny saved is a penny gained." So kindly, even, is Mr. Cobbett inclined, that he asserts the courage of the Italians, on the score of their proneness to assassinations, which is in fact the symbol of cowardice. That their pusillanimity arises from the defects of their various, but all bad, governments, we do not doubt; it is our faith that bad governments are the parents of the crimes of their subjects, and our belief that the removal of misrule will be the removal of misconduct—but then Mr. Cobbett very discreetly or very obstinately will not find fault with their governments, and where it is difficult to find any thing to praise he is generally silent.

Tuscany, indeed, offers some scope for praise and he indulges in it.

> 'If the Tuscans, ' he says,' do not enjoy the most glorious state of liberty in the world, if they have not a great deal to boast and brag of in their political institutions, I question if they are not just at this time infinitely better off than we are. The government though dependent upon a foreign power, deals in none of its master's severities at second hand. The vulgar notion among the people is, that their Grand Duke can do as he likes with their country. They respect him as a prince absolute in will, and who cannot act but in justice ; and there is a sort of understanding between the two, grounded on custom and tradition, which makes the one feel satisfied to render obedience, and the other in knowing that he deserves it." '—p. 149.

There is truth in these remarks. When Italy was revolutionizing itself, Tuscany alone was perfectly tranquil. The Austrian minister presented at that time a list of sixty-three Carbonari to the Grand Duke Ferdinand advising their arrest. The Duke refused to look at it, saying, that he had not heard that there was one Carbonaro in his territory, but that he was sure that he should make at least sixty-three, if he made prisoners of them. On the other hand, a few years before, he forbade the Students of the University at Pisa to go on with a project they had arranged, for the Carnival, of a Masque which should display in procession all the great people modern

Italy had produced, dressed in the fashion of their times, and with marks which should be portraits; it was feared that the very feigning to be the heroes of the republics would inspire thoughts too little known to the necessary acquiescence with things as they are. The government of Tuscany is king dog, inasmuch as it will not touch you, but it is not so innocuous if you approach it. The smallest judicial process is stamped with tyranny and injustice. The criminal proceedings are carried on in a style at once cruel and farcical, the rank of the accused being his acquittal or his crimination. We remember a process of this kind of the most important nature, where the singular awkwardness displayed in punishing the innocent, and setting free the guilty, excited our indignation, while in the details, the examination of witnesses, &c. every sort of favoritism was visible. About a hundred written questions were proposed to each witness, who ought to have been examined separately, but as they were *gente d'onore*, they each heard the testimony of the other. The questions themselves were so happily concocted, that without the sin of perjury, it became the most obvious thing in the world to shield the accused, who would have been too hardly dealt with, had he been condemned on the evidence.

It is not till near the conclusion of his volume that Mr. Cobbett shews the cloven foot. His style is peculiarly inelegant for one who can appreciate and feel the fine arts as he does; but we perused the major part of his Journal with great pleasure and some instruction; when suddenly he turns amanuensis to his father, and regales us with diatribes drawn from his "Register." Fearful that the dispraise of any government should involve the idea of praising our own, he goes so far as to defend the locking up of the Jews at Rome in the Ghetto; his reasoning displays the singular capacity the most acrimonious partizans of liberty have, of being the worst of tyrants when they choose. After quoting a most rigid and cruel enactment against these people, he says:

> 'The treatment of the Jews has been a subject of great outcry with English Protestant visitors at Rome. But if we are to judge by the vicious example of this people, in all that relates to dealings between man and man, how could the Roman government justify itself for placing them on a footing with their Christian subjects?'.

The very reasoning of all persecutors—Why? Because slavery makes them what they are, and liberty would render them just and virtuous. If that be not the case, liberty is an idol, unworthy of the blood shed at its shrine. More—it is not only that the Jews are enslaved, so also are the Catholics, but they are made outcasts and aliens, and no truth is more evident in morals or political justice, than that the branding and forcibly debasing a tribe of men, transforms them at once if not to villains, yet to be the natural enemies of their branders, and incapable of exercising towards them the social virtues. But then Mr. Cobbett adds :

> ' Have we seen no poor people in our own country as badly off, in a condition an hundred times worse than that of the Jews here ? Is it any more cruel for Catholic inquisitors to endeavour to prevent Christians from getting to be like Jews, by separating them from each other, than for parish officers to treat paupers as they do in England ?

And, therefore,

> ' What wretched cant it is for us to make a clamour about the cruelty of the Catholics towards these poor people.'

What wretched cant to think a man ill used who when he arrives in a foreign city, is forced to inhabit the worst part of it. Mr. Cobbett tells us

> ' A rich Jew of distinction, who lately arrived at Rome, took up his quarters at one of the other streets of the city ; but the police became quickly aware of him, and handed him off to the Ghetto. The situation of the place is said to be unhealthy : it certainly is not such as I should like to be obliged to dwell in.'—p. 266.

We fancy that Mr. Cobbett would not have been equally moderate in his terms, if before the repeal of the Catholic question, we had forced Catholic princes and bishops to lodge in St. Giles's. But all this, and much more to the same purpose is the fruit of Mr. Cobbett senior's work on the Reformation. His son should be aware that false reasoning can only hurt a good cause—and that the parroting of vituperation is more contemptible than that vituperation in its original form.

We are sorry to pass this censure, for until we came to these repetitions of his father's opinions Mr. Cobbett's book appeared to us to have many claims to approbation. In fine, though our author is singularly deficient in the reasoning faculty, he is a correct and agreeable observer of nature, both human and inanimate. Expunge about a dozen pages from his volume, and he becomes a pleasant fellow-traveller in a country in which we delighted to journey with him, and would fain have avoided the discovery how often his opinions are unsound—and how often they are supported with a coarseness that attaches disagreeable sensations to the writings of his father—and which have so greatly diminished his influence and interfered with his utility.

Art. XII.—*The Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveller*. By Major F. B. Head. (Family Library No. XVII.) London. Murray. 1830.

THE plan of this book was a happy thought. Bruce's travels occupy five 4to. volumes; and though they contain a most spirited narrative of his adventures, they are unluckily so mixed up with details of Abyssinian history, and antiquarian and mythological theories, that the work is in a manner sealed to the public. Besides which, the time had come when the interests of truth demanded that some one should stand up to vindicate the memory of the insulted traveller. Bruce, after twelve years of absence, and six years of hardships, enterprise, courage, skill, energy, and hourly risk of life, bringing with him astronomical observations, scientific remarks, and moral facts, and all this done in a noble spirit, and with the lofty aim of benefitting his country and the world by penetrating where European had never penetrated, and where conquerors at the head of armies had failed to reach, returned home—to be disbelieved, to be ridiculed, to be abused. When we read of his reception we are ashamed of our forefathers, and congratulate ourselves on the progress of knowledge. A Chinese could not have been more conceited or more prejudiced, than Dr. Johnson, who disbelieved that Bruce had ever been in Abyssinia. Subsequent travellers, timidly and evidently under the influence of the tide of public opinion against Bruce, have confirmed him in all that was most contemptuously discredited, in all, let it be observed, which never ought to have been doubted by philosophers possessed of experience of the world and capable of reasoning. It was time that this evidence should be collected and examined. It was time that the lights of the present century should be brought to dissipate the darkness of the last. All this was capable of being done in conjunction with a narrative of Bruce's adventures, with extracts of his most spirited descriptions, and intermixed anecdotes of his life derived from other sources. Such is the design of this work.

Its execution has been intrusted to Major Head, who, of an enterprising genius himself, it was justly thought would sympathize with the sufferings and the successes of an adventurous traveller. In an early number we printed an account of this gentleman's 'gallopades' across the thistly plains of South America, and gave him credit for the power of enduring fatigue, for energy in contending against difficulties, and spirit in describing them. He has entered upon his task with somewhat of the enthusiasm with which he undertook his expeditions across the Andes. Major Head effervesces at every step; no one can say his book is dull, or that he is flat. Amusement is the great aim of readers of the present day, there is also a thirst for information, and he who can convey both together is sure to become a popular author. Major Head has carried his heart into the task, and no one can listen to the pleadings of so eloquent and deeply interested an advocate without becoming an attentive auditor. And though his manner is rapid, and his method of discussion hasty, we are not sure that he has not as thoroughly examined his questions as more sedate writers. But it would have been more satisfactory in a mooted point, or at least one that has been mooted, if he had arrayed the topics of attack and defence somewhat more methodically. The biographer's extremely hurried style—his habit of appealing to the feelings, his contemptuous manner of dealing with his adversaries, though they will carry the greater part of the world along with him, still may dissatisfy the cautious, and somewhat delay the result our author would wish to produce. We are deeply anxious both for the interests of science and the honour of the country, that the fame of Bruce the noble and high-spirited traveller should stand upon the conspicuous pedestal it deserves, and therefore we may be more harsh than others, in criticising the endeavours of his biographer, but it is sorely to be lamented that in numerous instances he has permitted spirit to degenerate into vulgarity and that frequently, he has sacrificed propriety and decency of language to effect: instances of coarseness occur, strictly confined, however, to language, which we should be loath to admit into *our* Family Library, and which in a subsequent edition (for such it will reach) we recommend for revision.

The British world was undoubtedly greatly to blame in their treatment of Bruce, but the fault was not only on their side. It was weak and unworthy to have rejected the story of a traveller because some jealous critics conceited of their feeble lights led the way in abusing him, but Bruce himself was an ungainly person. Proud, irritable and unbending, he quickly took the alarm at the first symptoms of incredulity, and haughtily abstained from setting those right who had made but one step in error, and who would have been but too happy to have retracted. Those very qualities which contributed to Bruce's success in his hazardous expedition impeded him at home. Six-foot-four in bodily height, and with a corresponding altitude of spirit, gifted with all kinds of accomplishment, corporeal and intellectual, jealous of his honour, proud of his success, glorying in his ancestors, and not by any means esteeming himself least of his race, he was not a person to win his way where he was contemned, and that more particularly in the quarter where he rashly deemed he had laid up immortal honour. Some idea of the temper in which he returned from Abyssinia may be formed from the fact of his travelling to Rome immediately on his arrival in Europe, to chastise an Italian Marquis who had presumed during his twelve years absence to marry *his* MARIA—the lady he had drank to at the source of the Nile, and the woman he had sighed for in the mountains of Abyssinia, his hope and spirit's consolation when sinking under the simoom of the desert of Nubia, and whom he considered as betrothed to himself. The agreeable anecdote of his making a disbeliever of his travels swallow a raw beefsteak saying 'eat that or fight me,' simply proved his antagonist's unwillingness to risk his life, and his own readiness to do so. His admirable reply to Single-Speech Hamilton, his cousin and friend, who said to him one day after dinner, "now Bruce make us some of those drawings the people think you got Balugani the Italian artist to paint for you." "Gerard" replied Bruce very gravely, "you made *one* fine speech, and the world doubted its being your own composition, but if you will stand up now here and make another speech as good, we shall believe it to have been your own." Such an answer set down one objector and proved the author's talent at repartee, but left the question of the drawings exactly where it was.

On Bruce's return, worn down with fatigue, beset with the diseases of the desert and bearing about him all the marks of long and arduous travail, the world naturally expected some extraordinary narrative of his proceedings, and the savans and philosophical *quid nuncs* of the day eagerly crowded round the *nouveau debarqué* for his intelligence; he told them the most striking facts of his experience without softening them down or preparing the minds of his auditors, and they laughed incredulously. Such a reception was enough to drive the proud Scot into eternal silence, and for seventeen years he never attempted to publish a written account of his travels. This was a fatal mistake: his retreat seemed like the escape of a fainthearted impostor, another inventor of Formosa islands, and when at length his book did make its appearance, it appeared like the tardy bolstering up of an old story: every wretched scribbler was prepared to refute the elaborate lie. Thus the book was condemned before it appeared; it is painful to mortification even at this time of day, to hear that the copies of the history of Bruce's arduous travels and singular discoveries, were sold in Dublin for waste paper almost immediately after their appearance. Such a fact coming to the ears of a traveller who had encountered the hardships that Bruce had, and in the spirit of nobleness and patriotism that was always uppermost in his breast, were enough to break the heart of an ordinary man. Bruce was now getting into years, his gigantic form had become proportionately large, he lived in retirement on his estate at Kinnaird, amusing himself with astronomy, the perfecting of his drawings, and the management of his estate; he frequently assumed the turban and the relics of his Eastern attire, and indulged in long fits of apparent contemplation, at which time he was probably reverting to the most stirring period of his life, the six years of Abyssinian adventures, during which every day had its event, when he was dwelling amidst scenes the commonest of which were too extraordinary to be credited in England, and when he was called upon almost every hour for some effort on the result of which his existence depended, and, what was far more to him, the honourable termination of his enterprise. These moods naturally astonished his neighbours who used to exclaim, when they observed him in these moods, "Eh! the Laird's gaen daft."

Such was the course of Bruce's life after his return; and certainly this plan of dealing with the public, was not the most politic, but Bruce disdained to manage the world which he was entitled to instruct, and for whose information he had gone through so fiery an ordeal.

'There is surely nothing which, in the opinion of liberal men, can more degrade a country—nothing which, at the great table of the world, more deservedly places it 'below the salt'—than its unreasonably disbelieving an honourable man. A man's opinions may be canvassed, his theories may be opposed, his arguments may be resisted; but, without rhyme or reason, to disbelieve his statements, is at once to sever the band which holds society together! it destroys the allegiance which a well-disposed individual would willingly feel that he owes to public opinion; it tells him that his only defensive weapon is contempt. 'Sir, you are no gentleman!' exclaimed a passionate, irrational man.—'Sir, you are no judge!', was the calm, contemptuous reply.

'That a certain proportion of men are base, no one can deny, and Bruce, it is true, might have belonged to this number; yet in his favour, it ought to have been recollected, that there is no class of people who have less reason to exaggerate than those who in their travels describe the great features and phenomena of nature. In a crowded, populous, and civilized country, for our general welfare, the division of labour pervades all classes of society; and from the country squire to the countryman—from the head to the tail of every department of the state—from the man who wears silk stockings to the poor wretch who makes them—the attention of each of us is unavoidably tethered to an object of very small, insignificant dimensions. The whole country, it is most true, bears a high polish; but, like a mosaic tablet, it is composed of very minute parts. Living under such circumstances, the natural tendency of our minds is to exaggerate the importance of the little objects which surround us; but when a man like Bruce—hungry, thirsting, and weatherbeaten—has had no other companion than Nature herself, he most surely will feel no disposition to be deceitful—no cause nor reason to exaggerate; for, do what he will, his imperfect picture must always be too small. Who can describe the lightning as vividly as it flashes, or echo the thunder as loudly as it roars? Can any man describe the ocean from his inkhorn, or put into his pocket a picture of the world?

'The scenes which Bruce witnessed—the real dangers which he encountered—the hardships he underwent—the fatigue he endured, required no exaggeration; and as he was lying prostrate in the desert, fainting under the simoom, he could have had no feeling more just, than that it was out of his power to make any one feel by description the sensation under which he was suffering. However, though his drawing was imperfect, and its scale very diminutive, yet when he brought his picture to the civilized country, people all cried out that it was too large! But the real truth was, that it was *not* as large as life, but that the mind of his enemy, like the Vicar of Wakefield's fusty room, was too small to contain the picture—and as the Arabs who inhabit villages have a mortal hatred towards those wandering tribes who live in tents, so did the garret critics of the day feel jealous of the man whose tether was so much longer than their own: and as soon as Bruce's work was published, he experienced most severely how completely party spirit, whether in religion, politics, or science, destroys both the heart and the head.

'His enemies, with pens in their hands, had impatiently waited for his book, like Shylock whetting his knife; and it was no sooner published, than Bruce was deprived of what was actually dearest to his heart—his honour and his reputation.

'It was useless to stand against the storm which assailed him; it was impossible to resist the torrent which overwhelmed him. His volumes were universally disbelieved: and yet it may be most confidently stated, that Bruce's travels do not contain one single statement which, according to our present knowledge of the world, can even be termed improbable. We do not allude to the corroboration which his statements have received from the writings of Jereme Lobo, Paez, Salt, Coffin, Pearce, Burckhardt, Brown, Clarke, Wittman, Belzoni, &c.; for, whether these men support or contradict, their evidence would be only, say ten to one, for him or against, him—which, after all, is no certainty—but we "appeal unto Cæsar," we appeal to our present knowledge of the world upon which we live.

'Bruce has stated that men eat raw flesh in Abyssinia: we know that men in other countries eat raw fish-blubber, and even eat each other; we ourselves eat the flesh of oysters raw. Bruce's statement, therefore, is not and never was improbable.

'Bruce has given a picture of the profligacy of the Abyssinians, which, from its disgusting features, we have purposely withheld (to a well-constituted mind such details are only disgusting), yet it can very easily be shown that it is not at all *improbable*. In northern countries, a female possesses personal attractions at an age in which she is also endowed with mental accomplishments; she has judgment as well as beauty, ballast as well as sail, and, like the orange-tree, she thus bears fruit and flowers on the same stem: but, in the precocious climate of Abyssinia, this is not the case; and it surely need only be hinted, that there children of ten years of age are *women*, to explain what must be the sad effects of human passions working in such an uneducated, and, consequently, irrational state of society. There is no one of Bruce's assertions which may not, by similar reasoning, be supported; but the public, instead of judging, at once condemned him; his statements were only compared with the habits and customs of England—which, at that time, were as narrow and as harsh as the bed of the tyrant Procrustes; and because the scenes which Bruce described differed from those *chez nous*, they were most unreasonably and most unjustifiably discredited.'—p. 522-5.

Such are the very natural sentiments of Major Head on this painful subject, he proceeds to enumerate the only real objections that laid against Bruce's book, and he certainly estimates them very fairly.

'Nevertheless, in attentively reading the latest edition of Bruce's Travels, it must be evident to every one that, in point of composition, the work has very great faults. Bruce had an immense quantity of information to give, but he wanted skill to impart it as it deserved: and certainly nothing can be worse than the arrangement of his materials. In his narrative, he hardly starts before we have him talking quite familiarly of people and of places known only to himself; himself perfectly at ease and at home, he forgets that his reader is an utter stranger in the land.

'He also forgot, or rather he seems never to have considered, that the generality of mankind were not as fond as himself of endeavouring to trace a dark, speculative question to its source. His theories which, whether right or wrong, are certainly ingenious, constantly break the thread of his narrative; and, like his minute history of all the Kings of Abyssinia supposed to have reigned from the time of Solomon to his day, they tire and wear out the patience of the reader. Yet these were evidently very favourite parts of his volumes: and, eager in detailing evidence and arguments which he conceived to be of great importance, he occasionally neglected his narrative, jumbled his facts and dates, and, from his notes having been made on separate slips of paper, he made a few very careless mistakes. For instance, the beautiful Welleta Selasse, long after she was poisoned, is discovered by the reader making love with Amha Yasous! Tecla Meriam, also, reappears some months after he had been drowned. Arkecho is described after the reader has left it; and the palace of Koscam, in which Bruce lived so long, is not described until he had actually bidden adieu to Abyssinia. But Bruce's attention was evidently engrossed by great objects; and though his descriptions are often brilliant, and his sentiments always noble and manly, yet he cared comparatively little about certain parts of his narrative; and in the enormous mass of notes and memoranda which he brought home with him, he arranged a very few of them in their wrong places. But his mistakes, excepting one, were harmless, and absolutely not worth notice, although to the critic they were, of course, gems of inestimable value. The only one which requires explanation is, that, in describing Gondar, he mentions the death of Balugani (his Italian draughtsman) before he mentions his journey to the sources of the Nile; and as Balugani died after this journey, Bruce's enemies in general, and Salt in particular, have endeavoured at great length to prove that this error was deliberately intended to rob Balugani of the honour of having accompanied him to these fountains; whereas, it being perfectly well known that Bruce engaged Balugani at a salary of thirty-five Roman crowns a-month, for the express purpose of accompanying him in his travels, it is not likely that he should have been jealous of his own servant, particularly as, if he had wished to have gone to Geesh without Balugani, he had only to have ordered him to remain at Gondar. But every trifling mistake which Bruce made was distorted, and construed into fraud and deceit. His dates are occasionally wrong; but in his notes, which he brought to England, they are often inserted in so trembling a hand, that it is but too evident they were written on a bed of sickness. Besides this, it must surely be known to every one that, when a man visits such immense countries as Bruce travelled across, his great difficulty is to overlook detail; for, like a hound, if once he puts his nose to the ground, he gets puzzled. No man attempts to conduct a trigonometrical survey, and to fill it up, at the same time: if he is to determine the grand features of the country, it is impossible that he can be very attentive to its detail: and if he is minute in his detail, he can have looked very little to the general character of the country;—a man cannot study astronomy and botany at the same time.' —p. 525-7.

Every body remembers the witty sneer of Peter Pindar, which was a thousand times more efficient in propagating slander than even the heavy cannonading of Johnson.

'Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow and turn the rest to grass.'

This alludes to a well-known anecdote in Bruce, which, by way of specimen of the camel-swallowing and gnat-straining incredulity of the world, we shall quote in his own words.

'Not long after our losing sight of the ruins of this ancient capital of Abyssinia,' says Bruce, 'we overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; they had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands, in other respects they were but thinly clothed; they appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been stolen. This, however, was not our business, nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. We saw that our attendants attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers that were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after, we arrived at the hithermost bank of the river, where I thought we were to pitch our tent. The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow, and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her forefeet, while the third, who had a knife in his hand, to my very great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly before her hind-legs, and gave her a very deep wound in the upper part of her buttock.

'From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the ground, I had rejoiced, thinking, that when three people were killing a cow, they must have agreed to sell part of her to us; and I was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say, that we were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where I intended. Upon my proposing they should bargain for part of the cow, my men answered what they had already learned in conversation, that they were not then to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and that they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity; I let my people go forward, and staid myself, till I saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces, thicker and longer than our ordinary beef steaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done I cannot possibly say, because judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I saw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity: whatever way it was done, it surely was adroitly, and the two pieces were spread upon the outside of one of their shields.

'One of them still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This too was done not in an ordinary manner: the skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire, and flapped over the wound, and was fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers, or pins. Whether they had put any thing under the skin, between that and the wounded flesh, I know not; but at the river side where they were, they had prepared a cataplasm of clay, with which they covered the wound; they then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening.'—pp. 243—245.

Upon this fact Bruce himself makes the following remarks:—

'When first,' says Bruce, 'I mentioned this in England, as one of the singularities which prevailed in this barbarous country, I was told by my friends it was not believed. I asked the reason of this disbelief, and was answered, that people who had never been out of their own country, and others well acquainted with the manners of the world (for they had travelled as far as France), had agreed the thing was impossible, and therefore it was so. My friends counselled me further, that as these men were infallible, and had each the leading of a circle, I should by all means obliterate this from my journal, and not attempt to inculcate in the minds of my readers the belief of a thing, that men who had travelled pronounced to be impossible. They suggested to me, in the most friendly manner, how rudely a very learned and worthy traveller had been treated for daring to maintain that he had ate part of a lion, a story I have already taken notice of in my introduction. They said, that being convinced by these connoisseurs his having ate any part of a lion was impossible, he had abandoned this assertion altogether, and after only mentioned it in an appendix; and this was the farthest I could possibly venture. Far from being a convert to such prudential reasons, I must for ever profess openly, that I think them unworthy of me. To represent as truth a thing I know to be a falsehood, not to avow a truth I ought to declare; the one is fraud, the other cowardice: I hope I am equally distant from them both; and I pledge myself never to retract the fact here advanced, that the Abyssinians do feed in common upon live flesh, and that I myself have, for several years, been partaker of that disagreeable and beastly diet. On the contrary, I have no doubt, when time shall be given to read this history to an end, there will be very few, if they have candour enough to own it, that will not be ashamed of ever having doubted.'—pp. 245—247.

This fact against which the public of those days cried out with an acclamation of disbelief, was published, as is justly observed by Major Head, in point of time, just half way between the raising of the South Sea Bubbles and the Joint Stock Mania of 1825.

At the present day there are few facts relating to distant imperfectly known countries better authenticated than the one related in the preceding extracts.

Dr. Clarke, examining an Abyssinian dean whom he found at Cairo on this and other subjects, was told that it was the practice of soldiers during their marauding expeditions to maim cows after this manner, taking slices from their bodies without putting them to death at the time; and that during the banquets of the Abyssinians, raw meat, esteemed delicious through the country, is taken from an ox or a cow in such a state that the fibres are in motion, and that the attendants continue to cut slices till the animal dies. Jereme Lobo, who visited Abyssinia one hundred and fifty years before Bruce, and whose work Dr. Johnson himself translated, says that, "When they want to feast a friend, they kill an ox and set immediately a quarter of him raw upon the table. Raw beef is their nicest dish, and is eaten by them with the same appetite and pleasure as we eat the best partridges." .

Captain Rudland, R. N., who accompanied Salt, says, "The skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of the flesh was brought immediately to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured."

Salt himself, who has absurdly joined Lord Valentia in depreciating Bruce, thus writes in the journal which he composed for Pearce, the English sailor, of whom there is a full account in Fuller's Travels, which we noticed in our last number, and whose life is, we believe, about to be published:—"A soldier, attached to the party, proposed cutting a *shulade* from one of the cows they were driving before them to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. This term Mr. Pearce did not at first understand, but he was not long left in doubt on the subject, for the others having assented, they laid hold of the animal by the horns, threw it down, and proceeded without further ceremony to the operation. This consisted of cutting out two pieces of flesh from the buttock near the tail, which, together, Mr. Pearce supposed might weigh a pound. As soon as they had taken these away, they sewed up the wounds, plaistered them over with cow-dung, and drove the animal forward while they divided among their party the reeking steaks."

Mr. Coffin, Lord Valentia's valet, who was left by him in Abyssinia, and who is now in England, has declared to the author of the life, that he has not only seen the operation performed, but that he has performed it himself, and that he did it at Cairo in the presence of an English nobleman of high character, whose name he referred to.

Such is the testimony that may satisfy persons who are disposed to doubt, and there are many of the class of the old woman who listened with admiring credulity to all her sailor-boy told her of monsters, prodigies, and wonders, till he came to talk of the flying fish, when she stopt him as drawing too largely on her powers of belief, and attempting to impose on her understanding. For ourselves we never wanted all these and other confirmations of Bruce's truth. "Honest man, though proud," is written on every page of his work; and more than this, his is a book that all the powers of man could not have invented, and which would be far more marvellous as a forgery than as a narrative of real events. Major Head's biography, however, cannot fail to have a favourable influence on the future fame and reputation of the noble and high-minded author; and if the spirits of the departed are permitted to watch the proceedings of their fellow mortals yet resting on earth, sweet will be the sight of these labours to the soul of "Yagoube, the White Man."

Art. XIII.—1. *Three Lectures on the Rate of Wages, delivered before the University of Oxford, in Easter Term,* 1830. *With a Preface on the Causes and Remedies of the present Disturbances.* By Nassau William Senior, of Magdalen College, A.M.; late Professor of Political Economy.—1830.

2. *Correspondence between the Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton and a Select Class of the Members of the London Mechanics Institution, formed for investigating the most efficient remedies for the present distress among the labouring classes in the United Kingdom; together with the Resolutions unanimously adopted by the Class. Also a Letter from the Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton to Dr. Birkbeck, President of the Institution: and his Answer.*—1830.

3. *The Life and History of Swing, the Kent Rick-burner.* Written by himself.—1830.

IF Noah and his family, when they came out of the ark, had held a council upon the best way of providing themselves with the comforts of dry land, it would have been a strange line of argument for one of the household to have pointed to the stock in trade which had escaped the deluge, and have said, "This is a plough; and by harnessing the clean beasts to it, you would do six times as much work as with a spade; therefore break the plough, and take the spade. Your wife too has a spindle, with which she can spin so many threads an hour; but I could show her a way, that would not spin half as much. Let us be machine-breakers; and then we shall all be comfortable."

This would be such gross absurdity, that it is hardly practicable to set about stating wherein the absurdity consists. It is like a man's cutting off his legs, in order that he may have the pleasure of hopping upon crutches. Noah's brief answer would be, that he worked to *have;* and that the more he had, the better. The wildest enemy of machinery would never dream of executing such a principle in his own immediate concerns; or of taking the worse instrument when he might take the better, for the simple pleasure of having more to do. The case, therefore, does not present a parallel to the existing question on the subject of machinery.

Take, then, another state of mankind, as for instance Abraham's; who had men-servants and women-servants, and a steward to look after them. Now if the steward had proposed, that the men should be set to dig instead of plough, and the women weave cloth with their fingers instead of using the best piece of loom-machinery the country was acquainted with, and that the reason for all this was, that without it there would be no possibility of keeping them in employment,—the answer of Abraham would be much the same as Noah's, but with the addition, that if their work could be saved in one way, he would be answerable for finding them work in some other;—that if the women could make two pieces of cloth instead of one, his wife should wear two at once, or else wear one that by its beauty should take as much making as two.

But if the steward was an obstinate person, and had an anti-machinery maggot in his head, he might reply, that if each servant could do twice as much as before, it was evident only half the number would be wanted, and therefore half must be either sold to the Midianites, or left to perish in the desert, which would be very hard upon the individuals. To which his master would reply, that if the gift of doing double work should fall on all of them at once as from the clouds, there might be some possibility of a part of them being an encumbrance; but if there was any thing gradual in the operation, he, the master, would be answerable for work springing up for them as fast as they could find the means of doing it, and that not a hoof should be left behind in consequence of improvements in the method. And if the master, as there appears no reason to doubt, was fond of seeing every body satisfied about him, he would take an opportunity of representing to his people and followers, that it would be hard if the improvements did not in some degree turn to the advantage of every one of them;—that if there was more corn by ploughing than by digging, there must needs be better feeding for themselves, their wives, and their little ones; and that if cloth was easier made and more abundant, it was scarcely possible that the result should not be that the children would come by three shirts a-year instead of two. There would be no doubt that a principal portion of the advantage would fall to the share of the rich master and his immediate relatives; but it would also be certain, that the servants down to the lowest would be better and not worse for the alteration, and that they would be unreasonable if they raised a hue-and-cry against the change.

This then, if any body has thought worth while to follow it, appears to let into the whole secret of the good and evil of machinery. It is a good to every body, working classes included, if only it does not come so rapidly as to throw great masses of people out of employment, faster than the consequent demand for hands in other branches can take them up. If the community in general by dint of machinery get a piece of cloth for six shillings instead of ten, they will to a certainty expend the four shillings in something else that they would not have expended it in before;—unless it can be proved that they will throw it into the sea. If therefore there is a diminution of employment for cloth-makers to the amount of four shillings (which is undeniably the case), there is at the same time an increase of expenditure on some other arts and crafts to the same amount. But if other arts and crafts are affected in a like manner by machinery, each of these throws an increase of expenditure on some others, among which the craft of cloth-making will undoubtedly have a share. And if wages fall when employment is diminished, they rise when it is increased. So that provided only the introduction of machinery be gradual and general, there is an evident tendency towards a balance; and though nobody can say that the balance shall be so complete as to leave every thing exactly as before, it is plain that the final alteration is the *difference* of the particular alterations, and not the *sum*. But all this time, there is a clear gain to the consumers at every step, of the whole amount of what is saved in each instance by machinery,—or what in the case of the cloth was represented by four shillings. So that while the effects upon the different operatives, in respect of their quantity of employment, go on balancing and counteracting each other, and are in the end next to none at all,—the gains of the consumers (of whom the operatives make part) go on increasing and accumulating by every particular addition. Or to turn the subject the other side up, if machinery of all kinds in all places could be annihilated at once by an Act of Parliament or a thunderbolt, the quantity of employment for operatives would on the whole be just what it is now; but the operatives would take their share, with every body else, of the consequences of cloth being made with fingers instead of with a loom. That is, they would wear just so much cloth, and of such quality, as could be made with fingers by the exertion of the same time and labour which make what they now wear from the loom; and the same in other things. And note further, that this includes only the home trade. But if ever foreign commerce should cease to be prohibited by Act of Parliament, then there must be taken into the account all the good things that might be obtained from foreigners in exchange for the products of machinery, and the share which the operatives would have in these good things by dint of the increased employment which would be created by the demand for manufactured goods.

The blunder therefore of desiring to put down machinery, is in the main and in the long run the same as the contemptible fallacy of restrictions upon trade, which is pressed upon the operatives by the supporters of the Corn Laws. The apparent gain made at every step of restriction either on trade or on machinery, is balanced by an equal loss to some other portion of the industrious classes somewhere else, and there is a clear unbalanced loss of the amount in question to the consumers in the aggregate besides. But the operatives are to be persuaded, that if John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry, get sixpence each, by at the same time taking twopence out of the pocket of each of the other three, John, Thomas, Richard, and Henry make a gain; and not only this, but they do so if John, Thomas, Richard and Henry in their quality of consumers, lose another sixpence among them every time besides. This is the sum and substance of the system that calls itself *protection to trade*. It is a plan to set every body to rob the rest, and count the plunder as a general gain. The subject, as relates to trade, has been examined at length in a former article*, under the illustration of the monkeys in Exeter Change who chose to feed out of each other's pans; where it was shown that the land monopoly is the great baboon of all, for whose benefit the lesser apes are persuaded to aid in keeping up the fraud.

Machinery then, like the rain of heaven, is a present blessing to all concerned, provided it comes down by drops, and not by tons together; and any thing which prevents its free and expanded operation, has an effect of the same kind as would be produced if the rain could be collected into water-spouts. It remains therefore to be seen, what laws and human institutions have done towards securing the free diffusion of the advantages derivable from God's gift of ingenuity to man. And here the first thing apparent in our own country is, that the aristocracy have made a law, that no use shall be derived from it at all. They have determined by Act of Parliament, that men may invent as many machines as they think proper, but shall not be allowed to sell the produce; or which comes to the same thing, shall not be allowed to sell for what is wanted in return. The whole misery about machinery,—every atom and fragment of suffering, alarm, and wretchedness directly or indirectly consequent thereon,—are the pure and necessary result of the gross fraud and half-witted idiotic cruelty perpetrated by the majority of the landlords upon the rest of their own order and of the community. The compiler of this is a landlord; he has a qualification for a county; but he is not such a dolt as to believe that he is gaining by the profligacy of the Corn Laws, even if he had no other objection to the fact. Like every body else, he has ben obliged to reduce his rents; but he did it with a stipulation, that they should be raised again on the removal of the Corn Laws. All rotten sheep are his to pay for; complaint and misery, the fit consequences of cruelty and injustice, are in every department both of the live stock and the dead. And in addition to this, he has to struggle with the impossibity of putting his children into any calling they can live by. His only hope is that what 'Swing' leaves, the poor-rates may speedily swallow; and if the operation be but quick and general, the result may be some comfort for his posterity. It is a hard case that there should be no hindering men from ruining others, except by their finding out that they have ruined themselves; but if it is so, there is nothing to be done but pray for the quickest completion of the process.

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* Article on Free Trade, No. XXIII.

It will probably be answered, that the distress just now is in the agricultural districts; and how can it be shown that this would be helped by the removal of the Corn Laws? Easily; as any person may see who has not a reason for blindness in his pocket. When the quantity of food procurable is limited by law, and the population has increased till it presses against this limit, there is no difficulty in seeing that the misery thus produced must extend itself to the agricultural population as well as others. Only a given quantity of agricultural labourers can be wanted to raise a given quantity of corn, and therefore, since all other employments are equally circumscribed, the increase above the given quantity must be starved on the same principle that puppies are drowned; and the starved puppies are what the landlords call superfluous population. They make a law that there shall not be food for more than a certain number, and therefore the rest shall be executed as superfluous. But if this is to be the case with dogs in general, it is clear that the agricultural breeds can have no prospect of escape. The plea that the sufferings of the agricultural labourers would be increased by the removal of the Corn Laws, is therefore only one of the juggleries by which those who have more cunning impose upon those who have less. It might not give instant relief, or there might even be an increase of pain on the commencement of the process, especially if gone about too precipitately; as is the case in the cure of a broken leg. But the great cause of evil would be removed, without which there is no question but of the sufferer's being left to die. The plea therefore is one of those subterfuges, which no educated man puts forward with a grave countenance without having an interest in its success.

But to the less educated classes,—to those who have not been in the habit of considering that to bolt straight forward is not always the way to get out of the bog,—it is quite reasonable and to be expected that the assertion that the miseries of the agricultural labourers come by the Corn Laws, should present considerable difficulties; and they may even pronounce it at first sight ridiculous and absurd, in which opinion they will be encouraged by the horse-laughs of those among their betters who are driving them upon destruction. On the credit therefore of some good-will shown towards the suffering classes here and elsewhere, the agricultural labourers in the disturbed districts—the men who are marching under the banner of 'Swing,' if he *has* a banner—are invited to sit down under the first convenient hedge, and engage the best reader in their company to explain to them the following case. Suppose then a farmer,—or a farmer's labourer, for they are both in the same plight,—has two sons and two daughters, which it is well known is about the number that, taking one with another, a married couple has. And suppose, as is evidently the fact, that there are a number of other people in the same circumstances in the neighbourhood, and the hope and wish of the parents is, that the sons of one shall marry the daughters of another, and sit down in some honest calling to maintain themselves in godliness and decency as their fathers did. Now let us see, what chance they have for it. Fifteen years ago came the Corn Laws; in other words, an Act to prevent the manufacturers from exchanging their work for corn with foreigners. And the farmers and farmer's labourers crowed loud, and thought it was a fine thing for *them*;—that is, fifteen years ago they crowed, but do they crow now? It shall be granted that when this unjust restriction on the manufacturers began, it was an advantage to the man whose trade it was to hold the plough. The quantity of land which was to grow corn in England was artificially increased; and this made more farms to let, and more farmer's labourers wanted to work upon them; and therefore it was easier for the farmer and the farmer's man to find employment for himself, and for his two sons and two daughters as they grew up upon his hands. There was increased room made for them to spread, at other people's expense; and therefore they went on merrily, and spread accordingly. But this could not last for ever. Allow the fact to be, that one fourth more land in England was brought into cultivation by the Corn Laws. It is plain that it will be merry times for ploughmen while they are breeding up to this mark; but why are they to be merry when they *have* bred up to it? Is it the slightest consolation, comfort, or advantage to them, that they are now *five* hundred thousand poor starving devils, instead of being *four?* Or is it any comfort to the higher farmer who sees himself crushed out of all possibility of livelihood by the competition of men for farms, that there are ten of them to bid against each other instead of eight? Impress therefore on yourselves, you whole regiment of Swing, that if the Corn Laws were a fraud upon other people, they were, like all other frauds, of short-lived advantage to the owner; and that you are now come to the time when, unless you can live upon the meat and drink of fifteen years ago, the roguery that directed the plan has at all events done *you* no good, whatever it may have done to any body else.

But you will say,—and it's all right,—that this has only proved, that you are where you would have been before; and therefore you have only to be thankful for what you have had already. But hear more; there is a 'bit to follow.' See how the case would have stood with you, if there had never been Corn Laws at all. It may be quite true, that instead of *five* hundred thousand farmers and farmer's labourers, there would only have been *four;*—that is to say, there would only have been four hundred thousand of you that would have been farmers and farmer's labourers; and the rest would have been somewhere else. And what is more, they would have been living merrily somewhere else, and every body would have been merry, and you would have been merry too; for it is nothing but the impossibility of finding employment for your two sons and two daughters, either in farming business *or in any thing else,* which drives you up in heaps to starve one another. If two thirds of the farmers sons could get comfortable situations although not farmers, it needs no extraordinary wisdom to see that the pressure of competition among farmers would speedily diminish, and farming become a good trade again for the remainder; and the same with farmer's labourers. None of you have ever taken an oath that your two sons and two daughters shall be nothing but what their parents were. The labourer never had any objection to see one of his boys set up in a little shop, or another go creditably to sea in the employment of the merchant that buys his pork at Christmas; or to have his daughters married to his neighbours sons as soon as they had succeeded in any of those callings. The farmer used to exult, when his landlord's influence established one son upon the high stool in a merchant's counting-house;

for there *were* merchants in those days,—it was before the landlords had spoilt all by their selfish tyranny. All these trades and callings,—that is to say, every branch of manufactures and commerce,—would have been brisk and flourishing. Our sailors would have been 'rampaging' over the world; and now they are dying in the streets, because the merchants have nothing to carry or bring home, and Indiamen flog them beyond endurance. An industrious man might have lived by his industry, though not perhaps in one given calling that should be fixed upon. It used to be so; and would have been so still, if England could have held her own against the invasion of the squirearchy. And to this we must come back; or else go on in the present miserable state of things to the end of time.

The question then is, how we are to come back. And here it may be agreed, that the change must not be all at once, for then it would create pressure on the agricultural labourers faster than the openings made in other ways could take it off. And heaven knows that the agricultural labourers, like all other labourers, are miserable enough. Nobody wants to diminish the sufferings of others by increasing theirs; but to get rid of the whole burthen of misery, which is breaking every body's back for the use and benefit of those who never work at all. Therefore, as said before, it must be done gently. Nobody, for instance, could complain, if the mischief was as long in taking off as it was in laying on; and this, or something like it, would be done by taking off a shilling a year from all the rates on foreign corn till they were gone. But it would not be difficult to show, that a quicker course than this would be for the general good; though this would be better than nothing, and is the very least that men in their senses should think of agreeing to accept. Get the mischief into a way of being ended some time, and then take all other methods in aid that ingenuity can devise; but do not let the man lie perishing with his broken leg without thinking of having it set, and cry "O lord! O lord! why that would be a six weeks business at the least."

Once more then, the 'deluded followers of Swing' as the newspapers call them, are begged to sit down and give their serious attention to the assurance here given them, that however unlikely it may at first appear, the Corn Laws are the origin, cause, and maintenance, of their present sufferings, and that they have only to chuse between going on as they are for ever, or joining with the rest of their countrymen in a demand for the total removal by the quickest method that prudence shall direct. It is not expected that they should find this out at once; any more than men who have vastly greater opportunities of gaining knowledge have found things out at once. But what is requested of them is, that they will think of it, that they will attend to it, that they will turn it over in their minds, and see if it may not after all come under the proverb, that what looks the longest way about, is sometimes the nearest way home. Let them take it to the schoolmaster, let them discuss it at the blacksmith's shop, let it be inquired into on Sundays at the bakehouse and in the church porch. And above all things get it to the little farmers and the great; let nobody fall into the error of believing it is a question in which only the paupers are concerned. A trial has been made of robbery, and it has only brought the farmers and farmer's labourers into a state of indescribable misery; would it not be wise to try honesty, and see if it may not lead to better things? Was there ever a piece of dishonesty yet, that by God's just judgment did not in some way fall on the heads of the inventors in the end? Make up your minds upon this point. See your way clearly through the wretched deception by which the landlords have attempted to raise their own rents and send *you* to the poor-house. Burn no more haystacks, but join heartily with your countrymen of the manufacturing districts in a legal demand for the removal of the Corn Laws, which have ground you all to the dust together; and you will be astonished to see what sort of people will be ready to take your part. Foreign trade has been prohibited; call for its being opened. You are starving as it is; try whether you will be starved twice over, by the country's having foreign trade. Make some inquiry too, into the sort of men who recommend this to you. Ask if they have any interest in deceiving you; or if they ever tried to deceive any body, whether they had an interest or not. Inquire too, whether they are inferior in education, or in the habit of finding out the reason of one thing from another thing, to those who take the other side. And if they are not, then let them have at least a hearing, and such confidence afterwards as you shall think that they deserve.

This is what may be said to the suffering classes. If there is any need to defend the saying it, the defence will not be far to seek. When men from some cause, no matter what, find themselves at sea in the same bottom, and some urgent peril begins to press on the floating community; there are two courses for every man to take, who has ever pretended to addict himself to the study of sea-borne business. One is to go below; and, if the danger be very pressing, to go to bed. The other is, to stand the peril out, quailing before no man's fears, crouching before no man's *folly*, rising in loudness in support of reason in proportion as others may try to put it down, and braving the risk of being sent to make the land in a whale's belly, sooner than yield an inch to the knavish lubbers that have brought us into the scrape. It is in this spirit, that new allies proceed to join the little company, who having leisure and education, are too proud to turn them against the public interests, and too wise to use them against their own. Not that the coincidence may be perfect; or the agreement so complete, as not to leave room for friendly dispute in better times. But it is quite sufficient for pulling at the same rope, till at all events the ship's head is laid the right way, and something like a course is steering for bringing her into port.

Suppose now, the peril were, a failure of provisions; and there the gallant ship was laid,—*hove to,* as the sea monsters call it,—with the crew, that is to say the vulgar hawlers, dying about the decks, and here and there a portly person engaged in calculating how many pieces a biscuit could be broken into, and whether the captain's fowls could be reduced to five quarts of water in the place of six. Imagine such a scene, and estimate the boldness of the individual who should maintain, that all this might be well as an accessory, but the first thing was to turn the head towards some place where provisions grew; and that no plea of the urgency of earlier relief, could atone for the procrastination of this only final chance of safety. Nor would the case be altered, even though it could be proved that the suffering would be temporarily increased by the efforts necessary for the process of deliverance. It has not pleased heaven to make remedies always luxuries, more particularly where the evils endured have been the consequences of men's own misconduct. When the community has allowed itself so long to drift down the stream of folly, for the sake of the paltry baits held out to individual cupidity, it has no right to expect that the way back should be as easy as the going, and may thank its stars if ever it finds itself on safe ground again, either with or without the salvation of the individuals that led it into the mischief.

There is no use in keeping back the truth. A particular class, the landed interest as they rejoice to style themselves, succeeded in persuading the community that nothing could go well unless they had their way. How much of this was self-deception, heaven only knows; but if they succeeded in making fools of other people, there is no known reason why to a certain extent they should not have succeeded in the same way with themselves. At all events they had their way; and the first thing they did, was to prohibit the exchange of the poor man's industry for bread. Whether the manufacturers, if they had haply got the upper hand instead, would have laid a tax on home-grown corn, by way of increasing the quantity that should be bought with their goods from abroad, is what there has not been opportunity to try; but if they had, it would not have been one whit a more outrageous and barefaced wrong, a more wanton and reckless abuse of power, or a fouler and more degrading violence for a civilized society to submit to. If men under such an exertion of tyranny on the part of the manufacturing interest, had risen in masses and been put down by the sword and the executioner, it might be true enough that this evil was an inevitable consequence, and for that very reason there would be two evils instead of one to be reckoned for with the manufacturers whenever the day of justice should arrive. There would be no use in tampering with such a rank oppression. It would be an ill which those who were given to bear, would bear; and those who were not, would not; and the end would be, either the timely retreat of the plunderers of society, or a waiting till public indignation had risen high enough to drive them from their hold.

And it does not follow, that, if humanity was suffering under such an infliction from the manufacturers, the efforts by which it was put down would all be directed by the purest reasoning and the most exact statistics. The buccaneers of the society must make up their minds to take what might befall them. There would be no use in their crying out, that *this* starving wretch was out of the line of political economy, and *that other* was a bad practical philosopher. All these errors would be trifling peccadilloes, compared with the grand stalking wrong, that was at the bottom of the well or ill directed resistance of the community. Nothing can be more eminently typical of passive moderation, joined to considerable powers both of offence and defence, than a drove of oxen under the guidance of humanity and wisdom; but let them be once goaded into madness by the feeling of intolerable suffering, and it is no excuse for the authors of the mischief, that they will stick a peer of parliament as soon as the basest of their persecutors. The ignorant and the poor,—those who are ignorant because they are poor, and poor because they are ignorant, and whom laws have been passed to make both one and the other,—cannot be expected to reason like doctors in divinity, while suffering under evils the smallest of which would fill a gazette if it could by possibility happen to the authors of their pain;—evils as distinctly referable in all their branches to the voluntary and determined acts of those who are the causes of their infliction, as the sounds of a musical instrument are to the striking of the keys;—evils which they have been told over and over, and will be told again tomorrow, and the day after that, exist simply because their betters would have it so, and because the portions of the higher classes who think they gain by wrong are more numerous, united, and active than those of the same classes who set themselves in opposition to it. It is no secret; the members of the existing government avowedly hold office by the confession of the necessity for reform; and never in the history of mankind was reform so necessary, as in a country whose commercial policy is one continuous fraud upon the industrious classes, for the benefit of those whose trade and calling it is to live without working. If the labouring man eats bread, a payment is to be made for the maintenance of one portion of the aristocracy,—there's no mistake, there can be no mistake,—the aristocracy; though the receivers themselves are losing more at one end than they are gaining at the other, with the possible exception of those who are born to the right of providing for their children out of the public purse. If he aspires to tea, he must pay for the support of another portion somewhere else; and if he dreams of sugar, he must keep another; and to crown all, if liberation from any of these abuses is demanded for him, he is told plainly that there shall be no remission of the abuse unless he buys it at full value from the holder. He is the horse, the ass, the mule, who is to be saddled with every 'splendid *lazzarone*' that finds himself too lazy to walk. It is not enough that he is to abstain from his rich neighbour's property, and even to defend it at the hazard of his life when called upon; but this property is to be held imperfect and but half conducive to the enjoyments of the owner, unless it can be employed to double itself out of the basket of the poor. If the world's history were looked through, there would not—with the single exception of negro slavery—be found so glaring and huge an instance of the abuse of power and the general misery consequent on giving one selfish class the right of legislation for the rest, as is presented by the commercial policy of this most ill-used country.

The puritans were fond of speculating, on what a man in their place of torment would do and say, if an offer were made to give him one more trial in the present world. All perdition comes, by not thinking of this in time. If Napoleon could have re-enacted the hundred days, what a different conclusion would certainly have been come to. If the French ex-ministers could commence where Napoleon left them, how carefully would they turn their path from leading to the Luxembourg. And when their successors shall have caused revolution, with the cession of twice as much as would have satisfied if given, how willingly would they retrace their steps, if gods or men would give the faculty. So if a whig ministry could begin again where it stands at present, six months after a whelming revolution has been brought on, how carefully would it eschew the debility, the tergiversation, which induced the mischief. All revolutions come by there being nobody who had sense to join the people, and give them half of what was the next day taken by violence. Does the English ministry believe, that the people will not have something in the end? And does it think that what would have satisfied them in November, will satisfy them in March? Or, perchance, does it wish to wait for a few more apparitions of the Sibyl with her books? The inference drawn by the people will only be, that the ministry is lying by to measure forces, and that consequently what they finally obtain, will be in exact proportion to the energy with which they make their feelings known. It is as true under one administration as under another, that 'Never by any other means than the making the ruling few uneasy, can the oppressed many obtain a particle of relief.'* If there was a disposition to make an exception in the present case, it has been much enfeebled by procrastination. The people are intreated every where, to spare no effort, omit no exertion, which may make the Whigs 'uneasy' at the prospect of swerving from their promises.

The conductors of the present work have of necessity a certain number of friends, who will demand to see *their* statement of the points on which the community ought to stand, as the immoveable conditions of any confidence in, or support to, the present ministers. First, then, the immediate removal of the Six Acts; and, either at once or by a small number of definite gradations, of all the taxes affecting newspapers and advertisements. If any vested interests present themselves in opposition, let them be told to thank heaven for having gone on so long in their iniquity, and to content themselves with at all events the smallest portion of gradation and delay. Let the pitiful amount received by the revenue from the wrong, be laid on any thing that can be seen, or felt, or heard, or tasted, or smelt. Let it be laid on our heads or on our heels, or on any thing that is between. But let us be rid of the gross scandal and open shame, of paying a tax for being blindfolded, in order to be afterwards led by the nose where the bear-leaders may please.

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* Bentham.

Let it be stated without passion or animosity, but with the decision of men who rest on a geometrical proposition, that an administration which begins by representing the necessity of preventing the communication of men's thoughts and wants, is one that may be submitted to, but never treated with. Secondly, a substantial alteration in the arrangement and extent of the elective franchise, with the protection of the Ballot to its general exercise. Thirdly, the contemporaneous removal of the Corn Laws and of the pretended protections given to manufactures in return, by any gradations that shall assign a period for their entire termination; and the maintaining of the revenue, if necessary, by a tax on property, with a just scale of rates increasing with the magnitude of the amount. In other words, let there be a tax that shall be paid *once*, even though accompanied with some unpleasantnesses in the collection; and not a tax that shall be paid ten times over in its consequences, in order that a certain number of individuals may have the pleasure of thinking they jockey each other in the shares. These points are what the Sibyl is advised to stand on now; and there are as many more, ready to be added, if she is obliged to call again.

Of the publications at the head of this Article, the first is from a quarter in which the science of Political Economy—which is in truth only the science of not being cheated by our betters—is under obligations for an introduction to academical rank in the University of Oxford. It would be affectation, not to own the satisfaction felt at the close accordance between the contents of the Three Lectures, and the conclusions derived from a separate course of study as conducted in great part in the pages of this Review. Of the Lectures themselves, it is not easy to say anything so brief, as that they correspond to the Three Lectures on the Mercantile Theory of Wealth from the same quarter, which have been characterized as 'the ablest and most entertaining publication on a question of political economy, that has appeared since the time of Adam Smith.' References in support of this character may be made to the *cork-screw maker* in page 47,—to the laced coats of our ancestors in page 53,—and to the impossibility of a man's income not being spent, in page 54. This last is interesting, as it bears on the newest plan for the restoration of the late French dynasty, by the refusal of its partisans to spend their incomes. 'Quâcunque viâ datâ, every man must spend his income [*should there not have been added*, or leave it for somebody else to spend?]; and the less he spends on himself, the more remains for the rest of the world.'

On part of Mr. M'Culloch's celebrated examination, it is remarked,

> 'This reasoning assumes that the landlord, while resident in Ireland, himself personally devours all the cattle produced on his estates; for in no other supposition can there be the very same amount of commodities for the people of Ireland to subsist upon, whether their cattle are retained in Ireland or exported.'—p. 27.

Without inquiring whose arguments might be contradicted by it, is not the real solution, that the cattle are bred because they can be exported, and would not be bred, or not to the same extent, if they could not?

In the last page will be found the exposure of the fallacy, much wrought on at the present moment, that it would be a burthen on the country to disband soldiers, and a relief to take on more. Just as if the money saved by the disbandment, would not be employed in finding support for as many people somewhere else; and the opposite.

The Preface is the only part on which any serious alteration can be suggested. It is completely true, that '*the rate of wages depends on the extent of the fund for the maintenance of labourers, compared with the number of labourers to be maintained.*' The rate, therefore, may manifestly be affected at two different ends; one by increasing or diminishing 'the extent of the fund,' and the other by increasing or diminishing 'the number of labourers.' The Corn Laws are the great engine by which 'the fund' is voluntarily and artificially diminished; and the objection to the Preface is, that, though it does not overlook the Corn Laws altogether, it does not put them into their due place. For instance, there is room for voting a point-blank amendment on the proposition that

> 'The principal cause of the calamities that we are witnessing, has been the disturbance which the Poor Laws, as at present administered in the South of England, have created in the most extensive and the most important of all political relations, the relation between the employer and the labourer.'—*p.* vi.

The principal cause is not in the Poor Laws, but the Corn Laws. If—to borrow from an illustration formerly employed*—a number of rats were caged up and supplied with a limited quantity of food, and encouraged to multiply till they starved each other by the subdivision of the allowance; a disturbance in the mode of feeding,—in the poor laws of the rat community,—might be the proximate cause of a tremendous uproar; but there would be no doubt that the other, the shutting up, was the primary cause, and the cause on the removal of which the cessation of the evil would entirely depend. The greatest objection is therefore to be felt to the substitution of any palliatives for the removal of the primary cause. Let the primary cause be removed, or put in a course of gradual but certain extinction, and then palliate by as many ways as can be devised; but till this is done, all palliatives lie under the predicament of tending to the preservation of the leading evil.

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* Art. on Free Trade, No. XXIII.

The palliative proposed at present, is to colonize; in other words, to force the people of England to breed, as is done by the negroes in some of the West Indian islands, for exportation. To which the direct answer is, that nobody has a right to make laws which shall force the people of England to transport themselves. They love their own country; and will not have it made uninhabitable, to please the aristocracy. The plan of the landed aristocracy is this; that England shall have no more corn than *they* shall sell, and then the competition for it will ensure high prices; but to diminish the danger of resistance that might ensue, the people shall be taxed to pay for sending one another abroad. The transportation is to be the landlords *valve;* which shall prevent the machine from blowing up, but leave the owners as much pressure as without danger can be enjoyed. They will be content without *all* the pressure, because it is too dangerous; but they will have as much as with safety can be left. They have taken all they dare from the people by the Corn Laws; and now they come forward to say they want *twelve millions more,* to pay for carrying them into transportation. They have made the country untenable; and now they want to tax the inhabitants, to carry them away. The English might be happy and increasing at home; but it suits an overbearing order that they shall neither be happy nor increasing, and therefore they must pay twelve millions for being carried abroad. This plan of Emigration, so long as it is not preceded by an arrangement for the extinction of the Corn Laws, is a thing to be resisted *à l'outrance,*—which means with tooth and nail. If once the people of England submit to it, they will be the landlords breeding cattle for ever and for ever. The manufacturing and commercial classes may give up all hope of breaking their chains; and the country at large will settle down into one mass of slavery under the owners of the soil, hopeless because modified, and interminable because the oppressors have had the cunning to provide for the escape of what they would be unable to control.

In this state of things it is impossible not to impress upon the manufacturing and commercial interests, the importance of seizing the opportunity when their oppressors are embarrassed with the consequences of their oppression in the South, to come forward with united voices for the removal of the great national wrong. No man of common sense says, Because my enemy has his hands full, therefore I will wait till they are empty. No man in the common concerns of life, attends to the puling representations of a plunderer, that it would be unpleasant to him to be pressed just now, and therefore he hopes his pursuers will stay till it is more convenient to him. The master manufacturers are perfectly able to distinguish between the rights of property, and maintaining men in the power of taking other people's property. The operatives also, instead of squabbling, like the rats, for wages which the masters are prevented by law from being able to give, will join the universal cry of 'We will not keep the landed aristocracy.' How is a master to pay wages, if the landed aristocracy make a law against the goods being exchanged for what is wanted in return? The landlords are aware of their danger, and will undoubtedly push the Emigration scheme with all their might. And if they succeed, they will have

> 'Slipt the slave's collar on, and snapt the lock.'

The Correspondence and letters connected with the London Mechanics Institution, are open to the same objection of substituting the proximate cause of the evil for the primary. They all dwell upon the means of diminishing the numbers in the cage, without adverting to the simple Act of Parliament by which the rats are caged at all. Thus when the President states that 'Excess of population, absolute and relative, is the occasion of our recent and immediate oppression,' he states what is irresistible and true. But when he proceeds to say 'an excess the result of *peace*,' he should have said 'of the Corn Laws which followed upon the peace.' The multitude, the rank and file, of the London Mechanics Institution are begged to sift this difference. It certainly is, to be lamented, that a mass of well-meaning Mechanics in Southampton Buildings should have unanimously come to a determination 'that there do not appear to be any natural and unforced means of profitably increasing the demand for labour in the United Kingdom to such an extent as to absorb the existing redundancy of the supply of labour,'—and have overlooked the fact, that the landlords have prohibited labour from being exchanged for the only things for which there is a demand.

Taxes, as they affect the labouring classes, may be divided into those which will be ultimately shifted upon the employers, and which therefore produce only a temporary operation on the labourers, *viz.* during the time in which the shift is taking place,—and those which act, and are intended to act, as a prohibition upon the exchange of labour in certain quarters where it would otherwise be effected. An instance of the first may be the tax on malt; which will be a good to the labourers, only till their employers can find opportunity to screw them out of the amount by the reduction of their wages. It is not affirmed that this is not a good,—but that it is a fleeting good, and one of which the whole amount is never great. To represent it therefore as a *great* good to the labouring classes, would be a fraud; and if the labouring classes have been led to accept it as a *great* good, they have been deceived. Two years might perhaps be stated as the limit during which its operation may be sensible;—on the principle that in the variations consequent on one revolution of the seasons, the greatest part of the advantage to the labourers will be in some shape or other screwed out of their wages, and that any thing that may be left the first year will be clean swept away in another. Of the other kind of taxes, the Corn Laws and other restrictions upon foreign trade are instances; and these fall on the labouring classes in the same way that the cage falls on the rats, and produce on them an effect whose magnitude exceeds beyond all proportion the positive amount of the taxation. The Resolutions therefore of the Mechanics are true of one species of taxation, and not the other.

Last in the course of examination, comes the History of 'Swing;' an ominous name at this moment, though there was a time, the auto-biographer declares, when the Miss and Master Swings went to church with their hair pleasingly combed, like the family of any prime minister. The Life and History of Swing is a novel in the manner of Mrs. Hannah Moore's Cheap Repository; and like its predecessors, it is sometimes deficient in attention to probabilities, and accumulates on the head of the hero a greater number of remarkable events than ordinarily fall to the share of an individual. But something of this kind appears to be inseparable from the character of a hero; for he could hardly be a hero, of whom nothing could be told but what was common to mankind. The present hero was born of a small farmer, on the day on which Mr. Pitt became minister of England; which makes his age about forty-seven. He was intended for college, but his elder brother dying, he took to his father's business instead; and, on the strength probably of his academical prepossessions, married the curate's daughter. His landlord dies; and is succeeded by an heir who has no care for Swing, and turns his farm into a fox-cover. On being remonstrated with, the landlord replies, that every man can do what he pleases with his own. Upon which it may be observed, that though landlords may do what they please with their own, it is extremely hard that they should do what they please with what is not their own; and particularly that they should prohibit other men from selling the produce of their labour, and thereby bring on the state of things which condemns a discharged tenant to starve. Swing, however, starves as he needs must. He makes various efforts to escape, as the caged rats do in like circumstances; and after selling his stock and cattle at a loss, to support his family, he tries to maintain himself by working as a gardener.

> 'Up to this period I had never attended a political meeting in my life, nor took any part whatever in politics; I thought our laws and legislators too good to require alteration or change; and if I hated one thing more than another, it was Radicalism, the abettors of which I considered no better than rebels and revolutionists, who wanted to destroy our glorious constitution, and cause anarchy in the country. I began, however, now to think otherwise. I had seen all around me, my neighbours reduced from comfort to poverty, and from poverty to the poor-rates; and as, in the greater number of cases, it had arisen from no fault of their own, it occurred to me that some change was necessary; as had England been governed as it ought, those things could never have taken place.' Reflections of this sort determined me to attend the great meeting at Manchester, then about to be held, and I accordingly went there. Every thing passed quietly off until noon, when, to my horror and surprise, a charge was made by the military and yeomanry on the peaceable and unarmed multitude that were assembled, and I, amongst others, was wounded by a sabre-cut in the arm. Bleeding profusely, and with my arm hanging useless by my side, I went into Manchester and got it dressed; I was kept awake the entire night by the pain of my wound, but consoled myself with the reflection that immediate and condign punishment would be inflicted on the lawless soldiery who had dared to massacre a peaceable multitude assembled to petition Parliament. "The King," said I, "will certainly send down a commission to have the monsters tried for their bloodthirsty outrage." What was my astonishment and indignation, in ten days after, when I saw a letter from the Secretary of State, thanking in the King's name, the military and magistrates, for massacring the people at Manchester.'
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> 'I no longer wanted a proof that our country was sadly misgoverned,—that a great change was necessary,—and that the Reformers were the only real friends of the people.'—*p.* 4.

There are parts of this, that would do no discredit to De Foe. The unfortunate ex-collegian (if he can be called *ex* who was never *in*) gets well of his arm, but unhappily employs it in picking up a partridge, and finds himself once more at issue with his enemies. He goes the ordinary course, which all mankind must do who pick up partridges. He gets free after six months, and is just in time to meet a demand upon his garden for two years tithes. The tithes devour his cow; and new claims of the same kind send him to be harnessed to the parish cart, that last scene where " the envy of surrounding nations" are ground down into increased rents for the framers of the Corn Laws. In his wrath he writes a threatening letter, and signs it 'Swing.' The curate's daughter dies, as she had better have done before. His children crawl under a stack for shelter, and set it on fire by accident; and the next morning finds the neighbourhood filled with charges against 'Swing.'

A publication of this kind must have vast effect in carrying through a country the sense of wrong, and the eager desire to get rid of it. And the government must be of extraordinary mould, which at such a period engages itself in contests with the press at the instigation of political rivals, instead of applying itself to the reduction of the causes of complaint. A Bourbon government made an aide-de-camp wait twenty minutes, while Paris was filled with strife; the rule of three will give the policy of waiting for three months. From the landlords there is little to expect. They will sacrifice all and every body, for the smallest chance of putting off the evil day. At present, they seem to look on the church as the first victim; and there are only the fundholders to come next. If the revenues of the church are attacked to save the landlords, the man who holds funded property afterwards, deserves what he will get. Either this Polyphemus of the landed interest must be got the better of, or the only consolation left for any body will be to be eaten last.

ART. XIV.—*Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson,* pp. 154. Wilson. 12mo. 1830.

IT would be a pity that poetry should be an exception to the great law of progression that obtains in human affairs; and it is not. The machinery of a poem is not less susceptible of improvement than, the machinery of a cotton-mill; nor is there any better reason why the one should retrograde from the days of Milton, than the other from those of Arkwright. Of course we do not mean that the cases are precisely parallel, but the difference is not so much in favour of the perfectibility of the cotton-mill as is often imagined. Man cannot be less progressive than his own works and contrivances; in fact it is by his improvement that they are improved; and the mechanical arts are continually becoming superior to what they were, just because the men who are occupied in or about those arts have grown wiser than their predecessors, and have the advantage of a clearer knowledge of principles, an experience more extended or more accurately recorded, and perhaps a stronger stimulus to invention. Their progressiveness is merely a consequence from, a sort of reflection of, the progressiveness of his nature; but poetry is far nearer and dearer; it is essential to that nature itself; it is part and parcel of his constitution; and can only retrograde in the retrogradation of humanity.

There is nothing mysterious, or anomalous, in the power of producing poetry, or in that of its enjoyment; neither the one nor the other is a supernatural gift bestowed capriciously nobody knows how, when, or why. It may be a compound, but it is not incapable of analysis; and although our detection of the component parts may not enable us to effect their combination at pleasure, it may yet guide us to many useful conclusions and well-grounded anticipations. The elements of poetry are universal. The exercise of the organs of sight and sense stimulates man to some degree of descriptive poetry; wherever there is passion, there is dramatic poetry; wherever enthusiasm, there is lyric poetry; wherever reflection, there is metaphysical poetry. It is as widely diffused as the electric fluid. It may be seen flashing out by fits and starts all the world over. The most ignorant talk poetry when they are in a state of excitement, the firmly-organized think and feel poetry with every breeze of sensation that sweeps over their well-tuned nerves. There is an unfathomable store of it in human nature; the species must fail before that can be exhausted; the only question is, whether there be any reason why these permanent elements should not be wrought into their combined form, in the future, with a facility and power which bear some direct ratio to the progress of society.

So far as poetry is dependent upon physical organization; and doubtless it is to some extent so dependent; there is no reason why it should deteriorate. Eyes and ears are organs which nature finishes off with very different gradations of excellence. Nervous systems vary from the finest degree of susceptibility down to the toughness of a coil of hempen cable. *Poeta nascitur* in a frame the most favourable to acute perception and intense enjoyment of the objects of sense; and it would be difficult to shew that poets are not, and will not continue to be, produced as excellent as they have been, and as frequently. Why, then, should not those species of poetry which may be termed its music and its painting, which spring from, and appeal to, our sense of the beautiful in form or colour and of harmonious modulation, abound as much as heretofore? He is no lover of nature who has any notion that the half of her loveliness has ever yet been told. Descriptive poetry is the most exhaustible; but our coal mines will fail us much sooner. No man ever yet saw all the beauty of a landscape. He may have watched it from the rising to the setting sun, and through the twilight, and the moonlight, and the starlight, and all round the seasons, but he is deceived if he thinks then that it has nothing more for him.' Indeed it is not he who ever will think so, but the man who drove down one day and back the next because he found the place so dull. The world has tired of descriptive poetry because it has been deluged with what was neither poetical nor descriptive. The world was quite right to be no longer tolerant of the repetition of conventional, traditionary, unfelt, and unmeaning phrases. But Cowper did not find the ground preoccupied. Bucolics, and Georgics, and Eclogues, and Pastorals, all made reverential room for his honest verses; and the shelf on which they took their stand is far from crowded. Nature will never cease to be poetical, nor society either. Spears and shields; gods, goddesses, and muses; and all the old scenery and machinery may indeed wear out. That is of little consequence. The age of chivalry was but one, and poetry has many ages. The classical and romantic schools are both but sects of a religion which is universal. Even the fields which have been most frequently reaped will still bear harvests; and rich ones too. Bards began with battles some thousands of years ago, and yet nobody ever wrote the Fight of Flodden field till it was indited by Scott, nor did any one anticipate Campbell's glorious ballad of the battle of Hohenlinden. Genius is never anticipated. No wit ever complained that all the good things had been said; nor will any poet, to the world's end, find that all worthy themes have been sung. Is not the French Revolution as good as the siege of Troy? And the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on the shores of America, as that of the Trojan fugitives on the coast of Italy? The world has never been more disposed to make the want of a hero "an uncommon want" than in these supposed unpoetical days on which we are fallen. And were they not provided, poetry might do without them. The old epics will probably never be surpassed, any more than the old coats of mail; and for the same reason; nobody wants the article; its object is accomplished by other means; they are become mere curiosities. A long story, with a plot to be ravelled and unravelled, and characters to be developed, and descriptions to be introduced, and a great moral lesson at the end of it, is now always done, and best done, in prose. A large portion always was prose in fact, and necessarily so; but literary superstition kept up the old forms after every body felt them intolerably wearisome and soporific, though few dared be so heretical as to say so, until the utilitarian spirit shewed itself even in poetical criticism, and then the dull farce ended. This we take to be a great reformation. We have left off singing what ought only to be said, but the singing is neither the less nor the worse on that account. Nor will it be. The great principle of human improvement is at work, in poetry as well as every where else. What is it that is reforming our criminal jurisprudence? What is shedding its lights over legislation? What purifies religions? What makes all arts and sciences more available for human comfort and enjoyment? Even that which will secure a succession of creations out of the unbounded and everlasting materials of poetry, our ever-growing acquaintance with the philosophy of mind and of man, and the increasing facility with which that philosophy is applied. This is the essence of poetic power, and he who possesses it never need furbish up ancient armour, or go to the East Kehama-hunting or bulbul-catching. Poetry, like charity, begins at home. Poetry, like morality, is founded on the precept, know thyself. Poetry, like happiness, is in the human heart. Its inspiration is of that which is in man, and it will never fail because there are changes in costume and grouping. What is the vitality of the Iliad? Character; nothing else. All the rest is only read either out of antiquarianism or of affectation. Why is Shakspeare the greatest of poets? Because he was one of the greatest of philosophers. We reason on the conduct of his characters with as little hesitation as if they were real living human beings. Extent of observation, accuracy of thought, and depth of reflection, were the qualities which won the prize of sovereignty for his imagination, and the effect of these qualities was practically to anticipate, so far as was needful for his purposes, the mental philosophy of a future age. Metaphysics must be the stem of poetry for the plant to thrive; but if the stem flourishes we are not likely to be at a loss for leaves, flowers, and fruit. Now whatever theories may have come into fashion, and gone out of fashion, the real science of mind advances with the progress of society like all other sciences. The poetry of the last forty years already shews symptoms of life in exact proportion as it is imbued with this science. There is least of it in the exotic legends of Southey, and the feudal romances of Scott. More of it, though in different ways, in Byron and Campbell. In Shelley there would have been more still, had he not devoted himself to unsound and mystical theories. Most of all in Coleridge and Wordsworth. They are all going or gone; but here is a little book as thoroughly and unitedly metaphysical and poetical in its spirit as any of them; and sorely shall we be disappointed in its author if it be not the precursor of a series of productions which shall beautifully illustrate our speculations, and convincingly prove their soundness.

Do not let our readers be alarmed. These poems are any thing but heavy; anything but stiff and pedantic, except in one particular, which shall be noticed before we conclude; anything but cold and logical. They are graceful, very graceful; they are animated, touching, and impassioned. And they are so, precisely because they are philosophical; because they are not made up of metrical cant and conventional phraseology; because there is sincerity where the author writes from experience, and accuracy whether he writes from experience or observation; and he only writes from experience or observation, because he has felt and thought, and learned to analyze thought and feeling; because his own mind is rich in poetical associations, and he has wisely been content with its riches; and because, in his composition, he has not sought to construct an elaborate and artificial harmony, but only to pour forth his thoughts in those expressive and simple melodies whose meaning, truth, and power, are the soonest recognized and the longest felt.

The most important department in which metaphysical science has been a pioneer for poetry is in the analysis of particular states of mind; a work which is now performed with ease, power, and utility as much increased, as in the grosser dissections of the anatomical lecturer. Hence the poet, more fortunate than the physician, has provision made for an inexhaustible supply of subjects. A new world is discovered for him to conquer. The poets of antiquity rarely did more than incidentally touch this class of topics; the external world had not yet lost its freshness; situations, and the outward expression of the thoughts, feelings and passions generated by those situations, were a province so much nearer at hand, and presented so much to be done and enjoyed, that they rested there content, like the two tribes and a half of Israel, who sought not to cross the narrow boundary that separated them from a better and richer country. Nor let them be blamed; it was for the philosophers to be the first discoverers and settlers, and for poetry afterwards to reap the advantage of their labours. This has only been done recently, or rather is only beginning to be done at all. Metaphysical systems and discussions in verse, there have been indeed, from Lucretius down to Akenside. But they have generally had just argument enough to spoil the poetry, and just poetry enough to spoil the argument. They resembled paintings of the bones, arteries, veins, and muscles; very bad as a substitute to the anatomist for the real substances in the human body, and still worse for the artist as the materials for a pleasant picture. Science, mental or physical, cannot be taught poetically; but the power derived from science may be used poetically; and metaphysics may do as much for the poet as anatomy has done for the painter,—in truth, more,—for the painter's knowledge of the human frame does not furnish him with distinct subjects for the exercise of his art; we have just remarked the unfitness. The benefit which the painter derives is that of being able to delineate the external appearances of the living body with greater truth and effect. And while the poet has an analogous advantage from mental science in the greater truth and effect of his delineations of external action, character, passion, and all that belongs to situation and grouping; he also finds in the phenomena exhibited in moral dissection (though not in the operation itself, in the application of the logical scalpel) some of the finest originals for his pictures; and they exist in infinite variety.

Mr. Tennyson has some excellent specimens of this class. He seems to obtain entrance into a mind as he would make his way into a landscape; he climbs the pineal gland as if it were a hill in the centre of the scene; looks around on all objects with their varieties of form, their movements, their shades of colour, and their mutual relations and influences; and forthwith produces as graphic a delineation in the one case as Wilson or Gainsborough could have done in the other, to the great enrichment of our gallery of intellectual scenery. In the "Supposed Confessions of a second-rate sensitive mind not in unity with itself," [pp. 31—42], there is an extraordinary combination of deep reflection, metaphysical analysis, picturesque description, dramatic transition, and strong emotion. The author personates (he can personate anything he pleases from an angel to a grasshopper) a timid sceptic, but who must evidently always remain such, and yet be miserable in his scepticism; whose early associations, and whose sympathies, make religion a necessity to his heart; yet who has not lost his pride in the prowess of his youthful infidelity; who is tossed hither and thither on the conflicting currents of feeling and doubt, without that vigorous intellectual decision which alone could "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," until at last he disappears with an exclamation which remains on the ear like

> "the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony"

Now without intruding any irreverent comparison or critical profanity we do honestly think this state of mind as good a subject for poetical description as even the shield of Achilles itself. Such topics are more in accordance with the spirit and intellect of the age than those about which poetry has been accustomed to be conversant; their adoption will effectually redeem it from the reproach of being frivolous and enervating; and of their affinity with the best pictorial qualities of poetry we have conclusive evidence in this very composition. The delineations of the trustful infant, the praying mother, the dying lamb, are as good as anything of the kind can be; while those of the supposed author's emotions as he gazes on "Christians with happy countenances," or stands by the Christian grave, or realizes again, with a mixture of self-admiration and self-reproach, "the unsunned freshness of his strength," when he "went forth in quest of truth," are of a higher order, and are more powerfully, though not less gracefully finished.

Our author has the secret of the transmigration of the soul. He can cast his own spirit into any living thing, real or imaginary. Scarcely Vishnu himself becomes incarnate more easily, frequently, or perfectly. And there is singular refinement, as well as solid truth, in his impersonations, whether they be of inferior creatures or of such elemental beings as Syrens, [p. 148] as mermen [p. 24] and mermaidens [p. 27]. He does not merely assume their external shapes, and exhibit his own mind masquerading. He takes their senses, feelings, nerves, and brain, along with their names and local habitations; still it is himself in them, modified but not absorbed by their peculiar constitution and mode of being. In "the merman" one seems to feel the principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the cranium of the finny worthy, and coming under all the influences, as thinking principles do, of the physical organization to which it is for the time allied: for a moment the identification is complete; and then a consciousness of contrast springs up between the reports of external objects brought to the mind by the senses and those which it has been accustomed to receive; and this consciousness gives to the description a most poetical colouring:

"There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar—
Low thunder and light in the magic night—
  Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreary dells, &c."

The Mermaid is beautifully discriminated, and most delicately drawn. She is the younger sister of Undine; or Undine herself before she had a soul. And the Syrens,—who could resist these Sea Fairies, as the author prefers calling them? We must introduce a fragment of their song, though it is barbarous to break such a piece of coral for a specimen:

'Day and night to the billow the fountain calls;
Down shower the gamboling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea;
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the cloverhill swells
High over the full-toned sea.
Merrily carol the revelling gales
Over the islands free:
From the green seabanks the rose down-trails
To the happy brimméd sea.
Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we:
We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet words.
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and revelry;
Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,
When the sharp clear twang of the golden chords
Runs up the ridged sea.
Ye will not find so happy a shore,
Weary mariners, all the world o'er;
Oh! fly no more!
Hearken ye, hearken ye, sorrow shall darken ye,
Danger and trouble and toil, no more;
Whither away?
Drop the oar;
Hither away,
Leap ashore;
Oh fly no more—no more.
Whither away, whither away, whither away with the sail and the oar?'
p. 151-2.

The poet has here done, in the character of the Sea-Fairies, that which he has several times done in his own person, and always admirably; he has created a scene out of the character, and made the feeling within generate an appropriate assemblage of external objects. Every mood of the mind has its own outward world, or rather makes its own outward world. But it is not always, perhaps with sensitive and imaginative minds it is seldom, that the external objects, and their qualities will be seen through the medium of congeniality. It is thus in L'Allegro and Il Penseroso; but Milton was a happy man; the visions of both those poems were seen with the eyes of happiness, the only difference being that the one depicts a state of light-hearted, and the other of sober-minded enjoyment. There is not less truth, perhaps a more refined observation, in the opposite course which our author has taken in the two poems "Nothing will die," and "All things will die." The outward objects, at the commencement of each, are precisely the same; the states of mind, are in contrast; and each seizes with avidity on some appearance which is uncongenial with itself. He who thinks that nothing will die, yet looks with wondering, and almost wearied eye on the ever-flowing stream, &c.; and he, who feels that all things must die, gazes mournfully on those same objects in the "gayest, happiest attitude," which his own fancy has unconsciously compelled them to assume. There is this difference, however, that the felicitous conviction, in the first poem, enables the mind to recover itself with a sort of elastic bound; while in the second the external beauty and enjoyment, being at permanent variance with the tone of feeling, the mind after a melancholy recognition of their loveliness sinks into unmixed gloom, and surrounds itself with objects of deeper and darker shade. We shall be better understood by quoting the commencement of each.

NOTHING WILL DIE.

When will the stream be aweary of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be aweary of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be aweary of fleeting?
When will the heart be aweary of beating?
And nature die?
Never, oh! never, nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows;
The cloud fleets,
The heart beats,
Nothing will die.'—p. 89.

ALL THINGS WILL DIE.

'Clearly the blue river chimes in its flowing
Under my eye;
Warmly and broadly the southwinds are blowing
Over the sky.
One after another the white clouds are fleeting;
Every heart this May morning in joyance is beating
Full merrily;
Yet all things must die.
The stream will cease to flow;
The wind will cease to blow;

The clouds will cease to fleet,
The heart will cease to beat
For all things must die.'—p. 92.

Both poems conclude nearly in the same terms, with the exception of a discriminative epithet or two; but expressing in the one case an exulting joyousness, "So let the wind range;" and in the other a reckless and desperate gaiety, just as religion and infidelity sometimes approximate, in terms, to the inculcation of the same moral; and while the preacher of immortality cries "rejoice evermore," the expectant of annihilation shouts, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

"Mariana" is, we are disposed to think, although there are several poems which rise up reproachfully in our recollection as we say so, altogether, the most perfect composition in the volume. The whole of this poem, of eighty-four lines, is generated by the legitimate process of poetical creation, as that process is conducted in a philosophical mind, from a half sentence in Shakespeare. There is no mere amplification; it is all production; and production from that single germ. That must be a rich intellect, in which thoughts thus take root and grow. Mariana, the forsaken betrothed of Angelo, is described in Measure for Measure, as living in seclusion at "the moated grange." Mr. Tennyson knows the place well; the ruinous, old, lonely house, the neglected garden, the forlorn stagnation of the locality.

'About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silvergreen with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.'—p. 16.

And here it was, that the deserted one lingered day after day in that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." The dreariness of the abode and the surrounding scenery was nothing to her;

'She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!" '—ib.

The poem takes us through the circuit of four-and-twenty hours of this dreary life. Through all the changes of the night and day she has but one feeling, the variation of which is only by different degrees of acuteness and intensity in the misery it produces; and again and again we feel, before its repetition, the coming of the melancholy burthen,

> ' And ever when the moon was low,
> And the shrill winds were up an' away,
> In the white curtain, to and fro,
> She saw the gusty shadow sway.
> But when the moon was very low,
> And wild winds bound within their cell,
> The shadow of the poplar fell
> Upon her bed, across her brow.
> She only said, " The night is dreary,
> He cometh not," she said;
> She said, " I am aweary, aweary,
> I would that I were dead.'—p. 17.

The day, by its keener expectancy, was more harassing and agitating than the night; and by its sights and sounds, in that lonely place, and under the strange interpretations of a morbid fancy and a breaking heart, did yet more " confound her sense." Her deserted parents, the greyheaded domestics that had nursed her infancy in her father's house, seemed to be there; she recognized them, and what would they with her?.

> ' Old faces glimmered through the doors,
> Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
> Old voices called her from without.'—ib.

Again the hour passed at which Angelo used to arrive; again the evening is come when he used to be there, where he never would be again; the bright sunshiny evening, blazing and fading; and

> ' ————most she loathed the hour
> When the thickmoted sunbeam lay
> Athwart the chambers, and the day
> Downsloped was westering in his bower.
> ' Then said she, "'I am very dreary,
> He will not come," she said;
> She wept, " I am aweary, aweary,
> Oh God, that I were dead!" '—p. 18.

A considerable number of the poems are amatory; they are the expression not of heartless sensuality, nor of a sickly refinement, nor of fantastic devotion, but of manly love; and they illustrate the philosophy of the passion while they exhibit the various phases of its existence, and embody its power. An arrangement of them might be made which should depict the whole history of passion from its birth to its apotheosis, or its death. We have even

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

' His eyes in eclipse,
Palecold his lips,
The light of his hopes unfed,
Mute his tongue,
His bow unstrung
With the tears he hath shed,
Backward drooping his graceful head,
Love is dead:
His last arrow is sped;
He hath not another dart;
Go—carry him to his dark deathbed;
Bury him in the cold cold heart—
Love is dead.

Had we space we should discuss this topic. It is of incalculable importance to society. Upon what love is, depends what woman is, and upon what woman is, depends what the world is, both in the present and the future. There is not a greater moral necessity in England than that of a reformation in female education. The boy is a son; the youth is a lover; and the man who thinks lightly of the elevation of character and the extension of happiness which woman's influence is capable of producing, and ought to be directed to the production of, in society, is neither the wisest of philosophers nor the best of patriots. How long will it be before we shall have read to better purpose the eloquent lessons, and the yet more eloquent history, of that gifted and glorious being, Mary Wollstonecraft?

Mr. Tennyson sketches females as well as ever did Sir Thomas Lawrence. His portraits are delicate, his likenesses (we will answer for them) perfect, and they have life, character, and individuality. They are nicely assorted also to all the different gradations of emotion and passion which are expressed in common with the descriptions of them. There is an appropriate object for every shade of feeling, from the light touch of a passing admiration, to the triumphant madness of soul and sense, or the deep and everlasting anguish of survivorship.

Lilian is the heroine of the first stage:

' Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,

Claps her tiny hands above me,
  Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
  Cruel little Lilian.'—p. 3.

Madeline indicates that another degree has been taken in the freemasonry of love, "smiling frowning evermore."—[p. 22]. And so we are conducted, through various gradations, to Isabel, "the stately flower of female fortitude, and perfect wifehood," to the intense and splendid passion of "Hero," and to the deep pathos of the ballad and dirge of "Oriana."

We had noted many other passages for extract or remark, but our limits are prescribed and almost arrived at. We should also have illustrated the felicitous effect often produced by the iteration of a word or sentence so posited that it conveys a different meaning or shade of meaning, excites a varied kind of emotion, and is involuntarily uttered in a different tone. There are many beautiful instances of this kind. In the ballad of Oriana, and in the songs, repetition, with a slight variation of epithet, is also practised with great power. Rousseau's *air des trois notes* is only a curiosity; Mr. Tennyson has made some very touching, and some very animating melodies, of little more than that number of words. He is a master of musical combinations. His songs set themselves, and generate their own tunes, as all songs do which are good for anything; but they are not many. Perhaps our author is only surpassed, among recent poets, by Coleridge, in the harmony of his versification.

It would also have been pleasant to have transcribed and analyzed such pictures as those of the Dying-Swan, the Sleeping Beauty, Adeline, &c.; and to have shewn how the author can breathe his own spirit into unconscious things, making them instinct with life and feeling. One stanza of an autumnal song may intimate to some readers the facility and grace with which he identifies himself with nature.

'A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:
  To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
  In the walks;
  Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
  Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
    Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
  Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
    Heavily hangs the tigerlily.'—p. 67.

We must protest against the irregularities of measure, and the use of antiquated words and obsolete pronunciation, in which our author indulges so freely. He exposes himself thereby to the charge, and we think not unfairly, of indolence and affectation. There are few variations of effect which a skilful artist cannot produce, if he will but take the pains,—without deviating from that regularity of measure which is one of the original elements of poetical enjoyment; made so by the tendency of the human frame to periodical movements; and the continued sacrifice of which is but ill compensated to the disappointed ear by any occasional, and not otherwise attainable correspondence between the movement of a verse and the sense which it is intended to convey. Nor certainly is any thing gained by a song's being studded with words which to most readers may require a glossary.

Mr. Tennyson has the propensity which Shelley had, to use a word or two which young ladies of the present day are not accustomed to read or sing in the parlour; in singing, we believe, the toleration is greater than in reading or conversation; sentences, avoiding the words, but meaning much worse, are not generally proscribed.

That these poems will have a very rapid and extensive popularity we do not anticipate. Their very originality will prevent their being generally appreciated for a time. But that time will come, we hope, to a not far distant end. They demonstrate the possession of powers, to the future direction of which we look with some anxiety. A genuine poet has deep responsibilities to his country and the world, to the present and future generations, to earth and heaven. He, of all men, should have distinct and worthy objects before him, and consecrate himself to their promotion. It is thus that he best consults the glory of his art, and his own lasting fame. Mr. Tennyson has a dangerous quality in that facility of impersonation on which we have remarked, and by which he enters so thoroughly into the most strange and wayward idiosyncrasies of other men. It must not degrade him into a poetical harlequin. He has higher work to do than that of disporting himself amongst "mystics" and "flowing philosophers." He knows that "the poet's mind is holy ground;" he knows that the poet's portion is to be

> 'Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love;'

he has shewn, in the lines from which we quote, his own just conception of the grandeur of a poet's destiny; and we look to him for its fulfilment. It is not for such men to sink into mere verse-makers for the amusement of themselves or others. They can influence the associations of unnumbered minds; they can command the sympathies of unnumbered hearts; they can disseminate principles; they can give those principles power over men's imaginations; they can excite in a good cause the sustained enthusiasm that is sure to conquer; they can blast the laurels of the tyrants, and hallow the memories of the martyrs of patriotism; they can act with a force, the extent of which it is difficult to estimate, upon national feelings and character, and consequently upon national happiness. If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson be correct, he too is a poet; and many years hence may be read his juvenile description of that character with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work:

> 'So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
> Though one did fling the fire,
> Heaven flowed upon the soul in many dreams
> Of high desire.
>
> Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
> Like a great garden showed,
> And through the wreaths of floating dark upcurled,
> Rare sunrise flowed.
>
> And Freedom reared in that august sunrise
> Her beautiful bold brow.'—p. 84.

ART. XV.—*Basil Barrington and his Friends.* 3 vols. small 8vo. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

THE writers of this century have made the discovery that verse is not necessary to poetry, and that satire may be as well written in prose as in measure. In the classification of literature, the novel of the present day ought to be placed under the same head as the ancient satire: it is in fact compounded of the ancient epopœia and the satire. The continuous story springs from the epic; the strain of the remarks and the spirit in which the novel is conceived are eminently satirical. The ancients had not the novel, they could not have had the modern novel; the smallness of their societies would have made it libellous, while it would have deprived it of all interest. The Greeks lived in public, and it was impossible to carry news of one rank to another. The speeches of their orators occupied this place in the catalogue of literary pastimes.

If the author of "Barrington and his Friends" had lived fifty years ago, he would have written in slashing verse; he would have put all he had to say into three satires of two hundred lines each, instead of three volumes of three hundred pages. His first satire or moral epistle would have been entitled Mammon, his next Fashion, his next Law. Under Mammon he would have discoursed on the venality of the age, and the influence of wealth; under Fashion, of the various forms of folly, which mark the present day; under Law, of the abuses of justice, the resources of chicanery, the rigours of the British code, as they are dealt upon the poor and uninfluential. Such, in fact, is the argument of "Barrington and his Friends."

Basil Barrington is a man of sanguine temperament, elegant tastes, extravagant habits, small fortune, and a wife. When he calculates, he sees every thing through the medium of his hopes, and consequently makes miserable mistakes, is disappointed, and then rails at the world. He neglects the applications that are made to him, and then is surprised that he is pursued; damns his creditors, and then wonders that he should be arrested. When he shews how the ruins of his fortune may be husbanded, and how he, by labour, industry and talent may achieve certain great ends, pay his debts, re-establish his family and fortune, he is astonished that he is not believed; his creditors cry "sheer humbug;" and he raves against the cruelty and selfishness of the hard-hearted world. Such a character keeps no receipts, he consequently swears that he pays his bills twice over, he looks at no accounts, and consequently considers himself entitled to abuse the roguery of tradespeople. He discharges his porter, a lazy fellow (as all porters are *ex officio,* for under the pretence of not sleeping at night, they sleep all day) because the said porter had been sulky when his master went to gaol; as if a creature of beef and beer could serve with alacrity, in a family disgraced by the incarceration of its head; this man makes a claim against him for postage, which Mr. Barrington refuses to pay: at a critical moment of his fortunes he is consequently arrested for the amount, as he might have expected; and is considerably advanced thereby on the road to ruin. On another occasion he picks up a wounded person in the night, on the road to Camden Town, where he has selected a retreat from his creditors; he calls up a surgeon, and engages to pay him for attendance. The surgeon brings in a bill, it is never looked at, it is egregiously exorbitant; no matter, application is made for payment through an attorney, proceedings are commenced, and Basil is arrested in the cause Snooks v. Barrington, and taken to a Lock-up House, while he is running to a physician to save the life of his wife. While he is confined in the Bench, his child falls ill, his young wife watches it till her own health is ruined. More than once, the bailiff enters his doors while either he or some part of his family are in the last stage of sickness, and he is on one occasion forced from his home without leaving the means of procuring a meal for his children. All this wretchedness is mixed up, as it frequently is in life, with remains of splendour, high connexions, and numerous fashionable acquaintance, who, however, do not give themselves the trouble of avoiding or denying their former associates.

Such is the picture of the careless sanguine man of taste: it is worked up in the novel hastily, but somewhat brilliantly; effect alone has been aimed at, but effect is produced. We could have wished that the author of Basil Barrington the projector, had taken for a model the perfect tale of Basil Law the procrastinator, by Miss Edgeworth, and he might have produced a work for time, instead of for the season. If he would take our advice he would abridge his own work, cut out all that relates to Mr. Manson the owner of the Apollachee gold mines, of North America, and to Mr. Moore the madman and misanthrope, and digest the remainder, in a calm and sober history of the miseries of bad calculation and a sanguine disposition. The elder brother, Sir John Barrington, will also bear cutting down, although a well-conceived and well-supported character; the Bassetvilles must be wholly omitted, and the Highboroughs more sparingly used. The Hon. Mrs. Northerley is a character peculiar to our high degree of civilization, and must be carefully preserved. Basil himself, and his poor wife Florianne, are simply to be sobered in the expression of their feelings; and their bishop uncle, who refuses assistance out of too much regard, and the wealthy baronet Trevanion, who has just succeeded to too large and too encumbered a property, to lend money to the friend he dines with, must be carefully retained in a diminished form. The bishop may demonstrate his utter selfishness without preaching an entire sermon. It is true, that "Basil Barrington and his Friends" would thus occupy but one volume instead of three; but, if in these cases it is common for merit to vary inversely as diffuseness, what then?

There is much truth in the author's pictures of life: and where he errs it is not because he takes a false view of his subject, but because he falls into the style of exaggeration and high colouring so common at the present day. It is complained of our school of painting, that nothing is finished, and that those productions which are esteemed the most elaborate, appear to foreigners to want care; that though they have some of the force incident to rapid execution they have all its inaccuracy and carelessness.

Something of this may be advanced against our literature; effect is the only thing considered, and that we fear chiefly because effect bears a high price in the market; the novels are made to be sold—like the razors. Money is the universal stimulus; but with such a motive high efforts in literature are scarcely to be expected until the taste and the intelligence of the reading world shall be vastly increased; advances, however, to that desirable goal are made every day, and in the interim we are content to wait. Unluckily the influence of money is felt in another direction—by the power of money expended in advertisements and puffery, a sale of trash is forced upon the public which if left to itself has already intelligence enough to make a better selection. This however is an evil which is curing itself: the extravagant rivalry in the art of puffing kept up by different London houses has begun to open the eyes of the simplest of newspaper readers: the cheats have exposed each other, every thing cannot be superlatively excellent. A final and fatal blow would be given to this and much kindred imposition by the repealing of the different newspaper taxes; when every body might puff, it would be worth no man's while; puffery at present is only one of the forms in which the influence of wealth is exhibited. It comes under the same genus with Mr. Rothschild's splendid parties which are graced by all that considers itself superexcellent in the country. This topic is the frequent subject of Basil Barrington's eloquence, and our readers may see in the following extract how the pennyless and the extravagant view this worship of Mammon.

'"The whole affairs and goings-on of this world," he exclaimed, "are but a system of arithmetic, a calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence. From the beggar on the highway, up to the monarch on his throne, all mankind are mercenary. Directly, or indirectly, the suffrages of all may be bought and sold. Take from the darkest dungeons of the city a wretch, whose *least* culpable propensity is that of sordid avarice, endow him but with ample wealth, and let him not offend against the *outward* rules and observances of society, it is enough,—henceforth he will be received by all ranks with welcome and approval. Nay, he may live all the while in a half-ruinous abode, with darkened windows, and boast openly of his own abject parsimony. He buys their sanction and their suffrages, without putting himself to the expense even of a single guinea. The profound *respect* entertained by them for wealth, in which they do not participate, effects the bargain! Take from behind the scenes of Drury Lane or Covent Garden,—nay, take from the lobby a mercenary *aventurière*, let her arrive, in the course of her own trade, at the posession of what is in England styled a *large* fortune, and henceforth the same pious matron, who (stepping along the carpet laid from the hall of her mansion in Portman-Square to the carriage) would cry 'Foh!' at the idea of compassion for the poor forsaken victim of seduction shivering in the streets, will receive the visits of the more fortunate and more prudent prostitute with grovelling homage and thanks for the high honour thus conferred!

'"What are the bonds which a sincere devotion to the worship of Mammon will not dissolve? And by whom is this worship not preferred to all other duties? Lives there one individual, possessed of wealth, in this populous world, of whom it could be *with certainty* predicted, that, were he assured of his most intimate friend being at the point of death, he would sacrifice one-fourth, nay, one tithe of his own temporal possessions, if, by so doing, he could avert that catastrophe? Such individuals *may* exist; but in regard to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, I could swear to the conclusion, that they would grasp eagerly at their money-bags, and leave the victim to his fate! It is a world of which the due knowledge comes ever too late,—for experience, on which alone knowledge can be founded, brings with it a disgust, ay, an abhorrence of life; so that henceforth, the sun no more shines unclouded,—never more can we cherish the day-dreams of youth; the currents of thought, once clear and sparkling, are defiled by poisonous and inseparable alloy. Only the weak, inexperienced fool is a philanthropist, yet for a short space fortunate in his delusion. He sees not the drawn swords that, on the first approach of poverty, would be raised against him. Experience, however, comes at last, and he is aware, but not till it is too late, that what is called civilized society is a state of warfare; then he drags out the remainder of his days either in apathy or frenzied discontent, and dies—a misanthrope."'—vol. I. p. 96-9.

The only further specimen we have the space to comprise in our notice of Basil Barrington, is an illustration of the law of debtor and creditor, by which for a debt of a few pounds contracted with the free will of both parties, a citizen may be torn from his family, agonized in spirit, ruined in character, fortune, and expectations. Arrest for debt is frequently to the debtor a far more severe punishment than transportation for life is to the sheep-stealer or house-breaker.

'About half-past ten o'clock that night, Florianne's delirium, which, after a three hours' paroxysm, had subsided into low stupor, again broke out vehemently. Her ghastly visage was now coloured by the deepest crimson; her eyes glared, and her screams seemed to reverberate through the miserable habitations of Barrington's neighbourhood. By daily experience, he knew that he could reach Stanfield Place in about ten minutes; and he therefore set off instantly in quest of Doctor Fraser; but had scarcely rushed forward eight or ten steps, ere his arm was gently but forcibly seized, (*suaviter in modo, sed fortiter in re.*)

' " Out, d——d scoundrel!" exclaimed Barrington.

' " Nay, no offence, Sir!" said the assailant very calmly, " you are in a hurry, but I only wished to know if you can inform me where Mr. Basil Barrington lives in this here street?"

' To this question, with all the *bonhommie* imaginable, our hero replied—

' " Yes, to be sure I can; my name is Barrington;—what do you want?" For, in his simplicity, he imagined that a visitor, arriving at this late hour, must, in all probability, come from Dr. Mandeville, who had not fulfilled his promise of calling a second time; his mind was completely occupied by one exclusive idea,—and besides, that an arrest, or demand for money in any shape, could occur at present, would have seemed to him out of the question and impossible.

' The man's voice changed immediately.

' " Oh, ho!" said he, "I thought we should not be long on the field without catching of him—whee,—whew—whew!"

' He blew a sort of cat-call that was appended to his button-hole, and almost immediately there was heard an undrawing of bolts, with a rattling of chains. This noise proceeded from the door of a most exemplary pot-house, which was already, in the language of its proprietor, " *being*" shut up. The door opened, and thence issued two myrmidons.

' " I have nabbed the genman," said the first speaker.

' " You are a sharp one, Dick; that I must say for you," replied another man, who, from the bulk of his person and superior condition of his *duffle* great coat, seemed also to be of superior authority.

' " So, Sir," added the man in duffle, turning to Barrington, " you must go along with us."

Barrington trembled with horror.

' " For what reason," said he, " and by what authority?"

' " With the reasons," said the duffle coat, " we have nothing to do. As to the authority, we hold the sheriff's warrant of execution."

' " Execution!—well, no matter!" answered Barrington; " I know not, however, that we have any thing left in the world but some wearing apparel,—of that very little; and a few books. Take them, by all means; of what use are they to me now? My home is within five doors; but, for Heaven's sake, do not detain me even for an instant. My wife is dangerously ill,—she is dying—(he spoke inarticulately,) and I am at this moment on my way to bring a physician."

' " Bless your heart alive!" said the man, " we don't come here with an execution on goods and chattels. We seldom or never takes that ere job in hand, except in the morning;—this is a sheriff's writ to secure in the county-gaol the body of Basil Dunmore Barrington."

' " What is the plaintiff's name?" inquired Barrington, grinding his teeth.

' " John Perkins."

' " John Perkins!—The scoundrel, in whose favour I wrote a character, (qualified, it is true,) although he deserved none; and whose claims on me I paid to the uttermost fraction.—What does he now want from me?"

'"His payment of three pounds ten shillings," said the bailiff.

'"I can swear solemnly," said Barrington, now foaming with rage, "that the demand is unjust; but if it were three thousand pounds, I should not at this moment hesitate. Here then is the money;—if there are any farther iniquitous claims, tell me at once—I am not now to be trifled with—speak out, man, and have done,"

'"The *levy*," replied the sheriff's officer, "is for twenty-five pounds."

'"The alleged debt is three pounds, and the legal demand twenty-five!—Vastly well,—and you must have instant payment of the whole sum?"

'"I say, Dick, he's a greenhorn," observed one of the *trio*, who had hitherto been silent.

'"Come, come, Sir, let's have no more palaver," replied the bailiff in duffle; "you ought to know very well, that, in this here case, we could not take payment if we were ever so much inclined to oblige you; but the matter may be arranged in the course of to-morrow."

'"I don't owe the man Perkins one shilling!" exclaimed Barrington; "it is impossible that, on his account, you can have any right to detain me."

'"If you'll step this way to Giles Strongitharm's gas-light, you shall read the warrant," replied the duffle-coat.

'With agony that almost deprived him of reason, and of course baffles any attempt at description, Barrington entered the tavern, where the man held up the paper to the light with both hands, but carefully guarded against any attempt to take it out of his grasp.

'"I cannot read at that distance," said our hero.

'"It is of no consequence," said the duffle-coat; "you see it is the sheriff's warrant, that's all: and you can't pretend for to say as how we are in trespass, because here stands the name of a certain gentleman, Mr. Basil Dunmore Barrington, who *is* a gentleman, and won't deny his own name."

'The pot-house keeper's wife stood behind the counter, and at these words she grinned.

'"I makes bold to say, Sir," said the landlord, coming forward with a pipe in his mouth, "if I were you, howso*md*ever, I would read the warrant every word of it, because as how, a gemman should know the why and the wherefore, before he cries *dab*, and allows himself to be so sitivated."

'He grinned also more broadly than the landlady had done.

'"You, Jem, read it aloud, then," said the duffle-coat; "I have left my eyes on the office-desk at home.—By the way, Master Giles, the clock han't struck eleven. Another glass for my share, if you please; and perhaps, for keeping us waiting, the gentleman won't think it out of the way to treat us all with a drap of short. The weather is woundy cold."

This new misfortune had, in truth, originated at the instance of John Perkins, the " pampered tenant of the porter's chair," whose *character* (though the reader may have overlooked the circumstance) was sufficiently developed in page thirty-one of our First Volume. This man, on being dismissed by our hero, had received his wages to the full amount; but, at the same time, thought proper to demand a farther sum for the postage of letters, all of which Basil knew that he had already paid. In the porter's book there was no evidence of the payment, however,—*that* precaution had been neglected: John Perkins, therefore, took the liberty of urging the justice of his claim, till Barrington, in a great rage, ordered him to get out of doors; he went away grumbling, and the matter was, of course, forgotten.

' At the present moment, indeed, it would have been cruel to remind our hero, that his immediate, like his former, sufferings were the result of his own imprudence and obstinate misconduct. On two subjects had Sir John frequently taken the trouble of advising his brother; one was the ruinous folly, or rather the guilt, of keeping idle, disorderly, and supernumerary servants; and secondly, the excessive impropriety of paying money without getting, in return, a written receipt, or of not carefully preserving every such document when it had been obtained. But enough of this: we must observe by the way, however, that John Perkins (to whom, through several years, Basil would have been ready to give an unexceptionable character,) was, during the preceding dialogue, stationed in the landlord's back-parlour, having accompanied the sheriff's officers, in order to witness the effect of his own proceedings. Over their success he exulted with extraordinary glee; and thence also arose the landlord's exhilaration; for John Perkins, when he had money, was an especial friend of publicans in general, but of Giles Strongitharm in particular; and had made an agreement with the latter, that when the warrant was brought up, he would not only clear off an old score, but hold various jollifications at the sign of the " pig in a cage," till the money was exhausted.

' " Hark you, Mr. Bailiff," said Barrington; " I have luckily twenty pounds at command. I can get five pounds more in three minutes; only, for God's sake! don't insist on my losing three minutes, or three seconds more. Take twenty pounds, and call on me to-morrow morning for the rest."

' The landlord grinned again.

' " The gemman doesn't know the law, that's plain enough," said one of the trio.—" You see, Sir, twenty pounds is a very pretty thing —ay, so is twenty shillings, which, I makes bold for to say, you won't think over much for civility money. But as for this here *levy*, we can't take a settlement of it on no account.—You must go with us, and there's an end of this matter."

' During this speech, Barrington had become frantic.

' " Scoundrel!" cried he, " if you dare to interrupt me *now*"— and overturning the man who stood betwixt him and the door, he rushed out in furious agitation; but the trio soon came up with him, and secured their prey. All three seized him at once; whereupon the wretched prisoner uttered a long, loud, deep-drawn, hideous howl, that resounded through the now desolate neighbourhood.

In this condition the debtor is dragged to the lock-up-house; and we are favoured with a description of its inmates, which we fear very closely resembles the truth.

Art. XVI.—*Reply to a Pamphlet intitled "What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Dissolution."* 8vo. Saunders and Otley. 1830.

THERE is but one step, said Napoleon, from the sublime to the ridiculous. There is but one step, practically proved our late Minister Wellington, between the ridiculous and the tragical, and on that step he fell, having admirably marked the passage between the greatest absurdity and the mightiest mischief, and sunk amidst universal jeers instead of universal groans. The late Minister's course tended to the most horrible of national calamities, civil war; but as it was the declared condition of Canning's power that he should attempt no good, so it has been the fortunate condition of Wellington's power that he should attempt no evil, and the rebound of the first blow he struck at the popular cause, dashed him to the ground. The offensive expression in the King's Speech on the opening of the Session, indicating partizanship with misrule in Belgium, and indifference to the triumph of liberty in France, followed up by the minister's declaration against Reform, and impudent assertion of the perfection of the representative system, went forth blasting the Duke's credit with the nation, arming men's minds and honest fears against him, and dooming him to political destruction. He accordingly fell, but not, we apprehend, with the salutary effect of a warning. The merits of ministers of late seem to be as imperfectly understood as their disasters. The causes in either case escape observation. The common mistake is, to glorify the fly on the chariot's axle for its course and speed. A minister taken out of the current of society, begins his career by obeying the impulse of opinion and deferring to the genius of the age. He is hailed as a miracle. He is worshipped as the redeemer of the world. He is adored as a Messiah, till, through the temptation of an impolitic confidence, he is corrupted to a Barrabas, and made over to ignominy. The man's head is turned—he is incensed till he believes a diviner mind is his, and in the pride of universal homage he begins to spurn considerations which would before have ruled him.

He mistakes the weakness of others for his own strength, and fancies the world is waiting to obey his biddings. His disposition, formed by early habits and early prejudices, has then its free scope—his behest goes forth, and he finds that St. James's Street and the Clubs therein, do not constitute the nation. How short a time ago was it when our politicians hung upon the words of Wellington as oracles of public safety. The confidence of patriots was laid at his feet; can we wonder that he trampled on it? He carried Catholic Emancipation—*Tertius è cœlo cecidit Cato!* Like Gay's Bear in the Fable,

> This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
> He thought no enterprise too great.

He has carried the parallel to the Bear's disaster. The tilt against the freedom of the press manifested the disposition of the Wellington Government, as the result denoted its feebleness. The coincidence with the stronger proceedings to the same end in France and Belgium was suspicious, but the suspicion of conspiracy was angrily resented by those who did not choose the question to be raised whether the emancipator of the Catholics at home could confederate with the enemies of civil liberty abroad. The disgust of society discountenanced the attack on the press, and the Attorney General, Scarlett, was compelled to be satisfied with the ruin of one man. Up to the very opening of the session in November, delusion prevailed as to the intentions of the minister and the character of his councils. It was rumoured that a bill for Reform in Parliament was in preparation; the King's Speech came like a thunder-clap waking the people from these flattering day-dreams. The scheme was now plain enough. It was obvious, that the Duke was falling back on the High Tory Party. Whether the demonstrations of Whig hostility in the autumn were the cause of this movement, or the turn in the councils of the government was the cause of the Whig hostility, we are unable to say. It is possible that Mr. Brougham's attacks may have precipitated the Duke of Wellington's councils into an opposite extreme; and it is probable, on the other hand, that Mr. Brougham's knowledge of his Grace's designs may have converted him, who was a supporter, into an active enemy.

The declaration against Reform which served to clench the effect of the Address completed the proof of the evil character of the government. It was manifestly in all main particulars, foreign and domestic, anti-national. In an hour it had made itself hated, in less than a week it made itself despised, the scoff, the jest, the ridicule of the whole country. A panic was certainly what the ministry hoped to create, and thence to rally round them together with the Ultra Tories, the alarmists, a class who have large properties and small wits, and who had been prone to cower to any government upon the terror of any passing cloud. The small wits of this order of persons proved too much, however, for the smaller wits of the minister. The excitement produced by the speeches of the King and the premier showed the alarmists that more was to be apprehended from the rash counsels of the Duke than from the temper of the people. They perceived that he was raising the evil spirit that was to compel them to alliance with him. From this time the Duke of Wellington stood plainly forth a *Petit Polignac.* The ordonnances had gone forth, but he would not retract. He had filled the glass and was resolved to force it down brimming over with disgust.

Instead of endeavouring to allay dissatisfaction by removing the causes of exasperation, the Minister seems to have thought that he had only underplayed his game of terror, and that to increase the phantom was all that was wanting to the production of the desired panic. Instead of seeing that he had done too much to gain over the alarmists, he determined to do more. As his first gun had failed to hit the mark, instead of correcting the aim, he doubled the charge, burst the piece, and blew the Cabinet to splinters.

It was soon apparent that the Duke had not won the support of the High Tory Party by the High Tory tone of the Speech. Lord Winchilsea, the Duke of Richmond, and others, men of generous minds, and whose intentions are fair though ill guided, refused to ally themselves with one who seems systematically to have used professions only as masks to his designs, and whose whole art of policy appears to have consisted in deceit accompanied with the bluntness which is so erroneously supposed to be presumptive of honesty and truth. Purely by defects of manner, merely by showing that he could not speak speciously, this nobleman had at one time obtained a character for straight-forward actions, as though honesty must necessarily have a bald abrupt delivery. After the carriage of the Catholic question, which was preluded by a trick, whenever he stammered and floundered in his discourse, or blustered out a purpose instead of a reason, the liberal prints were in raptures with his straight-forward character. Our Cæsar was bald, and we laurelled his defect. He was accurately understood, however, by those he had deceived, and the wiser and better High Tories said, "we will not trust him. Though he speaks our watch-words, he is not to be relied on. The Speech may be another Curtis Letter, covering designs directly opposite to the purport."

The Great Captain must, on the first debate, have seen that he had committed a capital fault. He had fallen back on a body, a main part of which menaced him with hostility. In place of a flank of allies he had an enemy. In this false position the resource of the soldier was panic, another stroke for alarm. Plots in green bags had done great things for former administrations, and why not for his Grace's Government? The police, assailed with vulgar abuse, had been attacked on the night of the opening of Parliament, and it is remarkable that the attacks were contemporaneous with the concocting of the panic, and that they entirely ceased when the panic miscarried. These appearances of tumult, the *frais* of which, as the French would aptly express it, was borne by boys and pickpockets, gave some materials for the Duke's phantom. He had here a scooped pumpkin with saucer eyes, and we shall soon see that two Aldermen served as lights for its illuminations, while a threatening letter or two sheeted it an awful shroud.

Swift, in illustrating the reasons which he supposes to account for the failure of men of genius in the conduct of the State, observes, that if we attempt to cut paper with a knife, it fails of the right line by its very sharpness, but take the blunt ivory, and with a steady application of force the thing is properly done. The Duke of Wellington remembering the miscarriage which had attended his attempt to cut the paper of the Press with the Sword of Justice (if we may so misuse the word) may have inferred from that experiment the true character of his parts, and the fitness of dull instruments to their success. This may explain his retention of Mr. Goulburn in office—it may explain more. In the paragraph to which we have referred (entitled "The Queen's last Ministry,") Swift adds his opinion that "a small infusion of the Alderman is necessary to those who are embarked in public affairs." The late Minister appears to have profited by this hint, and the first two Aldermen that came to hand he popped into his councils. We suppose the infusion was too strong—Swift expressly says, "a *small* infusion"—a brace was probably too much meat for the mess, certainly it spoiled the panic--but we are anticipating.

One alderman, a mayor elect, wrote a letter to the Duke, admonishing him of the danger of accompanying his Majesty on an expedition to the City Feast, which the King had graciously promised to honour with his presence on the 9th of November, unless his Grace should proceed to the dinner armed like a porcupine, or one of those persons who, ensconced in pots and pans, represent the gallantry of knighthood in the intellectual treat, vulgarly called the Lord Mayor's Show, which is, next only to a coronation, the greatest foolery continued in this age of reason and land of custom. Another alderman carried to Sir Robert Peel advices much to the same effect, but proposed to obviate the danger by mounting himself on a white horse, and hiding an army in the City to act upon occasion, under the direction of the military geniuses of five aldermen. Sir Robert Peel, whose question was, "What are we to do with Wellington?" and who seems to have felt about the carriage of him to Guildhall much the same sort of anxiety that a man would feel who was charged with the porterage of a barrel of gunpowder through a city in flames, a burning Moscow, appears to have been profoundly penetrated by these aldermanic persuasions; and to make short of the recital of familiar events, such counsels, strengthened by the new discovery that November nights are dark, the pickpocket-riots, and the authority of some anonymous letters, furnished the grounds for advising his Majesty to decline the City dinner; and the fact accordingly went forth to the country and the world, that the King of England durst not proceed in state through the streets of the metropolis. Up to this point we have had broad farce, but it now touched on tragedy. Down tumbled the funds, and an instant shock was given to public credit and industry. Persons in the country thanked Providence that they were removed from the crater of the revolutionary volcano, and wrote to their bankers, or professional agents, desiring them to pack away instruments, deeds, securities, &c., and send them to their residences in the yet peaceful country. The next news looked for was the burning of London. In the metropolis, on the 8th, upon which day the astounding fact of the King's postponement of his visit to the City was announced, people knew not what to think. They asked with Quidnunc, "how are we ruined?" Many thought the Government must have discovered a plot; many asserted as fact what they imagined; and the notion of a plot prevailed till the night of explanation, when the frightful labour of the mountain ended in the delivery of two aldermen's counsels, round-house returns of black eyes and bloody noses, and the authority of anonymous letters. The mixture of derision, contempt, and indignation that then burst forth in a torrent against the Government, the pen of a Tacitus only could describe.

"Agebatur huc illuc Galba.........attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia aures: non tumultus, non quies: quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium."

The attempt at panic broke down; it had its hour of mischief; and the only surprise is, that the extent of the damage was so small compared with what might have been expected from such causes acting upon the delicate nerves of a commercial country, whose vital principle is confidence. Soldiers were meanwhile marched upon the town, and gave the capital the appearance of a place in a state of siege, while the shops dealing in arms exposed them for sale in their windows, without tempting their seizure; and the police extinguished the rebellion of the town by breaking the heads of some three or four score of idle boys, and industrious pickpockets. The bug-a-boo which had been the pretence for all this turmoil was now taken to pieces in parliament and print, and seen to consist of a scooped pumpkin, two rushlights from the City, a broom-stick, and some sheets of paper. Panic died with the discovery, and the fee-fa-fum minister was pelted with the materials. The *Petit Polignac* could not rise to the dignity or the horrors of tragedy. His mischief all turned to ridicule: yet he remained in office, for such a blessing is majesty, that it does not act on such occasions as we have recited, and give instant relief by the dismissal of the ministers of mischief. The King waits quietly to see whether the lords of misrule can command parliamentary majorities. Such is the torpid genius of the first estate. The *Petit Polignac* still continued a humble parallel to the great original. Mr. Goulburn was his Marshal Marmont, ordered to act in masses with the Civil List. He charged the people (as a Chancellor of the Exchequer only knows how to charge) a million strong, horse, foot, and dragoons, household, diplomatic services, crown, pell-mell together. He belied the economy promised in the King's Speech, and shufflingly retracted the surrender of the Duchy Revenues. The Swiss fought according to their mercenary custom, but the *Petit Polignac's* Marmont was utterly routed, and the *Petit Polignac* himself obliged to abdicate the ministry.

If the Duke of Wellington had desired to have in his government some person who could at any moment procure him an easy fall, he could not have retained a more convenient stumbling-block than Mr. Goulburn; and we are almost disposed to look upon him as a chosen instrument of ministerial suicide. The Premier probably carried him on in the bosom of his counsels as an ancient Roman secreted poison, for self-destruction against the hour of hopeless disaster. If the Duke felt himself doomed to defeat, in consequence of his declaration against Reform, and the failure of his clumsy devices, and he preferred hastening the catastrophe, and also wished to make it appear referable to the blundering of one of his officers, he could not have acted more judiciously than in committing the arrangement and exposition of the Civil List, to the peculiar discretion and dexterity of his Chancellor of the Exchequer. To follow this person through his course of blunders would now be an irksome and profitless labour; but we cannot forego the citation of one passage in his speech—his dying speech and confession it might aptly be called—and we quote it, not for its consummate folly, but as it is an example in a huge pattern of the sort of error that is apt to possess governments, ever too prone to suppose the people arrant fools, incapable of perceiving even the tricks they are declaring. "It appeared to be the opinion of some," said that right hon. Gentleman "that the Civil List ought to be separated into two distinct parts, distinguishing those required for the necessary splendor, dignity, and comfort of the monarch, from that other portion of the public expenditure heretofore defrayed from the Civil List; and that instead of placing a million and somewhat more at the disposal of the Crown for life, it was held, that all, excepting what was required for the personal expenses of the king, ought to be annually voted by Parliament, and that nothing should be granted for the life of the Monarch save only the amount he mentioned. He would put it to the House whether it was wise or prudent to make the regal authority an object of reproach to the ignorant and unthinking? Let them only look to the impression to be made upon the public by fixing in a precise form the personal and private expenses of the Monarch. If somewhat upwards of a million were granted, and that some of the public expenditure was covered from that, it would not have the inconvenient and disadvantageous effect of fixing the attention on, and placing beyond all doubt, the amount expended by the Monarch. To enable the ill-disposed to say, that a little less than 500,000*l.* was expended on the private and personal gratifications of the Monarch, would be conceived calculated to bring the Monarchy into obloquy and distrust. In his opinion, it would be infinitely better to vote a larger income, and let some portion of it be devoted to public purposes. He attached no importance whatever to what had been said with respect to the foreign ambassadors—that House had nothing to do with the foreign ambassadors. He would maintain that it was the inalienable prerogative of the crown to decide with what powers amicable relations were to be maintained or interrupted. Upon that point, or indeed upon any other, he deemed it unnecessary any longer to occupy the attention of the House, trusting that he had established abundant evidence to warrant his giving the motion of the hon. Baronet a decided negative."

On such beautiful and abundant evidence, he was beaten as all know on the blessed 15th of November; and thus, in less than a fortnight after the delivery of the King's Speech, down fell the Wellington Administration. It needed not such an oration as Mr. Goulburn's to sweep down the disgraced government; but the right honourable gentleman's tongue certainly vibrated with a power of folly that might have shaken a ministry more firmly seated. He might have learnt in the nursery that it is not right to name all the things we do; and though the policy of mystifying accounts, he so candidly expounded, has ever been acted upon in the State, yet we believe it has never before been avowed in Parliament. To say, 'Let not the people see how we dupe them,' in a House which is not better adapted for secresy than the whispering gallery of St. Paul's, is very much the way to show the people how it is designed to dupe them. Bonniface states that a gentleman killed his wife by making her a present of half a dozen of Usquebaugh; but adds he, "I am grateful to the gentleman all the same." Under Providence Mr. Goulburn was by his gifts, the immediate death of the Wellington Government; but we all after the example of Bonniface are grateful to the right honourable gentleman all the same; and the people should steadily bear in mind that insight into the policy of making up public accounts, with which he has favoured them. The desired trick is simply this, to bring several charges under one vague head of expenditure; and when objection is made to the burden of any, to refer to the account of the others. Thus, for example, if the items of Falstaff's bill had not been separately set down, but lumped under the head of dinner, against the reproach of excessive toping he would have pleaded the cost of bread and meat, and against the accusation of gluttony he would have instanced sack. Had it been said, that the Monarchy was extravagantly costly, Mr. Goulburn's answer would have been ready, the diplomatic services are paid out of the same fund; were the diplomatic services complained of, they are charged upon the Civil List, which upholds the dignity of the crown. A Civil List of a million, out of which to take this sort of change was vastly convenient.

Before the decease of the Ministry, before the Chancellor of the Exchequer's rattles were heard in its throat, it observed the prudence of putting its house in order. It provided for its creatures and favorites, and shewing a becoming religious turn at so awful a moment, when passing into Opposition it made a bishop, and its last gazette announced the bestowal of divers livings. Lord Lyndhurst parted with his private Secretary, having heaped upon him no less than three offices of considerable emolument. As for the Duke of Wellington, what he did is not to be spoken by us, but it is to be seen in the Pension List.

Before we dismiss the consideration of the official career of the Great Captain, and *Petit Polignac,* we must touch upon a question which is raised as to his conduct in the thirteen days, namely, whether or not he was honestly frightened out of his wits; and there are many well-informed persons who are decidedly of opinion in the affirmative, and who believe, that the alderman's representation filled the hero of Waterloo with real terror. There is always comfort in a precedent, and the Duke may solace himself by the remembrance that the bravest army of antiquity, the unconquerable Ten Thousand, were panic struck by the noise which an ass made one night in their camp. The late minister has classical authority for his alarm, and may take comfort from the text of Xenophon.

It must not be supposed because the history of the latter conduct of the Wellington Government is one tissue of absurdity, the ridicule of which is inseparable from its narration, that it has not had grave effects, though far short of the more immediate consequences to be apprehended from such a mixture of mischievous intention, and clumsy expedient. Our serious persuasion is, that the thirteen days of November have approximated revolution in a ratio prudence forbids us to name. Upon the King's Speech, and the minister's subsequent declaration, thousands formed resolutions which once in men's minds are not easily displaced, and which start into action upon slighter occasions than served to create them. Make a vast population think of what they *would* do, and they are taught what they *could* do. The Duke of Wellington's provocation set the public mind boiling from one end of Britain to the other, and where it now cools it is cooling into very stern forms, such as have had no common shape since the days of the first Charles. One of two things we look upon as certain, that the oligarchy must end or anarchy begin. Let us not be charged with saying this for excitement, to feed an excitement at the glowing heat of which we ourselves look with awe and apprehension. We write but as observers, but as watchmen who mark the boiling under-currents that will burst in a deluge over this country if instant vents be not found for it. The peace of the nation is now at the mercy of accidents;—let any circumstance derange the commercial prosperity for an instant—let the manufacturers' employment receive a check, and the dykes are gone—then may come a rush which military force would be as efficient to restrain as would be the bayonet to turn back the cataract of

Niagara. The aristocracy who have carefully separated themselves from the industrious classes, who have kept themselves raised above them in a lordly state, know nothing of the mighty element which is heaving against their power. Some vague fear, like the instinct of danger felt by the inferior creation before convulsions of nature, is on them; but as things have been, they suppose they will be; and moderate concessions, together with troops of dragoons, are the remedies that occur against the worst contingency. It is talking to the deaf adder to counsel these fated people; they never will see the signs of the times—never will hear the sough of the tempest, till the storm strikes them. France, Belgium, Poland, the story is the same; the blow brings the conviction, and the admiring fool's saying is then in their mouths, "who would have thought it?" Were these infatuated men only concerned, we could leave them to the consequences of their blindness, with small anxiety; but we know the hideous features of the visitation of anarchy, we know what must be the desolating rush of a people to a wild redress, we know how the torrent must ravage before it can find its level, we know all the fearful conditions belonging to the domination of rude masses, inflamed with the recollection of past wrongs, informed by sad experience what injustice is, but not so well instructed where the limits of the right and the just commence. It is not for the gentry of England to expect in turbulent movements the moderation of the people of Paris. The French had their hot fit nearly forty years ago. The first Revolution had blotted out an aristocracy never in its worst day so insolent as ours, and perhaps not more injurious though its tyranny was more direct and naked; but if we have to pass through the same passage it is on other terms, and in other circumstances; our aristocracy will not have to do with a population with which they have held kindly and familiar intercourse; they will find themselves buffeting with classes as unknown to them as the hordes of the desert, masses of people to whom they have denied knowledge by every device of impolicy, whom they have condescended to know only in the two conditions of tax-payers and creatures of toil, men whose hands they have never pressed but to labour, whose hearts they have never touched but with bitterness, whose actions they have never directed but as domineering masters. In the last French Revolution, the people of Paris were under the best influences the country could furnish—the Press, conducted with unequalled ability, guided and steadied their course. In England there are no superior influences to act upon the mass of the people. The Press is taxed above their reach, and the gentry have spurned the familiar intercourse with them, which is in France a consequence of the absence of aristocratic pride or the assumption of it, and of the nearer equality of fortunes. The monopoly of the Press, erected by taxation, has also so depraved it as to render it as unworthy of guiding the people as it is inaccessible to the poorer classes of them. The conducting of daily newspapers has been made a narrow trade; and as one involving large capitals, it has been carried on upon the most timid principles of selfish policy. Thus we look in vain either for the links between rich and poor, or the holds of intelligent counsel which in default of such links might have been suffered to have power. There is but one remedy for this unsocial and impolitic state of things, and that is one which the government should have the fore-thought and wisdom to see, and the courage instantly to provide. The State must be popularised. The Government must rest on the basis of the democracy. The people must be stayed from the exercise of the power, of which they are now fully conscious, by extending to them a legitimate influence over the legislature. They must be made, and instantly, to know a self-importance to which they have hitherto been strangers. Authority must either descend to them, or they will drag down authority. Get hold of the masses by fixing them in the lower machinery of the State. Comprehend the better orders of them in the Constituency, and convert the pike heads that may threaten your breasts into the nails that will fix and strengthen the ark of safety,—a democratic Constitution that may swim on the mighty waters that are out and flooding the whole world.

Will the government see this necessity? Here comes the momentous doubt. Observation is no faculty of governments, and from experience of their actions it might be inferred that the moment men enter into the places of power, they are stricken with a mental blindness, and renounce watching the world when they begin ordering it. In the retreat from Moscow, when the French army was disorganized, destitute, and starving, and corps were reduced to skeleton troops, the Grand Chamberlain of Napoleon continued to issue pompous bulletins commanding the movements of grand divisions, overlooking their destruction; allowing intervals fit for the march of vast bodies in the retreat of their remaining handfuls of men, and directing the soldiers wanting a meal to carry three days' provision, &c. In this person, whose change of circumstances the mightiest disasters could not teach, we have a type of the foible of governments which never will perceive varied conditions, and are ever relying on rules and expedients adapted to former and past occasions as applicable to an altered state.

The common error of ministers is the supposition that the circumstances marking the downfall of their predecessors, are the circumstances for which they have to provide, or by which they are to shape their course. The impression of the public mind they received when in Opposition, is made the stereotyped text. They overlook the fact, that the public mind is a very active general who never fails to push on after every victory, and to occupy advanced ground with an improved front of power. The circumstances of the Grey government are not the circumstances of the Wellington government, as the present ministry is, we fear, too apt to suppose. What would have satisfied from the Duke will not satisfy from Lord Grey. The people always drive the Sibyl's bargain, and on every refusal of their demands ask more and give less. The last act of the Wellington government had the effect of rousing an unanimous hostility which let the people into the secret of their own strength, for in the absence of unity consists their weakness, in the consciousness of it their might. It also provoked resolutions which once formed are prone to recur, as we have before mentioned, perhaps when the emergencies are less worthy of them. Homer's pattern of prudence, when he desires the arms to be withdrawn from the banquet, observes that the sight of the iron tempts the men. There are certain ideas which have on bold spirits a like solicitation to violence, and once present, and on their reception sanctioned by the sense of justice, they are never absent from the mind to which they offer a familiar resource in what should be the last of all recourses. This state of things can only be met by coming up to the full measure of justice, and satisfying so vast a body that the unreasonably discontented will find themselves in the small minority, which, where reason is not to give it confidence and constancy, soon melts away into the common mass. Distress is not readily to be cured, and distress generates discontent; but take from it the pretext of public wrongs. Let no pleas of abuses, or denial of rights in the State, remain to sanction the resourse of misery to violence.

The country is more quiet, the fires are abating, "the storm is passing away," cry the thoughtless creatures who have no perceptions that ever extend beyond an effect. A degree more decent than Nero, as Rome ceases to burn they begin to fiddle again. Look to the North of England; see the cloud gathering there, black as your hearts or dense as your stupidity. Look to the thousands of workmen whose combination has made them ascendant over those with whom they immediately came in contact, who have learnt their force, who know what organization is, who have therefore the discipline of an army, and who possess more than the sagacity of your senate, whose power is of one body now banked up and pressing upon their employers, and only composed by present full employment. Had work failed when the peasantry were breaking out into tumult, who that knows the materials for combustion can fail to tremble at the bare thought of what would have been the consequence. It has so happened, by a most curious dispensation, that the very example that has fired the minds of the manufacturing population, has, through its effects, stayed their action. The troubles of France and Belgium have thrown them out of the European market. England has had a great proportion of their orders, and our manufacturers have been sufficiently if not amply employed. The activity of their hands has checked the impulses of their minds, but the spring will not lose its force because it is pent.

Let us for a moment consider the state of the two great divisions of the labouring order. The manufacturers at present in comparative comfort, are experienced in organization; and assured of their strength. The agricultural labourers sunk to the last depth of misery, and breaking into desultory violence. Whenever these two extremes meet—for extremes they are, the one class resorting to force from the extreme of misery and degradation, and the other in an extreme condition of power, from the best management of their means of strength—what will be the state of society, tossed upon these vast and furious elements? Let it not be supposed that without a reformed Government, the middle classes will lend their hands to the suppression of a servile war. They will not prop up the vicious system, in which the causes of the horrid strife have had origin. They may trace misrule from the rags of the peasant up to the riches of the aristocrat. The suffering of the agricultural labourer is indeed referable to a combination of diseases; but not one of those diseases is there which is not attributable directly or indirectly to misgovernment, to a legislature interested in, or careless of oppression and abuse. The whole empire is more or less demoralised by the corruption and vices of the State: a great portion of it is degraded and pauperised by ills, mis-management, or want of management; and these are curses which the middle classes, who are best capable of perceiving them, will not assist to continue in any conjuncture that may arrive. The knowledge is universally diffused, that every man has an interest in good government, who has not a share in the spoil derived from bad; and a good government, or the best that is to be had, we will have. Anarchy is fearful, but it is a passage sharp and short; while the misrule under which the nation has suffered every sort of injury, moral, political, and financial, is a chronic disease, a continuous affliction spoiling the health, the temper, the spirit of the community, and should it come to the question of passing through the fiery ordeal of anarchy, or supporting the system that threatens us with it, we speak the sentiments of tens of thousands, when we assert, that the crisis would be preferred to the maintenance of the oligarchy in its accursed domination.

Popularise the government, reform the representation on the broadest basis, shew the beginning of a better order of things, the commencement of a curative process, and the people will be patient, or the mass of the nation will rally round a constitution, whose frame is co-extensive with themselves, and whose vitals are organic of their wisdom and virtue. The aristocracy have had their long and disastrous day; it is now the time of the Demos. The choice is momentous—Reform in Parliament, with the Ballot and a National Guard—or the Aristocracy, Anarchy; and the spirited description which a distinguished member of the present Government drew last year of the state of party, is applicable to the present meaning attitude of the country. "The time for action is come, the buttons are dashed away from the foils, the guns are shotted to their lips, they are pointed at the weak parts, that is, they are pointed at all parts, the matches are on fire, and the word only is wanting to make them roar."

Art. XVII.—*Tableau de la Pologne, ancienne et moderne, publié en un volume par Malte-Brun. Nouvelle édition, entièrement refondue, augmentée et ornée de cartes; par Léonard Chodźko.* 2 Vols.—Paris. 1830.

In the years 1788 and 1789 the attention of Europe was attracted by the apparition of a 'Constituent Diet' in Poland, and a 'Constituent Assembly' in France, both of them formed for the avowed purpose of improving the condition of the lower and middle classes of society by legislative alterations. The Polish diet proceeded to the emancipation of the agricultural labourers; which, only eight years before, had been resisted with as much virulence as the emancipation of the same classes in the British colonies is opposed by the slave-holders. In France too the necessity for alteration, though not amounting ostensibly to all that is conveyed in the term serf or slave, was scarcely less absolute in fact. It was clear that there was an intention to promote the happiness of mankind; and therefore it was time for their enemies to be every where on foot. How the three barbarian powers of the East of Europe united to attack Poland and France;—how the fourth in the West, the English absolutists, joined them in the part of the plan which lay within their reach;—how the united robbers, after a sallad of murder and *Te Deums*, of conflagrations and general fasts, succeeded in dividing Poland, but did not succeed in dividing France;—how gloriously they were beaten, and with the exception of one of the guilty parties (on whom, for some inscrutable reason, Providence had mercy) were visited with just and thank-worthy humiliation in their capitals;—how the nation, and the leader, whom the same Providence in its goodness had raised to be the instruments of its just punishments, *forgot Poland*, and by the direct consequences of that unhappy act were within a little year subjected to the Holy confederated plunderers themselves;—how the world rolled on for fifteen years, and fools thought the crime was clinched and rivetted; and what sufferings and miseries fell upon mankind, and above all upon the gulled and guilty nation who had sinned in the face of the most light and knowledge of the whole;—how men were starved here and ruined there, and society seemed doomed to exist in a hopeless agony, which was not life but never closed in death;—how this went on accumulating, till all at once light sprang from the bayonets of Paris, and justice, which robbers call revolution, was once more afoot and conquering from Toulouse to the Tartar;—how all the world divided itself into two parts, the honest men and the dishonest, and no question was asked of any man, but which side he chose to take;—all these are things our schoolboys know and babies sing of, and it would be lost time to enter on the detail with any grown man or woman who has lived within the sound of tongues or reach of rumour.

There is now only one question; *Will Europe desert Poland?* If she does, it is simple charity and pure unmingled meek humanity to pray that she may be subjected for another half century, to baser barbarians if they can be found, to more ensanguined hypocrites if the earth can breed them, than those who have borne sway and rioted in all her quarters for the last. If what is past has not demonstrated the true intent and bearing of arbitrary governments, or has been insufficient to unite mankind in terror of their tender mercies and horror of their piety, there must of necessity be more; and charity is to wish it quick and over, that the world at some time may begin to flourish and to breathe. In all the various nations of Europe, insular or continental, every individual, except the combined for plunder, has deeply suffered and is now suffering, for the passive guilt of submission to that scheme of flagrant wrong, of which the spoliation of Poland was the beginning, and its promised restoration is the end. Will these individuals—in their several spheres and capacities, and as God shall give them grace and power,—unite for the purpose of securing that great Act of Abolition of European slavery, the re-establishment of independent Poland as a barrier against the barbarians of the East? Is there any inhabitant of the British Islands,—to limit the application to a single quarter,—who does not see that the power of Russia has been appealed to for the purpose of cutting off and diminishing his own liberties, and that the magnitude and security of his enjoyments fluctuate in exact inverse proportion to the influence of the other? It is not that there is any animosity against Russia. Russia is as yet intrinsically barbarian; somebody must be last in the progress of civilization, and it happens to be Russia. Her government is centuries behind those of most of the other European nations, in all that is acknowledged to constitute the existence of a good or desirable government. And for this very reason it is, that she is courted and appealed to, by the supporters of misgovernment in all quarters of the globe. It might be thought hard if the Portuguese and Spanish constitutionalists had sent to Russia, to say they did not entirely approve her government and beg she would alter it. But by what right is the barbarian power permitted to act the converse, and to send to men congregated for freedom in the West of Europe, the assurances of her high dislike and meditated enmity. The snare is too manifest; our enemies fight us with the barbarians; civilized Europe therefore must be against the barbarians, and join in one effort to drive them back "to their frightful deserts." There let them remain, and learn from Europe all they can towards the improvement of their patrimony; but let Europe be freed from the nuisance of their interference. The Russians are to Europe, precisely what the Persian empire was to Greece; a people in an inferior state of civilization, pressing forward on a people in a superior, backed by huge numbers and the treacherous aid of all that is opposed to liberty within. The serviles would bring the Chinese upon us, if the Chinese could fight; the brother of the Sun and Moon would be a 'magnanimous sovereign,' if there was any chance of his mountebank soldiers being brought to Brussells. The simple plan of the lovers of arbitrary power all over the earth, is to keep down the civilized people by the help of the barbarians. It is for this reason that Austria is to have Italy; and it is for this reason that civilized man in every village thoughout Europe, has risen or will rise, to effect the liberation of his species. Treaties are but the bonds with which the victims have been tied; let those that made them look to them, but do not tell the Samson who has just burst his withes, that these were the obligations which engaged him to lie still. Most of the governments in Europe have been the people's enemies; and those which are not, will put themselves at the head of the people's movement and be safe. Men have penetrated every where the mean fraud by which arbitrary governments protested against revolutionists and levellers, while themselves were the great up-turners of all right and levellers of all security. The universal feeling towards them is hatred mixed with scorn; a compound which those who taste of, seldom prosper after.

It seems impossible that a nation like the French, fond of honourable distinction and smarting under the recollection of fifteen years suffering in the form of a lieutenant of the barbarians in their capital, should decline to seize the opportunity put into their hands, of going down the page of history as the liberators of mankind. They have drunk deeply of every scorn that barbarism could invent; not an individual of thirty millions who has not, either in his own person or his friends, paid the heavy poll-tax which uncivilized man levies on his civilized neighbour when unfortunate circumstances give him the power of abuse. The French have all the qualities for putting themselves at the head of the *μισοβάρβαροι* of Europe; their brethren in every land that is threatened by the savage and the slave, hold out their hands, saying 'Come and help us.' They are courted to be the great nation, by a continent of hope. No ambition, except of virtue! no aggrandisement beyond the Rhine, except the aggrandisement of placing free Italy and Poland between themselves and the barbarian! The French know that they exist but on sufferance; that they are abstained from, only till the despots see opportunity to renew the march to Paris. Either the French cause must prevail, or the despots; in such a contest there is no middle term; and the statesman who should dream of sitting down in some intermediate snuggery, may be a good father of a family, a kind master, and die at last with all the comforts of the confessional about him, but had better not charge himself with the responsibility of a counry's safety.

And what, after all, is the principle of non-interference, but a composition with oppressors from whom men are glad to obtain half because they cannot get the whole? No man puts forward the principle of non-interference with plunderers on the high road, except on those limited occasions where he may look forward to being able to resist but not to suppress. And what would be the consequence in common life, if the principle of non-interference was acknowledged and acted on;—if there might be a Holy Alliance of thieves, but only a Non-Interference Society of honest men. Nobody would submit to such folly except in politics. If the contents of a man's pockets have been divided among sanctified cutpurses, the whole community of men with pockets rises up and recovers the booty first, and then applies itself to speculate on the various degrees of preventional infliction, from the fivefold retribution of Moses, to the gallows or the guillotine. If the despotic states of Europe had never dreamed of interfering with the others,—if they had notoriously eschewed any thing like banding themselves together, and had established a character for self-denial in all that regarded their neighbours concerns,—there would be a strong objection to any combination against them by the rest. But when their conduct has been ostentatiously the reverse of all this,—and when they have puffed and blown in the face of heaven, and wrought themselves out of breath with calling upon all the persons in the Trinity to witness that they were united as one flesh to put down all that was in opposition to their ideas of government in other countries,—it would be simply a copy of the fraud which should tell a back-gammon player that all sixes were to tell upon one side but not the other. As poor Napoleon once said, there must be *some chances* against legitimates as well as other people. All that goes against this is part of the great fraud—the 'grand *hum*,' as a Dean, who ought to have been a Bishop, once said, in pointing to his Doctor's scarlet in a confidential moment—a portion of the universal atmosphere of conspiracy in the midst of which the people every where move and have their being. Is there any man, in the House of Commons for example, or elsewhere, who laying aside all forms of nonsense and appeals to gone-by foolery, will come forward and fairly pledge himself to the assertion, that it is meet and right that the barbarous powers should combine against the civilized when it suits their purposes, and that it is not meet and right that the civilized should unite against the barbarians when they can? Or is there any who will advance, that the three robber powers of the continent are to cover and secure their robberies by a compact against freedom every where, and that free men throughout Europe are not bound by individual honour and general interest to start up like the dead at the last trumpet, and demand the execution of justice and the restoration of nations? What right has Austria to Italy; and what was any treaty by which former ministers acceded to the cession, but a bargain with one plunderer, for the interest of another? The people of England were the parties really made war upon, from the first junction of English ministers with the Holy Allies in 1792 to the termination in 1815. It is we who were the down-trodden; and it is we who now intend to be up. Give us Poland; our sufferings began with Poland, and with Poland they shall end. The beggar in the streets,—the man who is to be hanged for rick-burning,—is son and heir to the spoliation of Poland, and would not have been where he is, but for the principles which enabled a British ministry to join *twice* in that act of baseness. And exactly as that is undone, will our recovery move hand in hand. If the Russians are driven over the Niemen, we shall have the Ballot; if they cross the Dnieper, we shall be rid of the Corn Laws; and if the Poles can get Smolensko, we too in our taxes shall get back to the ground of 1686. The world looks to France; she shall be the great nation for ever and for ever, if she will but proclaim the restoration of the Europe of 1772, and send each of the robbers a tri-coloured flag as a notice to quit. Have not they insulted her, have not they trampled on her, have not they ridden over her with Cossacks and all manner of wild beasts, for no earthly reason but because she had driven back their Duke of Brunswick in 1792, and answered the invasion in each and every of their capitals; and why and for what reason, should any honest man in France or elsewhere, not wish, hope, and ardently aspire after seeing her the instrument of the world's retribution? Some will call this 'sounding the tocsin of war.' The tocsin of war is to have two tongues; one of brass, when the despots and the barbarians are to be gathered together, and another of felt, when the civilized races are to take measures for their mutual support. The civilized people are to sit down and see themselves conquered in detail; while barbarity is to have a free-masonry of fellowship all over the earth, and constitute one agency with a single end. There never was so large a demand made on human folly at one swoop before; mankind may have been feeble enough, but there is no precedent for expecting such debility as this.

But to the English individually, there is a reason closer than political,—a reason which comes home to every man's basket and to his store, and which should engage his liveliest exertions, as it will the keenest opposition of his domestic enemies.

Poland is God Almighty's granary; it is the place where ought to be grown the millions of quarters of corn, and thousands of millions of quartern loaves, which should be dropping into the mouths of the children who are starving for want of them, and which do not drop, because the landholders stand by with a six-pounder, to fire on the fathers of those children if they attempt to procure them by the exchange of their manufacturing industry. All Poland might be covered with English cottons, and all England fattened with Polish corn; but one selfish and overbearing order jumps upon the cross-road, and swears with cocked pistols that not a bit shall take place of either. It was for this purpose that wars have been carried on since 1792. We have been buried with debt, as a preliminary to being starved. That *you*—and *you*—and *you*—might die in holes and corners, and somebody else ride thereby on fat horses, has been the object, end, and conclusion, of the long turmoil of war and warlike energies. At last, however, we have come to a point. We have got a ministry which avows that all is not right, and something shall be mended. What it will do, is matter of much doubt. Among other symptoms, it has taken to its prayers. Not that respectable kind of prayer, in which an honest man calls upon God and Saint *Frappe-fort*, while he is taking all earthly means to compass his deliverance; but that by which a man should put off the correction of his accounts from month's end to month's end, and set somebody to pray that in the mean time they might be going right. The precedent is a most alarming one; past ministers never prayed, but when the people were to be led into some suffering; and the ministry that promises reform has directed the process, without considering that there is no previous ground on which to attach a hope. How will the form run? Will it begin 'O Lord, who hast permitted the landholders—' And will it go on, 'Pour into their hearts such a sense of the error of their ways'—'that they may consider their latter end'—'or ever they are swallowed up quick'—'and we thy servants and sheep of thy pasture'—'in all godly quietness,—'for ever and ever, Amen.' This is not the composition of a professional person; but it is great odds if the professional men compose a better. The probability is that the ministry wish to direct the thoughts of all hearers into this channel, though they could not exactly dictate words to the ecclesiastical authorities. A member of the legislature has come forward contemporaneously, with a proposal for a General Fast; it would have been more germane to the matter if he had offered the people a day's keep. What *can* a General Fast have to do with the removal of the Corn Laws; unless the higher classes are going to make the experiment of how they like it? The landholders have proclaimed a general fast for the industrious orders these fifteen years; and now they are going to give them a form for Grace after Meat. But the industrious orders have set their imaginations upon bread; they think on the crust and on the crumb, and will not be deterred from taking it where it can honestly be had. If they have common sense they will write on their banners when they make a pageant, 'Free Poland and Free Bread.' The writer of this remembers, when he thought there was some blunder in the connection constantly maintained between the cries for political reform and bread. But time has taught him better; he has found out and penetrated, that the spirit of political corruption is only another name for the love of a neighbour's goods, and that as the goods of a poor man are his children's bread, it is on this that the dishonesty of the rich always falls. The connection is as real and as intimate, as the connection between the angle and the versed sine. The plot of the monopolists in all quarters is, that they shall live sumptuously upon the bread of the poor; and they think to get over it, by giving back twopence in the pound in flannel petticoats. This is the truth; and because it is the truth, it ought to be said in all corners, sung in all highways, and painted at the bottom of all vessels to honour or to dishonour, where it may have a chance to catch the eye and impress the mind. Poland has its liberation to win, and so have we. We have both of us fallen among thieves; and we cannot do better than carry on the contest in concert.

ART. XVIII.—*Doctrina Copularum Linguæ Latinæ: sive de vi atque usu elegantiori particularum,* Ac, Atque, Et, Que, *deque earum formulis, commentarius.* Conscripsit Henricus E. Allen, A.B.—12mo. Cadell.

SHOULD a Knight, accoutred in all the habiliments of ancient chivalry, start up before our eyes, we could scarcely be more surprised, than we have been by the inspection of this truly classical work. It seems almost incredible, that it is the production of the present day, and of a very young author, who has but just taken his first degree at the University.

Mr. Allen has indeed imbibed the spirit of the first classical scholars of the olden time; and combines much critical acumen, and indefatigable industry, with an ardent attachment to the writers of ancient Greece and Rome. He is evidently one of those, whom he himself describes in his preface as *studio* *atque impetu quodam animi ad literas humaniores raptos.* His work, though small, and professedly discussing the force and elegant usage of only four Latin copulatives, embraces a large body of critical remark : and the copiousness of his examples, well arranged and judiciously selected, is eminently adapted to lead the student to an intimate acquaintance with the language, and to a facility of composing in a style of Ciceronian latinity.

If the present volume be compared with that of *Tursellinus de particulis Latinæ orationis,* in any of the topics which they treat in common, the vast superiority of our author will be manifest. We open the book nearly at random ; and extract the following section as a specimen.—p. 140.

——*Que, et* ——, pro *que* geminato.

——*Que, et* ——, pro *que* vel *et* geminato, Græcorum formulam exprimit illam elegantem, ——*τε, καὶ*—— : estque optimis historicis usitatissimum, à poëtis quoque saepe adhibitum, ab oratoribus non item. Illud autem monuerim, hanc formulam tum esse elegantissimam, cùm inter binas copulas nihil sit interjectum.—— " Obportunitas suae*que, et* liberorum, aetatis." *Sall. Jug.* 6. " Adherbali suadent, uti se*que, et* oppidum, Jugurthae tradat." *Ib.* 26. " Interim Romae gaudium ingens ortum, cognitis Metelli rebus ;—ut se*que, et* exercitum, more majorum gereret ; *etc.*" Ib. 55. " Id ibi*que, et* in omni Africâ,"—*Ib.* 89. " Aquâ modò se*que, et* jumenta, onerare." *Ib.* 91. " Marius...illos*que, et* Sullam, venire jubet." *Ib.* 104. " Illi*que, et* inde ad nostram memoriam Romani, sic habuêre :"—*Ib.* 114. " Sed dii*que, et* homines, prohibuêre redemtos vivere Romanos." *Liv.* V. 49. " Equidem Pol in eam partem accipio*que, et* volo." *Terent. Eun.* V. 2. 37. Adde *Liv.* IX, 6 ; X, 30 ; XXII, 44 ; XXIV, 39 ; 47 ; XXV, 14 ; 16 ; 37 ; XXVI, 48 ; XXVII, 21 ; XXVIII, 17 ; 44 ; XXIX, 22 ; 25. *Tacit. Ann.* I, 71 ; II, 6 ; XII, 51 ; 60. *Propert.* II, 16, 11-12. *Virg. Aen.* VIII, 361 ; 731. *Plaut. Capt.* II, 2, 63. *Terent. Adel.* I, 1, 39 : et *Phorm.* V, 8, 62.——Omnino frigidiùs autem à *Livio* adhibita est haec formula, ut saepe alibi, sic in illo, XXV. 37 :—" Inde in castra avidos adhuc caedis*que, et* sanguinis, reduxit." Nimirùm, conjunctio rerum tam facilè coalescentium, quàm *caedes* ac *sanguis,* talem emphasin parùm commodè fert : et quidem, ex hisce nominibus si unum modò esset adhibitum, haud scio, an nihil esset futurum, cur alterum lector magnoperè desideraret. Plura exempla, qui volet, inter loca reperiet suprà citata. ——In illo *Virgilii* quoque, *Aen.* V. 467, ad sensum quod attinet, supervacuum est *que* :—" Dixit*que, et* proelia voce diremit."—Huc referatur——*que, et*——, *et*——. " Nullâ in praesens formidine, dum Augustus aetate validus se*que, et* domum, *et* pacem, sustentavit." *Tacit. Ann.* I. 4. " Ad ea Caesar veniam ipsi*que, et* conjugi, *et* fratribus, tribuit." *Ib.* XII. 37. Adde *Sall. Jug.* 76 : et *Terent. Hecyr.* III. 5. 38.

Of this construction *que—et,* for *et—et,* Tursellinus does adduce a few instances, but pronounces this judgment—*non licet imitari*: how rashly and unwarrantably, is evinced by the mass of authorities brought forward by Mr. Allen from the purest Latin writers. But we must restrain the classical feelings, which this piece has revived in us. A secret monitor suggests—"*quis leget hæc? vel duo, vel nemo.*"

We heartily wish our young author all the success and encouragement which he merits; but he must be prepared to find his classical productions and himself treated with utter indifference and neglect. Our great Schools and Universities have so long and sadly failed to execute their literary trusts, that the revival of classical learning in this country seems beyond hope. The extinction of it will re-act wofully upon those, whose unfaithfulness has caused it to pass into general disesteem. Yet *meliora speremus*. Who knows whether better days may not be approaching in the literary world, as well as in the political. Could we see a few more scholars of Mr. Allen's zeal and acquirements, we should not despair of the republic of classical letters.

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WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

APRIL, 1831.

ART. I.—*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.* Vols. I. and II. Parbury, Allen, and Co., London. Dondey Dupré et fils, Paris. 1824-1830.

FEW individuals have not, either in their sleeping or waking hours, entertained the idea of the effect of entering a new world, where the physical and moral results of creative power should be found displayed under novel forms, though with sufficient attention to general laws to be intelligible to a visitor from our planet. Very much like this is the consequence of viewing the manners, thoughts, and actions, of the inhabitants of remote regions, who have struck out distinct paths to the formation of society, and have made progress in arts, literature, or science, by processes of their own, which though necessarily often coincident in the results, present the luxury of divergence by the way. Europe is tired of the repetition of *Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.* There is scarcely an inlet to the existing knowledge of this quarter of the globe, all the circumstances and agents connected with which, are not familiar to satiety. It is pleasant to know what kind of letters were invented, by any body but Cadmus; and to obtain the poetry of any people upon earth, where it can be certain there has been no communication with the Muses Nine. Anacreon has given way to Moore and Béranger; but it is still interesting to know how men get tipsy by moonlight in Japan. The props of church and state are grotesque enough at home; but they sink into dullness, compared with the rich absurdities which flourish in the atmosphere of China. Nor is the search confined to the ludicrous and the gay. It is gratifying to see the wisdom of one hemisphere confirmed by the good sense of another; and to make acquaintance with the better feelings of mankind, as they have expanded in unthought-of shapes, like the host of new charities that encompass the man who visits the descendants of the same father in a distant land.

It is in Asia that novelties of this kind are to be expected; for the progress of Africa has been small, and America has little left that has not been screwed into the European model. In Asia too, (with the inclusion of Egypt, which it would be no great step to set down as an Indian colony), are found the earliest works of human skill, and the finest specimens of the pickled follies of antiquity. If marks of wisdom and benevolence sometimes present themselves, it is useful to observe how far they are outnumbered by monuments of the *instinct moutonnier* of mankind,—the propensity to believe without reason, and to obey without an end,—the misery and debasement which have followed in all ages, when masses of human beings have given themselves up to the guidance of privileged orders, and allowed themselves to be moulded into the forms which suited the interests of their masters. What a pleasant aristocratical invention was *caste*,[*]—for those who were to be the well bred. How grateful to a sacerdotal college must have been the sight of the manifold arms of Vishnu dispersing themselves over underground acres, or a pyramid raising to the clouds the evidence of the slavery and submission of the builders. There is nothing new under the sun, except forms. Servility does not now take the pyramidical; and jobs in architecture have ceased in the present age to be conducted under ground.

The first Memoir in these Volumes is 'concerning the Chinese;' by J. F. Davis, Esq. China is one great caricature of a church-and-state government; where men think according to law, and 'impure doctrines' are settled by the Emperor. The history of such a people is worth tracing. Their own statements of their antiquity go back to a period which may be almost called indefinite; but, as the sage *Choo-foo-tsze* has himself observed, 'it is impossible to give entire credit to the traditions of these remote ages.' The person called *Fo-hi* is referred to as the author of all institutions and inventions which can be traced to nobody else; and in all countries things of this description have been invented by *Fo-hi.* A little before the time of Abraham, *Chuen-hiŏ** regulated the calendar, and desired to begin the year on the first day of the month in which the sun should be nearest the 15th degree of Aquarius *; for which he is called the author and father of the

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[*] It is remarkable that this term, though recognized by the natives of India who are conversant with Europeans, as being applied with accuracy to the objects designated thereby, is still considered by them as of European origin. Such at least was the result of the inquiries of the writer. But on asking how what the English would call 'Brahman caste' would be expressed in India, the answer was '*Brahmanca zât*;' the last being the Arabic word ذات 'nature, kind,' under an Indian pronunciation, and *ca* the affix indicating the genitive case in the word preceding. Have the sounds *ca zât* taken together, been corrupted by Europeans into *caste*? *Zât* (sometimes pronounced *jât*) appears to be the common word for 'caste' throughout India; though the more genuine Hindu term is stated to be *gote* or *gotra*. Possibly there is a confusion between the word of Arabic origin, and some other that approaches to it in sound and meaning. The Sanscrit term is understood to be *beren*.

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* Is the 15th degree mentioned in the original; or is it only the European expression for the middle of the sign? What is the general evidence for the antiquity of the division of the circle into 360 degrees, and of the degree into 60 minutes? Is it likely that it existed in ancient Egypt? Did Pythagoras, perchance, import it thence? The writer of this once paced the distance between the two stone pyramids of Dashour, which lie nearly north and south from each other, with their faces to the cardinal points; and found the distance between the prolongations of the nearest sides of the bases to be forty yards more than a geometrical mile. If the sand should have accumulated about the bases, the original distance may have been a geometrical mile within a small error. Did the builders intend to authenticate that they had measured a minute of the earth's circumference, and consequently (assuming it to be a circle) the whole? Were the earliest pyramids the gnomons, from whose noonday shadows they calculated the sun's meridional altitudes at the summer and winter solstices, the mean of which would give the complement of the latitude, and half their difference the obliquity of the ecliptic; and having thus determined the difference of latitude of two pyramids and compared it with the distance in cubits, did they apply the knowledge so gained, to determining the site of other pyramids which should tell the story? What pyramids are there, north and south from each other, and at distances sufficiently great for the commencement of such a process? For example, the pyramids of Sakârah are north from those of Dashour, and within sight, with an interval of eight or ten miles. Are any others of the pyramids a geometrical mile from each other? Are there any that are sixty or a degree? Are there any pyramids whose latitudes might suggest the idea of their having been placed on that precise latitude by design? For instance, is not the second pyramid of Jîzah (by the observations of the French army, See *Décade Egyptienne,* Vol. iii, p. 102.) within a few seconds of the latitude of 30°? The brick pyramid at Dashour [the only one in Egypt; Lord Byron was wrong when he said "brick mountains"] lies east from the southernmost of the two of stone. What is the distance; and has it any connexion with the mensuration of a minute of longitude in the latitude of the place? Is it, *par hazard,* the fraction of a geometrical mile which is represented by the cosine of the latitude divided by radius; which in the latitude of Dashour would be about eighty-seven hundredths? Had the Egyptians been trying to ascertain, whether the length of a degree of longitude in their latitude, accorded with the supposition of the earth's being a sphere? There would be no difficulty in doing this, within limits which would at all events be gratifying; by taking the mean result of repeated observations of the time of day from the lengths of morning or evening shadows, at two stations east and west from each other at the greatest distance that admitted of a commu-

Ephemeris. He chose the time when the sun passes through the middle of the sign, 'because in this season the earth is adorned with plants, trees renew their verdure, and all nature seems re-animated;' which of course means the spring season.

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nication by signal. Or the immersion of a star behind a north and south wall at each station might answer the same purpose, if the experimenters were able to raise a flash of light visible for fifteen or twenty miles, and had any thing of the nature of a clepsydra or minute-glass capable of determining with some degree of accuracy the interval between the immersions at the two stations. It is not necessary to suppose that pyramids were built *solely* to commemorate such observations as these; but when for some reason pyramids were to be built, there is no difficulty in supposing the opportunity might be taken to commemorate the observations. Also, will any body standing on the side of the northernmost pyramid at Dashour, see if there is not a hill bearing E. N. E. by compass, at the distance of three or four miles, which has much the appearance of a worn-out (or, as the French would say, *dégradé*) pyramid; and moreover whether it is on the east or west side of the Nile? There are pyramids of this kind in Egypt, which passed for hills till Mr. Salt ascertained them to be pyramids; but Mr. Salt said, there never was a pyramid found on the east side of the Nile. If, therefore, one is discovered from Dashour, it will be a curiosity.

In the confidence that this may fall into the hands of some of the numerous travellers returning from India by Egypt, it may be excusable to add some other questions, though confessedly divagations. Does not some curiosity attach to specimens of the *enchorial* hand; or that which appears among the three inscriptions on the Rosetta stone, and is neither Greek nor hieroglyphic? If so, there are inscriptions in it on the rocks near the Pacha's new well at Hamâmah, the great halting-place between Cosseir and Kenneh. In a recess in the rock, about an English mile on the side of Hamâmah towards Cosseir, and on the southern side of the road (or left hand, coming from Cosseir) is a surface of perhaps thirty feet long and fifteen high, cut in the native granite, and covered with representations of Egyptian ceremonies, in low relief, in a more finished style, and on a finer material, than any others afterwards observed in Egypt. The vacant spaces are filled with inscriptions in Greek, among which appear the dates of Tiberius, Nero, and Domitian, being manifestly the work of Græco-Egyptian soldiers in the Roman service, who have taken the opportunity to commemorate their own names and those of the captains of their companies; plainly marking this as having been the Roman halting-place, or at all events the place of its out-post, on the road to Berenice or whatever was the Roman station on the Red Sea. One name only, ΓΑΙΟC ΠΕΤΙΚΙΟC, appears in another place, as CAIUS PETICIUS; from which it may be concluded that Caius Peticius was a Roman by birth. His name, in its Roman dress, has been faintly scratched on the eternal granite with the point of some tool like a pick-axe, and then the letters completed by blows of the point; and when Caius Peticius came to the second I, he appears to have been called away, and has left the remaining letters a hardly distinguishable scrawl. Among other productions of these military artists is a figure of a galley, bearing on the prow a machine which may be supposed to be the *corvus*; and on the poop, the captain's head, in the proportions usually attributed to that of King Charles in the oak. The position of the oars, though not so distinct as might be desired, favours the idea that there were several tiers, pulled by rowers at different

But *Chuen-hiŏ* made the mistake of finding the spring season in the middle of December; as appears by calculation of the precession of the equinoxes. Astronomical observations are great enemies of the marvellous. In fact astronomy seems to have

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altitudes, as would be represented by supposing a modern ship of war of several decks to put out sweeps at her different tiers of ports. The probability is, that this recess was the position of the advanced post; and that the regular halting-place was at Hamâmah. In confirmation of which the Aga of Kenneh produced an earthen canteen, of the figure of a flattened spheroid, with holes or loops for carrying it by means of a cord passing round the edge of the lower circumference; which was found at the depth of above a hundred feet in digging the present well, proving that an extensive well had existed there before.

These figures and inscriptions are well known to the Arabs of the road; who call them مكتوبات *maktûbât*, 'writings,' and تصاوير *tasâwîr*, 'drawings.' Denon and his companions appear to have ridden by them without notice; but the place is mentioned by Capt. Hanson. It is perhaps a hundred yards from this recess, on the side of Cosseir, that are found the specimens of the *enchorial* hand before alluded to. The inscriptions observed were two; each occupying a space of perhaps ten inches long and five deep, divided into three or four compartments by horizontal lines. The writer of this attempted to copy them with the black powder of antimony used by the Arabs for their eyes; but failed. He afterwards sent an Arab servant from Kenneh, furnished with a bottle of country ink, and a ball of leather stuffed with cotton; who was directed to bring away a dozen impressions of each, by covering the surface of the rock with ink, and applying wet paper of the thin kind called in India '*over land.*' The Arab rejoined at Monfalut; bringing with him perfect copies, not of the enchorial inscriptions intended, but of two small collections of hieroglyphics, of about the same external dimensions. These copies were sent to the late Dr. Young, and it has been understood that he said they contained the name of a new Egyptian king; but more is not known. As the locality of these rests only on the authority of the Arab, if they are seen it would be worth while to copy them. Any traveller trying the method above mentioned of copying small inscriptions, will find it exceedingly effective; and by bringing away a multitude of copies, the defects of one may be corrected from another. On the opposite side of the road are many rude representations of animals, wild and tame; with some inscriptions, but not larger than may be supposed to contain the names of passengers.

Will any military traveller also examine the remains of forts, and small square towers, which are found on the road from Cosseir to Kenneh; and say whether they have not the appearance of being built for the purpose of operating with fire-arms against an enemy advancing from the Red Sea. There is a fort of this kind (mentioned also by Capt. Hanson), capable of containing several hundred men, about twenty miles from Cosseir, called by the Arabs *Sâleh.* It is situated precisely where the country begins to be closed by the mountains; and commands the flat sandy road that approaches from the Red Sea. Probably it is one of those described by citizen *Bachelu*, (*Décade Egyptienne*, vol. iii. p. 257). The small square towers on the rocks in other parts of the road, all have what a sailor would call "a long reach" before them on the side towards the Red Sea; and seem intended for the action of the small long pieces of artillery employed in the early periods of the use of gunpowder. The probability from these circumstances been created, that inventors in the dark ages might have their dishonesty exposed.

The only direct testimony, *out* of China, relating to the origin of the Chinese nation, appears to be in the Institutes of Menu; where it is written, that 'many families of the military class, having gradually abandoned the ordinances of the Veda, and the company of Brahmans, lived in a state of degradation, as the *Chinas* and some other nations.'

> 'The great antiquity of the laws of Menu is in favour of the authenticity of the above testimony; for at the period at which Sir W. Jones supposes them to have been written (above one thousand years B. C.), there can be no doubt whatever but the Chinese nation was yet in its infancy and that it could lay no claim to the character of an extensive, united, and powerful empire, until many centuries after that date.'—vol. i. p. 3.

The *Empire* of China cannot be dated earlier than the dynasty called *Tsin*, about two hundred years before Christ.

> '*Chi-hoang-ti*, the *First Emperor*, as his name seems to import, had hardly established his authority, when the Tartars, or barbarians of the north, began to make incursions over the extensive frontiers. The Emperor succeeded in driving them back into their desarts, and then employed the united resources of his dominions in the erection of the vast Wall, which has existed during a space of two thousand years, and remains to this day a stupendous, though nearly useless, monument of the ambitious disposition of this prince.* As if determined,

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would appear to be, that they were constructed by the Sultans of Egypt at the time when they were threatened by Albuquerque and the Portuguese from the Red Sea. At a place called *Fayâkhir* فياخر in the rear of these, are the vestiges of what has probably been a barrack for the reception of the troops of the support. At this last place also, was the first observed specimen of Egyptian architecture; in the shape of a small shrine or temple, like what in some parts of India is called a 'Putter.'

Lastly, will any body ascertain with precision, whether the figure of the *cobra de capello* or hooded snake does not appear as a mortuary emblem in the Egyptian tombs and temples, and notably at Dendera, the *Bîbân ul Muluk* or "Tombs of the Kings" at Gournou, and at Hou; sometimes in the large representations of snakes which surround the rooms, but oftener in the shape of an ornament on the heads of the human figures attendant on the dead. Remains of antiquity have been discovered at Hou since Denon's visit. They are about three quarters of a mile from the river, and are shown by the Arabs under the title of *Hajer*, 'stones.' The *cobra de capello* appears as the symbol of destructive power in the *Trimurti* or Indian Trinity at Elephanta. Is not its appearance in Egypt a proof that the Egyptian ceremonies came from India?

* 'The substance of the Great Wall, which extends along a space of 1,500 miles, from the shore of the Yellow Sea to Western Tartary, has been estimated by Mr. Barrow to exceed in quantity that of all the houses in Great Britain, and to be capable of surrounding the whole earth with a wall several feet high.'

> however, to have a counterpoise to the reputation which this great work entitled him to, or influenced by a spirit not unlike that by which Erostratus was inspired when he burned the Ephesian temple, the same Emperor issued a general order that all the books of the learned should be cast into the flames. Though a great many, of course, escaped this sweeping sentence, his memory is execrated by the literati of China.'—p. 6.

The most reasonable solution would seem to be, that the works of the literati were not found to promote the building of the wall; and therefore the general order may be considered as equivalent to a Chinese Six Acts. What convicted fools nations are, when they allow either one man or five hundred, to set up a right to waste their money and destroy their books!

> 'It is stated in the history of that period, that Japan was colonized from China during the same dynasty; and there appears to myself some ground for giving credit to the record.—I am well aware that the Japanese have been asserted by some to have peopled their islands as early as the 13th century before Christ, and that those people are said to disdain the very idea of being descended from the Chinese. If, however, we remark the striking similarity that exists between the persons, the manners, the dispositions, and the policy of the two nations, we cannot but recognize them to be of *one family*; and the fact of the Japanese making use of the Chinese written language, and reverencing the books of Confucius, may fairly be considered as evidence that they carried them from China, at, or some time previous to, the period in question.'—p. 6.

This extract is made for the sake of noticing the curious fact, that in different branches of the Chinese family, the same written characters express the same ideas, but with different sounds according to the diversities of spoken language. The nearest practical illustration that can be offered to a European, is the way in which the figures 1, 2, 3, &c. represent to an Englishman the sounds of *one, two, three*; to a Frenchman, of *un, deux, trois*; to a German, &c. &c. Imagine that all ideas in these languages were expressed in the same manner by common symbols having no dependence on the sounds; and there will be obtained the phenomenon which occurs in the case of the Chinese.

> 'During the succeeding dynasties of *Han* (B. C. 200—A. D. 220), the first of which is called *Si*, or western, from holding its metropolis in *Shen-si*, while the latter bears the opposite name of *Tung*, or eastern, from its court having been removed to *Honan*, the empire suffered several revolutions. The ambition of the rulers of the different states, as well as of the ministers of the Emperor, gave rise to various wars; and in the last days of *Han*, so little was left of an empire, that the sovereigns of that period are called *Choo*, or Lord, instead of

Hoang-ti. The Tartars, too, by their fugitive and predatory mode of warfare, were the cause of much trouble, and forced the Chinese to propitiate them with alliances and tribute. This impolitic system, which commenced so early, was in subsequent ages carried to a still greater height, and terminated, many centuries afterwards, in the overthrow of the empire, by the Mongol Tartars.'—p. 7.

It appears, therefore, that neither building the wall nor burning the books, finally kept the Tartars out. Perhaps they were not carried far enough. Which might be the reason, too, why the sovereign came to be called *Choo* or Lord, instead of *Hoang-ti.*

'The dynasty of *Han,* however, is a very celebrated period in Chinese history, and learning especially is said to be under great obligations to it. At the present day, the term for a Chinese, in contradistinction to a Tartar, is *Han-jin,* "a Man of Han." *Paper* and *ink,* instead of the awkward and cumbrous method of pricking characters on the bark of trees with a style, are stated to have been invented during this dynasty, shortly previous to the Christian era*: and it is probable that the rapid progress of Buddhism, or the religion of *Fŏ,* which was soon after introduced from India, was in some measure owing to those inventions. The leading tenets of this sect were taught in the Chinese language, while the mere *sounds* of the characters were used, as a system of syllabic spelling, to express the principal epithets or attributes of the Indian god, as well as the more mysterious, or unintelligible portions of his sacred books. These are now chaunted by the priests, or bonzes, without being understood, even by themselves; and may perhaps serve to excite the greater veneration for the object of their worship, on the principle of "omne ignotum pro magnifico." The appellation *o-mee-to,* which, during my travels with Lord Amherst in the interior, I once saw inscribed around every division of a seven-storied pagoda, is supposed by Sir W. Jones to express *amita,* "immeasurable," the Sanscrit epithet of Buddha: and it is probable that a person acquainted with both the languages would recognize abundance of Sanscrit words in the books of the Chinese bonzes.'†—p. 7.

Paper and ink, have always been enemies of the orthodox. Why did not *Han* tax them; and offer a bounty on 'pricking characters on the bark of trees?' If governments could begin again, or in a new planet have the benefit of the history of the old, how carefully would they guard against the first glimpses of that change which never ends!

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* 'The art of *printing* is not recorded to have arisen until about A. D. 925, a little before the time of *Sung.*'

† 'The literary world is under great obligations to Professor Bopp of Germany, for proving beyond a doubt that the Sanscrit and the Greek are little more than dialects of the same language. The similarity of a few scattered words might have been regarded as accidental coincidence; but it requires considerable hardihood of disbelief to set aside the resemblance that runs through the whole conjugations of verbs, &c. &c.'

'The *San-kwŏ*, or three nations into which the empire was divided, towards the close of *Han* A.D. 200, were *Wei* in the north, *Woo*, whose capital was at *Nan-king*, and *Shŏ* in the modern *Sze-chuen*. The period of the three nations is a very favourite subject of the historical plays of the Chinese, as well as of a well written and much prized historical romance, which bears the same name, and of which Sir George Staunton possesses a curious Latin translation. The dress of that period, as represented on the stage, and in pictures, forms a singular contrast with the modern garb which has been forced upon the Chinese by their Tartar conquerors. Instead of the long queue or tail, proceeding from a single tuft at the back of the head, and which forms the usual handle for seizing offenders, the ancient Chinese are depicted with fine heads of hair, folded beneath their caps, and with dresses of a fashion differing altogether from the national costume of the present day.'—p. 8.

There is singular energy in the idea of obliging every citizen to wear a handle for the government to lay hold of him by. It was enforced not many years ago by the serjeants commanding guards in Ireland; and may possibly be again.

The dynasty *Tang*, which lasted from A. D. 620 to 900, is remarkable for an outbreak of the lords of the bedchamber. For a considerable time, their influence and authority were such, as to enable them to make and unmake emperors at pleasure. As they could not however possess any real or substantial power, it seems necessary to refer so curious a circumstance to the operations of intrigue. The uncontrolled access which their condition gave them to all parts of the palace, and to the company of both sexes, is suggested as having been greatly calculated to facilitate their projects. The awe of state was not long felt by those who were the immediate attendants, and perhaps the companions of the sovereign, in his private haunts; and that barrier being once passed, the approaches of insolence and usurpation advanced with less interruption. At the close of the dynasty, however, their power was finally crushed in a general massacre; and though they are at this day employed at Pekin in great numbers, the more modern history of China has not recorded their interference in the revolutions of the Empire. —Such are the lessons read by Chinese annals to the inhabitants of courts.

'It was about the end of the same dynasty of *Tang*, or very soon after, that the strange custom of cramping the feet of the higher classes of women is recorded to have commenced. As it has always appeared to myself impossible to refer the origin of such shocking mutilation to any notions of physical beauty, however arbitrary, I am inclined to ascribe it to a principle which unquestionably dictates the *long nails* of the literati and higher classes of Chinese men. The idea conveyed by these is *exemption from labour*, and as the small feet make perfect cripples of the ladies, it is fair to conclude that the idea of gentility which they convey, arises from a similar association. That appearance of helplessness, which the mutilation induces, is much admired by the Chinese, notwithstanding its usual concomitant of extreme unhealthiness; and in their poetry, I have frequently observed the tottering gait of the poor women compared to "the waving of a willow in the breeze."—p. 10.

What shifts is poor aristocracy put to, to keep up its distinctions! What pity that the Chinese aristocracy had not been born with tails!

On the population of China, the author of the Memoir is of opinion, that 'all our knowledge is, we nothing know.' Nevertheless he thinks it may be 'assumed with tolerable certainty, that about 150 millions is the *full extent* of the Chinese population; that is, less than one half of the 333 millions stated to Lord Macartney.'

Exceedingly *à propos* to the subject, will be some notices of Dr. Morrison's Translation of a Chinese Proclamation. It purports to have been issued on the 28th December 1822, by Ching, the Foo-yuen; the words 'Taou' Kwang' at the conclusion, being, not the signature of the issuer, but the name of the reigning Emperor, and analogous, it may be presumed, to the *Vivant Rex et Regina* of an English play-bill. The Foo-yuen is manifestly an important person. He appears to have been an Attorney General, Privy Councillor and Lord Lieutenant all in one, for the province of Canton; and the present proclamation seems to have been issued on taking possession of his office. He comes in his carriage; and on alighting from it, commands all 'government officers, clerks, country gentlemen, soldiers, and poor people,' to yield implicit obedience. Moreover he is of divine appointment; and may be gathered to have received his commission during a state of things not unlike what now exercises the talents of the magistracy in the disturbed districts.

'Ching, the Foo-yuen, has issued a very long proclamation, exhorting the people, under his government, to industry, and to the practice of all the social virtues. He states his object in eight words: it is, he says, to

"Encourage Industry,
Establish Education,
Praise Virtue, and
Repress Vice."

The effect of which "he hopes will be tranquillity amongst the poor, and the prevalence of good manners and customs."—p. 44.

Ching seems to have been a parallel to Lord Peter's loaf; and to have contained in him the quintessence of Constitutional Associations, Vice Societies, and Cheap Repository Tracts. In short he was a man labouring in his vocation, to keep the people quiet; which is a damning argument, that they had good reason to be discontent.

"Ancient rulers (says the Foo-yuen), thought that, if one man was unreclaimed, it must be some fault in the Ruler." "I commenced life (adds he) as a *Che-heen* magistrate, and in Canton province I served twenty years. I was removed to Shantung and to Honan; and now I am placed here in the situation of Foo-yuen, bearing also the office of Censor-general, General Adviser of His Imperial Majesty, and a Captain empowered to call forth the army of Canton. Music and women [*says this paragon of magistrates*],—goods and gains,—revelry and avarice,—have no charms for me. My only, constant, unremitted, heedful, anxious desire (which I dare not decline to cherish) is, that I may look on national affairs as if they were my domestic affairs, and the affairs of the poor people as if they were my own personal affairs." [*It is astonishing, what sacrifices are made by worthy men in all countries for the public good. And they always die in the end; of sheer riding about in carriages, and abstinence.*]

'Having had to give thanks to the Wise and Holy One, for appointing me to be the soother of the people, I am well aware that, in all the districts under my government, robberies and thefts prevail, and burn; litigations and imprisonments abound, and multiply. Polite decorum and instruction do not flourish; and the public manners are not substantially good. Without an increased and great effort to correct what is wrong, I shall be unable to console the people [*how like a legitimate*]; and shall have no hope of rendering a recompense for the favour of my country.'—p. 44.

There is a glimpse of virtue in the last. Ching is here a magistrate by 'the favour of his country;' and neither by the grace of God, nor the will of the Emperor. But Ching, if there be no fraud in him, is better than he looks. For in another place, he vows that he 'will subscribe his salary to assist poor districts to establish public schools;'

'and let the Foo districts subscribe 200 taels, and the Chih-le-Chow districts 150 taels, and the Keen districts 100 taels, and all the local officers according to their ability; and let them take the lead, and induce the country gentlemen to come forward, and manage the concerns, &c.'—p. 46.

This would be beautifully romantic; if it was not for the suspicion that Ching and the country gentlemen were doing all this to cover some great *hoax*, whereby they were prohibiting foreign commerce for the improvement of their own canal property, or something else after the manners of the kind.

Ching's exhortations divide themselves into four Topics, and twenty-eight Sections. The first Topic is on 'Encouraging the Means of promising Good.' He begins by exhorting to the supply of water. It is well he did not tax it. Next, to plant trees; because they 'neither require to be clothed with your garments, nor to eat your rice.' The Foo-yuen is manifestly the laird, Jock's father, in a metempsychosis. Thirdly, to breed domestic animals; a thing which most people do when they are able. Fourthly, to encourage charity and compassion; because 'nature cannot equalize benefits, and give a complete competence to all.' Fifthly, to honour economy; for

> 'Canton is a luxurious extravagant province; and of all the districts, *Kwang-chow* and *Chaou-chow* are the most so. The vice begins with the retired literati, and passes to the country gentlemen; from them to the rich merchants; and down to the common people, and petty writers and lictors. They desire to have gay shining dwellings; their wives and children adorned with gold and jewels; their food and drink from the seas and the mountains [*a hint, apparently, from the Political Register*]; their garments to be silks and crapes; their ancestors halls must, in violation of their proper sphere, have vermillion beams, and doors and pillars—forgetting that Heaven's curse will come on those who affect an enjoyment which does not belong to their place; whereas, in the affluent, charity to the poor, and rescuing the distressed, bring a blessing on posterity for hundreds of years. Besides, the Emperor, who is supreme, and whose riches embrace all the world, encompassed by the four seas, himself sets you an example, &c.'—p. 45.

The second Topic is 'Establish Instruction.' And first he advises to teach filial piety, and fidelity; because 'Nature gives to all, whether scholars, farmers, mechanics, or merchants, a connatural sense of the four virtues, &c.' Secondly, 'Cultivate talent; and schools are the places to foster talent. I hold public schools to be of the first importance. Why so slow in assisting, where aid is required?' Whereon follows the gallant determination, to be a great unpaid. Thirdly, 'Respect the aged.' Fourthly, '*The gentry are the hope of the poor people*: let them instruct them, and guide them, &c.' Fifthly, 'Let the rich assist their poor kindred.' Sixthly, 'Let the poor remember, that poverty or riches are according to the decree of Heaven, and let them be content, &c.' Much Toryism. Seventhly &c. merchants and traders are exhorted to deal fairly and honestly, mothers to instruct their children, and, since women do not learn to read, fathers and husbands are exhorted to instruct *them*. The third Topic is an 'Address to Magistrates.' They are exhorted to 'laud and soothe the virtuous distressed, as virgins; &c.' To honour one thing, and respect another; and finally, to 'give honorary banners to families that excel in domestic virtues.' It is plain the Foo-yuen had conceived the idea of a peasantry that should be the pet schoolboys of the higher orders. The last Topic is concerning things to be discountenanced; and comprehends gaming, suicide, and vagabond attorneys. Canton is stated to 'abound in thefts and robberies,' by reason of its 'abounding in hills and rivers.' High ground and running water, it seems, are stimulants to crime. Finally exhortation is made, to 'put down the vicious, who rebel against the higher social relations,' and to seize on bandits and sharpers.

'If these, my instructions, be but roughly regarded, tranquillity will prevail amongst the people; if they are nicely regarded, a complete renovation of the public manners will be the result.'

'I desire that all my officers, gentry, and common people will not consider this as vague loose moralizing; nor view this document as a paper issued for form's sake; but in deed and in truth respectfully receive it, and act upon it, and the good effects will long be felt, and my hopes will appear to have been substantial, and well founded.'

TAOU KWANG.

2d Year, 11th Month, 8th Day.
(December 28th 1822.)

How like is man in one place, to man every where;—equally prosing, fraudulent, and furacious, when there is any thing to be got by preaching to those beneath him!

An article by Dr. Noehden collects all the accounts of the *Banyan* or *Indian Fig-tree*, which are found in the works of the classic authors. It is mentioned by Theophrastus; whose account is worth recording for its simplicity and the absence of the marvellous.

'The nature and property of the Indian Fig, with regard to its 'rooting, are peculiar; for it sends forth roots from the young branches, 'which roots are lengthened, till they come in contact with the ground, 'and strike into it. There is thus formed a continuation of roots, in a 'circle, round the tree, which does not approach the stem, but remains 'at a distance.'—*Historia Plantarum. lib. I. c.* 12.

It is also mentioned by Pliny, Quintus Curtius, Strabo, Diodorus Siculus, and Arrian. A portion of misapprehension probably attaches to the assertion that the tree extends its shade over 'five acres,' and so as to shelter 'ten thousand men.' The fact is that the Banyan tree has the peculiarity of letting fall suckers from the branches to the ground, which bear great resemblance on a magnified scale to the suckers of the strawberry plant. These, where they find a favourable soil, take root and produce new trees; which multiply again by a similar process. After the sucker has taken root, the communication with the original tree, instead of decaying, appears to increase at about the same rate as the new plant; so that there is finally formed a tangle of trees which have the appearance of issuing from the ground and entering it again, and which, for any thing discoverable to the contrary, might extend over fifty acres as easily as five. The description here given, is from the celebrated tree near Baroche, the Barugaza of Arrian; and which possibly enough may have endured, under successive deperitions and reproductions of its parts, from the time of that writer.

The *Pancha Tantra* is a collection of Stories, in Five Sections, to be met with, it is stated, in most parts of India; and a collection less ancient, identical for the greater part, but with occasional variations, exists under the title of the *Hitópadésa.* It is interesting as containing the germs of a multitude of the stories of other countries; which, as they have manifestly not travelled from those countries to India, have in all probability travelled from India to their modern homes. The first instance of this kind given in the Analytical Account of the collection (by H. H. Wilson, Esq.) is from the Adventures of "*Déva Sarmá.*"

'One of the incidents of this story has attracted extraordinary admiration, if we may judge by the endlessly varied copies, and modifications of it, which have appeared in the East, and in the West: the loss of her nose by the confidante, and its supposed recovery by the intriguante, for whom she had been substituted, affording a miraculous proof of the wife's innocence, imposing upon her husband, has been retold in a vast number of ways. It is repeated, with different degrees of modification, in the "Roman and Turkish Tales," in the "Decameron" of Boccacio, the "*Novelle*" of Malespini, the "*Cent Nouvelles,*" the "*Cheveux Coupés,*" a fabliau by Guerin, in the "*Contes*" of La Fontaine, in the "Women Pleased" of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in the "Guardian" of Massinger. The story itself, as told in the *Hitópadésa,* has been versified by Hoppner; and, as narrated in the *Anvari Soheili,* it has been rendered into English verse, by Atkinson.'—p. 162.

'The next story in the *Pancha Tantra* is omitted in all the works derived from this original. It is, however, a well known story, being the same as *Malik* and *Shirin* in the Persian Tales, and the Labourer and Flying Car in the additional stories from the Arabian Nights. It is also narrated, with some variation, in the *Vrihat Kathá.* The Muhammedan contrivance of a box, and the personification of Muhammed, are rather clumsy substitutes for the fiction of the original, in which the adventurer, in love with a princess, personates *Vishnu,* and rides on a wooden representation of *Garùda* guided by a pin, and moving by magic, the prototype of the flying steed of Magellan; "the wondrous horse of brass, on which the Tartar king did ride;" and other self-moving machines of celebrity, in oriental and chivalric romance.

'The story of "the *Gópí* and her two lovers," is here peculiar to the *Hitópadésa*; but it is familiar to European story-telling. It is the third of the three fabliaux, *De la Mauvaise Femme*, and occurs in *Le Roman des Sept Sages*, and the *Novelle* of Bandello, Boccacio, Sansovino, and other similar collections.'—*Ib.*

The well known fable of the Man and the Bear, appears under the form of a Prince who

'acquires a sovereignty of his own, and leaving to his two friends the direction of affairs, amuses himself in his palace, after his own fashion. He has a pet monkey, as it is said "Parrots, Pheasants, Pigeons, Monkeys, and their like, are naturally the especial favourites of Kings." This Monkey he sets to watch him, as he sleeps in a pavillion in his garden. A troublesome bee settles on the Prince's face, in spite of the Monkey's pains to drive him off, till the latter, highly incensed, snatches up his master's sword, and, making a blow at the bee, cuts off the Rajah's head.'—p. 169.

The counterparts of various other European stories subsequently appear.

'The commencement of this story [of the visit of the Rat and the Crow, to *Mant'hara*, the Tortoise; to whom and the Crow, *Hiranyaka* the Rat related his adventures] is the same in all, but the Arabic version here is singularly close. The *Hitópadésa* alone inserts the story of the young wife, who took her husband by the hair and embraced him, to favour the retreat of her lover; a story well known in Europe, from its version by Marguerite of Navarre, in her "*Stratagème d'une femme qui fit évader son galant, lorsque son mari, qui étoit borgne, croyoit le surprendre avec elle,*" and she borrowed it from the first story of the *Mauvaise Femme*. It was made a similar use of by the Sieur D'Orville, Malespini, Bandello, and other *raconteurs*.'—p. 172.

'The addition of the Antelope to the friendly society, occurs here, in the same manner, in all. The story of "The Elephant, liberated from his bonds by the Rat," of which we have a familiar version in the apologue of the Rat and the Lion, next occurs in the *Pancha Tantra*.'—Ib.

The Third Section of the *Pancha Tantra* is on the subject of "Inveterate Enmity, or War between Crows and Owls;" but in the *Hitópadésa* the belligerent powers are the peacocks and the geese. The introductory matter of this section, descriptive of the quarrel between the Crows and Owls, and the consultations of the monarch of the former with his five ministers, contains, among other curiosities, the following enumeration of the officers of state "who are, or are not, to be relied upon with confidence." In the opinion of the author of the *Pancha Tantra*,

'The Officers to be distrusted are eighteen.

The minister.
The royal chaplain, or priest.
The general.
The young prince, associated in the empire, and designated as successor.
Warden, or chamberlain.
The superintendant of the inner apartments.
Master of the ceremonies.
Master of requests.
Master of the horse.
Master of the elephants.
Superintendant of the treasury.
Ditto of the stores.
The governor of the fort.
The ruler of the prisons.
The superintendant of the boundaries, or lord of the marches.
A companion.
A courtier.
The Foresters.

The fifteen naturally attached to the monarch's cause, are

The queen-mother.
The queen.
The confidential attendant.
The chaplet-weaver, or florist.
The bed-maker.
The superintendant of the beds.
The astrologer, or time-keeper,
Physician.
The cup or water bearer.
The betel-bearer.
The preceptor.
The captain of the body guard.
Quartermaster.
The umbrella-bearer.
Female attendant and singer.

p. 174.

Such was the wisdom of the court of the King of the Crows: The various examples of European fables told under other names, which appear in the sequel, are too numerous for extraction. The story of the dog killed by its master, which is the foundation of the ballad of *Beth Gêlert*, appears with the substitution of a tame ichneumon which destroys a snake. The fable of the ass who attempts to be musical, produces a recapitulation of musical terms, among which are stated to be identified the major and minor modes. The story of the weaver, will recall that of the three wishes; to which, however, in point and humour, it is vastly inferior. That of *Sóma-Sarmá* is in substance the same as that of *Alnaschar* in the Arabian Nights. The story comprised in the last, of the *Rákshasa* who got upon the Brahman's shoulders, contains the hint of the old man who proved so troublesome to Sinbad, in his fifth voyage. The inspection of the whole is confirmatory of the opinion, that the cradle of invention, and probably of mankind, was in India. In some extracts from the allegorical stories of the *Bhója-charitra*, contained in the "Comments on an Inscription upon Marble, at Madhucarghar," by Major J. Tod [p. 218], appear other proofs of the origin of the fabular and fairy lore of Europe.

A subsequent memoir is on an awful subject. It is "Some account of a Secret Association in China, entitled the Triad Society;" by the late Dr. Milne. There is a Secret Association in China! It is "for the overthrow of social order"! Who can say, but there may be carbonari in our tea-pots? There will be no hope from China, whenever Russia shall be revolutionized or beaten. "It existed in the earlier part of the reign of his late Chinese majesty, *Kea King*, but under a different denomination. It was then called the *T'heen te hwuy*, i. e. "The Cœlesto-terrestrial Society," or "The Society that unites Heaven and Earth."

'It spread itself rapidly through the provinces, had nearly upset the government, and its machinations were not entirely defeated till about the eighth year of the said Emperor's reign, when the chiefs were seized and put to death; and it was (in the usual bombast of Chinese reports) officially stated to his majesty, "that there was not so much as one member of that rebellious fraternity left under the wide extent of the heavens." The fact, however, was just the contrary, for they still existed, and operated, though more secretly; and it is said, that a few years after, they assumed the name of the "Triad Society," in order to cover their purposes. But the name by which they chiefly distinguish themselves, is *Hung kea*, i. e. the "Flood Family."

'There are other associations formed both in China and in the Chinese colonies that are settled abroad, as the *T'heen how hwuy*, i. e. the "Queen of Heaven's Company, or Society;" called also, the *Neang ma hwuy*, or "Her Ladyship's Society;" meaning the "queen of heaven, the mother and nurse of all things." These associations are rather for commercial and idolatrous purposes, than for the overthrow of social order; though it is said, that the members of the "Queen of Heaven's Society," settled in Bengal and other parts, unite in house-breaking, &c.'—p. 240.

The object of this society, it is stated, at first does not appear to have been peculiarly hurtful; but, as numbers increased, it "degenerated from mere mutual assistance, to theft, robbery, the overthrow of regular government, and an aim at political power." This, in fact, appears to be the common course, wherever governments allow men to associate at all.

'A Chinese tailor in Malacca, named *Tsgou foo*, who committed murder, in the close of 1818, shortly after the transfer of the colony, and made his escape from the hands of justice, was a chief man in this society; and, it is believed, had a considerable number of persons under his direction, both on the land and at sea. There cannot be a doubt but his escape was partly owing to the assistance of his fellow-members, as a rigorous search was made for him by the police.'—p. 241.

'The *professed* design, however, of the *San hŏ hwuy* is benevolence, as the following motto will shew:

Yew fŭh tung heang
Yew ho tung tang.

The blessing, reciprocally share;
The woe, reciprocally bear.

They assist each other, in whatever country, whenever they can make themselves known to each other by the signs.'—p. 242.

The government (if it be proper, says the learned author, to dignify the management of so worthless a combination by such an epithet) of the *San hŏ hwuy*, is vested in three persons, who are all denominated *Ko*, "Elder brothers." They distinguish between the ruling brethren, by calling them "Brother first, Brother second, Brother third." The members generally are called *Heung té*, i. e. "Brethren."

All this is very sinful and dangerous; particularly when combined with the fact, that 'of the laws, discipline, and interior management of the *San hŏ hwuy*, the writer has not been able to obtain any information.'

'There is said to be a MS. book, containing the society's regulations, written on *cloth*, for the sake of preserving the writing long in a legible state. Should a detection be made, the cloth MS. may, for the time, be thrown into a well or pond, from which it can afterwards at convenience be taken out; and in case of the person, in whose care it is, being pursued by the police, and obliged to swim across a river, &c. he carries the MS. with him.'—p. 243.

This seems capable of being usefully applied in Europe. Think only of the Secretary of a Corresponding Society swimming a river, &c. and towing after him the regulations of the society written on cloth.

But though the author 'has not been able to obtain any information of the laws, discipline, and interior management' of the society, he is competent to authenticate the fact, that

'The heads of this fraternity, as in all other similar associations, have a larger share of all the booty that is procured, than the other members.—p. 243.

Of the initiatory ceremonies also, 'but a very imperfect idea can be obtained.' Nevertheless

'The initiation takes place commonly at night, in a very retired or secret chamber. There is an idol there, to which offerings are presented, and before which the oath of secresy is taken. The Chinese say there are "thirty-six oaths" taken on the occasion.—A small sum of money is given by the initiated to support the general expense. There is likewise a ceremony which they call *Kwo Keaou*, i. e. " crossing the bridge." This bridge is formed of swords, either laid between two tables (an end resting on each), or else set up on the hilts, and meeting at the point; or held up in the hands of two ranks of members, with the points meeting, in form of an arch. The persons who receive the oath, take it under this bridge; which is called " passing or crossing the bridge." The *yih ko*, or chief ruling brother, sits at the head of this steel bridge (or each with a drawn sword), reads the articles of the oath, to every one of which an affirmative response is given by the new member, after which he cuts off the head of a cock, which is the usual form of a Chinese oath, intimating " thus let perish all who divulge the secret."—p. 243.

' Some of the marks by which the members of the *San hŏ hwuy* make themselves known to each other, are those that follow :—Mystic numbers; the chief of which is the number *three*. They derive their preference for this probably from the name of their society, " the Triad Society."—p. 244.

' *Certain motions of the fingers* constitute a second class of signs; *e. g.* using *three* of the fingers in taking up any thing. If a member happens to be in company, and wishes to discover whether there be a brother present, he takes up his *tea-cup* or its *cover* (Chinese tea-cups have always a cover), with the *thumb*, the *fore*, and *middle fingers*, or with the *fore*, *middle*, and *third* fingers, and which, if perceived by an initiated person, is answered by a corresponding sign.'

' They also have recourse to *odes and pieces of poetry*, as secret marks.'—p. 245.

Incidental lights thrown on the peculiarities of this fraternity, are that their secret designation of *Hung kea*, literally " *the flood family*," is ' intended, perhaps, to intimate the extent and effectiveness of their operations, that, as a flood, they spread and carry every thing before them.' An apprehension, too, is expressed, that the position of two characters on the society's seal, ' both looking towards the straight line on which the words " Heaven" and " Earth" are written, may mystically signify the bringing of myriads of nations under the society's influence.' But it appears beyond a doubt, that *Chung e foo, wo chŭh tung* on another part of the seal, is " *Let the faithful and righteous unite so as to form a whole* (i. e. a universal empire)."

' This seems the plain sense of the words, according to this arrangement of them; but it is impossible to ascertain whether something else may not be intended, as they are susceptible of as many meanings as arrangements. This version, however, agrees with the general views of this dangerous fraternity.'—p. 248.

It is certainly very dangerous, that the faithful and righteous should unite so as to form a whole. The author is further of opinion that ' there will appear to be a striking resemblance in some points between the *San hŏ hwuy*, and the *Society of Free Masons;*' though he 'would not be understood, by so saying, to trace this resemblance in any of the *dangerous* principles of the *San hŏ hwuy*, for he believes, &c.'

'The points of resemblance between the two societies, appear to the writer to be the following:—'

'1. In their pretensions to great antiquity, the *San hŏ hwuy* profess to carry their origin back to the remotest antiquity. *Tsze yeu chung Kwo*, i. e. "from the first settlement of China;" and their former name, viz. "*Cœlesto-terrestrial Society*," may indicate that the body took its rise from the creation of heaven and earth; and it is known that some Free-masons affirm that their society "had a being ever since symmetry and harmony began," though others are more moderate in their pretensions to antiquity.'

'2. *In making benevolence and mutual assistance their professed object, and in affording mutual assistance to each other, in whatever country, when the signs are once given.* Notwithstanding the dangerous nature of the *San hŏ hwuy*, the members swear, at their initiation, to be filial and fraternal and benevolent, which corresponds to the engagement of the Free-masons, to philanthropy and the social virtues.'

'3. *In the ceremonies of initiation, e. g.* the oath, and the solemnity of its administration, in the *arch of steel* and *bridge of swords*.'

'4. May not the three ruling brethren of the *San hŏ hwuy* be considered as having a resemblance to the three masonic orders of apprentice, fellowcraft, and master?'

'5. The signs, particularly "*the motions with the fingers*," in as far as they are known or conjectured, seem to have some resemblance.'

'6. Some have affirmed that the grand secret of Free-masonry consists in the words "Liberty and Equality;" and if so, certainly the term *Heung Te*, (*i. e.* "brethren") of the *San hŏ hwuy* may, without the least force, be explained as implying exactly the same ideas.'

'Whether there exists any thing in the shape of "Lodges" in the *San hŏ hwuy*, or not, the writer has no means of ascertaining; but he believes the Chinese law is so rigorous against this body, as to admit of none. (To belong to this Society is, in China, a *capital* crime.) Nor does there appear to be a partiality among the members for the *masonic employment*. Building does not appear to be an object with them, at least not in as far as can be discovered.'—p. 249.

The inference from all this appears to be, that there are Free Masons in China; and that they are objects of jealousy, as in other countries where men have the misfortune to live under a paternal government. The evidence against them reduces itself to the case of the tailor in Malacca; the proof of whose guilt, and connexion with free-masons by land and sea, appears to rest principally on the fact of his having been too nimble for the police. It is difficult to avoid being persuaded that the Chinese free-masons have had hard measure dealt to them, and have been unfortunate in having for their historian an individual who had left Europe under the impression of the absurdities prevalent in it before the last expulsion of the Bourbons.

But if there are Free-masons in the East, there are also Quakers, springing from a George Fox of their own in the province of Delhi. In A. D. 1544 an individual named Bírbhán, inhabitant of *Bírjasír*, near *Narnoul*, in the province of *Delhi*, received a communication from Udaya Das, teaching him the particulars of the religion now professed by the *Sauds*. A copy of the *Pothí*, or religious book of this sect, written in a kind of verse in the *T'henth* or pure Hindi dialect, has been presented to the Asiatic Society, by W. H. Trant, Esq. M. P. the author of the Memoir.

'The *Sauds* utterly reject and abhor all kinds of idolatry; and the Ganges is considered by them not to be a sacred object; although the converts are made chiefly, if not entirely, from among the Hindus, whom they resemble in outward appearance.'

'The *Sauds* resemble the Quakers, or Society of Friends, in England, in their customs, in a remarkable degree.'

'Ornaments and gay apparel of every kind are strictly prohibited. Their dress is always white. They never make any obeisance or salutation. They will not take an oath; and they are exempted in the courts of justice; their asseveration, like that of the Quakers, being considered equivalent.'

'The *Sauds* profess to abstain from all luxuries; such as tobacco, betel, opium, and wine. They never have exhibitions of dancing. All violence to man or beast is forbidden; but, in self-defence, resistance is allowable. Industry is strongly enjoined.'

'The *Sauds*, like the Quakers, take great care of their poor and infirm people. To receive assistance *out* of the sect or tribe would be reckoned disgraceful, and render the offender liable to excommunication.'

'All parade of worship is forbidden. Private prayer is commended. Alms should be unostentatious: they are not to be given that they should be seen of men. The due regulation of the tongue is a principal duty.'

'The chief seats of the *Saud* sect are *Delhi*, *Agra*, *Jayapur*, and *Farrukhábád*; but there are several of the sect scattered over other parts of the country. An annual meeting takes place at one or other of the cities above-mentioned, at which the concerns of the sect are settled. In *Farrukhábád*, the number was about three thousand.'

'The magistrate of *Farrukhábád* informed me, that he had found the *Sauds* an orderly and well-conducted people; they are chiefly engaged in trade.'

'Bháwaní Dás [Mr. Trant's principal *Saud* acquaintance] was anxious to become acquainted with the Christian religion, and I gave him some copies of the New Testament in Persian and Hindustání, which he afterwards told me he had read, and shown to his people, and much approved.'—p. 252.

When the Free-masons send a mission to the East to look after their Chinese brethren, they should manifestly be accompanied by a Quaker to hold a meeting with friends at Delhi.

Messrs. Burton and Ward, Baptist Missionaries, contribute a Report of their Journey into the *Batak* Country, in the interior of Sumatra, in the year 1824. Among the peculiarities of the *Batak* race, one is, that they eat their thieves. Adulterers may be eaten alive.

> 'Persons caught in the act of house-breaking or highway robbery are publicly executed with the knife or matchlock, and then immediately eaten: no money can save them. But if the delinquents are fortunate enough to escape immediate seizure, they are only fined. A man taken in adultery is instantly devoured, and may be lawfully eaten piecemeal without first depriving him of life. Men killed, or prisoners taken, in a *great* war, are also publicly eaten; but, if only two villages be engaged, this is not allowed: the dead are then left on the field to be buried by their respective parties, and the prisoners may be redeemed.'—p. 507.

A Letter from Sir Alexander Johnston, lately Chief Justice and President of Council in Ceylon, on the subject of an Arabic Inscription in that island, is exceedingly remarkable for the liberal and friendly spirit evinced by a high public functionary towards the Mohammedan population under his influence, and the testimony borne to their general character and deportment.

> 'The Mohammedan population on that island [Ceylon] now consists of about seventy thousand persons, who are distributed in every part of the country. The Mohammedan traders still have establishments at Putlam, Colombo, Barbareen, and Point de Galle, from whence they carry on an export and import trade with the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel.'
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> 'Their laws of marriage and inheritance are a modification of the laws of marriage and inheritance which prevailed amongst the Arabs, who were subject to the Caliph of Bagdad at the time their ancestors emigrated from Arabia. Their maritime and commercial laws bear a strong resemblance both to those maritime and commercial laws which prevail amongst the Hindu maritime traders of India, and to those which prevail amongst the Malay maritime traders of Malacca and the eastern islands.'
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> 'The conduct which they, as a body, invariably observed with respect to the different measures which I adopted while I was Chief Justice and President of His Majesty's Council on Ceylon, gave me a very favourable opinion of their intellectual and moral character. In 1806, when I called upon their chiefs and their priests to assist me in com-

piling for their use, as I had done for that of each of the other classes of inhabitants in Ceylon, a separate code of laws, founded upon their respective usages and customs, I derived the most extensive and valuable information from their local experience. In 1807, when I consulted them as to the best mode of improving the education of their countrymen, I found them not only anxious to co-operate with me on the occasion, but willing to make, at their own expense, the most liberal establishments in every part of the island; for instructing all the children of the Mohammedan religion in such branches of science and knowledge as I might think applicable to the peculiar state of society which prevailed amongst them. In 1811, when I publicly assembled them to explain the nature of the privilege of sitting upon juries, and of the other privileges which I had obtained and secured for them under the great seal of England, by his Majesty's charter of 1810, I received from them the most useful suggestions, both as to the manner of rendering the jury system popular amongst their sect, and that of attaining the real ends of justice, without militating against any of the feelings, or even the prejudices, of the people. In 1815, when on my proposal they adopted the same resolution which all the other castes on Ceylon had adopted, of declaring free all children born of their slaves after the 12th of August 1816, I had every reason to applaud the humanity and liberality of the sentiments and views, which they not only expressed but acted upon, in the progress of that important measure.'—p. 540.

Not a word of objection, it appears, from a decent Mussulman or Buddhist, to so reasonable a proposal as assigning a term for the cessation of slavery by birth. It is only by a few *âmes damnées* among Christians, that it continues to be resisted. This is one of the points where a prodigious outcry would have been raised if it had suited any body's interests, on the imminent danger of interfering with native prejudices; an outcry of the same foundation, as was maintained upon the danger of attempting a free trade with the inhabitants of China, till the evidence of facts could be presented to the public*; and of a piece with the perils of not burning widows, the impossibility of effecting any change in the opinions and customs of natives of the East, and other effusions of what the author of 'Maxwell' would call the *Twankay-twaddle* spirit, which hold good in England till the evidence of intelligent persons can be brought to bear upon their merits.

The Arabs have introduced into Ceylon the work of Avicenna on medicine; and Arabic translations of Aristotle, Plato, Euclid, Galen, and Ptolemy; extracts of which were frequently brought to Sir A. Johnston at Ceylon by the Mohammedan priests and merchants.

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[*] See the evidence of Capt. Mackie and others, on the perfect facility of free trade with China; in the Edinburgh Review, No. CIV. p. 302.

'While investigating questions relative to the laws of marriage and inheritance between the Mohammedans of Ceylon, I have frequently been referred by them for my guidance to notes which they possessed, of decisions given in similar cases by the cadies of Bagdad and *Cordova*, which decisions had been observed as law amongst the Mohammedans of Ceylon for seven or eight hundred years.'—p. 547.

'The maritime laws and usages which prevail amongst the Hindu and Mohammedan mariners and traders who frequent Ceylon, of which I made a complete collection while presiding in the Vice Admiralty Court of that island, may be classed under four heads: First, those which prevail amongst the Hindu mariners and traders who carry on trade in small vessels between the coasts of Malabar, Coromandel, and the island of Ceylon; secondly, those which prevail amongst the Mohammedan mariners and traders of Arab descent who carry on trade in small vessels between the coasts of Malabar, Coromandel, and the island of Ceylon; thirdly, those which prevail amongst the Arab mariners and traders who carry on trade in very large vessels between the eastern coasts of Africa, Arabia, the Persian Gulf, and the island of Ceylon; fourthly, those which prevail amongst the Malay mariners and traders who carry on trade between the coast of Malacca, the eastern islands, and Ceylon.'—p. 548.

To many readers it may perhaps be news, that they have fellow-citizens of the Mohammedan persuasion, carrying on trade in very large vessels between the eastern coasts of Africa, Arabia, the Persian Gulf, and the island of Ceylon; for though all the individuals alluded to may not come under that description, many of them undoubtedly do. The statesman-like interest taken by theChief Justice and President of Council of Ceylon in their concerns, designates him as most likely to lend his influence and his talents to any attempt to promote the circulation of knowledge, either from East to West or from West to East. Why should the Asiatic Society confine itself to importing Oriental knowledge into Europe, and not apply at least a modified portion of its efforts to the exportation of something of European staple in return? The invention of lithography has broken down the obstacles which formerly existed to the easy and effectual dispersion of European editions in the Oriental languages. Nothing is now required but to procure a native scribe, and any work may be printed with purity and elegance proportioned to the talent of the copyist. No work would be received with such eagerness by the class of persons who have been specially designated, as a concise treatise on navigation, containing the rules for keeping a ship's way, and for making the ordinary observations by means of European instruments. A table of latitudes and longitudes should be added; in which the utmost use should be made of native counsels, to ensure the designating of places by the names and forms under which they are recognized in the East. A Mercator's Chart of the World in Arabic, would be no great national exertion; and if England cannot compass it, it would be worth while for France to do it, if it was only for the sake of reckoning the longitudes from Paris. Whoever has associated with the Mohammedans of the East, knows that these are objects which would be received with intense interest, and make an Oriental immortality for whoever had the good fortune to have their names attached. Among works of literature, one of the most favourable for translation into Arabic would probably be *Rasselas;* and (let no man be shocked at the juxta-position) a modern traveller has given a useful hint, in commemorating the eagerness with which certain Arabs collected to hear his extempore translations of *Robinson Crusoe.* Saint-Pierre's romance delights the Pauls and Virginias of modern Greece; why should not the civilizers of Algiers make a present of it to the houris of the East? It may be doubted whether the houris are at this moment extensively gifted with the complicated art of reading; but there are times and circumstances when things strangely find their way, and if there are not many Pauls in eastern landscapes now, there may be *. And the fair Bedouines too (for there *are* such, walking unveiled upon the very spots where once stood Sarah and Rebecca, and maintaining the ancient claim to be 'fair to look upon,') what have *they* done, that there should be none in young France ambitious to carry the tales of his proud country to their ear? Are we not brethren all,—sisters except? Why should not there be common stock, in spite of one reading to the right and another to the left?

A letter of the late Professor Carlyle, communicated by W. Marsden, Esq., is valuable for the contradiction it gives to the idea which from some quarter had unfortunately gone forth, that there are great differences among the dialects of the Arabic, as spoken in different regions of the globe, and that they vary materially from the Arabic of the Koran. It would probably be a fair statement of the fact, to say that the language of the Koran bears every where the same relation to the conversational language of the educated classes, that the authorized version of the Old and New Testament does to the same in any European country; that is to say, that it is in all cases perfectly correct, and even to a certain extent a model for precise and forcible diction, though it is at the same time true that it would be formal and antiquated in the mouths of any who should insist on employing it in common conversation. Men do not converse in the language of their religious books, any more than in the language of Acts of Parliament, or of demonstrations in geometry. But it is a long way from this to the assertion, that these and their conversation approach to being distinct tongues. And in the dialects of the uneducated classes, the difference appears to be less than among the provinces of the same European nation; a circumstance which is possibly accounted for by the constant reference made by all classes to the Koran as a standard both of language and opinion *. There are remarkable differences in the pronunciation of sundry letters. A Persian or Indian speaker of Arabic calls the important personage so well known to the readers of Eastern romance, *câzi*; an Arab of the Persian Gulph calls him *câdhi* (pronouncing the *dh* like the English *th* in *thee*); and an Aleppine, it appears, would call him *câdi*. Some dialects obtain an additional sound by turning one of the two *k*'s of the Arabic language (the ق) into a *g*; while others give to the final ك a sound like that of *ng* at the end of English words.†

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* The beauties of the Isle of France and its inhabitants, are familiar subjects of admiration among the maritime Arabs. The machinery of Saint-Pierre would therefore run no risk of being unintelligible.

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* It is impossible to avoid taking the opportunity of protesting against the horrible system of expressing Oriental words in European letters, which has been introduced among the English in India. It probably commenced at a period when it was held a mark of 'truly British feeling' to express an oriental language by combinations of letters incomprehensible to any but a native of Great Britain. On what other principle can the hideous English diphthong *oo* have been introduced to express the shortest sound of the Italian *u*? And why are the Arabs, after thirty centuries, to be turned into the *Urubs*; and the old established and well accustomed commercial city of Surat, to become *Soorut*? Why, in short, is the sound which mankind in all ages have agreed to call *a*, to be written by Anglo-Indians *u*? The only explanation appears to be, that it has originated with some well-meaning provincial, who thought he spoke refined English by calling butter '*batter*,' and thence concluded that the sound in '*batter*' was expressed by the English *u*. The consequence of the whole system has been, that all things are possible, except reading six words of Anglo-Indian Arabic. The simple European vowels, under their continental, or more accurately, their Italian sounds, with the addition of the circumflex to express the presence of a letter of prolongation, would have been intelligible to Englishmen, and to the whole of Europe besides.

† Both of these are exemplified in the Arabic of Africa; though they are by no means confined to that continent. The writer of this note possesses a quantity of African manuscripts, written in the year 1809 in the vicinity of Sierra Leone, which present many points of interest, as connected with the state of learning in the interior of that country. One of these is a political letter of 39 pages; or more properly three letters upon the same subjects, each containing much matter peculiar to itself, along with some that is common to the others. The writer quotes copiously and with considerable talent from the Koran, in confirmation of his

Many brief particulars are scattered in different articles, which it may be agreeable to collect. As the Chinese were

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arguments; and concludes with a quotation from the *Kamous* of *Firouzabadi,* and a request for forbearance to his defects on the ground that he is "no scholar [قاري], and knows nothing of the distinctions between letters [of different classes], and between the Active and the Passive, and the Preterite and the Aorist, and the Verb and the Noun and the Particle;" and in another place he excuses himself because he is "poor in knowledge, and unskilled in the management of Pronouns." The last page is occupied by eight lines germane to the general matter, announced as "verse;" which are given in the original, for the chance that some person may point out, what Arab moralist has been conveyed across the Sahara in company with Firouzabadi, or whether this "verse" is to be set down as the produce of negro inspiration.

شعر

ومن لزم الصّمت نجا
ومن قال بالخير غنم
ومن ظلم النّاس عصي
ومن رحم النّاس رحم
ومن طلب الفضل الي
غير ذي الفضل حرم
ومن حفظ العهد وفي
ومن احسن السّمع فهم
انتهي

'Verse.'

'Who holds his peace, goes safe;
'Who says any thing good, makes gain.
'Who injures men, rebels *against heaven;*
'Who is merciful to men, receives mercy.
'Who seeks for increase, other than according to
'The *will of the* Lord of *all* increase, is accursed.
'Who keeps his bond, is clear of blame;
'Who acts generously, has his reputation spread abroad.'

'The End.'

acquainted with printing and gunpowder before Europeans, so they also lay claim to the appearance of the small-pox, but not

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Another manuscript of eleven pages, was copied at the request of the possessor, as a specimen of the books existing in the country; as is proved by its being written with ink and on paper given for the purpose. It is in a different hand from that of the writer of the political letter; and appears to have been copied from a very accurate unpointed manuscript, and points added without sense or meaning by the ignorant copyist. It purports to be an extract from *Mohammed Bin Soleymân Al Jezwalŷ* محمّد بن سليمان الجزولي; and consists of Mohammedan divinity, with that mixture of the Aristotelian philosophy which the Arabs derived from the Greeks. Inquiry was made after Mohammed Bin Soleymân Al Jezwalŷ from the principal Munshi of the College at Calcutta; and the answer, bearing that 'Mohammed Bin Soleymân Al Jezwalŷ was wise, learned, eloquent, &c.' seemed to imply that he was recognized by the learned Munshi, though unfortunately nothing like place or date was attached to the account. The extract begins, after the name of the author and the usual forms,

اعلم ان التّوحيد ينقسم علي اربعة اقسام ذاتيّة ومعنويّة وفعليّة وسلبيّة

"Know that the knowledge of The One God is divided into four divisions; that which relates to his Essence, and that which relates to his Qualities, and the Positive, and the Negative." The Attributes relating to his essence are divided into "existence present, and existence past, and existence future, and self-subsistence, and non-liability to accidents." The attributes relating to his qualities are, knowledge, power, will, life, speech, hearing, sight, the perception of all tastes, and the perception of all touches. These are declared to be inherent in the essence of the Deity. The negative attributes are, that there is none like to him, equal to him, &c. The positive, that he is the Merciful, the Creator, &c. There follow some rather curious speculations, carried on by the intervention of a supposed objector, as to whether *far* and *near* can be predicated of the Deity, and whether sensation, reality, and other attributes, are not *accidents*. These end in establishing that "sensation is not accident, for its existence has no reference to periods of time; and that is one of the properties of *accident*, inasmuch as accident is constituted by nothing but that very property." Follows also a discussion upon fluids and solids, body and substance, absolute and relative, dependent and independent, and more out of the storehouses of the logicians of antiquity. Lastly, with the appearance of being a separate extract, comes a controversy on the nature of the evidence for the existence and attributes of the Deity as before described. There may not be much interest in all this; except as it was perhaps not generally understood that these subjects engaged the attention of negro literati in the interior of Africa. What a horror, that such people and their descendants should be kept in slavery by West-India proprietors, who do not know an *Alif* from a *Wau*. •

Besides these, are other documents of minor import. The first inference from the whole is, that literature in the interior of Africa is not in so low a condition as was surmised. It is plain that an individual able to read and write Arabic, might open a communication with Tombuctoo as 'sooner than the year 1122 before Christ' (Vol. ii. p. 53). The earliest mention of this disease in Europe, is in A. D. 710, when it is stated to have been introduced by a Saracen invasion, as the cholera is likely to be by the movements of the Russians. There appears to be some evidence that vaccination was practised in remote times in India, and that it is known, distinctly from any European source, on the banks of

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effectually as with Delhi; and that translations of any desired works might be introduced with all the effect which the nature of their contents should command. The whole of the manuscripts are written with precisely those peculiarities of letters and of syntax, which are described by the accurate and observant De Sacy in his grammar; proving that one dialect (if the term may be admitted) of written Arabic pervades the African continent from Morocco to Sierra Leone. A remarkable circumstance is, that wherever the Europeans or white men are mentioned, they are called by the term يهودي *Yehoudy*, 'Jew.' An African chief writing to the governor of Sierra Leone says, 'I never saw the like of you among the *Yehoudy*; for I understand you have got some camels;' animals never seen before in that part of Africa, and which had been brought by sea from Senegal. This throws light on the fact, that in the large maps of Africa, is written in one part of the internal waste, 'Here is reported to exist a people of Jews;' and a little to the East or West, 'Here is reported to exist a people of white men.' The two reports therefore resolve themselves into one; and double the evidence for the existence of some race distinguished for their light complexions, in these latitudes.

In these manuscripts the ڭ is used to express the sound of the English final *ng*. A well known place in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, *Rokkong*, is رقّڭ. The word King, in 'King George,' is كڭ. And in one of the manuscripts, if there is no mistake, mention is made of the بلدان كڭ; which may be surmised to be 'the country of *Kong*.' De Sacy, in his copy of a Moorish treaty appended to the travels of Durand, exhibits the ق as employed in a similar manner, to express the French sound of *main* ('a quire of paper') as rendered by the Arabic مق.

The writer of this once saw at Sierra Leone an individual with straight black hair like an Indian, and a complexion lighter than a mulatto, one of two envoys sent from the King of Temboo, who stated himself to have been engaged in trade between Tombuctoo and Suez. On being asked what he brought from Suez, he replied (through an interpreter) that he brought "coral, and beads, and scarlet cloth, and *fine cloth that was two slaves a fathom*;" the last, probably, some Indian manufacture brought to Suez. On allowing due discount for the expense of bringing a slave to the coast, there is no difficulty in finding Indian products which must sell for the price of a slave per yard in the interior of Africa. This individual stated the name of his country or tribe to be '*Zapát*;' of which no explanation was obtained till sixteen years afterwards, when a French traveller M. Duranton the Euphrates (pp. 66, 68).—When corn rises to an unusual height in one province in China, the viceroy "recommends a temporary relaxation of the restrictions on the coasting trade." "When the price of grain in *Fŭh-këen* shall have sunk to its usual level, let the customary restrictions be resumed" (p. 88).—The celebrated *Nana Farnevís,* who died in 1800, cared neither

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who had resided for some years in Kasson, stated in writing that '*en langue Foulah, "tiapato" signifie Maure. Saparbé a la même signification.*' 'In the Foulah language, *tiapato* means Moor, *Saparbé* also means the same.' It appears therefore that the traveller of Suez was a Moor; the only one known to have visited Sierra Leone. The writer has to regret that his ignorance at that time of Arabic, deprived him of the probable opportunity of obtaining much interesting information.

Many are the oral reports obtained from the natives of Africa, which might be verified by any person in possession of the art and mystery of writing a letter in Arabic. One of these assertions was, that the Senegal and Jolaba (Park's Niger) communicate; which only requires a stream from the mountains to divide into two, and each to be afterwards joined by new streams from the like sources. A stranger report, received from a native of Sego, was of the existence of a nation in the interior, where 'the king was a woman, and beat every body in war.' When a child was born, if it was a male, it was employed in domestic offices, but if a female, it was taught 'to fight and read the book.' The informant mentioned the name of this warlike queen; and though he did not profess to have seen her, he appeared to have the same quiet conviction of her reality, that a European might have had of that of Bonaparte. What is remarkable, is, that the informant represented her as distinguished by the same peculiarity which gave rise to the name of Amazons; but whether through artificial means, or as a natural distinction, was not ascertained. When asked how her dominions lay from his own country, the recollection is, that he pointed to the South East. These circumstances would hardly have been worth recounting, if they had not been confirmed by the French traveller formerly named, who recognized the existence of the Amazonian potentate, and gave her name in writing, *Coumba Killi;* to which appears attached, as written from his dictation, *reine Amazone, un pays de Bambarra auprès de Masina.* The name mentioned by the native Bambarran is believed from recollection to have been *Coumbu.*

Has it been generally noticed, that the name of Park's Niger, جلباء *Jolalâ,* means 'Slaves;' and consequently *Nîl Abeed* (which appears on some of the maps as the name of a large river further East) and *Nîl Jolabâ* mean only the same thing, 'The River of Slaves?' *Abeed* means simply slaves, or servants; while *Jolabâ* means slaves as a matter of traffic, being from the significant root جلب *jalaba* 'to drag,' whence also *Jâlib* a slave-drover, or what Park writes *Jelab.* Park gave some sad instances of the misfortune of not knowing Arabic in Africa. For example, he was shown the 'Gospel of Jesus,' انجيل عيسي *Injîlu Isa,* and came back saying he had seen a Gospel of Isaiah.

The construction of the English colonial system is irremediably hostile to every prospect of general utility. But it is hoped that the Americans, for Rama, Lacshman, Hanuman, nor Crishna, and believed in THE ONLY ONE—THE SPIRIT (p. 106).—The Indian *chatara*, from *cha* 'six' and *tar* 'string or wire,' is the original of the Greek *kithara* and the modern *guitar* (p. 305).—One of the names of the Indian Apollo, *Carana*, is stated as being visible in the Greek and Celtic title of *Carneios*, and in the name of *Carnac* in Brittany, where traces of his worship are found (p. 314). Is it not equally apparent in the name of the temple of *Karnak* in Egypt?—The 'thunder-stone' or aerolite, but recently known to the European philosopher, is mentioned by an Indian poet who was the contemporary of David and Solomon (p. 308).—Crishna, the Indian Apollo, is said to have stopped in battle, to take a bell from the neck of an elephant,

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in the prosecution of their object of removing their coloured population, will at some time establish a twenty-eighth State in the interior of Africa. The point to be aimed at, should be the possession of the elevated region from which flow the great rivers of Africa, the Senegal, the Jolaba, the Gambia, and the Rio Grande; which is in the direction of Park's Kamalia. In mountain war the possession of the sources of waters is the key to success; because along the waters lie the roads, and he who has the heads of the streams has the passages in all directions; and a similar effect would result in a peaceful way in Africa. Since the success of Columbus, there has been nothing left for individual enterprise to achieve, at all comparable to the glory of conducting a population of black *squatters* to the Niger. Such an undertaking wants nothing but (as Napoleon was fond of expressing it) 'a man;' and whenever 'a man' shall be born of the mixed blood in the Southern states of North America, the thing may be effected.

The writer of this never heard Tombuctoo called by Africans by any other name than 'Tambacouta;' and on asking the officers of an Arab frigate if they could suggest any meaning for 'Tambacouta,' they replied that in Hindustání it meant 'copper fort.' Is there any community between the languages of Africa which are not Arabic, and the Hindustání; as, for instance, are there Sanscrit words in Africa? There is certainly a resemblance between the names of villages in India and in Africa. For example, every traveller in India must have stopped at many a *Sankary*; and *Sankary* is the nearest town to the source of the Niger. A native of the place once described the river there, as about eighty yards across, and "full of great stones and crocodiles;" apparently a kind of African trout-stream. The name of the Orang Outan in Africa is *Rang Otou*; which is believed to mean 'wild man.' Does not Orang Outan mean the same in Malay? In confirmation of the name's signifying 'wild man,' the Africans maintain that there are two races, a black and a white, which they consider as a harmony with what takes place in the human species; and it is true, as stated by some of the old voyagers, that there is a popular opinion, that the Orang Outans are men, who refuse to speak lest they should be made to work. The grown female of the African Orang Outan is exactly four feet high. A skeleton of one was sent to England in 1809, believed to be for the late J. Pearson, Esq. Surgeon to the Lock Hospital; and is possibly in the possession of his successors. The male is understood to be considerably taller than the female.

and place it over the egg of a lapwing that rose before him from its nest (p. 289).

The Article on the Poetry of the Chinese, by J. F. Davis, Esq., contains many favourable specimens, evincing both taste and imagination. The "inlet of peach blossoms" is a romance on a China basin. A person fishing in a boat, upon a lake, is supposed to have been led, by the track of peach blossoms floating on the water, into a narrow creek, which he pursued till he reached a place inhabited by beings who had escaped from the persecution of the tyrant, the maker of the wall and the Six Acts, and had lived without subsequent communication with the world. On his return from this Chinese paradise, the boatman related what he had seen; but on attempting to find the place again, it had vanished. An allusion is made in one place to the burning of the books;

'—— the lays
Their children sang had 'scap'd the general blaze.'
Vol. ii. p. 430.

The Chinese prosody has its Tetrameters, Pentameters, and Heptameters. The following specimen of the Pentameters has merit as a piece of quiet description.

Kew kih tsoŏ kwei le,
Chuy suy taou Koo-yoong ;
Leaou tsin hing lŏ king,
Tseay kee keuen yew tsoong.
Seng tuy koong jaou shĕ ;
Shan kwon puh kae yoong.
Lew lĕen wong jĕ moo,
Hwuy show wan t'hang choong.

'When my ancient guest first returns to our neighbourhood,
I accompany him to the monastery Koo-yoong ;
We stroll along together, in search of pleasant walks,
And then rest our weary footsteps within.
The priests sit opposite, indulging their tongues in leisure talk;
—We look at the distant hills, and remark the unchanging features of nature.
Carried on by the stream of converse, we forget the day is closing,
But at last, turning our heads homewards, we listen to the vesper bell.'
p. 402.

Under the descriptive class is introduced a poem on London, composed by a Chinese who visited England about the year 1813. With characteristic propriety, he notes among the peculiarities of the English, that

'With strong tea they immingle rich cream,
And their baked wheaten bread is involved in unctuous lard.'

Of a similar description with the stanzas on London is another poem, not concerning the English exclusively, but Europeans in general; composed by a Hong merchant who has been dead some years. (*See vol. ii. p.* 449.)

'This person, notwithstanding his unpoetical profession, was possessed of very respectable literary acquirements, and one of his sons held a high rank in the imperial college at Peking. "After an intercourse of thirty years (to use his own expressions), which had made him tolerably familiar with the peculiarities of foreigners, he had retired, stricken in years, into solitude, and amused himself over his cups in composing a score of stanzas commemorative of some strange customs and opinions prevailing beyond the seas." The production corresponds with its title, *Seyang tsăh-yoong*, "Unconnected Stanzas on Europeans;" and, after the perusal of the foregoing description from a person who had viewed us at home, may be deemed curious, as depicting the estimate formed of us by one who had never left his own country. With that want of minute discrimination which might be expected under such circumstances, the verses treat chiefly of those leading features which are common to all nations wearing hats and coats, and mingle, together with the rest, the Roman Catholic ceremonies of the Portuguese at Macao.'

'The retired bard commences with lauding the good faith of the foreigners, who "make use of no formality, in their most extensive bargains, more solemn than a mere shake of the hand," and proceeds to hint, in the next verse, that "the simple virtues of barbarians have been the subject of praise from the oldest times." It is quite true that commercial transactions of the largest description are frequently conducted at Canton on the mere faith of promises; and the good poet had never been in the way of seeing our legal stamps and parchments at home, which might have gone far to make him withdraw his last compliment.'

'When a guest arrives, the host helps him with his own hand to the juice of the grape,"—and it is added in a note, "they welcome visitors with wine, and not with tea," which is the Chinese fashion. "To touch glasses in drinking is a mark of friendship. In winter evenings they sit by the fire and pour out *cold* wine, careless of the snows which lie deep beyond the door." In China they always warm their wine.'

"They make light of their lives," it is observed, "on occasions of personal contest, and when two of them quarrel, the consequences may be very serious. They stand face to face, and discharge fire-arms at each other on a given signal." In a note it is said, "If one fall, the survivor is not punished: if neither fall, there is an end of the quarrel." "They do this," adds the poet, "to shew that they are not afraid,—and so forth."

'Our author marvels much at the comparatively late period at which Europeans marry, but endeavours to explain it in this way. "Their distant voyages abroad keep them long from home, and it is not until they have accumulated a fortune that they return to take a wife. Many do not marry before fifty years of age; and if the bride be very young on these occasions, it is no scandal.' The knowledge of the worthy Hong merchant on this subject seems to have been much on a par with that of the St. Helena lady, who asked if London were not thrown into a great bustle by the arrival of the India fleet.'

"In the regulation of the annual period, they have no intercalary moon, but the new year always commences ten days after the winter solstice. On this occasion they powder their heads with white dust, and all get tipsy." This evidently refers to good old times, and to manners now gone by. The author himself adds in a note: "This habit has of late years worn out." There is a variety of other detached observations, less worthy of notice, and the poem concludes with mentioning, that "the foreigners had been fighting together for some twenty years; but it was to be hoped they would soon make peace with one another, and all have an opportunity of improving themselves by an intercourse with China."

ART. II.—*A New Voyage round the World in the Years* 1823, 4, 5, 6. By Otto Von Kotzebue, Post-captain in the Russian Imperial navy. 2 Vol. sm. 8vo. London. Colburn and Bentley. 1830.

CAPTAIN KOTZEBUE is the son of the well-known German writer of that name who fell a sacrifice to his attachment (or in other words to the salary) he owed to the country of his adoption, and in the service of which his son has risen to rank and eminence. This is the third voyage round the world in which he has been engaged; he first sailed with Captain now Admiral Krusenstern, the Russian circumnavigator: he then commanded a small vessel called the Rurick, in which he again "put a girdle round about the earth." On his return he published a narrative of his adventures, as he has againd one of this his new voyage in a larger and more considerable ship, which rejoices in the pleasant sounding name of Predpriatie, which being interpreted means the Enterprise.

In the present state of geographical knowledge the Enterprise can scarcely have sailed with the motives assigned by the Spaniards to their own voyages of Discovery, viz. to "win souls for heaven, and kingdoms for Spain." The souls are now abundantly cared for by the Missionary Society, and the kingdoms are pretty well appropriated. The objects of the Russian government appear to have been chiefly the credit arising from a scientific expedition and the usefulness of some of its probable results to their own navigation. At any rate no discovery of any consequence was made; the Captain had the satisfaction of naming here and there a Coral reef after some Illustrious Obscure in Russia, and of settling more accurately several longitudes and latitudes which differed a few seconds from former observations, and which will differ, probably, about the same quantity from future ones; after which he sailed to his destination, the no very distinguished post of guarding the otter-skin trade between Kamchatka and Norfolk Sound.

But we are not prepared to estimate the scientific value of the new voyage round the World: we have viewed it in another light, as a contribution to popular literature, and as containing news from the Pacific respecting the present condition of the different races of the Polynesians, in whom our own navigators have long given us an interest now of long standing.

As a contribution to popular literature the work is amusing: a book of voyages in seas so little known can scarcely fail to be so to a people famous for its sympathy with the chances and changes of maritime adventure. The Russian Captain's stay in his different landing places was too short generally to enable him to enter into those details of habits and character which form the charm of many of our own voyages, and his dangers and his difficulties are of too ordinary a kind to give any great variety to the work. At some of the stations, however, the Captain did remain some time, and in several a sufficient period to gather a great deal of information respecting more particularly our old friends, and ancient allies, the inhabitants of the Sandwich and Friendly Islands. His account of the present state of these people and the progress of the Missionaries among them is remarkable in a very high degree. We refer our readers to the curious particulars we shall extract respecting the power of the Missionaries in Otaheite and their proceedings, when we arrive at that part of the book which treats of the Friendly Islands. The experiment which has been there tried is of exceeding importance both in a religious and moral point of view.

Captain Kotzebue sailed from the roads of Cronstadt on the 28th July 1823 (o. s.) "after a painful parting from a beloved and affectionate wife." His frigate, a vessel perfectly new from the docks, and the first Russian ship that had been built under a roof, was shortly tried by some storms in the Baltic and North Sea which brought the Captain pretty well acquainted with her trim. The English Channel seems to be dreaded as the abode of wind and fog beset by currents and hemmed in by still more treacherous shores. The Captain was saved off the Needles as he was putting back to Portsmouth by the skill of his pilot; in the account of this man the traits of the English sailor are very distinguishable. He was a stout phlegmatic little man, who seemed to take small interest in affairs either terrestrial or marine till the danger grew imminent. He was then in his element, his phlegm evaporated, his spirit rose, and he shone forth to the astonished Russians a kind of sea-angel. He called for his grog and swore he'd save the ship. The passage of the Needles, in the hands of Cooper, would have afforded matter for half a duodecimo: and might have ranked with the Pilot's performance in the Devil's Gut, or that of the Water Witch in Hell Gate. The characteristic return of the Pilot's phlegm after the accomplishment of his object is a trait that would not have been lost on the American writer.

'Although we ran pretty quick, we had scarcely got half-way back, before it became so foggy and dark, that the land, which had hitherto been our guide, was no longer discernible. We could not see three hundred fathoms from the ship. The change in our pilot's countenance showed that our situation had become critical. The little, stout, and hitherto phlegmatic fellow became suddenly animated by a new spirit. His black eyes lightened; he uttered several times the well-known English oath which Figaro declares to be "le fond de la langue," rubbed his hands violently together, and at length exclaimed, "Captain! I should like a glass of grog—Devil take me if I don't bring you safe into Portsmouth yet!" His wish was, of course, instantly complied with. Strengthened and full of courage, he seized the helm, and our destiny depended on his skill.

'It was now barely possible to reach Portsmouth with daylight by taking the shortest way through the Needles, a narrow strait between the Isle of Wight and the mainland, full of shallows, where even in clear weather a good pilot is necessary. The sun was already near setting, when an anxious cry from the watch announced the neighbourhood of land, and in the same instant we all perceived, at about a hundred fathoms' distance, a high fog-enveloped rock, against which the breakers raged furiously.

'Our pilot recognised it for the western point of the Isle of Wight at the entrance of the Needles, and the danger we were in only animated his spirits. He seized the helm with both hands, and guiding it with admirable dexterity, the ship flew, amidst the storm, through the narrow and winding channels to which the shallows confined it, often so close upon the impending rocks, that it seemed scarcely possible to pass them without a fatal collision.

'A small vessel that had sailed with us for some time at this moment struck, and was instantly swallowed by the waves without a possibility of saving her. This terrible sight, and the consciousness that the next moment might involve us in a similar fate, made every one on board gaze in silent anxiety on the direction we were taking: even the pilot said not a word.

'The twilight had nearly given way to total darkness when we reached Portsmouth roads; the joy with which we hailed this haven of safety, and our mutual congratulations on our preservation, may be easily imagined: our pilot now fell back into his former phlegm, and seating himself with a glass of grog by the fireside, received our thanks and praises with equal indifference.'

In fifty days the Russians arrived at Rio Janeiro: after staying a month in the Brazils, the dangers of the terrible Cape Horn were tempted, and the bleak winds and nipping frosts of its inhospitable shores safely passed through. Some stay was then made in Chili after which the Predpriatie stood out to sea, and made for the remote and wide-spreading plains of the Pacific. Captain Kotzebue in leaving the Coast of Chili directed his course towards the "Dangerous Archipelago" with a view of fixing more accurately the position of some of those coral rocks and thence made directly for the islands of banana and breadfruit. The beauty of the climate, the picturesqueness of the scenery, and, above all, the innocence and simplicity of the inhabitants of many of these favoured spots, have thrown round the studded bosom of the Pacific an air of romance. Discovery is next to production; a new island unknown and unknowing of the rest of the world as it floats for the first time into the lens of the navigator's telescope is a sort of creation: if it disappear as suddenly, for frequently the sailor is not in circumstances to touch at it, it is a species of temporary annihilation; all that remains of it is a few figures of latitude and longitude upon the log-book of the adventurous ship. Kotzebue would not be a true son of his father if he were not alive to the sentimental view of his profession, and he has not lost an occasion when it occurred, of presenting his discoveries in a picturesque point of view. The following passage, for example, presents a picture of extreme beauty, and might afford a hint to a painter capable of doing it justice.

'On this evening we calculated that we were in 15° 15′ latitude, and 139° 40′ longitude; and just as the sun was sinking, the man at the mast-head called out that land was in sight. The pleasure of making a new discovery set all our telescopes in motion, and before night set in we plainly distinguished a very low, thickly-wooded island. Since no navigator, to my knowledge, had ever been here before, and the newest charts described nothing but empty space, we conceived we had a right to consider ourselves the first discoverers, and named the island, after our ship, Predpriatie: we now tacked, to stand out to sea for the night, and at break of day again made towards the island, under feelings of strong excitement. The many telescopes which our eager curiosity pointed towards its object, seemed each endued with the magical power of conveying different images to the sight. Some of us saw what others saw not, till these delusions of the imagination vanished before the conviction produced by rising columns of smoke visible to all, that the island was inhabited. We could soon afterwards, from the mast-head, perceive its entire extent. The dazzling whiteness of the coral shore fringed a bright green ground, upon which rose a forest of palms; and we distinguished canoes moving upon a large lake in the centre of the island. By rapid degrees we approached so near, that every object became perceptible with the naked eye. A tall, strong, dark-coloured race of naked savages were assembling on the shore, gazing on the ship in great agitation, with gestures of astonishment. Some were arming with long spears and clubs, others kindling piles of wood, probably, that the smoke might be a signal to neighbouring islands of their requiring assistance against the unknown sea-monster. From pretty huts of plaited reeds, under the shade of bread-fruit trees, the women, some of them with children in their arms, were flying to conceal themselves in the forest. Such was the commotion our appearance occasioned in this little community. A few heroes summoned courage enough to advance, with threatening attitudes, to the margin of the shore; but no single canoe, though many lay on the coast, ventured to approach us. Judging from their size and the good arrangement of their sails, these canoes seem intended for visits to other and even distant islands. We sailed quite round our new discovery without finding any haven by which we could effect a landing; and the sea being tempestuous, with a high and boisterous surf, we were compelled to renounce our desire of becoming more intimately acquainted with the Predpriatians. The unclouded sky enabled us, nevertheless, to determine by observation the exact latitude and longitude of this little island, whose greatest extent is only four miles from E.N.E. to W.S.W. The latitude of its central point is 15° 58′ 18″ South, and its longitude, 140° 11′30″. The variation of the needle was 4° East.'—p. 107-10.

The Russian Enterprisers made the famous O Tahaiti on a Saturday and they were received with the enthusiastic delight with which the amiable inhabitants of the Friendly Islands always welcome the European stranger. The ceremony of interchanging names was gone through, and the selection of a friend; the deck was converted into a market, bargains were conducted with laughter, and in short all was fun and frolic between the children of nature and the children of the sea. But the next day being Sunday, the scene was changed.

'On the following morning we were greeted by the sun from a cloudless sky, with a most superb illumination of the country opposite to his rising. His rays glittering on the mountain-tops before they reached our horizon, gradually enlivened the variegated green that clothed their sides down to the vales, till the king of Day burst upon our sight in all his splendor, arraying the luxuriant landscape of the shore in still more enchanting beauty. Among the thickets of fruit-trees were seen the dwellings of the happy inhabitants of this great pleasure-ground, built of bamboos, and covered with large leaves, standing each in its little garden; but, to our great astonishment, the stillness of death reigned among them; and even when the sun stood high in the heavens, no one was to be seen.

'The warm friendships formed but yesterday seemed already to have cooled; we were quite forgotten. At length we obtained from the boat, sent off to us at break of day with provisions, an explanation of this enigma. The inhabitants of Tahaiti were celebrating the Sunday, on which account they did not leave their houses, where they lay on their bellies reading the Bible and howling aloud; laying aside every species of occupation, they devoted, as they said, the whole day to prayer.'—p. 149-150.

The Captain determined to land and pay a visit to the Missionary Wilson, who resides at the harbour of Matarai; his sacred duties are shared by two others, Messrs. Bennett and Tyrman. They all belong to the London Missionary Society. The chief Missionary Nott resides in the capital. He has translated the bible (or portions of it?) a prayer book and some hymns into the Otahaitian language, of which he has printed a Grammar. He is advanced in years and bears a high character among the people. Wilson has lived twenty years in OTahaiti, he was originally a common sailor: Kotzebue gives him the character of being honest and good-natured. On arriving at the missionary's dwelling, it proved to be service time, and the Russian Captain was invited to be present. Our readers will be interested in a Russian's description of a Protestant service on remote shores, which seventy years ago were not known to exist.

'A broad straight path, planted with the cocoa and lofty bread-fruit trees, leads from his house, about a ten minutes' walk, to the place of worship. The church-yard, with its black wooden crosses, impresses the mind with a feeling of solemnity: the church itself is a handsome building, about twenty fathoms long and ten broad, constructed of light wood-work adapted to the climate, and whitened on the outside, which gives it a pretty effect among the green shades that surrounds it. The numerous large windows remain unglazed, because a free admission of the air is here desirable in all seasons; the roof, made of ingeniously plaited reeds, and covered with immense leaves, is a sufficient defence against the heaviest rain: there is neither steeple nor clock. The interior of the church is one large hall, the walls of which are neatly kept; it is filled with a number of benches, so placed, in long rows, that the occupants can have a convenient view of the pulpit in the centre. When we entered, the church was full even to crowding, the men seated on one side, and the women on the other; they almost all had psalm-books lying before them; the most profound stillness reigned in the assembly. Near the pulpit, which Wilson mounted, was placed a bench for Messrs. Bennett and Tyrman, on which I also took my seat.

'Notwithstanding the seriousness and devotion apparent among the Tahaitians, it is almost impossible for an European, seeing them for the first time in their Sunday attire, to refrain from laughter. The high value which they set on clothes of our manufacture has already been remarked; they are more proud of possessing them than are our ladies of diamonds and Persian shawls, or our gentlemen of stars and orders. As they know nothing of our fashions, they pay no sort of attention to the cut, and even age and wear do not much diminish their estimation of their attire; a ripped-out seam, or a hole, is no drawback in the elegance of the article. These clothes, which are brought to Tahaiti by merchant-ships, are purchased at a rag-market, and sold here at an enormous profit. The Tahaitian, therefore, finding a complete suit of clothes very expensive, contents himself with a single garment; whoever can obtain an English military coat, or even a plain one, goes about with the rest of his body naked, except the universally-worn girdle; the happy owner of a waistcoat or a pair of trowsers, thinks his wardrobe amply furnished. Some have nothing more than a shirt, and others, as much oppressed by the heat under a heavy cloth mantle as they would be in a Russian bath, are far too vain of their finery to lay it aside. Shoes, boots, or stockings, are rarely met with, and the coats, mostly too tight and too short, make the oddest appearance imaginable; many of their wearers can scarcely move their arms, and are forced to stretch them out like the sails of a windmill, while their elbows, curious to see the world, peep through slits in the seams. Let any one imagine such an assembly, perfectly satisfied of the propriety of their costume, and wearing, to complete the comic effect, a most ultra-serious expression of countenance, and he will easily believe that it was impossible for me to be very devout in their presence. The attire of the females, though not quite so absurd, was by no means picturesque; some wore white, or striped men's shirts, which did not conceal their knees, and others were wrapped in sheets. Their hair was cut quite close to the roots, according to a fashion introduced by the Missionaries, and their heads covered by little European chip hats of a most tasteless form, and decorated with ribbons and flowers, made in Tahaiti. But the most valuable article of dress was a coloured gown, an indubitable sign of the possessor's opulence, and the object of her unbounded vanity.

'When Wilson first mounted the pulpit, he bent his head forward, and concealing his face with an open Bible, prayed in silence; the whole congregation immediately imitated him, using their Psalm-books instead of Bibles. After this, the appointed psalm was sung to a most incongruous tune, every voice being exerted to its utmost pitch, in absolute defiance of harmony. Wilson then read some chapters from the Bible, the congregation kneeling twice during the intervals; the greater part of them appeared very attentive, and the most decorous silence reigned, which was, however, occasionally interrupted by the chattering and tittering of some young girls seated behind me. I observed that some threatening looks directed towards them by Messrs. Bennet and Tyrman, seemed to silence them for a moment, but their youthful spirits soon overcoming their fears, the whispering and giggling recommenced, and glances were cast at the white stranger, which seemed to intimate no unwillingness to commence a closer acquaintance. After the conclusion of the sermon, another psalm was sung, and the service concluded. The display of costume, as the congregation strolled homewards in groups, with the greatest self-complacency, through the beautiful broad avenue, their psalm-books under their arms, was still more strikingly ludicrous than in church. I had by this time, however, lost all inclination to laugh.'—p. 154-8.

Captain Cook's description of this island is one of the most delightful portions of a book now become a classical work. But things are strangely and sadly changed since he left it. It is no longer the paradise on earth which fills the mind of the youthful reader with visions of blissful enjoyment unknown amidst the hardships and crimes of civilized life.

The introduction of Christianity in Tahaiti was bloody: king Tajo ordained that the ancient religion should be abolished, and the faith of the missionaries adopted; the people rebelled: whole races were exterminated: the survivors were converted. The king like other proselytes then determined that his neighbours should think as he did. He made war to spread the doctrines of Christianity, and had succeeded far and wide, when the youthful king of the little island of Tabua made head against him—when, alas! his Christian majesty of Tahaiti was taken prisoner, and offered up as a victim to the offended gods of his country. King Tajo was gathered to his fathers, and Pomareh reigned in his stead. To the indefatigable missionaries it mattered little who was king, provided he was made of convertible materials. Pomareh himself, at length, with his whole family yielded to the arguments of the missionary Nott, allowed himself to be baptized, and died a Christian in the prime of life, in consequence of an immoderate indulgence in spirituous liquors obtained from the ships of his new brethren.

'An unconquerable passion for ardent spirits had acquired an entire dominion over him, although he was so well aware of their deleterious effects, as to have often exclaimed, when under the influence of intoxication, "O King, to-day could thy fat swine govern better than thou canst!" This weakness was, however, so much over-balanced by his many good qualities, his well-tried valour, his inflexible justice, his constant mildness and generosity, that he possessed to the last the universal esteem and love of his subjects, by whom his loss was still deplored when we arrived at Tahaiti, almost two years after his death, although he had reigned as an unlimited monarch, and they now possessed a constitution resembling, or rather aping, that of England. This had been introduced by the influence of the Missionaries, whose power over the minds of the

Tahaitians is unbounded; they had persuaded the people to adopt it during the minority of Pomareh's son, a child of four years old at the period of our visit; but from the general regret with which the days of the absolute King were remembered, it did not appear to have given much satisfaction.'—161-162.

It must be remembered that it is a Russian subject who speaks, in whose mouth any praise of absolutism, even in OTahaiti, is an indirect compliment to what he calls his "belòved Esthonia." The idea of a constitution in O Tahaiti is not more strange than prayer-meetings and psalm-singing. The following is a sketch of the OTahaitian constitution: Missionary Nott is the codification-proposer of the island.

'According to this constitution, Tahaiti is divided into nineteen districts, and the neighbouring island of Eimeo, having no especial viceroy, into eight. Every district has its governor and its judge, whose business is to settle disputes and maintain order. The first is appointed by the parliament, and the latter elected by the people. These nominations are for one year only—but may be renewed at the expiration of the term. Important affairs are submitted to the parliament, which, consisting of deputies from all the provinces, possesses the legislative, as the king does the executive power.

'The Tahaitians, accustomed to a blind reverence for the missionaries, consult them in all their undertakings, and by means of the constitution have so confirmed their power, both as priests and rulers, that it would be difficult for governor, judge, or member of parliament, to retain their offices after having incurred their displeasure. They have shown their artful policy in the choice of a guardian for the young king. It has fallen on the tributary king of the island of Balabola, distinguished by his giant height of seven feet, and by his enormous corpulence, which almost prevents his moving, but by no mental qualification.

'This mountain of flesh, that at a distance might rather be taken for some unknown monster than for a man, naturally finds it more convenient to his indolence to be merely the mouthpiece of the missionaries, and that their dominion may also be secured for the future, Mr. Nott has the sole charge of the young monarch's education, and will not fail to bring him up in the habit of implicit obedience.

'The actual document securing the constitution had not yet appeared; the missionaries were still employed on it, well convinced, whatever they should insert would be received without opposition. When complete, it will probably issue in due form from their printing-office, and will be interesting, if some future traveller should bring us the translation.'—vol. i. pp. 162-4.

Young king Pomareh II., when the Russians were leaving the island, was about to be crowned amidst a solemn convocation of all the chiefs and viceroys of the neighbouring islands. The missionaries had, of course, the management of the ceremony; one of them favoured Captain Kotzebue with a programme of the intended solemnities; and the queen and her family requested the favour of a pair of boots on the occasion from the captain; he ordered his shoemaker to take the royal measure, and the boots were made. It was not thought fit that the sovereign of all the Friendly Islands should be crowned barefoot. The passion of these people for European dress is curious: utterly ignorant and careless of a fit, they assume any thing they can lay their hands upon; the master of the ceremonies to the queen had on a sailor's jacket, the sole garment he bore; he was an immense man, and the sleeves only reached his elbows. His personal beauty was further heightened by an engraving of a compass with all its points tattooed on that part of his person which a master of the ceremonies habitually exhibits to those who follow him. Such is the rage for pantaloons, that if an unhappy individual is unable to attain to the possession of a pair, he has an imitation of them etched upon his legs. The missionary law on the subject of chastity is severe, and yet no virtue in O Tahaiti could resist the temptation of a sailor's sheet, which, by the fair of Polynesia, is worn as a scarf or shawl.

The duties of prayer are so severe that they form the sole occupation of a people at the best not industrious; they now neglect all their mechanical occupations, and have forgotten nearly how to plait their mats, or make paper stuffs; that navy, which the discoverers so much admired, has disappeared. They pray and stretch forth the hand to the bread-fruit tree. Three bread-fruit trees, which grow without culture about every hut, will abundantly supply the wants of an individual in this delicious climate.

On leaving O Tahaiti, Kotzebue proposed to visit the Radack Islands, a discovery which he himself had made in his former voyage. In his way, he determined to make the Navigator's Islands, a discovery claimed by Bougainville (1766), who gave them the name they now bear on account of the superior sailing vessels built by the inhabitants. They are extremely fertile, and very thickly peopled. Olajava is said by our author to surpass even O Tahaiti itself in luxurious beauty. These islands, composed of coral reefs, present but one harbour for European vessels; it is an open bay, now called Massacre Bay, in the island of Maouna, where the unfortunate Captain Langlé, the commander of the second ship under La Perouse was murdered with a part of his crew. The inhabitants of Maouna are considered the most ferocious people of the South Seas. They paid a visit to the Russian ship, but they probably both meditated mischief and apprehended it; their behaviour was suspicious and disagreeable, and the Captain prudently held off from any familiar intercourse. The people of Maouna, like the inhabitants of many of the South Sea Islanders, are cannibals. One of the visitors on board the Enterprise "was so tempted by the accidental display of a sailor's bare arm that he could not help expressing his appetite for human flesh; he snapt at it with his teeth, giving us to understand that such food would be very palatable." The inhabitants of a little island, seven miles from Olajava, proved a more kindly race; their attention was chiefly attracted to the ship, and in the desire they had to investigate its structure shewed that interest in navigation which originally gave the name to this groupe of islands.

'In the evening the island of Olajava appeared in sight; and about seven miles from a little island lying in its neighbourhood, several canoes, carrying two or three men each, rowed towards us, deterred neither by the distance nor the increasing darkness. Our visitors proved to be merry fishermen, for their carefully constructed little canoes adorned with inlaid muscle-shells, were amply provided with large angling hooks made of mother-of-pearl, attached to long fine lines, and various kinds of implements for fishing, and contained an abundance of fine live fish of the mackerel kind.

'An expression of openness and confidence sat on the countenances of this people. Our purchases were carried on with much gaiety and laughter on both sides. They gave us their fish, waited quietly for what we gave them in return, and were perfectly satisfied with their barter.

'Their attention was strongly attracted to the ship. They examined her closely from the hold to the mast-head, and made many animated remarks to each other on what they saw. If they observed any manœuvres with the sails or tackle, they pointed with their fingers towards the spot, and appeared to watch with the most eager curiosity the effect produced.

'It was evident that this people, sailors by birth, took a lively interest in whatever related to navigation. Their modest behaviour contrasted so strikingly with the impudent importunity of the inhabitants of Maouna, that we should have been inclined to consider them of a different race, but for their exact resemblance in every other particular, even in the dressing of their hair, though this was even more elaborately performed—an attention to appearance which is curious enough, when compared with the dirty, uncombed locks of European fishermen; but among the South-Sea Islanders fishing is no miserable drudgery of the lowest classes, but the pride and pleasure of the most distinguished, as hunting is with us. Tameamea, the mighty king of the Sandwich Islands, was a very clever fisherman, and as great an enthusiast in the sport as any of our European princes in the stag chase. As soon as the increasing darkness veiled the land from our sight, our visitors departed, and we could hear their regular measured song long after they were lost from view.'—vol. i. pp. 268–270.

The Enterprise sailed past the island of Olajava, and the inhabitants who had come out in their canoes were for the moment disappointed in their hopes of an interview. However, the wind died away, and the canoes that had followed out after the ship a considerable distance now availed themselves of the opportunity. They exerted themselves to the utmost, and their well-worked little vessels swiftly skimmed the surface of the sea to the accompaniment of measured cadences, till they at last reached the ship.

'A horde of canoes now put off towards us from the Flat Island, and we were soon surrounded by immense numbers of them, locked so closely together, that they seemed to form a bridge of boats, serving for a market well stocked with fruits and pigs, and swarming with human beings as thick as ants on an ant-hill: they were all in high spirits, and with many jests extolled the goods they brought, making much more noise than all the traffic of the London Exchange. Even on our own deck we could only make ourselves heard by screaming in each other's ears.

'Our bartering trade proceeded, however, to our mutual satisfaction. Those who were too far off to reach us endeavoured by all sorts of gesticulation, and leaping into the air, to attract our notice. Many of the canoes were in this manner upset,—an accident of little consequence to such expert swimmers, and which only excited the merriment of their companions.

'Accident gave us specimens of their extraordinary skill in diving. We threw some pieces of barrel-hoops into the sea, when numbers of the islanders instantly precipitated themselves to the bottom, and snatched up the booty, for the possession of which we could plainly distinguish them wrestling with each other under the water. They willingly obeyed our orders not to come on deck, and fastened their goods to a rope, by which they were drawn on board, waiting with confidence for what we should give them, and appearing content with it. Some few had brought arms with them, but for trading, not warlike purposes; and although so vastly superior to us in numbers, they behaved with great modesty. We saw no scars upon them, like those of their neighbours of Maouma—a favourable sign, though they certainly seemed to belong to the same race. It would be interesting to know the cause of this striking difference.

'In less than an hour we had obtained upwards of sixty large pigs, and a superfluity of fowls, vegetables, and fruits of various kinds, covering our whole deck, all of which cost us only some pieces of old iron, some strings of glass beads, and about a dozen nails. The blue beads seemed to be in highest estimation. A great fat pig was thought sufficiently paid for by two strings of them; and when they became scarce with us, the savages were glad to give two pigs for one such necklace.

> 'Some of the fruits and roots they brought were unknown to us; and their great size proved the strength of the soil. The bananas were of seven or eight species, of which I had hitherto seen but three in the most fruitful countries. Some of them were extremely large, and of a most excellent flavour. One of the fruits resembled an egg in size and figure; its colour was a bright crimson; and on the following day when we celebrated the Easter festival after the Russian fashion, they supplied to us the place of the Easter eggs.'—vol. i, pp. 273—275.

They afterwards receive a visit from a chief, who expresses his satisfaction by saying, "Very good," in English; and who, when delighted with some presents of beads, danced about in extacy, exclaiming and repeating "Very good! very good!—very good!" and "God damn" would seem to be the roots of our language, which we transplant into every soil.

The object of the author in visiting the Radack Islands, was to make observations on the pendulum, the results of which, in the neighbourhood of the Equator, were expected to be important. The island of Otdia was fixed upon as affording the most convenient anchorage for large ships.

> 'After an absence of eight years, I was now again in sight of my favourite Radack Islands, where I had passed several weeks among some of the best of Nature's children. Whoever has read my former narrative, will imagine the pleasure with which I anticipated my certain welcome; I pictured to myself a meeting on which the heavens themselves appeared to smile. It was an uncommonly fine day, and a fresh and favourable wind carried us quickly towards land. Our inquiring glances soon showed us from the deck, on the island Otdia, the airy groves of palms which enclose the residence of Rarik, and under whose shade I had so often sat among the friendly islanders. We could now distinguish boats sailing about on the inner basins, from one island to another, and a crowd of people running to the shore to gaze at the ship. I knew my timid friends too well, not to guess what was passing in their minds. I had, indeed, on parting from them, promised to visit them again, but the length of time which had since elapsed had probably extinguished this hope; and they would easily perceive that the great three-masted ship they now saw was not the small two-masted Rurik of their acquaintance. If, therefore, the first glimpse of the vessel had flattered them with the expectation of seeing me again, their pleasure had been ere this converted into fear. Uncertain how they might be treated by the strangers, the women and children fled to the interior, and all the canoes were set in motion to carry their little possessions to some place of comparative safety. The most courageous among them advanced armed with spears to the shore, displaying their valour while the danger was yet distant.'—vol. i. pp. 295—297.

The panic was universal and no way was found of calming their apprehensions till the Captain contrived to get within hearing of a canoe, when he called out *Totabu*—this is Radack for Kotzebue: the moment they heard the sound, they stood motionless, waiting for a repetition of the cry to convince themselves that their ears had not deceived them; but on his reiterating *Totabu Aidara* (friend), they burst into the wildest acclamations of joy. *Totabu, Totabu,* was the universal cry.

'The inhabitants of Otdia, who had been observing us from behind the bushes, now that the well-known name resounded through the island, sprang from their concealment, giving vent to their rapture in frolic gestures, dances, and songs. Numbers hurried to the strand; others ran into the water as high as their hips, to be the first to welcome us. I was now generally recognised, and called Rarik, because, according to the custom prevailing here, I had sealed my friendship with that chief by an exchange of names. They also recognised Dr. Eschscholz, who had been of my former expedition, and heartily rejoiced in seeing again their beloved "*Dein Name.*" This was the name he had borne among them; because when they asked his name, and he did not understand the question, several of our people called to him "*Dein Name,*" which was immediately adopted as his designation.

'Four islanders lifted me from the boat, and carried me ashore, to where Lagediak awaited me with open arms, and pressed me most cordially to his bosom. The powerful tones of the muscle horn now resounded through the woods, and our friends announced the approach of Rarik. He soon appeared running at full speed towards us, and embraced me several times, endeavouring in every possible way to express his joy at our return.

'Though the friends to whom I was thus restored were but poor ignorant savages, I was deeply affected by the ardour of their reception; their unsophisticated hearts beat with sincere affection towards me,—and how seldom have I felt this happy consciousness among the civilized nations of the world!

'Even the women and children now made their appearance; and, among them, Rarik's loquacious mother, who with much gesticulation made me a long speech, of which I understood very little. When she had concluded, Rarik and Lagediak, each offering me an arm, led me to the house of the former.

'Upon a verdant spot before it, surrounded and shaded by bread-fruit trees, young girls were busily spreading mats for Dr. Eschscholz and myself to sit on. Rarik and Lagediak seated themselves facing us, and the mother (eighty years of age) by my side, at a little distance. The other islanders formed a compact circle around us; the nearest line seating themselves, and those behind standing, to secure a better view of us. Some climbed the trees; and fathers raised their children in their arms, that they might see over the heads of the people. The women brought baskets of flowers, and decorated us with garlands; and Rarik's mother, drawing from her ears the beautiful white flower of the lily kind, so carefully cultivated here as an indispensable ornament of the female sex, did her best to fasten it into mine with strings of grass, while the people expressed their sympathy by continual cries of "*Aidarah.*" In the mean time the young girls were employed in pressing into muscle-shells the juice of the Pandanus, which they presented to us, with a sort of sweetmeat called Mogan, prepared from the same fruit; the flavour of both is very agreeable.'—vol. i. pp. 302—5.

The narrative of Kotzebue's residence in these islands is very interesting: the character of the natives is exceedingly amiable, and we should take pleasure in transcribing some of the traits if we had not already permitted our extracts to occupy so much space. Suffice it to say, that Kotzebue's visit to Otdia is one of the most agreeable parts of his voyage.

The Sandwich Islands are more familiarly known in England than many parts of Europe: the news from them is of a later date than that of the Russian Captain. Kotzebue was there when the remains of the King and Queen arrived from England in the Blonde. His view of the condition of society is somewhat different from the report of Mr. Ellis, as might be expected, for Mr. Ellis was a missionary, and the Russian Captain is no friend to missionaries. The Sandwichians are not, however, the meek followers of the spiritual teacher that the natives of the Friendly Islands are; they are not of a temper to be driven to church with sticks: nevertheless, the power of the missionaries is nearly paramount. Traces of the reign of Tameamea are everywhere apparent; and the progress towards civilization in all its branches rapid in the extreme. One of the widows of Tameamea, Queen Nomahanna, the good-natured and the fat, is a most strenuous supporter of the diffusion of knowledge. Literature, as far as reading and even writing go, are like test acts, indispensable qualifications for office: she sends the oldest men to school, where though the aged warriors hold the book upside down they are yet obliged to hold it. "I, too, am a Christian, and can read and write," was the address of the prime minister and deputy of the absent king to Captain Kotzebue, as he pressed his hand and requested the advice of his physician. Prayer is here also the fashion, the Queen Nomahanna goes to church in a kind of four-wheeled cart which just holds her enormous person. The Captain's account of this Queen is highly amusing. The following extract describes his first visit to her majesty.

'The residence of Nomahanna lay near the fortress on the seashore: it was a pretty little wooden house of two stories, built in the European style, with handsome large windows, and a balcony very neatly painted. We were received on the stairs by Chinau, the governor of Wahu, in a curious dishabille. He could hardly walk from the confinement his feet suffered in a pair of fisherman's shoes, and his red cloth waistcoat would not submit to be buttoned, because it had never been intended for so colossal a frame. He welcomed me with repeated "*Arohas,*" and led me up to the second floor, where all the arrangements had a pleasing and even elegant appearance. The stairs were occupied from the bottom to the door of the Queen's apartments, by children, adults, and even old people, of both sexes, who, under her Majesty's own superintendance, were reading from spelling-books, and writing on slates—a spectacle very honourable to her philanthropy. The Governor himself had a spelling-book in one hand, and in the other a very ornamental little instrument made of bone, which he used for pointing to the letters. Some of the old people appeared to have joined the assembly rather for example's sake than from a desire to learn, as they were studying, with an affectation of extreme diligence, books held upside down.

'The spectacle of these scholars and their whimsical and scanty attire, nearly upset the gravity with which I had prepared for my presentation to the Queen. The doors were, however, thrown open and I entered, Chinau introducing me as the captain of the newly-arrived Russian frigate. The apartment was furnished in the European fashion, with chairs, tables, and looking-glasses. In one corner stood an immensely large bed with silk curtains; the floor was covered with fine mats, and on these, in the middle of the room, lay Nomahanna, extended on her stomach, her head turned towards the door, and her arms supported on a silk pillow. Two young girls lightly dressed, sat cross-legged by the side of the Queen, flapping away the flies with bunches of feathers. Nomahanna, who appeared at the utmost not more than forty years old, was exactly six feet two inches high, and rather more than two ells in circumference. She wore an old-fashioned European dress of blue silk; her coal-black hair was neatly plaited, at the top of a head as round as a ball; her flat nose and thick projecting lips were certainly not very handsome, yet was her countenance on the whole prepossessing and agreeable. On seeing me, she laid down the psalm-book in which she had been reading, and having, with the help of her attendants, changed her lying for a sitting posture, she held out her hand to me in a very friendly manner, with many "*Arohas!*" and invited me to take a seat on a chair by her side. Her memory was better than my own; she recognised me as the Russian officer who had visited the deceased monarch Tameamea, on the island of O Wahi. On that occasion I had been presented to the Queens; but since that time Nomahanna had so much increased in size, that I did not know her again. She was aware how highly I esteemed her departed consort; my appearance brought him vividly to her remembrance, and she could not restrain her tears, in speaking of his death. "The people," said she, "have lost in him a protector and a father. What will now be the fate of these islands, the God of Christians only knows." She now informed me with much self-gratulation that she was a Christian, and attended the prayer-meeting several times every day. Desirous to know how far she had been instructed in the religion she professed, I inquired through Marini the grounds of her conversion. She replied that she could not exactly describe them, but that the missionary Bengham, who understood reading and writing perfectly well, had assured her that the Christian faith was the best: and that, seeing how far the Europeans and Americans, who were all Christians, surpassed her compatriots in knowledge, she concluded that their belief must be the most reasonable. "If, however," she added, "it should be found unsuited to our people, we will reject it, and adopt another."—vol. ii. pp. 205—9.

When Captain Kotzebue repeated his visit one morning he found her lying extended on the floor writing him a letter. On one occasion he called at dinner-time; she was lying stretched on her prodigious stomach upon some fine mats before the looking-glass; a number of China dishes were arranged in a semi-circle before her, and the attendants were employed in handing first one and then another to her Majesty. She ate voraciously whilst two boys flapped away the flies with large bunches of feathers: the quantity of food she eat was prodigious. After the entrance of Captain Kotzebue, she eat enough to satisfy six men, and those Russians; at least, the estimate is Kotzebue's. After she was satisfied, she drew her breath two or three times with apparent difficulty, and then exclaimed, "I have eaten famously!" By the assistance of her attendants, she then turned upon her back and made a sign with her hand to a tall strong fellow who seemed prepared for duty. He immediately sprang upon her body and kneaded her as unmercifully with his knees and fists as if she had been a trough of bread: this was done to favour digestion. After groaning a little at this ungentle treatment, and taking a short time to recover herself, she ordered her royal person to be again turned on the stomach and recommenced her meal. Nomahanna and her fat hog are the greatest curiosities in Wahce. By a natural sympathy with fatness she loves every thing *en bon point.* This hog is black, of extraordinary size, and the Queen feeds him to suffocation as other ladies do Dutch pugs. He has two Kanackas to attend upon him, and can scarcely move from obesity, to use a word almost too fine for bacon. Nomahanna had her portrait taken by one of the officers of the Enterprise. Her people took great interest in the progress of the picture: when the nose was drawn, the spectators exclaimed, "now Nomahanna can smell;" when the eyes were done, "now Nomahanna can see." Kahumanna, another widow of Tameamea, appears to be more nearly connected with the government: she is under the entire influence of the missionary Bengham. It is he who forbids a fire to be kindled on a Sunday: no baking is permitted on that day. He has prohibited all games and sports, and would not even permit Lord Byron to shew his magic lantern and other similar toys, as being unworthy the attention of a god-fearing people. It is he who has driven even the country natives, who cultivate land at a distance, into the capital, where they bivouac in order to learn to read. The people are, however, becoming disgusted with these regulations, and as they attribute every thing to their new faith, it is to be feared that they will abandon it as lightly as they adopted it. Such is the natural result of indiscreet zeal. As this article was intended only to comprise a sketch of the new matter in this voyage, we necessarily omit a great number of very amusing particulars connected with the progress of these people in civilization, which will well repay the trouble of reference to the book itself.

After leaving the Sandwich Islands, Captain Kotzebue resolved upon sailing on a track that had never been followed by any preceding navigator. He was rewarded by the discovery of some groups of islands which have not been previously noticed, and which he had the satisfaction of naming. He then sailed to the Ladrones and the Philippine Islands; and, subsequently, we find him at St. Helena, where we may leave him. Previous to his visit to the Sandwich Islands, he is stationed off Kamschatka, and in Norfolk Sound: we possess, however, of the former country in the work of Dobell, and of this opposite part of North America, accounts so much more copious and valuable, that this portion of the voyage need not detain us for a moment.

ART. III.—*Greek-English School Lexicon, containing all the words that occur in the books used at School, and in the undergraduate course of Trinity College, Dublin.* By the Rev. Thos. Dix Hincks, M. R. I. A. Professor of Hebrew, and Master of the Classical School in the Belfast Institution. Small 4to. Cumming. 2nd Edit. 1831.

THIS small Lexicon deserves a notice among the number that are annually appearing in Great Britain and Ireland. That the reader may not be deceived by the title page, the compiler has given a list of those authors or parts of authors for the explanation of which the Lexicon is intended; and it is only fair to state what these books are, for otherwise an

English Student might be led by the title page to suppose that the book was adapted for English Schools and Colleges. The authors are, Æschines' oration against Ctesiphon; Æschylus Agamemnon; Aristotle's treatise on Rhetoric; Schæfer's edition of Demosthenes, to the end of the oration about the Crown; six plays of Euripides; Homer's Iliad; Longinus; Lucian; (only parts, Walker's and Stock's Selections); New Testament; Sophocles; Xenophon's Cyropædia, Anabasis, and Memorabilia. It appears, then, from this enumeration that Herodotus and Thucydides are not included in the undergraduate course of Trinity College, Dublin, and that the Lexicon is not intended to help those who wish to study either of these historians.

There is one part of the author's plan that deserves commendation. He has discarded altogether the use of the common Lexicons, trusting to better authorities such as Sturzius (Lexicon Xenophont.), Schleusner and others; and he has, also, constantly referred to Passow's edition of Schneider's Greek and German Lexicon. This is a step to improvement; for as long as our Lexicon makers shall go on furbishing up the worthless matter of Schrevelius, but few comparatively will attempt to learn the Greek language, and still fewer will succeed.

The compiler has also given a list of various Lexicons and other philological works which he has frequently consulted, and occasionally quoted. An examination of this list gives rise to a suspicion, which is amply confirmed by an examination of the book, that the compiler has regarded the opinions of others more than he has thought for himself, and that he has not discriminated with sufficient accuracy between the value, as authority, of Schneider, Buttmann, &c. on one side, and Trollope, Brasse, &c. on the other. In the same list we find the excellent German critics whom we have just mentioned, and some domestic critics of our own who have entirely mistaken their vocation. Before proceeding to a particular examination of some words we must make a few additional remarks on the general plan and character of the work.

The author informs us in his Preface, that "he has marked the quantities of the doubtful vowels on the best authorities."

But this is done very imperfectly, the doubtful vowel in numerous instances being left without any mark, as in *κίων* : *ἀνία* : *μία* : *αὐθάδης* : *ἄτη* : *λίθινος*, which belongs to a class of words : *τίνω* : *ἱμάτιον* : and others. *Ἄριστον a meal*, and, *ἄριστος*, *bravest*, are not marked at all, tho' the initial syllable of the first word is long, and of the second, short; by which variation a different etymological origin is clearly shown. *Ἄριστος, bravest* is correctly assigned to *ἄρης*, the God of war, as its base, but nothing is said of *ἄριστον*, of which the true etymology is hinted at *even* by Schrevelius. From *ηρ* the root of *ἦρι, in the morning*, we have *ἤριστον*, or *ἄριστον, a morning meal*, just as we have from the element *δορπ*, the word *δόρπιστος* or *δόρπηστος, an evening meal.* Nor is *δόρπιστος* formed from *δρέπω, to pluck*, or its imaginary equivalent *δέρπω*, as the editor says, trusting to Valpy's Fundamental Words and to Lennep, but from an element which is the same as that found in the Latin word *dormio.*

A great fault in Schrevelius and most other Lexicons is the introduction of many imaginary words, which has been done under the pretext of explaining, by their aid, the forms of many real words. But this is a process entirely useless, and also exceedingly pernicious. The *imaginary* word often gets more firmly seated in the memory than the *real* word, which it is intended to explain. Besides we do not introduce such words into Latin, or French Lexicons, where they would be just as useful, (that is, just as useless,) as they are in our Greek Lexicons. The author of the Lexicon under consideration says, that "he has inclosed all imaginary words in a parenthesis, as he thought it better not entirely to omit them." This, however, he has not done in all cases : for *ἀάω, τρίγω*, and some more that we could mention are not included in brackets; and they are undoubtedly imaginary words.

Another fault of this Lexicon lies in the author's halting between two opinions, instead of choosing the right one. For example, under *ἄγρυπνος, sleepless*, he gives two explanations of the etymology, one absurd and impossible, the other correct. *Ἄγρυπνος*, according to the worthies of the Schrevelian School is from *a* priv. *ὕπνος sleep*, with *γρ* inserted by Epenthesis. Just as well might we say that a man's nose is inserted in his face by Epenthesis : the nose is an integral and important part of the face, and so is *γρ* of the word *ἄγρυπνος*. The other explanation which he gives accounts for the word thus : from *ἄγρω* =*ἔγρω* for *ἐγείρω, to rouse*, and *ὕπνος*. This is correct except in a small matter, which however runs all through the book. When the author gives such a word as *ἄγρω*=*ἔγρω* (and observe, he does not put it in brackets), the student must believe that there is a verb *ἄγρω*, which there is not. The real element is *αγρ* or *εγρ* which prefixed to *ὕπνος* produces that word which is the subject of our discussion.

This leads us to observe, and to prove by particular instances, that, though the author has in many examples given better etymological explanations than are found in the most common books, there is yet no *systematic* exhibition of etymological principles which will lead a student to more correct views. The author has intended apparently to distinguish the mere *nominal* or *verbal* terminations from the rest of the word; but it is done in such a way as to conceal those facts which a more appropriate division of the word would at once explain to the eye and the understanding. He writes and divides thus, λαμπρ-ὸς λάμ-πω, λαμπτ-ὴρ, &c., instead of λαμπ-ρὸς, λάμπ-ω, λαμπ-τὴρ. By writing them in the latter way, the element λαμπ, *bright*, is distinct, and cannot fail to attract attention. Λαμπ-ρὸς being thus written, if ἄκ-ρος, μακ-ρὸς, &c. were written in the same way instead of being written ἄκρ-ος, μακρ-ὸς (as Mr. Hincks writes them), the student would learn the elements ακ, μακ, and would be led to observe the suffix ρος which is attached to all of them. Mr. Hincks may have intended merely to mark the nominal or verbal terminations, as we have observed, but there is an inconsistency in writing λαμπρ-ὸς and λαμ-πω, as ος is the nominal ending in one case, and ω the verbal ending in the other. Nor can it be alleged in reply, that λάμ-πω is so written that the student may observe the characteristic consonant of the verb, since it is equally apparent if it is written λάμπ-ω.

The author remarks in his preface, that "he has endeavoured to arrange the meanings, and to curtail the number of them, though in this respect he has in some words been less successful than he had hoped to have been." In this remark we entirely concur. He has often judiciously limited the number of significations, and sometimes arranged them in better order, yet frequently he has not succeeded at all in doing this. For example, under the word τιμή, we find not fewer than one-and-twenty significations arranged under four different heads, marked 1, 2, 3, 4. Under head 4, we find "*price, value,*" and seven more significations. Now we propose to place the significations of "*price, value,*" under No. 1., and to derive from this all other significations, instead of putting it last. The abstract notions of "*esteem* and *honor,*" are put under head 1., where certainly they ought not to be. A similar defect in arrangement may be seen under the word δίκη, where "*justice, right*" are given as the primary significations. Every body knows that "*justice*" is a most indefinite notion; and as to "*right,*" the word has given rise to more discussion and confusion than the *rights* of many things deserve.

In the usage of the prepositions, this Lexicon contains some improvements. Most of the important significations are explained by actual examples, which are translated; and if the Editor had always given an example, which contained a *verb*, there would be little to find fault with on this head, except its incompleteness, a thing unavoidable in so small a Lexicon. No sentence containing a preposition can be explained, nor can the usage of this important word be understood, without observing what kind of a verbal word is used in the sentences. Such phrases as *ὁ νῦν βασιλεὺς*, &c. are, of course, exceptions to our remark.

We shall now take some particular instances of words in which the Editor has either made improvements, or still continues in error; and the words selected, though particular examples, will have a bearing on a general principle. The word *ἀτέμβω* is well explained, and the Editor does right in connecting it with the root *τεμ*. But this is not exactly the way in which he explains it: it is, he says, from *τέμω*=*τέμνω*. Now there is no word *τέμω*, and therefore his explanation, though correct, is liable to the objection made before, and which he seems fully sensible of in his preface—the fault of not making a distinction between imaginary words, and those actually used. Nor has the Editor shown how the *β* comes into *ἀτέμβω*, which he has neglected to do also in *γαμβρός*, *μεσημβρία*, though he has assigned both words to their right roots.

The word *τέχνη* is properly connected with *τίκτω* and *τεύχω*: the number of meanings given, is however more than sufficient, and the arrangement of them is defective. The verb *τείρω* is well explained all through, and the Editor does right in connecting it with *τρίβω*, and the Latin *tero*. It might have been added, however, that though *τείρω* contains a root *related* to *τριβ*, it is not the *same* root, its forms being *τειρ* as in *τείρω*, *τορ* as in *τορὸς*, and *tri* as in the Latin *tritus*.

The two verbs *ποιέω* and *πράττω* are pretty well explained as to their usages, which, as all Greek students well know, are not the same. But the author adds, that *πράττω* is from *περάω*, a very strange assertion. How can *πρακ* the root of the former word, and *περα* or its shortened form *πρα*, be said to be the same, especially when we consider that the *meanings* of the two words are quite distinct?

Ἀποϑρίζω whence we have the aorist *ἀπέϑρισε* [*Orestes*, l. 128.] is correctly explained, which we merely notice, because in Jones's Lexicon, and perhaps in some others, a confusion has arisen between this word and an imaginary word *ἀπέϑριξε*.

The next error that we have to notice is one that prevails almost universally, and yet Buttmann in his larger Grammar has taken pains to correct it. Mr. Hincks considers *τοιοῦτος*, and *τοσοῦτος* to be formed respectively from *τοιος* and *τοσος*, by adding the word *οὗτος*. But this is not correct: these words are formed respectively from *τοῖος* and *τόσος* by adding the suffix *τος*, just as *οὗτος*, itself is formed from the element *ὃς* by the addition of the same suffix. These words were written at one period *τοιοτος, τοσοτος, ὁτος*, the *o* performing the function of representing that sound of *oo*, which was afterwards indicated by the two letters *ου*. An examination of some of the inscriptions in Boeckh's collections, for example, No. 87. of the Attic inscriptions, will prove this; for there, *βουλὴ, τοὺς, οἰκοῦντες* are written *βολη, τος, οικοντες*.

We were somewhat surprised to find the difference in meaning between two such words as *ἀποφεύγω* and *ἀποδιδρήσκω* not correctly explained, especially as they occur in a passage of the Anabasis, I. 4, 8, (one of the books which the Lexicon is intended to illustrate), where they are distinctly put in opposition to one another. Ἀποδιδρήσκω [see the speech of Cyrus at the passage above referred to] means, *to steal away*, and *to hide one-self*, while *ἀποφεύγω* means *to escape by flight or speed beyond a pursuer's reach*. Mr. Hincks explains *ἀποδιδρήσκω* thus: *to run away, to run away from, to shun*: and *ἀποφεύγω, to fly from or away, to escape*. But this is a very incomplete account.

In making these remarks on Mr. Hincks's Lexicon, we have endeavoured to express fairly the impression created by examining his book, and by using it for a short time, while we were reading some of the authors which it is intended to explain. That it should be defective in the etymological department will not be considered surprising, when we assert that not one of the Lexicons to which he trusted, can be taken as an unerring guide. Schneider's, for example, though an excellent Lexicon, is very incomplete in the etymological department. That Mr. Hincks's Lexicon will be useful we readily admit, and hope the time is coming, when by the aid of this book, and better books, which we expect to see, Schrevelius shall be forgotten, and found only in the British Museum, or some other repository for what is rare and curious.

ART. IV.—"*Return of all Courts and other Authorities in England and Wales, which now are, or at any former period have been, empowered to grant Probates of Wills, and Letters of Administration.* Printed by order of the House of Commons. 1829."

"I HAVE seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate; the voice of the people is now heard there no more. The fox looked out of the window; the rank grass waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina. Silence is in the house of her fathers." Whilst listening the other day to the long and heavy harangue of a learned civilian, we were forcibly reminded of Ossian's lively description of a ruined city, and we were irresistibly impelled to apply it to the impending desolation of the orator's hearths and altars. On climbing that hill, where they have chosen to pitch their tents, that the stranger may not forget the old adage, *doctores a docendo, ut montes a movendo,* we confidently trust shortly to find, that the sacred forum has been converted into a warehouse; to be saluted by silence, instead of the clamorous invitation to take a proctor, as a shoeing-horn, to draw on a stiff, strait doctor; to learn that the foxes have gone to grass, and the doctors to graze upon other commons; and to see Moina and her sisters, forsaken laundresses, selling apples in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Never was any institution so unpopular as the Spiritual Courts. Chaucer, who faithfully represents, in the Canterbury Tales, the popular feelings of the fourteenth century, is never weary of exposing their oppressions and corruptions, or of manifesting, both seriously and in jest, the hatred which all ranks of people then bore them; of the Archdeacon he writes, "An Archdeken, a man of high degree," and after describing particularly his jurisdiction, he adds; "He made the peple pitously to sing." Concerning his officer the Summoner, or Apparitor, he affirms; "That of a Sompnour may no good be said," and thus he always discourses of the ministers and judges of the celestial empire.

In a squib of the seventeen thcentury entitled, "The Spiritual Courts epitomized in a Dialogue between two Proctors," and printed in 1641, we read, amongst other things, that one of the proctors describes his former prosperity in these terms. "'You know when many articles were drawn in the name of me, *necessarii promotoris officii,* against any that we knew was rich, upon no ground at all, but the hope that he would refuse to take his oath, either to accuse or to forswear himself; if he did refuse, then we would be paid our fees: M. Advocate for perusing and subscribing the articles, a piece, that is two fees, when it was all but one labour; myself for drawing them, running up and down, sending my man, and twenty pains more, that heaven knows I never took. And the office would be careful enough for their fees, for expedition, for extraordinary attendance, bonds and many things more; they would not want much of twenty times their fees: and then he remaining obstinate, my Lord's Grace would deal with him as he did with others; into prison with him, no redemption. Oh, money-causes were pure good ones; a parson would spend more money by delay than the benefice is worth! We could not endure alimony, many of them were *in formâ pauperis*. I got very well by a wench that has been undone in a dark entry. Sir John would commute her penance into ten pounds, towards the repair of St. Paul's, and then we would share it. A shop-door could not be open on a holy-day, but the next Sunday the church was saluted with a *Coram nobis*, and if he did not appear, whether he heard it or no, *Dominus eum in scriptis excommunicavit.* Let him appear when he would, he must tender down his contumacy-fees, or he remains and is accounted *pro excommunicato*, and when he is restored to the company *Christi fidelium*, he must pay the officers fees; faith such businesses were pretty toys!"—"And I have gained well by a poor will," his companion says in his turn; "when the estate has not amounted to above forty pounds, I would persuade the executor for confirmation to prove it *per testes*, but first it must be proved *in communi formâ*, and by that time some twenty marks, or such a sum would redound to me out of the forty: I never cared much for an administration."—"But I did," the former proctor replies, "for I would get more by it, the inventory (which my man would engross as if one word were afraid of another), the account, and the *quietus est*, and the gratuity, which I never failed of, than you could by an ordinary will."'

The two Arcadians of the Commons thus paint their former felicity, and bewail their present desolation; "We are utterly undone now; this Parliament has not only rendered us contemptible to the world, but has deprived us of our practice: the King's Advocate has not got a fee for an *ex-officio* business this half-year: myself have drawn no articles against one that repeated sermons with his family, this twelvemonth: my Lord of Canterbury might have spared the making of a table [illegible] fees, nor needed he to have turned out the Registrar for ex[illegible]; ten groats to give in a licence now makes me as jocund as a gratuity of ten pounds would before." Thus men spoke of the pneumatic tribunals of the seraphic doctors in the seventeenth century, and in the nineteenth they have been openly denounced in Parliament and out of doors, as a public nuisance. No one ever cried, "God bless them;" it would be easy to compose a library as large as that at Doctors Commons, of extracts from various works, in which for several ages they have been censured and ridiculed; but save a few clumsy puffs, that may have been sometimes vented by members of the sacred college to their own glory, not a single page of commendation could be compiled from the whole body of literature.

The extracts, which we have made from the burlesque dialogue of the two proctors, have already indicated the principal subjects, that are handled in the Courts Christian, but that we may be more easily and fully understood, we will sum them up briefly and methodically. The power of coercion in criminal matters of the Ecclesiastical Courts is extremely feeble; for the punishment, or prevention, of offences they are nearly impotent; the little that they are able to effect, wherever it is fit that the correction they attempt to administer should be applied, would be yielded more completely, speedily and usefully by the ordinary tribunals. It is only necessary to turn over the pages of their reports to satisfy ourselves fully, that the Church is utterly worthless and useless as an avenger of public wrongs, which indeed in a well-regulated state the secular arm alone ought to chastise.

The civil jurisdiction embraces pecuniary, matrimonial and testamentary causes. The subtraction of tithes is the most important pecuniary injury for which a suit may be instituted in the Spiritual Courts; but the power of affording redress is so much controlled and limited by the Courts of Law and of Equity, that they are exceedingly inefficient and might well be spared. The other pecuniary causes cognizable in the Spiritual Courts, as the non-payment of fees and Ecclesiastical dues, spoliation, dilapidations, and the neglect of reparations of churches and church-yards are so trifling, that a separate jurisdiction, which can offer no peculiar facilities and has many grave disadvantages ought not surely to be upheld for the sole purpose of entertaining them.

The Ecclesiastical jurisdiction in matrimonial causes has experienced less interference and disturbance than in pecuniary matters. Foreign Jurists complain that in England we still persist in considering marriage as a religious institution, and they assert, [illegible] by treating it as a civil contract only, many embarrassments might be avoided; they censure our law of marriage and divorce on several accounts, and it is certain, that it demands a complete and careful revision. A divorce is a judicial, and not a legislative proceeding; it is disgraceful that such a matter should ever be viewed as a political or party question, and that members of the legislature should debate and vote upon it, not according to the weight of the evidence and the justice of the case, but for the purpose of comparing the strength of conflicting factions in the ordinary struggle for power and place. For this error, indeed, however monstrous, the Spiritual Courts are not responsible: it is of so much importance, that it deserves a full and separate examination; we will pass it over, therefore, for the present, and reserve the entire law of divorce for future consideration. We will merely observe by the way, that the Ecclesiastical Courts are peculiarly unfit for the due decision of matrimonial causes on all accounts, and especially because all their proceedings have a certain episcopal and parson-like relish, which is exceedingly distasteful.

If there be an axiom in the science of Government, it is, that the Clergy ought never to participate in legislative or judicial acts. In rude times the passions of fierce barbarians were so violent and unrestrained, that the Magistrate who gave judgment against the wishes of the half-savage, even in a case of trifling importance, incurred the risk of being knocked on the head by the disappointed suitor; the sanctity of the judge, whose person, like the Roman tribunes, was inviolable; "*qui tribunis plebis, ædilibus, judicibus, decemviris nocuit, ejus caput Jovi sacrum esto*;" was at once a protection to justice and to him who administered it. During the reign of brute force, a Druid, an Archbishop, or an Obi-man, could alone venture to execute the law. In these quiet days a police-magistrate, or the junior commissioner of the Insolvent Court, may walk the streets with as much safety as the Dean of the Arches, or even the Primate of all England; and the Judge, who dooms the most desperate character to death, is not in greater hazard than the man who distributes play-bills. The reason for blending the judicial with the clerical office has long ceased, and the practice ought to cease also; besides the clergy are no longer reputed *sacrosancti*; their persons are not inviolable; the saints must put up with sinners fare; the prophets must plead not guilty and put themselves upon their country for their deliverance. The executioner performed his fraternal office for his peccant brother, Dr. Dodd, as effectually as if the reverend culprit had been but a simple layman; the eloquent theologian died sorely against his will, nor was the hangman's head thereupon esteemed sacred to Jupiter.

If it be fit that there should be an Established Church, it is fit also that there should be superintendants to control the establishment, to repress irregularities, to govern the ministers of religion, and to confine them strictly to the performance of their duties, otherwise the institution would become inefficient, and in time intolerable; and especially to provide proper pastors, and to exercise the whole patronage of the Church. It is fit that persons who execute an office of great trust and responsibility, should receive due reverence and competent salaries; whether they are to be called by the ancient Greek name of bishops, by its English synonyme overseers, or by another title, is unimportant; but it is most unfit and incongruous, that they should be permitted mediately, or immediately, to decide upon purely civil rights.

It is probable that in ages of lawless violence the supernatural powers of the Pope and of his Bishops and Clergy may have been useful in carrying into effect the will of a testator, and in preserving from the spoiler for the benefit of the next of kin the goods of an intestate; the original institution of the Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in such cases may have been meritorious, and its results for a time beneficial; but the necessity ceased long ago: to retain these inconvenient and mischievous tribunals would be as absurd, as to submit in the days of perfect peace and entire security to the restraint of residing in an impregnable castle, and of wearing armour constantly, and to the fatigues of watch and ward.

" The spiritual jurisdiction of testamentary causes is a peculiar constitution of this island, for in almost all other (even in Popish) countries all matters testamentary are of the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate." Blackstone writes, and he observes; " and this privilege is enjoyed by the clergy of England, not as a matter of ecclesiastical right, but by the special favour and indulgence of the municipal law. Such causes are certainly of a mere temporal nature, and may seem at first view a little oddly ranked among matters of a spiritual cognizance. And indeed they were originally cognizable in the King's Courts of Common Law; and afterwards transferred to the jurisdiction of the church, by the favour of the crown." It is of the jurisdiction of the spiritual courts in testamentary causes, that we chiefly complain; the special favour of the crown, and the indulgence of the municipal law to the clergy, are so pernicious to the subject, that they ought immediately and totally to be revoked, and causes that are certainly of a mere temporal nature, ought to be forthwith restored to the original cognizance of the Courts of Common Law. So multifarious are the mischiefs that arise from this misplaced favour, that we are oppressed by their number, variety, and magnitude; it is impossible on the present occasion to enter into the details of the grievance as we would; and we must content ourselves with briefly pointing out a few of the evils, to which we are exposed.

In order to regulate and preserve evidence of the succession to personal property (and, for certain reasons with which lawyers are familiar, but which cannot be explained in a few words to the rest of mankind, land is frequently treated in this respect as personalty) by testament, or intestacy, certain legal ceremonies are required; it is necessary to prove the will in the one case, and in the other to take out letters of administration, in the proper Ecclesiastical Court. The first hardship is to be found in the word *proper*; if there were one general court in the metropolis for the whole island, there could be no difficulty whatever, nor, perhaps, if there were one in each county-town for the entire county. Testaments and intestacies, however, "through the favour of the municipal law," being of spiritual cognizance, the familiar division of sheriffs and their counties is not followed, but that of bishops and their dioceses. This would be a trifling inconvenience in itself, although the long accumulation of slight evils will create at last a mountain of oppression, as the proverb says, the last grain of sand breaks the horse's back; but the hardship, and a grievous one it is, is less easily avoided.

If it were required of an executor, or administrator, to learn the division of England into dioceses, it would be no great burthen; not only is it thus divided, but the whole surface of our land is dotted over with exempt and peculiar jurisdictions of various and most probably ill-ascertained dimensions, and in number almost infinite; these, so great is "the favour of the municipal law," we are bound to understand at our peril. For the first time, although they have subsisted for ten, or eight, or at least many centuries, about a year ago, was a list made of these places, of the Courts and other authorities empowered to grant probates of wills and letters of administration; the mere names of the Courts and of their officers fill a large, thick and expensive volume.

The vast catalogue was not published before 1829; it has not, strictly speaking, ever been made public, for being a parliamentary paper, it is regularly accessible only to members of Parliament: before this return was ordered, the important information had never been brought together. We refer to it, therefore, as a conclusive proof of the value of the Spiritual Courts, and for the glory of our ghostly fathers, the angelic doctors; no one ever contemplated that document without astonishment, no one, we are convinced, can produce any thing so abominable in the whole administration of Europe. It will prove not only the great difficulty of finding the proper Ecclesiastical Court, but it will shew that muniments of such vital importance as wills are consigned, by the wisdom of the spiritual and "the favour of the municipal law," to the custody of unknown persons in unknown places, and are exposed to all the dangers of accidental or intentional destruction: every page of the return will furnish food for reflection. We quit it, however, for the present, but we will notice one little trait, which is of small consequence in itself, yet it will at once demonstrate what we have already insisted upon, the utter and irremediable unfitness of clergymen to deal with legislative and judicial matters.

We allude to a letter from the Provost of Eton, who claims for his college some vague and undefined right to grant probates of wills, but he wisely acknowledges, that it would be expedient to surrender it, and expresses his willingness to do so, "except so far as he is bound by his oath." Bound by his oath! The schoolmaster is bound by his oath! A great legislative measure for granting at last to the people of a mighty nation that security in their estates, to which they have always been entitled, is to prove abortive forsooth, because some little priest one fine day took an absurd oath. Let the conscientious pedagogue resign, he has not sworn to cling to his office until death; he may quit his school and take his oath with him, but he must not stand in the way of the reform of our institutions. Clear, transparent, and sparkling as the reverend Provost's conceptions may be in his own department of theology, in jurisprudence his ideas are as muddy and opake, as a bottle of port wine that has been exposed to a sharp frost. We doubt not that they have a good store of household oaths at Doctors Commons to arrest the march of reformation, but they will have sworn in vain: we pray that their flight may not be in the Winter, for we would willingly see it, and if there be a fog we shall not be able; we will attend, however, at all events, to sing their threnody.

Great and almost infinite are the oppressions which result from the monstrous constitution of these odious courts; we will postpone the enumeration of the most grievous until another occasion, and will only relate one, because it will shortly and clearly illustrate the subject of which we treat. A person died in Northumberland, being possessed of personal property in household goods and money to a moderate amount, which he bequeathed to his widow and children. The will ought to have been proved in the Spiritual Court at Durham, but the testator had personal property of trifling value at Carlisle also, and episcopal rapacity had ordained, that if the deceased had goods in another diocese, his will must be proved again in the courts there, and fees must be paid anew there also. If it should happen that there were *bona notabilia* above the value of 5*l.* in every diocese in England, every bishop ought to grant a fresh probate at the same cost as the first; this is the *beau idéal* of clerical exaction, which the municipal law kindly favoured, but it was found to be too perfect to be practicable, and a species of composition was introduced; where there was property in more than one diocese, the executor was allowed to compound by proving the will once only, but upon payment of higher fees, in the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop. It cost 87*l.*, or thereabouts, independantly of the legacy duty, which is often frightfully and cruelly oppressive, to prove the will, of which we speak, at York.

The testator had moreover a small sum of money in the funds, as almost every body has who possesses any property: our fair country is unfortunately divided into two provinces, the composition with one metropolitan is no defence against the demands of the other, and by that unspeakable spirit of absurdity in which our municipal law, that favours the widow and the orphan, for it favours the bishop and the Archbishop, who are bound by their oaths, like the nicely scrupulous Dr. Goodall, and all the other good doctors, to favour them, strengthens and extends whatever is ridiculous, it has been held that money in the funds is *bona notabilia* in the province of Canterbury. Before the stock could be sold, or even the dividends could be received, it was necessary to pay 85*l.*, or thereabouts, to the use of my Lord's Grace of Lambeth, his judges, doctors, and proctors, for a second probate of a will, which had been regularly proved before (it could not be through lack of leisure that the archbishop of York was unable shortly and cheaply to certify that fact), and respecting which all parties interested were agreed, and there was no more doubt or dispute than there is concerning "The Times," that it is a newspaper and not a magazine or a marriage settlement.

We can readily imagine, that the right reverend bishops and their doctors will be very angry at our plain statement, for men must seek to uphold such a system by rage and not by reason: nevertheless it would be difficult to persuade the children that it was just and necessary to take 172*l.* from their moderate store, in order to satisfy them that the will, which they had seen their father execute, was indeed his will; but it would be very easy to beat them soundly, if the neighbours would not interfere, and the municipal law would favour, for their black ingratitude in complaining of the church and Doctors Commons.

A person who succeeds to property upon the death of another is commonly overwhelmed with grief, or elated with joy; the successor mourns the loss of a beloved parent, a dear husband, or a kind, indulgent and amiable elder brother; or he rejoices at the deliverance from the power of a capricious tyrant, and exults that after all his fears and misgivings, the long-wished-for inheritance has come to him at last. This is the hour of plunder, this is the moment for the sanctified spoiler; profound grief, or immoderate joy, may be robbed with impunity by one who has elevated his soul above all earthly things, and, seeking spiritual joys alone, considers a hundred pence, or a hundred pounds, as equally worthless; but he always contrives with his angel's wing to sweep away the dust from the balance to the value of the latter sum: probably that he may console the afflicted by removing from their sight a larger temptation to sin. Thus when a flock of sheep are oppressed by a contagious disease, the birds of prey descend from the pure etherial regions in which they habitually hover, devour the dying, and considerately pluck out the eyes of the sick and helpless, that they may not see the misery which surrounds them. Will nobody, asks the Spectator, who beholds the violence done to the flock, will nobody take down the old gun from the chimney to shoot, or to scare away the kites?

Unless our ears deceive us strangely, the fiddles have already begun to play "the Rogue's March." Several of the questions on registration that were propounded by the commissioners for inquiring into the law of Real Property were of ominous import; they have even proposed lately in the House of Commons that there should be but one place in England for granting probate of wills. Many of the men who heard the proposal were afraid, and they cried, as with one voice; oh, how we love Lord Eldon! How great is he, how good is he, how worthy to be praised! We never set our hearts upon any but Lord Eldon: we put our trust in him alone, and served him! Experience has taught us, that such ejaculations, although very edifying, are, like the prayers of sailors, somewhat disheartening to those who sail in the same ship.

A commission to inquire into and to reform the practice of the Ecclesiastical Courts had been often demanded and as often refused; it was granted during the last Session of the late Parliament. We were surprised to find that it was not directed to the only persons who were qualified, as fools believed and flatterers swore during the reign of arms, to serve the state in any capacity, to Waterloo-medallists and Chelsea-pensioners. The commissioners were discreetly chosen; had the great, the good Earl of Eldon conceded the boon, the selection could not have been more prudently made. We will not transcribe their names, but they may all be arranged in three classes; the incompetent, the occupied, and the interested. In the first class are ex-judges, the helpless shadows of men, who were superannuated long before they resigned their offices, being nearly useless, according to custom, when they were appointed: so that these pieces be touched with deference, they may be placed in any position as upon a chess-board. In the second class are chancellors, chief Justices, and the like, whose ordinary occupations, as all sane men allow, are more numerous than they can perform, or even slur over, in any manner. In the last class are all who are most interested in the continuance and increase of the abuses that are to be remedied; LL.D.D., with a good store of bishops: of all God's creatures bishops! We hope and trust that they will add the new bishop of Exeter, who is surely *ocellus justitiæ et jurisprudentiæ*, and whom we love and esteem, although we would not, through tenderness of conscience, that he should hold *in commendam* a rich living, having cure of souls which we could hold, and whom we could cure and smoke-dry as well ourselves.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have taken furnished lodgings by the week at Mr. T. Campbell's, in Middle Scotland-yard; they established a bell opposite that of the poet, and inscribed their title upon the door of their apartment. The paint was scarcely dry, when a long epistle concerning the domestic affairs, and the quarrels of Lord Byron and his wife appeared; we know not how much of the tedious rhapsody is due to the bard, or what the learned Doctors contributed, for the glowing language of the sons of song was so intimately blended with the anile and obstetrical style which prevails in the proceedings in a matrimonial cause, that an old woman, or a poet, would be required to separate the respective contributions. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have not produced any thing further, nor any thing whatever by their unassisted efforts, and we suspect that they might as well have taken lodgings at Wyoming, in the house of the sweet Gertrude, as at Whitehall under the roof of her gifted minstrel.

We shall impatiently wait for their report, that we may resume this important subject, and enter seriously and minutely into its details; and if the wheels of their chariot shall tarry, we will presume humbly to apply a litle oil to the axles from time to time. We doubt, however, whether a commission, that is stuffed so full of bishops, will ever bear good fruit; and we should advise, that it be immediately superseded by another, empowering a small number of practical, unprejudiced and learned men to investigate, thoroughly and without reserve, the practice of the Spiritual Courts, and to recommend whatever shall seem meet; and that the bishops and doctors should be summoned to attend in the capacity of witnesses, and not as judges.

We bless the amending hand and commend all who propose for free and temperate discussion schemes of legal reform; who advance with firmness, but without precipitation, for although it would be desirable to rid ourselves of every abuse instantaneously, it is unhappily impracticable, and to retrace steps that had been taken inconsiderately would discourage improvers and throw discredit upon amendment. We are willing to hope, that the Commission for amending the practice of the Courts of Common Law will prove beneficial to the public; it has certainly been eminently advantageous to the commissioners themselves. We are not inclined to undervalue whatever is likely to facilitate suits at law, but we feel, that such a reform is comparatively of little importance. Few sue, or are sued, and actions are commonly brought for small sums, but every one is deeply interested, very often to the whole amount of all that he possesses, in wills and successions *ab intestato*, and of all that he hopes to transmit, whether it was inherited, or acquired by himself, to those who are most dear to him. The attempt to relieve the suitor by bringing justice to his door would be a cruel mockery; the cost of transporting and maintaining witnesses and recompensing them for the loss of their time, forms the principal expense of the trial; and the most expensive witnesses are experts, professional men, as solicitors, surveyors, and the like; such persons reside in large cities, in the county town, and to compel the plaintiff to transport them to his own door to receive the visit of ambulatory justice in a remote country village would be to kill him with kindness. If the assize-town be fairly selected, as it is in Northumberland, and not dishonestly as in Lancashire and Norfolk, the charges of those witnesses, whom it is necessary to bring thither, taking one cause with another, will be less than under any other arrangement.

The expenses attending the trial cannot be wholly avoided, but there are others which might be greatly reduced; but it is to be feared, that so long as judges and red-hot tories shall be the commissioners for inquiring into the proceedings and practice of the superior courts of common law, they will be pruned with a tender hand. We allude to the expenses that precede the trial, and especially to the enormous and unnecessary fees of the officers of the courts. Losing sight of the legitimate motives of patronage, and entirely disregarding the claims of merit and learning, judges have been accustomed, without paying any regard to fitness, to sell all offices to the highest bidder, or to bestow them upon their children, or kinsmen. Lord Ellenborough is indisputably a most intellectual and highly-cultivated creature, but if the public get a stupid fellow only they are fortunate, for the persons, to whom these valuable appointments are ordinarily assigned, are madmen; if it were to the purpose it would be easy to adduce many examples. The money that Lord

Ellenborough receives from suitors by virtue of his freehold, as he facetiously terms it, is paid for services that have as little reference to the real purposes of the suit, as those measures which extorted from the more terrified, but less miserable, passengers the rent of the respective freeholds of Duval, Nevison and Jerry Abershaw: or whatever is purchased by the sums which are advanced upon stolen goods by Jewish pawn-brokers to those Christian thieves in trying whom by the inch of candle the brother of the noble Lord, having lately been selected for that purpose by the nicest critics in judicial aptitude, the *illustrissimi* of London, proposes to while away the long evenings of winter. Freeholds, like that of the noble Baron, are the chief cause of the denial of justice; and they abound still more in the spiritual courts, to which we return after an apparent digression, than in the temporal tribunals, whence the vain, worldly wish to stand well in the eyes of men, has not been completely banished.

Fair, comely and pleasant are the situations that abound in the courts of spirits; and they are uniformly bestowed in strict accordance with the dictates of the purest and most perfect nepotism. The office of commissary, or judge of the ecclesiastical court of a diocese, sometimes rejoices in an annual income of more than one thousand pounds a year; important and difficult questions often expect his decision. If the bishop should chance to have a son, who is a lawyer by profession, executors and administrators, legatees, and next of kin, may esteem themselves happy, that the abuse of patronage will be less gross than usual. The judicial office is commonly held by a beneficed clergyman, who is not appointed on account of legal attainments, or a peculiar fitness; if the reverend and well-fed Papinian can do any thing, he is perhaps a Jubal Cain, he can play upon the bass-fiddle or the harpsichord; it may be, that he is even a good carver, but he is indisputably utterly unacquainted with all human laws; whether they be civil, or rude and uncivil, nor has he the habits of, or any the least aptitude for, secular business. He is the son, the brother, the nephew, or the cousin of the diocesan, or of his wife; nepotism is more powerful than the law or the prophets: it more frequently happens, perhaps, that he is authorised to trifle with the rights of others, because he possesses that merit which is very acute in perceiving how the benefits of a particular position can be turned to family account; how the buds of patronage may be made to blow into nosegays for friends and acquaintances, and the great interests of society be made subservient to the partial interests of clanship. The gentle, timid bishops, for real merit is always modest, have a great dread of being suddenly surrounded by strangers; they hate new faces; and not understanding, when they reluctantly submit to be consecrated, that they are called upon to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance, they make a solemn vow to maintain at the expense of the public all their relations and connections, and especially their sons-in-law.

Vast and various are the abuses that characterize, and indeed form, the very being and essence of the Spiritual Courts, but we cannot believe that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from their Parnassus in Middle Scotland-yard will send us succour and relief. A commission that is designed to work a real reform, ought not to be composed, as was happily observed, "of sucking judges," still less ought it to be packed with judges who have ceased to suck, and have long been weaned from the hopes of improvement. The patriotism of the bishops is large and lofty, their disinterestedness heroic, and their lives and conversation lovely; but nevertheless the holy fathers are entirely engrossed by their zeal for their spiritual welfare; we foresee that they will overlook our temporal concerns. The commissioners will meet after long delays; they will ask the doctors if they are comfortable; they may even say to the sleek proctors, "Gentlemen, are you content; what can we do for you; is there any thing you could suggest; are you all willing that wills should be proved twice?" They will doubtless answer, "yes, certainly;" they will look at each other and will seem to say, we would that they were proved thrice, or four times, and if we thought that our suggestions would be adopted, we love reform so well that we would earnestly recommend it." Fortunately the age will not bear to be trifled with thus; all temporal courts must be reformed speedily and effectually,* and the spiritual courts must be eradicated; blotted out and annulled; utterly, totally and unsparingly abolished and annihilated.

The necessary march of justice will not now be stayed by chaunting monotonous doxologies to the everlasting glory of Lord Eldon; nor will the ruthless reformer relent on beholding the big tears of delight which the venerable Earl sheds so copiously on hearing his own praises celebrated by himself. Let the resolution, that Lord Eldon possesses every virtue under heaven, be forthwith entered on the journals of the House of Lords once for all, and then let the great work proceed without delay. But although the Ecclesiastical Courts from the highest to the lowest, are one great abuse, is there no countervailing advantage; do they yield no compensation which atones in whole, or in part, for the evils they inflict? Are they not useful in upholding the standard of legal education; without them would not the character of the Jurisconsult be depreciated rapidly, and finally sink to the level of the least liberal occupations?

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* We hail with heartfelt delight and gratitude, the arrival of an era of reform, in which the master spirit of Brougham is so pre-eminently manifest. From the mists and doubts which surrounded that pre-eminent name —it is emerging in glorious splendor.

So inestimable is learning, so sweet and precious are its uses to each citizen and to the commonwealth, that if it could be proved that the college called Doctors Commons, tended in any degree to the advancement of knowledge, or to the advantage and profit of learned men, we would pause and weigh well its claims to a merciful forbearance. Were it a very Athens of instruction, we could not defend some of the monstrous oppressions of its courts; but in consideration of the transcendant importance of good letters, we should recommend the immediate amputation of its most deformed members, and that the practice should be regulated so, that a tax, which was in truth levied upon the public for the purposes of education, should be so adjusted, as to press upon all with tolerable equality.

We live in an age which arrogantly boasts of its superior illumination, but amidst the total desolation and destitution of all institutions for teaching the most difficult and important of all sciences. A vast opulence stagnates at our two ancient universities; no lectures are given there, either in municipal or civil law. The ample funds of a wealthy foundation, of Trinity Hall at Cambridge, were designed to promote the study of the Roman Law, yet nothing is performed there that has any more connection with that generous and beneficial pursuit, than the mechanical drudgery of taxing bills of costs would have; nor is there any authority competent to restrain those who might be inclined to bestow the valuable fellowships as rewards for electioneering services upon men as incapable of learning civil law, or any part of humane and elegant erudition, as muleteers or their mules. No instruction is supplied at our Inns of Court, not even a tolerable library is provided, in which a paper as easily procured as the valuable report that stands at the head of the present article might be consulted, although the property of the four societies, and perhaps of the least wealthy of them alone, far exceeds in value the united possessions of all the other colleges of law in the world. So desperate is the condition of the student; so hopeless is the barbarism in which we are plunged, that we may even doubt, whether if a large sum of money were raised by private subscription, or otherwise, for the advancement of education, it would be honestly applied; whether in its appropriation the ordinary rules of honour and the common obligations of truth and of promises would be observed by those, who might be intrusted with the disposition of it.

We dread to anticipate the ultimate consequences of the utter neglect of wholesome and sound institutions, but it is too evident that at last, by a miserable and unnatural inversion, the relative position of two important orders may be completely changed, and the advocate in whatever court he practises, may unhappily become the mere creature of the attorney or proctor, formed by his plastic hand out of the vilest materials, and informed by his breath alone.

In the universal and profligate neglect of the means of salvation, if the college of civilians has been at all distinguished, it certainly has not been by withstanding the downward tendency of evil: they cannot claim an honourable exemption from the general charge of desertion; they were not the last to quit the standards. The LL.D.D. are doubtless conscious whether, being intrusted with a charge delicate and highly confidential, in which liberality, honour, and sincerity of heart were essential, they have conducted themselves fairly, or have yielded to the suggestions of mean and paltry envy and jealousy, where there was neither rivalship nor hostility. Had they maintained their ancient liberal education in its integrity; had they reformed themselves, and judiciously adapted their proceedings and pretensions to the wants and wishes of the times, we should have been disposed to spare their courts in spite of their enormous and inherent defects, but they have not deserved mercy. The Spiritual Courts have only been allowed to exist so long, because they have lurked in the concealment and deep secresy of Doctors Commons; the hour of invading their retirement has arrived: when we shall make a hole, however small it may be, and admit the light of day, the whole phantasmagoria will suddenly vanish.

It is an unpleasant office to interfere with the profits of any class of men, but it becomes in certain cases a duty to the state and to society. We expect the report, or the default, of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and it would be to undertake a matter of little difficulty, if we were to say, that in either case we pledge ourselves to prove, that the entire jurisdiction of the Spiritual Courts is a grievous nuisance which ought to be instantly abated.

Art. V. — *Memoires de Brissot, Membre de l' Assemblée Legislative et de la Convention Nationale, sur ses Contemporains, et la Revolution Francaise. Publiés par son fils; avec des Notes et des Eclaircissemens Historiques,* par M. F. de Montrol. vols. I. and II. Paris. 1830. Ladvocat.

In the present article we shall avoid all discussion respecting the character and actions of the Girondists, the political party to which Brissot belonged, and confine ourselves as far as possible to the history of the man himself. As Brissot, however, may in a great measure be regarded as the representative of his party, as a fair sample of what the majority of them were, both in morals and opinions, to understand Brissot is to understand the Girondists; revolutionists and democrats, undoubtedly, but remarkable, notwithstanding, for their unshaken integrity, philanthropy, and love of truth. At the same time it should be remarked, that although placed by his active energy and enthusiasm at the head of the Girondists, whose deliberations he appears to have profoundly influenced, Brissot was far from possessing all the qualities requisite in a revolutionary leader. Less sensibility, with more talent for piercing through the disguises of hypocrisy, would have rendered him if not a better, at least a more useful and efficient man. He was too easily dazzled, too prone to admiration, too liable to be imposed upon by a specious show of patriotism or virtue, and to this weakness of character may be traced almost all the misfortunes of his life. Madame Roland remarks, with more pointedness than truth, that he understood man, but was ignorant of men. She might have said, had she chosen to lose sight of that epigrammatic style of speaking of which the French are still so fond, that although Brissot might be perfectly competent to comprehend such theories of human nature as other writers had invented and advanced, he was not endowed with that penetrating faculty, which enables men to appreciate correctly the characters of those who surround them. In plain English, he was a clever and estimable, but not a great man.

Of the authenticity of the Memoirs now, after the lapse of so many years, placed before the public, no doubt can, we think, be entertained. The manuscript has passed through the hands of many well-known persons, through those, for example, of Pinkerton, the geographer, Mentelle, and Helen Maria Williams. In order to serve Madame Brissot and her children, who, upon the death of Brissot, were left in comparative poverty, Miss Williams undertook to translate the work into English, with the design of publishing it at London for the benefit of the widow and children, and actually completed a very considerable portion of her design. For some reason or another, however, with which we are not acquainted, the project was set aside; but the manuscript version still exists, and has been obligingly placed in our hands by M. Coquerel, a nephew of Miss Williams. It is partly in her own hand writing, partly in that of an assistant, and is roughly scrawled upon a parcel of waste false titles of an old edition of Joseph Andrews, and upon the backs of certain decrees of the Revolutionary Government. This translation was made upwards of thirty years ago.

Brissot commences his work with an explanation of his reasons for writing, and an apology for all such marks of haste, or negligence, or other imperfections, whether of style or method, as might be discovered in his previous performances. Not possessing that wealth which commands leisure, and which enabled Montesquieu and Helvetius to round and polish their periods with fastidious elegance, he was compelled to depend in a great measure upon that fertility of mind which he received from nature. His imagination, too, which, though not poetical, or peculiarly rich or vivid, was not wanting in warmth, enabled him to infuse into his compositions a species of ardent animation, which, united with vast enthusiasm, exaggerated sensibility, and a fierce advocacy of the liberal principles and fashionable opinions of the day, rendered him a popular writer. Why he has now ceased to be so may be easily explained. To say nothing of the subject of his works, which, however, is now anything but fashionable, his style is altogether destitute of that nervous vigour which naturally clothes itself in new but beautiful forms of expression, and which is the genuine soul of all performances that struggle successfully with time, and diffuse around them unfailing fragrance and splendor. Neither does he possess the art of presenting his ideas, such as they are, distinctly and vividly to the imagination of his reader. They are confused, misty, ill-defined. A random association of images rises at intervals before him, like a Will o' the Wisp, and away he flies after it, heedless of the propriety of time and place, until weariness, or some new train of thought, sets him upon another track, or conducts him back to the point from whence he started. This is particularly the case with the Memoirs now before us, though in all probability they are the only portion of the works of Brissot which will be at all valued in after-times. It is true that the circumstances under which they were written might account for still greater defects than those by which they are disfigured; but when a reader is annoyed by the imperfections of a book, he does not stop to inquire into the cause of them. He feels the inconvenience, and revenges it upon the reputation of the unfortunate author.

Among the errors of Brissot, arising, perhaps, from the peculiarity of his position, is the prejudice which he adopted, towards the close of his career, against the literary profession. According to him and Rousseau, whom he was too fond of mimicking, no trade is so miserable as that of a book-maker; and he counsels his children and all his posterity to preserve themselves from the rage for writing, as if it were a kind of pestilence. No doubt it is, as he justly observes, a despicable thing to put on the disguise of philosophy, in spite of the inward temper of the heart and mind, and build up theories of vice and virtue, as men build ships or houses, from mere mercenary views, or for the purpose of deluding or perverting mankind. But this is to be a quack, or a sophist, not an author or a philosopher. To become a dealer in ideas, or rather in words, for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, is perhaps no very dignified course of action; but the genuine author is impelled to write by other motives than the love of lucre. His spirit impregnated by nature from the moment of his birth, inevitably seeks to be delivered of its intellectual burthen; and the same instinct which teaches the bird to build its nest, and the salmon to deposit its eggs in the mud of rivers, directs the philosopher to select language as the bed whereon to lay the offspring of his mind. He never regards the offshoots of his soul as a mere object of speculation. The rewards which mankind are ever ready to bestow upon those who instruct or amuse them, he is content to receive and enjoy, whether those rewards be embodied in the shape of money, office, or fame; but it is not for these that he descends into the depths of his mind, or clothes the creations of his imagination with forms of ideal grace and perfection. To Brissot, however, literature had accidentally been a source of misfortune. It had conducted him to the dungeons of the Bastille; had thrown him among libellous assassins, who murdered reputations as well as men; and was about to place his neck beneath the knife of the guillotine. If he indulged an unjust prejudice against it, therefore, we readily pardon the error of confounding a casual with a necessary effect, since in the condition in which he wrote he was not competent to make the requisite distinctions.

To ward off the conclusion, that pain and disappointment are the natural accompaniments and consequence of a literary career, we need, in fact, look no further than the history of our author's own experience. To what other cause did he owe the many generous and benevolent friends whose attachment so frequently softened the rigours of his fate? Setting aside the pleasures of the senses, of which all animals partake, what enjoyments could any other career have furnished him which he missed by devoting himself to the Muses? The early part of his life, which, according to his own account, was rendered exceedingly delightful by meditation and study, could hardly have passed more tranquilly had the idea of one day becoming an author never entered into his mind. Hope is a calm and serene thing; and Brissot's hopes, like those of all ardent and aspiring young men, were peculiarly brilliant.

He was born January 14, 1754, in the city of Charbas in the Orleanois, where his father, an active and industrious man, carried on a lucrative business. Among the vagabonds who rallied round the standard of despotism, and endeavoured to participate in the ancestral glories of the aristocrats whose cause they had espoused, there were several who sought to overthrow the reasoning of Brissot, by objecting to him the meanness of his birth; for, in their opinion, it was a crime to be descended from honest and industrious parents. Rivarol, the cleverest, perhaps, of these parasites, reported himself to be a count, though his father is said to have been an inn-keeper at Bagnols; and lamenting one day to a friend the fate of the unfortunate nobility, whom the infamous Revolution had deprived of honours and fortune—"Aye," continued he, "it has robbed us of our titles and the very names of our ancestors?" Observing that his friend could not refrain from laughing at his ingenious tirade. "Well, sir," said he, "and pray what is there so very singular in what I have said?" "Oh," replied the friend, "it was not the singular which amused me, it was the plural!" The principal evil which resulted to our author from the low condition of his father, was of a kind of which, we believe, there are very few examples upon record: he dreaded lest by educating his children he might teach them to despise him! It likewise placed the honest man more completely within the control of the priests, who, when his son had deserted the legal religion of his country, taught him to attempt the reformation of the youth by deserting and exposing him to the chances of want and infamy.

However, owing to the affection and good sense of his mother, Brissot was not deprived of the advantages of education, which, he observes, by no means taught him to despise the author of his existence for being less learned than himself. But, like many others, he found the roots of the tree of knowledge exceedingly bitter; and with lieutenant Northerton, was inclined to damn home, and all declensions, conjugations, syntax, and prosody with all his heart. This impatience of rules and discipline, regarded by some persons as an indication of genius, is much more frequently the effect of mental effeminacy. However Brissot contrived in spite of the declensions to master enough of Latin to place the enjoyment of Livy and Seneca within his reach, though he seems never to have resorted, from motives of pleasure, to the great authors of that language. Rollin, Vertot, Echard, and Fleury, with other authors of similar characters, very naturally obtained the preference in his young mind over Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus; but Plutarch, whom the wise and the trifling alike admire, soon obtained a principal place in his esteem. It is peculiarly pleasing to observe the ardent studies of youth. Brissot, like Rousseau, seldom knew how to preserve the rules of prudence and moderation at any period of his life, and of course least of all in the earlier portion of it. When his mind first began to taste the charms of books, the longest days were found insufficient to exhaust the pleasures of this mute intercourse, and the hours of the night, which others devoted to repose and sleep, were encroached upon by the labours of our indefatigable student. He had a sister, he tells us, who used to get up, from motives of devotion, long before dawn, and who, in passing by his chamber on her way out to the cathedral, gave him a light, which he cherished in a half-dark lanthorn, from fear that it might be perceived by his father who lay in the next room. In this manner he was enabled to indulge his propensity for reading, and to acquire in an irregular but pleasant manner a considerable quantity of knowledge.

The science of education, unquestionably the most important of all sciences, was as badly understood at that period in France as it is still at Oxford and Cambridge. The object appeared to be to create a nation of pedants, who were to search for national and individual happiness through the art of making Latin verses, which, whether bad or good, seemed to be regarded as the panacea for all human ills. Heresy, and schism, and rebellion, and every other monster, were to be combatted with the spell of Latin verse; which, if it could not still bring down the moon, as of old, was sufficiently powerful to subject the heads of the majority to the sway of that gentle planet. To judge by the conduct of the sage preceptors of youth, the whole French nation were inspired by that divine madness, which being embodied in verse constitutes poetry, according to Plato; but after serving a seven years' apprenticeship to the Muses Brissot, like many more, found that his mind had not been blasted by poetic fire, and that he was condemned, with the honest citizen in Molière, to speak prose all his life. One advantage, however, he confesses to have derived from the school discipline,—the habit of study, a well-exercised memory, and considerable historical knowledge.

Most young men select a friend during the period of their studies, by whose tastes and predilections, however sturdy may be the original constitution of their minds, their habits and opinions are powerfully influenced. Brissot's choice was not fortunate. Guillard, the Pylades of his youth, was one of those gay and frivolous characters, who "with a flash begin, and end in smoke." Having nourished his mind upon the frothy sophistry of the times, he rapidly shot up into precocious maturity, and by covering the barrenness of his own intellect with the fruit of other men's genius, made pompous exhibition of talents which were doomed to be as evanescent as Jonah's gourd. However, it was not at all unnatural that he should appear in the guise of a superior person to his youthful friend, who, with his exaggerated admiration for every kind of talent, and an intolerable thirst for reputation, vehemently longed to avail himself of every possible aid for the accomplishment of his secret design. But his design was not long a secret to Guillard. They mutually imparted their ambitious hopes and projects to each other; and the long secluded walks in which the means of rousing the attention of mankind were discussed, might perhaps be reckoned among the most lively pleasures of the life of Brissot. As for Guillard, he quickly flew off into another sphere, preferring the smiles of actresses, and the pleasures of the table, which he purchased by all the meannesses of a parasite, to the unsullied glory of labouring for the benefit of mankind, and the delights of contented frugality. The visions which succeeded each other in the mind of Brissot at this period, though probably differing but little from the day-dreams of other ambitious young men, were sufficiently wild and fantastic. By turns metamorphosed by his wishes into a Tartar conqueror, and a Grecian sage, as he passed from the History of China by the Jesuits, to the lives of great Generals by Plutarch, he preserved through all his changes a love for liberty and humanity, occasionally inconsistent with his ambitious desires, but in harmony with the general character of his mind.

The study of the English language, which he commenced soon after leaving college, directed thereto by one of those accidents which so often determine the colour of a man's whole life, was undoubtedly the pivot upon which the fate of Brissot turned. In proportion as he became acquainted with our history and literature, the republican ideas which the reading of ancient authors had sown in his mind, acquired greater vigour, and a more determinate shape. The mighty characters which sprung up during our Civil Wars, comparable for stern dignity and heroic valour to the greatest republicans of antiquity, commanded his admiration and inspired him with an enthusiastic desire to emulate their achievements. Cromwell, Hampden, Ireton, St. John, Pym, and the rest of that energetic race, appeared in his eyes to tower far above the most gaudy minions of a despotic king, and he daily learned to despise more and more the profligate courtiers who sacrificed the welfare of his country to their private pleasures. From the language and literature of England he passed to those of Italy, in which, assuredly, he met with few incentives to patriotism or virtue; any more than in those of Spain and Portugal, which next succeeded. The German, which he commenced and immediately abandoned, might have proved of more utility; but the mania of becoming a linguist, which had now seized upon him, was not sufficiently strong to enable him to master this difficult language, or any of the oriental dialects, which his thirst of knowledge soon after impelled him to attempt.

A curious desire which seized upon him about this period is worthy of notice, as serving to show into what strange extremes the love of knowledge may precipitate a man: he wished to retire from the world into a monastery, and transform himself into a Benedictine monk, in emulation of those famous old ascetics who had digested whole libraries, and increased, and sometimes enriched them by their own learned folios. "Bread and books," as he expresses it, were now the sole object of his ambition. But this passion was not of long continuance; and it was a monk, who could speak with experience respecting the interior of cloisters, to whose rules his own life were no very exemplary honour, that dissipated the illusion, and taught Brissot the folly of seeking for truth in monkish retirement.

At length an opportunity of quitting Chartres occurred, and he set out for Paris, leaving behind him his cloistered dreams, and ideas of rivalling Robinsoe Crusoe, to bury himself in the office of an attorney, a place still more unfavourable to truth and patriotism, perhaps, even than the cells of the Benedictines. The French habitually make use of hyperbolical language. On entering the capital, which he did by the Barrière de la Conference, the bridges, the Champs Elysees, the garden of the Tuilleries, everything presented him with the most ravishing prospects, while the quays, which were lighted up, as he happened to enter in the evening, "enchanted" him. It was of course exceedingly natural that a raw country youth, coming up suddenly to Paris, should think the place very fine, but in the objects which he denominates ravishing, enchanting, &c. there is nothing extremely wonderful, the bridges being very poor things, and the Champs Elysées many degrees inferior to Kensington Gardens. However, the charms of all these things were as nothing compared with the attractions of the theatre, which has always been the paradise of a true Frenchman. But the golden age of the French theatre was over, and the Laharpes, the Marmontels, and others of that class, had succeeded to Racine and Corneille, and were labouring with all their power to banish all ideas of nature and good taste from the minds of the public. Brissot was disgusted, as well he might be, with these apes of Voltaire, who, as a dramatic writer, was himself no prodigy; but the illustrious obscures upon whom he bestowed his approbation were perhaps still less worthy of it than they. The whole of the dramatic literature of the period, if we may judge of the mass by its salient points, belonged to that dreary species which mediocrity and servile imitation create in all countries when literature touches upon the period of its decline. Plots, situations, incidents, nay, the very figures of speech, jokes, and expressions, were precisely those which time out of mind had formed the materials of play-writers, and had been a thousand times presented in thin disguise to the indefatigable public, which continued to tolerate them as the Romans did the Fescennine jests of a consular triumph. We perceive by the anecdotes of actors and actresses which he has thought proper to preserve from oblivion, that he was no stranger to the mysteries of the green-room; but it was to this period of his life that he afterwards looked back with least satisfaction, when time and misfortunes had taught him the value of an untroubled conscience and cheering reminiscences.*

Notwithstanding his theatrical preferences, Brissot seems never to have lost sight of literature or literary men. His acquaintances among this class of individuals, who, at that period, formed a kind of distinct order in the State, were daily multiplied; and being, by these means, admitted behind the scenes, he learned the arts by which mushroom reputations were fabricated or destroyed, and that noble profession, which should never be exercised by any but those who endeavour to better mankind, degraded into the vile instrument of cupidity or revenge. One of the most active and distinguished among the literary adventurers of the day was Linguet, editor of the "Annales Litteraires;" a man of talent, but a hypocrite, and indefatigably and inveterately revengeful. With this man it was

Brissot's misfortune to become connected. With all the self-sufficient arrogance of a petty despot, for such his editorship rendered him, he spoke of the literary profession as an unquiet, debasing, and miserable career, requiring a brazen countenance, an unfeeling heart, and a temper formed for cringing and meanness. In drawing this portrait he seems, indeed, to have copied himself; which is generally the case with those who indulge in splenetic and universal censure. His apparent aim was to deter Brissot from enlisting under the banner of the Muses, his real one, to acquire or preserve an ardent espouser of his quarrels; Linguet, as may be easily imagined, could not, with the feelings which he entertained, live in peace and amity with his brethren. To this connexion may be traced the prejudices which Brissot now conceived, and ever after continued to cherish, against several of the least mischievous sophists of the age, D'Alembert, Marmontel, and Laharpe, men no less superior to Linguet in talent than in feeling, and who, had it been our memoir-writer's good fortune to have justly appreciated them, might, in spite of their failings, have been of far more utility to him, than the libellers and satirists with whom he soon afterwards too closely associated himself. It is not our design, however, to become the annalists of the squabbles in which Brissot was engaged, or of which he was a spectator. They were disgraceful to the majority of the combatants; and in contemplating them we may very well say, with Duclos, that whereas it was formerly the fashion to compel wild beasts to tear each other to pieces for the amusement of mankind, the practice seemed at that period to be completely reversed.

In the midst of these gladiatorial sports, our patriot caught a glimpse, as it were, of the man whose star was one day to have so fatal an ascendancy over his own. While he was employed in the office of M. Nolleau, the lawyer, a young man was taken into the house as second clerk, for whom Brissot seems to have conceived an instinctive aversion. He was, or seemed to be, completely ignorant; possessing no taste for the sciences, no talent for composition, and still less for thinking, he appeared to be designed by nature to plod on eternally through the dirty mazes of chicanery.—In fact, so contemptuous was the opinion which he inspired in the mind of Brissot, that he would at that time, he says, have wagered his head against his chances of future celebrity. This man was Robespierre. Upon the death of M. Nolleau, Brissot procured employment in the office of this person's brother-in-law, whither it would appear Robespierre did not accompany him, for we have no more in this part of the memoirs of his ill-omened name. During the two years which were spent in M. Aucante's office, where the clerks appear to have enjoyed a species of sinecure, their employer probably keeping them rather for show than use, Brissot made considerable progress in his studies, and in the collection of literary materials, which he afterwards turned to account. But by the advice of M. Aucante himself, he quitted the law at the end of that period, in order wholly to devote himself to the service of that destructive Syren, whose spells and horrors his old friend Linguet had painted in such startling colours. He became an author. However, in embracing this new profession, he did not judge it expedient to adopt altogether the manners by which the more successful or fashionable of its members were at that time distinguished. He did not court the patronage of the great; went but seldom into company; addicted himself, passionately to study. His friend Guillard, with whom he now lived, used frequently, he says, on returning at one o'clock in the morning from his gay parties, to find him studying the Greek language, in which he would seem, notwithstanding, to have made but small progress. Guillard, who apparently was one of those who regard all such musty knowledge as rather a hinderance than an advantage to an author, smiled compassionately at his simplicity. Brissot smiled also, for his imagination threw open to his view the prospect of futurity, into which, since fame, not fortune, was his aim, he must be allowed to have looked with considerable clearness.

Having thus devoted himself to literature, the next point to be considered was, how he should exist. His mother, who had frequently supplied him with small sums since his residence in Paris, was unable wholly to provide for him. Some other resource was, therefore, to be sought; and, as the devil would have it, the project which presented itself to his imagination in the most fascinating colours, was that of commencing satirist. His first essay, as he tells us himself, contained a gross and unwarrantable attack upon many private characters, among a great deal of well-deserved severity against that interminable horde of poets, journalists, and inferior parasites, who subsisted upon the fulsome adulation which they lavished upon every human being, who was rich and foolish enough to provide them with a dinner. One of the individuals thus lashed, a lady who kept a kind of office for the fabrication of geniuses, and consequently had numerous partizans, found means to procure a *lettre de cachet* against the self-constituted censor, whom she desired to bring to reason by a few months' or years' confinement in the Bastille. At this period Brissot, who in learning English, had contracted a fondness for " that earthly nectar," as Dr. Southey calls it, " to which the East contributes its arrack, and the West its limes and its rum;" and which, whatever may be its name among the immortals, is called " Punch " by men,—had been seized by a fever, to which his free use of the aforesaid nectar had not a little contributed. " Such was my melancholy condition," says he, " when I received a visit from an agent of the Police, who came accompanied by my publisher. He introduced his business by counselling me not to be alarmed at the intelligence he was about to communicate. He then let me know the existence of the *lettre de cachet,* explained wherefore it had been granted, and disclosed the names of my persecutors. 'You have been guilty of a piece of imprudence' says he, 'which certainly did not deserve so severe a punishment. Nevertheless, it was necessary it should be granted. To-morrow you will be officially informed of the business unless you take care to decamp from here to-day. But that I may appear to have performed my duty, give me a few leaves of your manuscript, which I will pretend to have found in your chamber, and will exhibit in proof of my zeal.' I am naturally confiding, and for once I was not deceived. I delivered two leaves of my manuscript to the police agent; my wardrobe was soon packed up, and I decamped. To complete the farce, the alguazils came in search of me next morning, and found my chamber empty."

Brissot seems never to have discovered the real motives of the actors in this curious scene. To suspect a police agent of humanity would, he thought, be to insult the man. He therefore contented himself with supposing that he must have been actuated by some secret motives of interest, which certain proposals made some time after in his name to Brissot, respecting some pamphlets, rendered probable, he tells us, but without further explanation. The man, whose name was Goupil, died shortly afterwards in the chateau of Vincennes. As he had some way incurred the displeasure of his employers, it was thought that his death had been artificially hastened; but the public, who interested themselves but little in such matters, were merely told, that he died suddenly, which, no doubt, was true. During his employment as inspector of literature, Goupil had always shown himself tender of the reputation of authors; for although, in obedience to authority, he seldom failed to seize upon prohibited books, he was yet so far merciful, that he would not destroy these precious fruits of toil and industry, in which his wife carried on an extensive and lucrative trade. Thus the government enjoyed the double revenge of ruining the writers, and of distributing among the people the intellectual poison, as it was called, which they had spent their whole lives in concocting, in cellars and garrets, like so many spiders.

This little incident was exceedingly useful to Brissot. It taught him the danger of playing roughly with so sharp a weapon as satire; and when he had discovered that the action was perilous, it needed but little ingenuity to perceive that it was likewise undignified and immoral.* His ague, for that was his complaint, still continuing to afflict him, he was advised to try the effects of his native air; and accordingly he moved from Paris to Chartres, where he was affectionately received by his kind mother and sisters; but his father, whom the priests had irritated against him; and who, in fact, seems to have been eminently wanting in natural affection, never once visited him during his stay; nor does the son himself appear to have made any endeavour to effect a reconciliation. The bishop of Chartres, in whose eyes no man was impious or heretical who could be useful to him, was by no means so scrupulous as the confessor of Brissot's father. He received our young satirist with open arms, introduced him to the countess de Seinie, who managed the temporal affairs of the episcopal palace; and shortly afterwards constituted him one of his privy council, of which the other members were Sièyes and Pétion.

The honour of dining with a bishop, however, was not sufficient to render a residence in Chartres, which many circumstances conspired to trouble, at all agreeable to him. As soon, therefore, as his complaint had disappeared, he returned to Paris, and again took lodgings in the same apartment with Guillard. The conduct of this young man during the illness of his friend had been any thing but kindly or generous, and it must have been rather from motives of convenience, than from any feeling of affection, that Brissot now renewed his acquaintance with him. It is, therefore, exceedingly absurd in our worthy autobiographer, reasoning upon the behaviour of so heartless and contemptible a parasite as this Guillard, to conclude, as he does, that friendship is but a name. Perhaps, indeed, there may be a mistake of the printer or editor in the passage, by the correction of which Brissot may be freed from the imputation of having uttered so base and unphilosophical a sentiment. In the volume the sentence runs as follows:—" Sa cruelle insouciance sur le progrès de mon mal, m'avait prouvé que la sensibilité s'étouffe aisément dans le monde, *et que l'amitié n'est qu'un mot.*" If Brissot wrote, as it is probable he did, " et que l'amitié *ny' est* qu'un mot," his opinion, though still too sweeping, would not be very far from the truth; for among worldlings, friendship is not a common thing. Be this, however, as it may, the friends were soon reduced to a very low ebb in point of finances, and sometimes felt what it was to want food; though Guillard, who was an adept in the parasitical art, was generally enabled to satisfy the cravings of hunger at the tables of those whom he puffed and flattered. Brissot, on the other hand, whom an honest shame restrained from such practices, considered himself but too happy when he could command a morsel of bread and cheese for his dinner.

In the midst of this distress our philosopher conceived the design of several important and extensive works, the proper execution of any one of which would have required many years of leisure and study. His favourite production, which he lived to accomplish, was a "Theory of Criminal Law." Another great work, of which we do not altogether perceive the drift or the utility, was to be entitled "Universal Pyrrhonism;" the plan of which, which he says, was of itself a small treatise, he submitted to D'Alembert. The academician, overwhelmed, perhaps, by numerous applications of the same kind, paid less attention to the matter than the author thought it deserved; and returned the plan with a note, cold enough certainly, but containing some general complimentary expressions, and a clause in which he expressed his dissent from the author's system. There is generally too much pomposity in the behaviour of established authors towards younger, or less known writers; and there was probably some tinge of this failing observable in the proceedings of D'Alembert; but Brissot, whom, knowing his circumstances, we can now readily excuse, unquestionably conceived too great a resentment against him. He probably expected to have found in the fashionable sophist the humble manners and encouraging familiarity of a Socrates; but his simplicity had deceived him; for, although ambitious enough of bearing the name of philosophers, the academicians were very far from desiring to purchase it by so vast a sacrifice of self-interest as the old Attic moralist achieved.

Passing over the various means to which Brissot was for a long while compelled to have recourse for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, we proceed at once to the pamphlet which was the primary cause of his visit to England. This little production, which we have never read, was entitled the "Testament Politique de l'Angleterre;" and its object, as the author informs us, was to encourage France in its opposition to England, and expose the absurdity of lord North and his party in their conduct towards our American Colonies. The "Testament Politique,", falling into the hands of one Swinton, a man whose sole business it was to establish newspapers, and sell their influence to the best bidder; that sage politician immediately conceived the desire of monopolizing the labours of its author, which he conceived might be secured at a moderate rate. He accordingly applied to Brissot, whom he easily discovered through the means of his publisher, and proposed that he should undertake the editing of a newspaper of his, entitled the "Courier de l'Europe," which was printed in London, and reprinted at Boulogne-sur-mer. It was the re-impression, effected at Boulogne, which Brissot was required to superintend; and although Swinton's offers were by no means magnificent, he had the art of making promises which seemed to be sincere; and Brissot was but too happy to escape at any rate the gulf of misery into which he had been plunged in Paris.

At Boulogne, Brissot soon discovered that his new acquaintance was no philosopher, and that in order, as Iago expresses it, to put money in his purse, he would have sold England itself, as well as English news, to the French minister, if he had possessed the power to sell, and the other the money to purchase. However, our adventurer's position was not disagreeable. He was no traitor; he merely assisted a mercenary man in disclosing, as far as it was in his power, the state secrets of a foreign country to his own government; and this, in the eyes of politicians, is all in the regular course of things. Meanwhile he enjoyed a comfortable subsistence, studied, read, walked out along the "sounding main," and indulged, after the manner of enthusiasts, his inveterate propensity to building castles in the air. It was here that he first beheld the lady who was afterwards his wife. Love, therefore, with all the imaginative delights to which it gives birth in ardent minds, was added to his enjoyments; so that all things considered, perhaps, he was right in regarding the first few months which were spent at Boulogne among the happiest days of his life. But he was doomed never to remain long in any condition, whether happy or unhappy. Swinton soon discovered that an editor was unnecessary at Boulogne, where, since the business was merely to translate from the English papers, a person of inferior capacity, and, consequently, of lower salary, would perform the business quite as well in his eyes. Therefore, being utterly reckless of the welfare of every person on earth, except himself, he no sooner made this discovery than the employment of Brissot was at an end. To soften the coarseness and unfeelingness of this act, he took his protegé to London for a fortnight; and thus, by shewing him the freedom which might be enjoyed in England, increased the impatience with which he endured the despotism of his own government.

Shortly after his return to France, he was put, by the death of his father, in the possession of two hundred pounds, with which, having always had a propensity that way, he now determined to prepare himself for practising at the bar; and to avoid the delay and intrigues which accompanied the obtaining of a diploma in what was called the regular way, he went down to Rheims, and purchased the necessary titles at once. The speculation, however, did not succeed. His brethren of the bar, whom he seems to have viewed with no friendly eye, and who, as was natural, returned him scorn for scorn, made his "Theory of Criminal Law," which he had now published, a handle for persecution; and were about to commence against him certain proceedings, the nature of which we are left to conjecture, when his friends advised him to quit a profession, for which he appears to have possessed neither knowledge nor aptitude. The time and money expended in this attempt at acquiring a settled mode of living were, therefore, thrown away, and he was once more thrown back upon the uncertain footing of literature, where, if the soil was not found teeming with ingots, he could at least starve in liberty and independence. Unfortunately, however, Brissot seems never to have perceived distinctly what particular department of literature or science nature had designed him to cultivate. The example of Voltaire, who, like another Protagoras, wrote and disputed "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," and by the charm of his style concealed his want of depth and originality, exerted a pernicious influence upon the ambitious youth of France. Every man aspired to universality of knowledge; and Brissot, of course, threw himself headlong into the current of the times. Legislation and chemistry, politics and literature, by turns employed the activity of his mind; while the only science which would, in the end, have inevitably commanded success, and recommended him at once to his own times, and those which were to succeed, was partially or wholly neglected. We mean the science of style, the most difficult, but certainly the most valuable acquisition, which the united effect of study and practice can bestow upon an author.

Meanwhile, his acquaintance with those restless spirits who were labouring to escape from their obscure Pandemonium into upper air, was daily becoming more and more extensive. His passion for chemical experiments brought him in contact with Marat, the consistent and persevering diabolism of whose character is a curious philosophical phenomenon. This revolutionary Nero, who was animated by a devouring passion for notoriety, but was wholly indifferent respecting the means by which it was to be acquired, had, at the period of which we are speaking, conceived the design of effecting a total revolution in the sciences, the first step towards the accomplishment of which was, to annihilate the reputations of all those whom the world regarded with veneration. To Brissot, however, who, it must be repeated, had no skill in physiognomy, and nothing of that almost instinctive tact, which enables some persons to detect even in strangers the lurking indications of the inward texture of the mind, Marat, with his daring empiricism, and flatulent jargon about liberty, appeared in a very advantageous light. Like himself he had tasted the bitter cup of adversity; like himself he had been the dupe of his own feelings, or said he had, which was the same thing. The French, moreover, have often a propensity to sudden and violent likings or antipathies, which, being founded upon the contemplation of one phasis only of a character which must necessarily have several, renders them liable to the charge of changefulness and inconstancy. If men always were what they seem, this mode of proceeding might be judicious; but in the present constitution of things, the more cautious conduct of other nations, which appears exceedingly disagreeable to the French, is the only thing that can save men from the appearance of criminal insincerity or contemptible fickleness. Nothing but the most extraordinary inconsiderateness could ever have betrayed him into " a strict friendship," with a man of so wolfish and unsocial a disposition as Marat, who, in his own profession, was a mere quack, in literature a daring mountebank, in the sciences an insolent pretender to originality, and in politics, which was then the grand theatre for all kinds of experiments, a relentless and bloody-minded miscreant, who held forth the sacred panoply of freedom to conceal a more tyrannical ambition than ever animated the breast of emperor or king. At the time when this caitiff first became known to Brissot, he was night and day engaged in experiments, by which he hoped to overthrow Newton's principles of Optics, not, however, from any particular spleen against our great astronomer, but because he was regarded with respect by the French academicians, for all of whom Marat entertained an unquenchable hatred. Besides, as destiny had not yet intrusted him with the power of murdering the bodies of men; he was compelled to amuse himself, in order to keep his hand in practice in mangling and assassinating their reputation. But it is remarkable, that the rhetorical figures of misanthropy have been so completely exhausted by ancient monsters, that even so rare and original a villain as Marat, when he wished to embody in language the hatred with which the undisguised contempt of his fellow-creatures had inspired him, was compelled to descend to imitation; the most striking of his *bon mots* being nothing but a modification of the celebrated wish of Caligula. Dining one day at the table of the marchioness de Laubépine, whose life he had saved only to render its possessor despicable, several persons endeavoured to console him for the rebuff he had met with the day before from the Academy, which had refused to examine his discoveries upon Light: "have patience," said his comforters, "and in the end you will no doubt obtain your wishes."—"Obtain my wishes," replied he, with a frightful grinding of the teeth—"it is my wish that the whole human race were thrust into one bomb, to which I could set fire, and blow them to pieces!" And this, merely because his literary vanity had been wounded.

Besides Marat, Brissot now became connected more or less intimately with several celebrated individuals; and, among the rest, with Laplace, Lavoisier, Fourcroy, the President Dupaty, and Le Mercier. But literature was insufficient to exhaust the restless activity of Brissot, or rather, perhaps, the remuneration then obtained in France for literary labour was insufficient, when not eked out by the gains of parasitism or satire, to neither of which the mature reason of Brissot would descend, to enable a man with no reputation for wit to provide for his subsistence. He, therefore, was compelled to tax his invention to discover some honest supplement; and in this dilemma nothing more feasible presented itself to his imagination, or, if it did it found no welcome, than a Lyceum, in which all the philosophers of the world should meet together, with a museum which should contain specimens of all the productions of art. London was to be the seat of this mighty establishment, and as it was then, as now, supposed, that our metropolis was the genuine El Dorado of adventurers, Brissot did not doubt that, could he but obtain the active co-operation of some honest Sanchó Panza, with the funds necessary to put the vast machine in motion, an immense fortune might be made by all the parties concerned. That any man in his sober senses should have believed so, seems at this distance of time utterly incredible; but, like Milton's devils speculating upon the chance, that "Space might produce new worlds;" the Quixotes of Paris were just then possessed by the persuasion that with philosophy all things were possible. The *beau ideal* of a philosopher, which obtained at that period, was exactly the same with that which the knight of La Mancha had formed to himself of a genuine knight-errant; he was, in fact, supposed to be a man who perpetually roamed about the world in search of occasions for the exercise of his declamatory powers, or his sensibility; and whose principal delight consisted in clubs and "re-unions." It would be premature to give the result of our hero's experiment in this place. He had now merely admitted the grand idea into his brain, and was looking about for coadjutors. Several presented themselves, some engaging to support it with their influence, others promising golden mountains in the shape of real cash, and all eagerly urging the commencement of the undertaking. The projector, however, was required to show his own earnestness in the business by making a beginning, which being done, he was assured that nothing should be wanting on their part, for the furtherance of his views.

In the midst of all his difficulties our philosopher had ventured to seek the aid of Hymen, and of all the steps which he ever made in his life, this, perhaps, was the wisest. His wife was a woman who possessed the rarest of all qualities, plain good sense, and it was her conversation and advice, which, in the numerous dilemmas in which he was afterwards placed, were his most effectual support. We pass over all the other transactions, in which he was about the same time engaged, whether in France or Switzerland, whither he undertook a journey for the purpose of procuring the support of the "philosophers" of that country for his Lyceum; and take him up again on his arrival in London. Brompton was the suburb selected by Brissot for his private dwelling, this being the spot usually chosen by foreigners, more, perhaps, from the cheapness of rent there, than from the salubrity of the air, which, one would imagine, must be far inferior to that of Hampstead or Highgate. However, Swinton, whom Brissot was not yet determined to shun, and Latour, the Editor of the Courier de l'Europe, resided at Brompton; and it might, he imagined, be advantageous to his grand project to be near those two worthies of the periodical press. Knowing the worthless character of the generality of the French, who had taken refuge in London, he very wisely resolved upon his first arrival to shun all connexion with them; and it would have been well if he had strenuously adhered to this judicious resolution. But without being really attached to each other, all exiles, whether voluntary or involuntary, and more particularly the French, feel an invincible desire to congregate together; and Brissot's stoical determination to rise superior to this weakness, for it was nothing more than weakness, soon gave way before the solicitude shown by his exiled countrymen to be honoured by his acquaintance.

Even Latour, the person with whom he most closely associated, was himself a very equivocal character; but he was too full of vivacity to be hypocritical. At their very first interview he allowed Brissot to discover the stamp of his mind; and launched forth a torrent of invectives against the profession of an editor, against the journal which he edited, against Swinton, against authors, against the whole human race, himself included. He then related his own adventures, without extenuating the bad, without exaggerating the good; and as the former seems to have greatly preponderated, we cannot but experience some surprise that he should ever have stood so high as he appears to have done in the estimation of Brissot. With various other obscure French libellers, who, fearing the Bastile or the galleys, had taken refuge in England, from the pursuit of justice or revenge, our autobiographer now came more or less into contact; but it could answer no useful purpose to record their names or their deeds, both long since justly consigned to oblivion. It should be remarked, however, that many of these miscreants, who some way or another had gained possession of numerous scandalous secrets respecting various distinguished members of the French court, lived upon pensions granted them by their government, which, not being able to hang, imprison, or poison them, was fain ignominiously to purchase their silence.

By degrees Brissot became known to several English literary men, whose acquaintance might very well console him for the loss of that of some of his libellous countrymen. These introductions he owed to the various projects, each as mad as the other, which he had come to London to set on foot, and they were probably the only advantages which he ever derived from any of them. Upon the publication and ill success of his philosophical and political journal, which, to all appearance, was composed in a taste diametrically opposite to that which would have suited the English; he all at once discovered that the principal authors of France were little esteemed, and less read in London, where Voltaire, Rousseau, and Raynal never possessed a hundred readers. Though this fancied discovery might be very soothing to his wounded vanity, it was very far from being correct. Such productions of Voltaire and Rousseau as possess any solid merit have always been extensively popular in England; where the Philosophical History of the East and West Indies was likwise much read, until it was found to contain more errors, perhaps, than facts, and a philosophy which is any thing but philosophical.

Meanwhile his grand, original project was not abandoned :—

> 'That which induced me,' says he, 'to persevere in the intention of establishing a Lyceum at London was the difficulty I experienced in obtaining admission into the cabinets of the learned, and the depositaries of public monuments. I had observed, that in England learned men kept up little communication among themselves, and still less with their brethren of the continent; that being almost wholly unacquainted with our literature, and not knowing the progress we had made in the sciences, they painfully toiled on at the investigation of points which we had completely elucidated; whilst we, on the other hand, knew nothing of their productions, with the exception of a few poems and romances. I imagined, therefore, that I might advance the interests of science in both countries, by bringing their learned men into contact with each other, and at the same time provide myself with useful employment. The "London Lyceum" was to consist of three parts :—first, of a meeting of the learned men of all nations; secondly, of a universal correspondence, which I myself should conduct, and of which I should constitute the centre; and thirdly, of a periodical work, intended to extend the knowledge of English literature.'

The undertaking was commenced—the scanty funds which had been furnished by Desforges, one of the subscribers, were totally dissipated in the Periodical, printed and published, but not sold —Brissot was arrested and thrown into prison by his printer—and thus the grand scheme of gain and glory was dissipated into empty air. All these things, however, though they followed pretty rapidly upon the heels of each other, were not brought about in a day. While his ruin was proceeding, our adventurer enjoyed numerous opportunities of studying or, at least, of seeing some of the literary magnates of the day, such as Gibbon, Priestley, Bentham, Mrs. Macaulay, and Miss. Burney; but although partial upon the whole to the English, he complains bitterly of their want of politeness towards strangers, and above all, towards the French. But, after the picture which he himself has traced of the generality of his countrymen then in London, was it at all surprising that they should be spurned with contempt from the door of every honest man? Politeness towards such persons would have been positively immoral. He, in fact, hit the nail upon the head, when he traced the conduct of the English to the fact of his being a stranger to them—I was a stranger, says he, and this was a reason why I should be suspected. It was feared that the adventurer might be lurking beneath the guise of the philosopher; and it is but too true that experience renders this general suspicion excusable.

This being the case, wherefore complain? His own account sufficiently justifies the stern contempt of our countrymen.

Notwithstanding the prudent reserve of our authors, he by degrees obtained introductions to some of the most celebrated among them. In this number was Kirwan, for whose acquaintance he was indebted to Dr. Maty, who, as editor of a respectable periodical, was freely admitted into all literary parties. Through a species of instinct which fatally impelled him into the society of adventurers of all countries and characters, Brissot now made the acquaintance of one Magellan, a Portuguese priest, who, because while he acknowledged their virtue, he fiercely accused them of want of feeling appeared, in Brissot's eyes, to be profoundly acquainted with the English.

"I will,' says he, "make two exceptions from the general proscription which Magellan pronounced against the English. These two exceptions are Jeremy Bentham and David Williams. If the reader has ever endeavoured to picture in his imagination those rare men whom heaven sometimes sends upon the earth to console mankind for their sufferings, and who, under the imperfections of the human form, conceal the brightness of an etherial nature—such men, for example, as Howard, or Benezet,—he may, perhaps, conceive some idea of my friend Bentham. Candour in the countenance, mildness in the looks, serenity upon the brow, calmness in the language, coolness in the movements, imperturbability united with the keenest feelings—such are his qualities. In describing Howard to me one day, he described himself. Howard had devoted himself to the reform of prisons. Bentham to that of the laws which peopled those prisons. Howard saw nothing, thought of nothing, but prisons. He had renounced all pleasures, all spectacles. Bentham has imitated this illustrious example, but, wanting one enjoyment which Howard possessed, and which blunted the keen shafts of anguish which the sight of dungeon horrors darted into his soul, the merit of the sacrifice offered up by this angel of peace is increased—Bentham is not married. Howard was tenderly attached to his family, and when about to leave them for any of his long journeys he used to impose upon himself a fortnight's voluntary separation, the half of which he passed in solitude. He then returned into the midst of them for a few hours, and departed.

"Bentham knew nothing of me except that I had been unjust towards himself. In my "Theory of Criminal Law," I had spoken very lightly of a profound Dissertation which he had published on the "Punishment of Compulsory Labour inflicted in Houses of Correction." Having learned my address, he came to see me, for the purpose of explaining the motives upon which his opinion was founded. This calm, cool mode of proceeding confounded me. How little did I then appear in my own eyes! I intreated him to honour me with his friendship and advice, both of which he promised me. I frequently visited him in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It should be observed, that in London when any person intends to follow the profession of the law he takes lodgings in some one of those quarters which are set apart, as it were, for barristers and attorneys. Bentham had selected this profession, not with the design of practising it, and acquiring honours or gaining money, but for the purpose of penetrating to the roots of those defects in the jurisprudence of England, a labyrinth through the intricacies of which none but a lawyer can penetrate, which he wished to expose and reform, and which the majority of the profession assiduously wrapped up in mystery, because they derived their subsistence from this confusion and the ignorance of the people.

"Having descended to the bottom of this Trophonian cavern, Bentham was desirous, before proposing his reforms, of rendering himself familiar with the criminal jurisprudence of the other nations of Europe. A prodigious undertaking? But what difficulties can deter the man who is actuated by a desire to promote the public good? The greater number of these codes were accessible only in the languages of the people whom they governed. Bentham successively acquired nearly the whole of those languages. He spoke French well, and understood the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and I saw him acquire the Swedish and the Russian. When he had examined all these wrecks of Gothic law, and collected his materials, he endeavoured to construct a systematic plan of criminal law, founded entirely upon humanity, upon reason, and the nature of things; and it was to this great undertaking that he had for ten years devoted every day of his life. His time was distributed in a regular manner, like that of Kirwan: on rising in the morning he walked out for two or three hours in the fields, after which he returned to his chambers, and breakfasted alone; he then gave himself up to his favourite employment until four o'clock, at which hour he went to dine at his father's house. Although his father was opulent, Bentham lived like a young man of the most ordinary fortune, devoting the savings produced by this rigid economy to the gratification of his insatiable passion for books. I regret that the fruits of so much labour have not yet been laid before the public, but perhaps this delay may have been partly caused by his travels and long stay in Russia. At all events enlightened men may form a correct opinion of the heart and mind of this benefactor of the human race from his "Panopticon," a work which should immortalize his name, and which will immortalize it, when the public shall direct its attention to the state of prisons, and shall examine this work, which is the only one in existence where the secret of reforming men, without tormenting and humiliating them, has ever been disclosed.

'Bentham beheld the breaking forth of our Revolution with pleasure, and while attentively watching its progress, more than once endeavoured to guide its movements by his pen. His excellent work on the formation of tribunals, addressed to the Constitutional Assembly, deserves to be remembered. A hundred copies were sent over in his name by the Marquis of Lansdown. They were received with insipid and reluctant thanks. Larochefocault Liancourt proposed that the work should be translated; but Sièyes who ruled despotically in the committees, and who did not agree with the opinions of Bentham, probably because he himself had not originated them, caused the proposal to be rejected. Bentham, however, was not discouraged, but composed another most ingenious and rational dissertation upon the mode of collecting suffrages without bribery or tumult. The pamphlet dropped into oblivion, because our countrymen refused to profit by his experience or his science. Nevertheless, towards the close of the session, the Legislative Assembly, upon the motion of the extraordinary commission of which I was President, gave him a public mark of its esteem by conferring upon him the title of French Citizen; and the Convention has since passed an equally honourable decree upon the occasion of his presenting it with a copy of his Panopticon. But it is not such thanks that can confer genuine satisfaction upon this benefactor of humanity. To thank him properly would be to adopt his views. Alas! how keenly must Bentham regret that they should hitherto lie a prey to forgetfulness.'

So wrote Brissot in 1793. His editor in 1830 observes,—

'A few years ago Jeremy Bentham was in Paris, and we were enabled to ascertain that the portrait which Brissot has given of him is by no means exaggerated. Never did a noble countenance, or a more venerable head, present to the eye the material type of loftier virtues or a purer soul; nor was so prodigious a reputation ever more justly merited. Bentham should not only be regarded as one of the profoundest lawyers that ever lived, but as one of those philosophers who have done most towards the enlightening of the human race, and for the advancement of liberty in his own times. It is to Stephen Dumont, (of whom we have recently been deprived by death) that France and the rest of Europe are indebted for the knowledge of some of the most important works of Bentham. For, strange to say, his Tactics of Popular Assemblies, and even his Theory of Rewards and Punishments, published in French by Dumont, have not yet appeared in the language of the author. It would seem that, content with observing the progress of knowledge and happiness accelerated by his labours, he disdains to covet all the glory for himself.'

Notwithstanding the anathema pronounced by the priest Magellan against our literary men, on account of their pride and unsociableness, Brissot as we have already observed, found considerable amenity and facility in their manners, though he does not appear quite willing to confess it. Upon his meeting with Priestley at the house of Kirwan, the redoubtable controversialist, who in his public disputes seemed so fierce and warlike, was found to be a mild, agreeable man, firm in his own opinions, indeed, but willing to listen to the opinions of others, and overflowing with benevolence and an ardent love of liberty. With Dr. Price, whom Burke affected to regard with so much disdain, although a distinguished foreign writer [Buhle, *Hist.*

of Modern Philosophy] who scarcely, we believe, condescends to mention Burke's reveries upon the Sublime and Beautiful, regards as one of the first of our moralists, Brissot did not become acquainted until long afterwards, in America, when he imagined himself in the presence of Socrates, so great was the veneration which the countenance of this great man inspired.

Another distinguished individual to whom Brissot became known during his stay in England, was Lord Mansfield, whom he describes as a polite, obliging person, peculiarly indulgent towards foreigners. The French are all partial to anecdotes, and our author, who in this resembles the rest of his countrymen, tells one of Lord Mansfield, which, if not already acquainted with it, the reader we think, will not be sorry to learn. Upon going the circuit Lord Mansfield one day had a poor old woman brought before him under an accusation of witchcraft. Though exceedingly infirm, it was asserted by all the inhabitants of the village in which she resided, whose positiveness was in all probability proportioned to the absurdity of what they advanced, that she had been seen walking with her feet in the air, and her head downwards; and the witnesses exhibited the utmost eagerness that she should be punished as a witch. The judge, after listening with the greatest composure to the depositions of the witnesses, observed with a grave and solemn countenance.—"Since you have seen this poor woman, walking in the air, though her legs are scarcely able to support her upon the earth, I can of course entertain no doubt of the fact. But this witch is an Englishwoman, and subject, as well as you and I to the laws of England, every one of which I have just ran over in my mind, without being able, I assure you, to hit upon any one which prohibits persons from walking in the air, if they should find it convenient. All those persons, therefore, who have seen the accused perform her aerial promenades are at liberty to imitate her example; they have an undoubted right to do so, and I will guarantee the most perfect impunity. They shall no more be considered guilty than this woman, whom I now pronounce innocent, and command that she be set at liberty."

Of all the subjects upon which a foreigner attempts to form a judgment, when among a nation of strangers, the one which seems at first the least difficult to appreciate is that which in the end most usually foils his penetration; that is, the literature of the country. Brissot seems to have understood our language tolerably well, sufficiently, indeed, in his own opinion, to justify his undertaking to translate Milton into French—yet, when he comes to speak of our great poets, Pope, Young, and

Shakespeare, (for that is the order in which they are named) seem to be placed exactly upon a par as writers whose lofty thoughts and brilliant style could not fail to delight and elevate the soul. Lillo is enumerated with Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger; and although Colman, Hayley, and Mason are said to be inferior to their illustrious predecessors, they are not spoken of as moving at any mighty distance from Shakespeare and Milton! But considering the way in which the generality always view their contemporaries, these misapprehensions with respect to the merit of writers whom he could know but very imperfectly, are not at all to be wondered at; and we mention them merely to show to what egregious mistakes people are liable when they pretend, upon the strength of a hasty acquaintance with a few of its authors, to pronounce upon the merits of a foreign literature. Some of the imperfections and absurdities of the scribbling generation he could not fail to remark, partly because they jarred upon his national feelings, partly because they were too conspicuous to be missed. For example, he mentions with just scorn those bombastic odes, grovelling epistles, and gross satires, or still grosser eulogies, addressed to the ministers and placemen of the day, in which the "generals of Albion" were compared with Cæsar (an usurping tyrant), while those of France were degraded to the rank of Lilliputians; and expresses well-founded surprise at the prevalence of so extraordinary a poverty of invention, and so wretchedly vulgar a taste. We regret that such things should be, but are not surprised. The race of mental Lilliputians is still far from being extinct on either side of the channel; and as long as these dwarf-minded people survive, and they appear to be a tough race, so long will petty nationalities, and a paltry, narrow-minded mode of viewing every thing of foreign growth be in fashion.

Upon the heels of this tirade against one species of vanity comes a passage, in which our worthy philosopher without perceiving it, no doubt exhibits himself indulging in the common failing with as visible a degree of complacency as any of the Lilliputians whom he had been overwhelming with his contempt could have shown. "One of the most distinguished literary men, " says he," with whom I came into contact during my stay in London, was the author of the 'History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' He was a little man, broader than he was long, and remarkable for the extreme ugliness and deformity of his whole person; a childish observation, which I should not have made had not the character of our first conversation, which wholly turned upon his features, naturally given rise to it. I had undertaken to furnish certain notices for an Historical Gallery, to which Marmontel and Laharpe had contributed; and with these notices portraits were given. My business with Gibbon was to request permission to engrave his portrait, which a celebrated artist had lately painted, and at the same time to beg that he would himself draw up the notice of his life, since no one could do it better. This he promised to do, and, although he made me wait too long for the result of his promise, I could perceive that he was no less pleased to transmit to posterity the memoirs of his life than the features of his singular visage." So, then, it appeared to Brissot that the having his portrait and memoirs inserted in the Historical Gallery, "to which Marmontel and Laharpe had contributed," was Gibbon's only chance of rendering his memoirs known to posterity! Amazing blindness! This Historical Gallery has been already overwhelmed by oblivion, while Gibbon's Memoirs are become a popular book in our language, with which, in all probability, they will be co-lasting.

However, these little slips of vanity do no harm. They only show that a man may sometimes assume the name of philosopher, and perhaps deserve it under many points of view, without acquiring an exemption from ordinary frailties. Shortly after this, Brissot's pecuniary embarrassments, which were the constant curse of his life, compelled him to relinquish the idea of opening a correspondence with the philosophers of all nations, together with the Lyceum, and the Periodical, and to return disappointed and forlorn to Paris. Here, while he was revolving in his mind, embittered and depressed by misfortune, the various means which presented themselves of providing for himself and his family, which circumstances had constrained him to leave behind in London in extreme distress, he was pounced upon by the harpies of despotism, and plunged in the dungeons of the Bastille. His crime, as he afterwards learned, was the having criticized the works of D'Aguesseau in a tone of levity; a sufficient reason, in the eye of the Government, why he should be kidnapped and confined, and his family, which depended upon his exertions, reduced, for aught they knew or cared, to want a mouthful of bread! Upon his release from confinement, which took place in about two months, and was in part owing to the influence of Madame de Genlis, Brissot, now more than ever inflamed against despotism, flung himself headlong into the revolutionary torrent; became closely connected with Mirabeau, Clavieres, and other advocates of freedom, some of whom were sincere, others not. This portion of his Memoirs, however, though it undoubtedly throws considerable light upon the secret history of the period, and might consequently be useful to the historian, possesses none of those charms which several other portions of the volume exhibit; and accordingly we stop short here. When the third and fourth volumes, in which his career as a traveller and politician is to be described, shall make their appearance, we may again return to the subject, and complete the picture of the life of this able but unfortunate man.

ART. VI.—*Traditions of Palestine.* Edited by Harriet Martineau. 12mo. Longman and Co. 1830.

THIS is a singular little work: the novelty of its conception bespeaks the originality of the authoress's mind; while its character bespeaks the habitual complexion of her thoughts and pursuits. To say that it is an imitation of the New Testament would be to do an injustice to the writer, who has too much real piety to make the attempt; but the manner and language of the Evangelists is so closely followed, that it requires all her evident humility of spirit and christian sincerity, to prevent its being included among Mr. Hone's list of grave parodies.

The 'Traditions of Palestine' might, in short, be taken for an apocryphal book of the New Testament. After the manner of the Evangelists the writer narrates certain events (each event embraced in a separate chapter), such as may be supposed to have been contemporaneous, and connected with the preaching of the gospel. One marked distinction is alone maintained: the Messiah is never himself introduced personally, and though we hear of many of his acts, the authoress reverently abstains from attributing to him any act for which she has not a sacred warrant.

The 'Traditions of Palestine' are ranged under the following heads:—"The Hope of the Hebrew," "Life in Death," "Songs of Praise," "The Wilderness Gladdened," "Behold thy Son," "The Hour of Rest," "Alas! that mighty City."

"The Hope of the Hebrew" is a series of scenes between a young Syrian named Sadoc and his sister, with Paltiel and others. They have heard the Teacher, and their hearts are stirring with wonder and curiosity: they have come out with the early dawn from Capernaum, in order once more to fall in with the mysterious Being, whose words of power have sunk with such force upon them.

'The ruddy dawn was breaking over the summits of the mountains which enclose the lake of Genesareth on the eastern side, when Sadoc and his sister Michal came forth from Capernaum, to walk on the beach, which was yet as silent as it had been during the night. They walked quickly, and were mute, till the city was hidden from them by the projection of a hill, whose base was washed by the waves. They then paused, and gazed on a scene which they were wont to behold, but which now appeared in more than ordinary beauty. The deep vale, in which the lake lay embosomed, was yet reposing in a grey shadow, while the radiance of the morning streamed through the clefts of the opposite mountains, and crimsoned the tops of the western hills. The cedar groves which were scattered on the uplands, and the palms which were grouped among the recesses of the hills, waved their tops in the light cool breeze. The stork winged her slow flight above the groves, while the eagle arose from the highest summit of the rocks, like a dark speck in the sunlight. An aromatic scent spread among the flowering reeds on the borders of the lake, except where a sandy promontory jutted out into the waters, affording an advantageous situation for the fishers, whose boats were seen, here and there, floating on the rippled surface, and whose nets were spread to dry in the morning sun.

'Sadoc and his sister directed their steps to one of these promontories, whence they could gain an extensive view of the shores, and could even discern the issue of Jordan from the southern end of the lake. The few habitations which were distinctly visible, presented no sign of life without or within. No human being was in sight; and if the maiden looked around her in search of such a form, her search was vain.

'"He cannot yet have passed," said Michal, "though it is said that he sometimes departs by night. It was full late when he dismissed the people, and perhaps he will yet remain another day."

'"I would we could speak with him," replied her brother, "or at least that we could hear his teachings once again."

'"My father fears lest we should do so," said Michal, "except in the synagogue. If he would return on the next sabbath, we might hear him again without blame; and I surely believe that no man besides can explain the law and the prophets with such truth and power as he."

'"His words alone would have awakened me as I am now awakened," said Sadoc; "but his works also show, that he is a prophet from on high."

'"Yet our father will not behold nor believe."

'"He will not see nor listen, because he is sure that no prophet can arise out of Nazareth. How this may be, I know not; but I know that by Jehovah alone can such a power of healing be given."

'"My father says, also, that in the Temple, with great power and grandeur, must the Deliverer appear."

'"So have we always believed, and so it may be. This Teacher may be but the forerunner of the Mighty One, and not the Messiah himself as some say. We must know more before we can reason with our father; but I believe, and will declare this Teacher to be a prophet."

'"He comes!" exclaimed Michal, as she saw the figure of a man advancing from the hill which hid the city from them. "But, no!

he would not depart alone." "It is our friend Paltiel," said Sadoc, as the man approached. "He is come for the same purpose as ourselves. Didst thou observe how he listened to the words of the Teacher?"

' "I observed nothing," replied Michal. Paltiel seated himself on a stone beside his friends, and their discourse was still of the Teacher. —pp. 1—4.

A conversation ensues; the party is joined by a Nazarene well acquainted with the history of Jesus, and by an aged man and his daughter, upon the former of whom a miracle has been performed. They move on, loitering, in the hope of encountering the Teacher.

' Now, as the eyes of the travellers turned towards the mountain, they saw that its wonted stillness and solitude were disturbed. Groups of people were hastening in all directions over the plain towards Tabor; and on the mountain itself, moving figures could already be discerned. The three companions looked at each other, while joy flashed from their eyes, and they immediately quickened their pace, regardless of the increasing heat. As soon as they arrived within hearing of some who were hastening in the same direction with themselves, they rejoiced at the sound of eager voices, exclaiming, "The Teacher," "The Prophet," "Jesus, the Son of David." From that moment Sadoc heard and saw nothing of what passed around him. His whole soul was in his eyes, and they were fixed on the outlines of the Mount, where the objects became every moment more distinct. On the masses of rock were people seated. Groups stood beneath the trees. A multitude filled a shaded recess. Every moment the numbers were increased. Hundreds poured through every passage of the rocks. Thousands toiled up the steep pathway. Sadoc listened for voices of praise, for his own heart longed to break forth into singing; but no sound was heard but the rushing of busy feet over the plain. He looked yet again, he shaded his eyes with his hands, that he might see more distinctly, and he beheld, at length, one who sat apart from the assembled multitude, and above them; one to whom all faces were turned, to whom access appeared impossible, from the throngs which surrounded him. A dimness came over the sight of Sadoc as he gazed. He dropped his head, and covered his face with his mantle, while, with his companions, he turned towards Jerusalem, and exclaimed, "Now with joy shall we draw water out of the wells of salvation. Exult, O Zion! for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee!" '—pp. 23—25.

In the "Life in Death," we again find Sadoc full of the spirit which has been infused into him by the Teacher: he is watching in a vessel on the sea of Tiberias when a storm comes on, which is appeased by spiritual agency.

' The night was stormy, and rough winds swept over the sea of Tiberias, raising the waves and scattering the spray as if it had been the sand of the desert. The moon had set, and the stars were fading before the grey dawn which began to open in the east, while the deep shadows yet lay upon the face of the waters. Even at this hour, when the wild animals were couched in the caves of the rock, and the birds nestled on the pine boughs which were tossed by the blast, man was abroad to contend with nature. In the midst of the deep, there were vessels rocking and pitching upon the waves, and men were labouring, with oar and rudder, to master the strength of the elements. In one of these lay Sadoc, the son of Imri. He had toiled at the oar with his companions during part of the night. About the fourth watch he became weary, and giving his place to another, he retired to the stern, to watch in stillness the event of the storm. He was chilled by the spray which dashed over him, and his soul was awed by the roaring of the winds and waters. He looked towards the east; the dawn was there, but it brightened not; and the dim grey light only shewed the white surges as they broke against the sides of the vessel. Sadoc felt as if alone in the midst of the sea, when the passing gust brought to his ear the voices of men, and told him that others also were struggling in fear. He rose, and attempted to stand firm while the stern was uplifted on the wave, he gazed in the direction whence the voices came. He saw nothing, and again sat down to wait for day; but as he turned, he beheld somewhat moving amidst the showers of spray. Garments fluttered in the blast, and a form like that of a man was shadowed forth to the eye of Sadoc. It glided not on the wind, nor was tossed like one who swims, but made for itself a path among the billows which rolled aside at its approach, and in an instant closed again. It passed onwards and disappeared. Sadoc leaned over the side of the vessel, and was well nigh swallowed up by the surge, when a hand drew him back, and his companions asked wherefore he despised his life, and cared not for safety.

' "Behold! a spirit hath passed," was his reply, as he gazed once more towards the rising of the wind. His companions gazed also, and they beheld a sudden light break upon the waters, where a vessel like their own was crossing the deep. Two men were at the moment ascending the side of the ship, round which a sudden calm was spreading. It spread rapidly afar. The wind breathed its last sigh and was hushed. The waters also were still, and the foam which settled on their surface, alone told that a storm had passed away. The golden sunbeams shot up into the clear firmament from behind the mountains; the lightest reed on the margin of the lake bowed not its head; and over the glittering radiance of morning brooded the silence of night.'—pp. 27-29.

It was the Teacher whom Sadoc had beheld as a Spirit: in going once more, in the hope of an opportunity of again listening to his words, he meets with an old servant of his father's house who is sent to recal him from his wanderings.

'The man bowed not himself till he came so near as to lay hold of Sadoc's garment, the border of which he kissed and placed upon his forehead. Sadoc raised him and touched his cheek, saying, '"Wherefore art thou come hither, Elochi? The court of my father's house is a fitter place for thee. Thy staff will scarce uphold thine age, and thy scrip is a burthen to thee."

'"Thy father mourneth that thou hast not returned for so long; and I came forth to seek thee, Sadoc, and entreat thee to carry back joy to thine habitation."

'"Hath the hand of the Lord smitten any whom I love? Is all well with my father and my mother? Is it well with Michal?"

'"All is well; and Michal, thy sister, bade me tell thee that she alone hath not sorrowed for thine absence, for she alone knew wherefore thou hast tarried. But thy mother pineth for thee, and thy father beseecheth the Lord for thee that thou mayest be no more deluded by a false prophet."

'"False he is not," replied Sadoc, "and I will know whether he be the Messiah indeed, before I go back to my father's house."

'"Nay, but thy father's anger is fierce against thee."

'"It will be so no more when he shall acknowledge the Teacher," replied Sadoc.

'"Yet let his sorrow move thee, if thou fearest not his anger," said the old man. "He weepeth for thee. Be thou his comforter."'

Sadoc yields to the old man's entreaties and returns; in the court he finds his sister playing with an infant: the peculiar manner in which this little creature is regarded, excites the attention of Sadoc; and he learns from his sister, that the child has been an object on whom the miraculous power of the Lord has been exercised: it has been restored to life from death.

'It was mid-day when Sadoc reached his father's house, after a toilsome journey of many hours. He entered while the household were reposing from the heat, in the inner apartments. Michal alone was not on her couch. She reclined beside the fountain in the court. The coolness of the water was more refreshing, and its rippling in the marble basin, more soothing to her than sleep. With her was a little child, the first-born of one of the servants of the household. Sadoc gazed on them for a moment from the porch, before he came forth to greet his sister. A smile was upon her lips as the child sported beside her. Her hand grasped him while he dipped his foot in the marble basin, and she laughed silently while she sprinkled him with drops from the fountain. When he began to shout aloud in his mirth, she lifted up her finger and hushed him, lest he should awaken the sleepers. His tongue could not yet speak the accents of men, but the murmurs of his infant voice were sweet, as he sprang upon her bosom, and hid his face in the folds of her garment. When she saw some one moving within the porch, she hastily drew her veil over her face, and arose.

'"The blessing of Jehovah be upon thee, Michal, my sister!" said Sadoc, as he advanced. "O, my brother! is it thou?" replied Michal, while the flush of joy crimsoned her cheek. "A blessing be upon thy coming in, as there doubtless was upon thine outgoing! Mine eyes rejoice to behold thee,—and my heart yearneth for tidings, This hour is for thee and me. Hasten to refresh thyself and come hither."

'Sadoc cast himself down beside the fountain, and sought not yet other refreshment than his sister's words. She prepared him for reproof from his father, and besought him to be patient. She asked him of the Teacher, and he poured out his soul to her. He answered when Michal asked of mighty works, of the sick that were healed, and of the sorrowing hearts which, by power from on high, were made to sing for joy; but there were other things in which he rejoiced yet more. He told her how the long-promised kingdom drew nigh, and how sure were its blessing, and glories, though they must be won by toils and sorrows. He repeated the words of the Teacher, and they were glad together over some which were full of promise; they pondered together some which were mysterious; they sighed together over some few sayings which seemed at variance with the sanctified word of Jehovah. While listening to such, Sadoc had feared to offer himself as one of the twelve men whom Jesus had chosen to be his companions and his helpers, in his doctrine and his works. While listening to such, Sadoc had resolved to know all before he should seek to convert his father's household; and he now grieved that he should have nothing to answer, if his father should question him concerning them. No preparation was yet made against the Roman conquerors; and the words of the prophet tended to lower the confidence of the chosen people, and to subvert some of their customs, which were sanctified by tradition, and the authority of the scribes.

'Sadoc beheld how his sister's eye still rested on the child, while they talked. He marvelled that she should have eyes or attention for any but himself, at this time. She started when the little one escaped from her grasp; and she gazed on his face with tenderness, and, as it seemed, with awe.

'"Hast thou no other hour for sport with the little one?" said Sadoc gravely. "I fear lest thou shouldest not have gathered up all the words of the Prophet which I have repeated to thee; for thine eyes have been fixed on the face of the child, and thine hand hath controlled his sports from the first moment of our greeting."

'"I have heard all, my brother, and I have listened with a deeper love, because this little one hath been upon my knees. When I think of our Prophet, this child is a sign of his presence unto me; and when thou goest in to plead with my father, thou shalt take the little one in thine arms, and he shall confirm thy words."

'Sadoc understood not, and gazed at his sister in doubt.

'Michal held up the child's face towards him, and said,

'"Salute his cheek, but bless him not. It is rather his part to bless thee. He is sanctified; he is not as one of us. He hath been called out of the world, and by the power of the Lord restored to it again. He hath come forth again from God, pure as on the day of his first birth; therefore do I feel, that the spirit of God is yet newly breathed into him, and therefore do I look upon so young a child with awe."

'Sadoc silently took the child between his knees, and bowed his head unto him. The little one clasped his neck, and a light laugh rang through the court. Tears fell fast among his bright locks, as Sadoc pressed him more closely to his bosom.

' "We will nurture him tenderly," said Michal, "and when he is grown, he shall be devoted to the Lord, even as Samuel. He shall declare in the temple what Jehovah hath done for him. He was in a deeper sleep than Samuel ever slept, when the Lord spake, and his young servant heard."

' "Not only in the temple shall he declare it," replied Sadoc, "but wherever the prophet shall be known. O, tell me, my sister, tell me if he hath been here."

' "He hath not, Sadoc. This child, the first-born of Rachel, had languished many days, and on the sabbath before the last, we hoped no more that he could live. His limbs, which now embrace thee, were stretched out powerless; his lips, which now press thine, were drawn apart by his last struggle with death. I watched beside him with his mother. She covered her face when his sighs were heard no more. I felt that his heart beat not. I lifted his cold hand, and it dropped lifeless. When I heard the wailings of his mother, I cried, 'Would that the Prophet had been here!' Then Rachel stifled her grief, and wrapped the child in her mantle, and departed with her husband, to seek the help which her faith deserved."

' "And didst thou not follow?"

' "Alas! my father mocked at our faith, and forbade me going forth, and told how Rachel would return mourning, as she went out. I held my peace and watched, fearing only lest the Prophet should have departed. For two long days I heard no tidings; two nights my father asked with a smile, where was the child. Twice I watched at dawn from the house-top, for the approach of a multitude, or the sound of well-known voices. Twice I prayed through the watches of the night, that this child might be raised up to glorify the Lord, and to bring faith unto our household. On the third day at even ——"

' "He lived, he came! Speak, Michal!"

' "On the third day at even I slept, for I was faint with watching. The murmur of voices awoke me, and I looked from my lattice into the court. The slaves had gathered together round the fountain, I knew not wherefore. At the sound of my voice they turned, and lo! in the midst this child stood alone, no longer wasted with sickness, but even as thou seest him now. I had had faith while I saw him not, that he would indeed live again; but now that I beheld him, he seemed as a spirit. His eyes were fixed on the lattice, and he moved not; but when I unveiled my face, he stretched his arms towards me, and I knew by his cry of joy, that he was indeed the child whom I had mourned."

These extracts, from the two first pieces, as beautiful in composition as they are chaste in conception, will give an adequate idea of the general scope of the author's peculiar design. The subjects of the other scenes of course vary: in their tone, they are precisely similar to the two we have extracted from; and several, if they do not excel them in the placid beauty of their style, in the richness of their imagery, in the admirable propriety with which they adhere to Syrian manners, at least are equal in these high qualities, and present them under new aspects. We would select from among them for its force of painting, and for the strange beauty of its subject, "The Wilderness Gladdened." It is the healing of the lepers by prayer.

What a country is England! where a young lady may put forth a book like this—quietly, modestly, and without the apparent consciousness of doing any extraordinary act, and what is more, where talent and knowledge are so universal and so generally reckoned upon, that others see as little to be surprised at in the circumstance, and receive the boon with the indifference of an ordinary courtesy.

ART. VII.—*Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, instituted January* 1827. (Reports and Prospectus 1830.) London. Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy, and C. Knight.

ALL our readers are doubtless aware that in the year 1827, a Society was instituted for the "Diffusion of Useful Knowledge among the People." "The object of the Society," says their prospectus, "is strictly limited to what its title imports, namely the imparting useful information to all classes of the community, particularly to such as are unable to avail themselves of experienced teachers or may prefer learning by themselves." Again in the same prospectus, it is stated that "it is the object of this Society to aid the progress of those branches of general knowledge only, which can be diffused among all classes of the community." From these passages, and from the general tenor of the Society's statements, as well as from the proposed cheapness of their publications, the public were led to believe, that the great object of the Society's endeavours, would be, to instruct those who are, for distinction's sake, denominated the people. The Society has in many cases since asserted, that such was really their chief aim; and in the Address of their Committee on the 20th of May 1830, the question is discussed, "whether the matter of several of these treatises (viz. those published by the Society) may still be thought by some above the level of that numerous class of readers whose information the Committee have especially in view."

To effect this their purpose, the Society proposed to publish periodically certain treatises, "under the direction and with the sanction of a superintending Committee."

The various publications of the Society now are divided into the following classes, 1. Treatises of Useful Knowledge. 2. Those that are termed the Farmer's Series. 3. The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. 4. Maps. 5. Almanacks. 6. Tables relating to Benefit Societies. 7. Journal of Education. 8. Working Man's Companion.

Such was the end proposed by the Society (and none could be more important) and such was the sort of machinery which they employed to attain that end.

The object of the present article is, to learn the extent of their success in the execution of the plan thus proposed.

When endeavouring to educate a man or set of men, the first inquiry made by a wise teacher is, what are the circumstances on which the welfare of the given individual or individuals will eventually be mainly dependent; what, in other words, will probably be their situation in life and what circumstance chiefly influence the happiness of that situation. By this means he learns the knowledge which is most essential to these persons —he learns in fact the end which as a teacher he ought to have in view, what knowledge he ought to endeavour to impart. The next inquiry is as to the means of imparting it; what mode is most efficient to the attainment of his end. In order that he may be enabled properly to frame these means, he must inquire into the actual state of the individual to be taught: he must discover the degree of his knowledge, his frame of mind, his feelings, his prejudices, his habits, his wants; in short his whole situation moral, physical, and intellectual, should to the greatest possible extent, be learned by him about to undertake the task of instruction, otherwise the wrong sort of knowledge will be conceived to be necessary, and the wrong means taken to impart it. It is evident, for example, that the instruction requisite for a savage must be of a description totally different from that which is needed by an ignorant member of a civilized community. To reclaim a man from the wild life of the forest, to teach him the benefits of union into a social body, is not the same task, as raising from the lethargy of his ignorance the degraded member of a society already formed, who knows full well the power of the law—who from habit yields it obedience—who knows no other state, than that of men united together into a political society; and who is ignorant of, and sighs not for, the precarious yet exquisite delights of a roaming, independent savage. Again, to enlighten the embruted labourer of a civilized community requires far different means and matter of instruction from those necessarily called for in imparting knowledge to him whose mind has already been trained and accustomed to intellectual labour; who has learned the main circumstances on which his welfare depends, and who pants after further knowledge as the certain means of bettering his condition.

Moreover a wise teacher, having learned the probable station and actual condition of the individual to be taught, will be greatly influenced in his manner of instruction, by the fact of that individual being an adult or a child: for although, whether he be a man or a child, the first great object must be the same, viz. to create in him a desire for instruction, yet there is a grand difference between the child and the man as respects the mode to be employed in creating such a desire. The child requires for the most part amusement and excitement, in order that he be rendered laborious, docile, and willing; but a man must be made to feel, that knowledge will have an immediate influence on his well-being. The amusing tales, the varied picture of the fortunes of mankind, as depicted in the romances called histories, which delight a child's imagination, and which by degrees lure him from one step to another, silently creating a habit of study, and thus eventually a desire to be instructed—these things would be rejected by the man, intent on his own immediate wants, pressed by misfortunes, and seeking for relief. That which interests him, that which will alone be listened to by him, is that which promises him relief.

When "The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" first entered upon its labours, what was the situation of "those numerous classes of the population whose information the Committee had especially in view?" What may be supposed to have been the results of an inquiry into their situation conducted upon the principles above indicated? What, in other words, was their position in society; what the circumstances on which their welfare chiefly depended, what of these could be influenced by education? What, in fact, was the matter of instruction which they first needed? What besides was the situation of the people, physical, intellectual and moral—In other words what instruction could they, should they have received. The following we believe to be a correct though general description of the mental, moral, and physical, state of the people of this country at that period,—a mental and moral state dependent chiefly on the physical circumstances by which they were surrounded. The knowledge which they required will be learned, first from a consideration of the situation which they held in society, the part which they were called upon to perform, and secondly from the description of the moral and intellectual condition which immediately follows. The means of instructing people so situated, will be the second and main practical matter of inquiry.

The community at large may be divided, as regards education, into two distinct classes, the one being composed of persons the main business of whose youth, has been the receiving instruction; the second being composed of those with whom the receiving of instruction has been during youth a matter of secondary if any consideration. With the moral and intellectual state of the first class, our present purpose has no concern: our business now is with that far more numerous section who, from deficiency in means, that is in money-means, have been imperfectly educated.

The members of this class, though connected by the one circumstance of being imperfectly educated, are still exceedingly dissimilar on all the points which we are now endeavouring to investigate. The small shopkeeper or the skilled mechanic, is a being widely distinguished from the husbandman. He is a person having wants of a higher description, his mind though comparatively uninstructed is of a much more elevated order, than that of the poor agricultural hind;—and even when pressed by want, and broken down by misery, from the mere fact of living in a crowded city, the mechanic is always, and must always, be as compared with the agricultural labourer in the same want and misery, to a high degree intelligent and sagacious. The character of his mind is one usually well fitted to receive instruction, while that of the labourer is for the most part stubborn and intractable. Not only is the sum of knowledge, then, different in these two classes of men, but so also is their whole mental condition. The one set are eager after instruction and value it highly, the others are careless respecting it, because ignorant of its importance. The persons usually termed operatives added to the various tradesmen living in town, may be considered as completely bisecting the portion of the population of whom we are now speaking, and as forming a distinct class, while the agricultural labourers may be viewed as the remaining section, and by their habits, by their degree of knowledge, their physical condition, also forming a distinct class.

When viewing the situation of these two sections of the population, it must be evident, that however different may be their mental and moral culture, the welfare of their condition is dependent mainly on the same set of circumstances—that their own influence over those circumstances is nearly, if not precisely, the same, and that, consequently, the *matter* of instruction that ought to be received by them is identical, however different should be the *manner* in which it should be conveyed.

All these persons live by the wages of labour; and in proportion to the amount of these wages, is the happiness they are enabled to enjoy. On this single circumstance their whole condition depends; an error on this matter is a fatal error, fraught with woe and misery not only to themselves, but also to the whole community. The first grand subject, then, on which the labouring population ought to be instructed, is, what are the circumstances on which the rate of wages depends. The knowledge of these circumstances must precede anything like comfort in their condition, and consequently must precede the acquirement of any knowledge that has not an immediate and palpable application to obtaining the means of subsistence. It may safely be asserted, that considering the situation of the labouring classes, with a desire to discover the knowledge most important to them, that which ought most immediately to be conveyed, that most fertile in beneficial consequences, is a knowledge of the various circumstances on which the rate of wages depends; how and to what extent these are under their own control; how intimately they are connected with their own happiness, and that of all whom they hold dear.

This knowledge is, and must be, the foundation-stone of all others; without it the labourer must be poor, must be miserable, must be degraded. If he have it not, all attempts to better his condition (all attempts not based upon imparting this instruction) must be futile.

The subject matter of instruction here proposed embraces a wide field. In it are included the importance of the existence of property, and by necessary implication, of government, and of rules of morality. The necessary obedience to law, the necessary practice of virtuous conduct, of frugality, kindness, and beneficence. In short, to this one subject, many, if not most of all the general portions of the moral sciences are closely allied.

When the labouring population have been made to comprehend what influence is exercised by wages over their own happiness, when they have learned in how much that rate depends on their own conduct, in how much on that of other men; when by this means (the only effectual means) they are made to see the necessity of a strict adherence to morality and law, and are consequently made moral, and obedient, and easy in their condition, then is the time when we may hope to succeed in conveying a knowledge of those physical sciences, on which also their welfare, as well as that of the community at large, is so greatly dependent. Let no one, however, suppose it to be here asserted that the various classes of knowledge above mentioned may not go hand in hand, and in great measure be imparted at one and the same time. This it is by no means our intention to assert; all knowledge is closely united, and to a certain extent its various branches may commodiously be acquired together. But any plan of instructing the labouring population, not based upon the principle of giving them the key to the understanding of the circumstances on which immediately their welfare must depend, has failed, must, and will for ever fail.

But on these vital questions, what was the state of the people's knowledge in the year 1827, the period at which the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge began its labours. Then, as now, the people were profoundly ignorant, and vehemently prejudiced.* Then, as now, blinded by their misery, they attributed their distress to circumstances, which had little, often no influence on their condition; they were irritated, hostile to existing institutions, hostile in many ways to the existence of property, careless as regards the law, and often justly, though blindly inimical to it, from peculiar defects extending their hatred to the very being of law. Moreover they were then, as now, in direful distress. To alleviate this distress, combinations against machinery were entered into, quack remedies were propounded, in order to remodel society (and these futile, idle dreamings, were greedily swallowed) the misery and the ignorance have continued, irritation has increased; oppression has been practised; still greater hostility was the consequence, riotous assemblages, forcible raising of wages, open attacks on private property, breaking machines, firing barns and ricks, have at length succeeded. Every man gifted with common forethought could foresee most of these dreadful results. The instructed saw, and declared, that the misery of the people would drive them to desperation; they saw, and they declared, that this misery was produced in great measure by circumstances over which the labourer had himself the control; that the only means to rescue him from that misery was, to instruct him as to the causes of it; and that the amelioration of the government, bad as it is, and bad they well knew it to be, must be a matter of secondary consideration; that the best government, excepting in so far as it would educate the people, would be unable to rescue them from the misery into which they had fallen.

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* In the Bolton Chronicle of April 8, 1826, there is a distinct proposal that the legislature should affix a minimum of wages. This, from a careful perusal of the proceedings of the various bodies of the manufacturing labourers, we may safely assert was a favourite doctrine amongst the labouring population at that period. They ascribed their miseries almost wholly to the cupidity of their masters, and totally overlooked the true causes of their distress. In the same paper is an address to Mr. Peel, by the weavers, in which the power-looms are said to have struck the grand blow at the happiness of the poor, and to have worked incalculable injury to the country; and "they protest against such innovations, as sapping the foundations of society." April 24 of the same year, at Blackburn, a mob attacked the factory of Messrs. Eccles and Co., for the sole purpose of destroying the power-looms. The soldiers were called in, and two people shot. At Accrington a similar attack was made on the factory of Messrs. Sykes. In fact, throughout the whole manufacturing districts, the same spirit prevailed, and constant disturbance was the consequence. The misery of the people at this period was absolutely dreadful, a very large portion of them being unemployed. A universal demand at this period was for a repeal of the Corn-laws; but as might have been expected, the desires of the poor, whether wrong or right, were then, as now, wholly disregarded. In the Morning Chronicle of May 1, 1826, in commenting on these various disturbances, it is said, "It is much to be wished that correct views with respect to machinery, were generally entertained." In place of this instruction, and in place of repealing the Corn-laws, the ministers being seriously alarmed, called out the soldiers, and for that time settled the matter by the bayonet. In an affair at Chadderton, (to use a military phrase as applicable to the matter) six men and one woman were killed. If any one will take the trouble to read the accounts respecting the misery and want of the people in 1826, as contained in the papers of the time, he will soon have a vivid conception of the sort of instruction needed by the people. We have a book before us, containing various extracts from the daily papers of the time, giving an account of the then situation of these poor people, and a more heart-rending detail of ignorance and wretchedness was never exhibited in the history of human misery.

Such was the situation of the manufacturing class; but miserable and ignorant as they were, the agricultural labourers surpassed them, both in wretchedness and ignorance. The riots of the last few months, the proceedings of the large bodies of people who spread terror and devastation over the country, their language, their aims, their whole conduct, the trials of these poor creatures, all proclaim loudly, and to our shame, a degradation, intellectual, moral, and physical, unknown even among the wretched manufacturers.'

From this necessarily short and very general description, it must be evident to every one who is at all versed in political science, that the following propositions respecting the education of the people, may safely be hazarded:—

1. That the persons chiefly needing instruction being wholly composed of labourers, persons living by the wages of labour; the first instruction which they needed was such, as would inform them of the circumstances which govern the rate of wages; and the various branches of knowledge involved in that instruction.

2. That supposing these persons to be ignorant of these circumstances, such was the instruction which they ought first to have received.

3. But, from the evidence, small as it is, above given, it is but too certain that the labouring population of all classes, were in total darkness on this vital subject.

4. Not only were the people ignorant on this subject, but it is never denied that they are generally uninstructed; that their minds, considered with reference to the receiving of instruction, are feeble; and that however desirous some may be of knowledge, yet all, to be enabled to receive it, require to be addressed in the simplest and most intelligible form.

We may state, generally then, that the matter of their instruction should have related to their situation as labourers; and that the form or manner of it should have been suited to a very ordinary power of receiving knowledge.

When the people were in this condition, the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" among them, made its appearance. What was the nature of the instruction they propounded to the people, thus profoundly ignorant of all the circumstances absolutely affecting their very existence? What was the manner they assumed in addressing the rude, untutored minds of those about to be their scholars?

First came a discourse on the objects, advantages, and pleasures of science. This was a preliminary treatise, and contained almost every fault which a treatise of the kind could contain, being full of glaring errors, obscure in language, confused in plan, a flourish of rhetoric, not a guide to knowledge, addressed to the educated not the ignorant. Then followed, 1. Hydrostatics. 2. Hydraulics. 3. Pneumatics. 4 and 5. Heat. 6, 7, 8, 11. Mechanics. 9 and 44. Animal Mechanics. 10 and 18. Familiar account of Lord Bacon's Novum Organum. Here the enumeration for our purpose may be closed. The reader who is desirous of obtaining the complete list, may refer to page 25 of the Reports and Prospectus, 1830. He will find it a worthy complement of this commencement. To a people ignorant of every thing most intimately connected with their welfare, he will find offered as matter of instruction two treatises, 46 and 53, on the Polarisation of Light, and another on the Rigidity of Cordage!

If the observations above hazarded on the matter of instruction to be conveyed to the people be just, a series of treatises, pretending to be for their use, of a more preposterous description, can hardly be conceived. What, for example, could be expected from a treatise on Dynamics being read by one of the poor labourers of Kent, who clamorously demanded a rise of wages? What instruction, moreover, could be conveyed to him by a treatise, in which the subject matter is conveyed after the following fashion? "The orifice of discharge, as indicated by the dots in B, was an Hyperboloid of the fourth order." "In rivers or open channels, the velocity and quantity discharged at different depths, would be as the square roots of those depths." Again, "Thus in fig. 2, if ABCD represents a reservoir of water, and BCGI a canal leading therefrom, and sloping from the prolonged horizontal line ABH, the bottom of the water at C would have a velocity as the square root of the depth BC. The water at E would flow with a velocity proportioned to the square root of the depth FE, and that at G as $\sqrt{HG}$, while the top water I would have less velocity." [See *Hydraulics*, p. 4]. From these passages alone, (and be it remarked they are a fair example of the style employed throughout the whole article) one of two things may fairly be concluded; either the committee were totally ignorant of the people to whom they were addressing themselves, or if they were not so ignorant, they were totally incapable of judging of what was required to instruct them. Here in the very outset of their career, they committed two gross and palpable errors;—first they made choice of the wrong matter; secondly, from the manner of their instruction, they were utterly incomprehensible to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the labouring classes.

The object proposed, it may be presumed, in their endeavours to educate the people, was to improve their condition by improving their intelligence; and for the purpose of improving their intelligence, a necessary preliminary, it may also be presumed, would be, that the people should listen to their teachers, and when listening to, should understand them. They who have a sincere desire to raise the intelligence of any man, or set of men, are always, or should be always, earnest to discover the shortest means to that desirable end; and to some persons it might appear rather a roundabout way to increase the intelligence, and thus improve the condition of an ignorant, prejudiced, and half-starved multitude, to propound to them the theory of motion in fluid bodies. Suppose that a man were desirous of civilizing a tribe of Cherokee Indians, would the most effectual means to that end be, to propound to them the matter of the Society's Treatises above enumerated; or might a more probably successful method be, to point out to the savage the immediate benefits to be derived from a settled habitation, from tilling the earth, and providing beforehand for the wants that must necessarily come on him at various seasons of the year, and various periods of his life? To show him how precarious were all his present enjoyments—how painful his many privations—and to trace them to the wild unsteady life he was leading. There are some who would consider a lesson of this sort more instructive to such a mind, than a treatise on hydraulics—and who would deem the treatise not more instructive to an English labourer, than to a Cherokee Indian.

In 1826, the weavers at Blackburn—as we have already stated, were in a situation of horrid destitution—" They broke out into a furious rebellion; and put partially into execution a determination to destroy all the power looms. The feeling against the existence of power looms was universal, and equally general was the opinion that a minimum of wages fixed by the Legislature was the sole means of rescuing the population from destruction."—See the note p. 370, in which these opinions are proved to have been general.

Consider the condition, mental and physical, of a labouring weaver in 1826. Remember that he knew of scholastic education little more than reading and writing; perhaps he was able to add a few figures together, and that formed the sum total of his arithmetic. This man reduced to distress, seeks for the means of relief; he contemplates the various circumstances around him, and endeavours to learn what of those circumstances have an influence on his well being, what of those circumstances he can control, so that his well being may be secured. Rude, ignorant, seeing only a few, a very few of the many intricate workings of society, he mistakes (is it wonderful?) the real cause of his misery. Driven to desperation, he clamours against the existence of machinery, he accuses the government of creating his distress. In the midst of his doubts and his misery, he hears that a society of really benevolent men have combined together, for the purpose not of conveying to him immediate relief, but of enlightening his mind, of giving him forethought and useful knowledge—knowledge by which he will eventually be enabled to set a guard upon his well being, and ward off the attacks of poverty, and its long train of miseries. He, with his friends, subscribes a sixpence, and buys the Society's first Treatise. He finds it headed Hydrostatics. This somewhat puzzles him; however, having full confidence in his benevolent instructors, he takes the tract home, and commences with an anxious heart, reading the precious wisdom to the friends who had subscribed to purchase it. Fancy the wondering weaver blundering through the following passage.

'Hydrostatics is the science which treats of the pressure of watery or liquid fluids. Hydraulics treats of their motion; and Pneumatics treats of the pressure and motion of the air, and other light elastic fluids of a similar kind.' These words are derived from the Greek tongue, which being well fitted to combine words together, and thereby to express the union and the difference of ideas, has been very generally used for scientific names.'

The weaver, though ignorant, is not without sense, and his conclusions would be, (we know that in many cases they were) much after the following description :

'I am a man by my fortune obliged to spend the greater portion of my time in labouring for my bare subsistence. The few minutes I can devote to any other pursuit, ought only to be employed on matters deeply concerning my welfare as a human being, and member of society. Though it be very requisite that these sciences should be known and studied and improved, it is by no means necessary that *I* should know and study them, as a science. As any thing but a mere amusement, they must be to me a dead letter. My time is too much occupied to permit me more than slightly to glance at them; as a matter of real importance to me, it is no more requisite that I should understand thus imperfectly these abstruse sciences, than that I should have a partial knowledge of shoemaking, tailoring, the art of a blacksmith, a jeweller, a watch-maker, or mathematical instrument maker. There is much knowledge of which every man must be content to be ignorant; even those who have all their time at their disposal, can acquire only a part of science. How much more, then, ought we to forego, who are harassed by ever constant labour? It behoves every man to learn that part of knowledge, which has the most immediate and powerful influence on his own well being. He must first learn his trade, or business, or art: if it be his purpose to pursue mathematical art or science, then let him pursue the investigations here pointed out. But I ask, and I ask it in all humility, is not there some knowledge, that is or ought to be common to us all? Can I by knowledge rescue myself from the misery which assails me? Can we as a body gain such intelligence, as will ensure us from this dreadful want? We are told that knowledge is power; but in what way is it power? If absolute legislatorial power were granted us tomorrow, could we rescue the millions of this nation now starving, from their horrible condition? You tell us that we could not. If our minds were enlightened, what portion of that enlightenment would enable us to benefit our condition? Would it be an understanding of Hydrostatics? of Lord Bacon's Novum Organum? of Pneumatics? of the Polarization of Light? No, it would be none of these, it would be a knowledge of the circumstances which really influence wages. Our dispute with the other classes of society is on this point; are they right, or are we? You say that we are wrong, you tell us that were our plans for our own amelioration carried into execution, greater mischief would be the result; you tell us, however, that knowledge on our part may and will rescue us from misery; but that knowledge you pertinaciously withhold.'

If in place of the intelligent weaver, an agricultural labourer be the supposed object of instruction, the means employed by this Society appear still more preposterous. Hodge with a firebrand in his hand, about to set the standing corn in a blaze, and the Committee for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge presenting him with various of their treatises, say for example, their ill-digested papers on Heat, in hopes of thereby preventing his dreadful purpose, would form a very instructive, though somewhat ludicrous picture. The astoundment of the poor wretch can be easily conceived, and might easily be pourtrayed; the eager haste and fear of the dilettanti Committee would form an admirable contrast; and in the back ground as a *corps de reserve* might be placed the secretary, with ready piles of the inestimable wisdom.*

Can it be supposed that the Committee were really as ignorant of the mental wants of the people, as by their treatises we should be justified in believing them to have been? If not, and in charity this ought to be believed, what were the causes of this their strange preposterous attempt at instruction? The answer to this question is fraught with important consequences.

The Committee were afraid to make any well directed attempt at instructing the people.

The Committee was composed of the wrong class of persons; and

The writers employed were unfit in every way to be popular instructors.

In the preliminary treatise, the celebrated person who is known to be the author, considers the sciences as divided into three great classes; those which relate, 1. to Number and Quantity; 2. to Matter, and 3. to Mind. He proposed to himself at the outset, to describe the various objects, advantages, and pleasures of these sciences; when, however, he reaches that part of his subject, wherein he should treat of the objects, advantages, and pleasures of the moral sciences, he swerves at once from his straight-forward course, and quietly says, "we shall abstain at present from entering at all upon this field."

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* At length when the country is in a blaze, at the eleventh hour the Society has published some treatises on Machinery. Fear alone has instructed them as it has instructed their betters. The consequences of popular ignorance, and the futility of their attempts to disperse that ignorance, were predicted years since. The remonstrances then made, were repulsed; it is to be hoped that this worthy body of men will derive a lesson from experience.

The man who wrote this passage, was the governing spirit of the Society; as he directed, the others followed; they were but tools in his hands. He then lived in dread of his aristocrat party. He unfortunately had linked himself with a party; he panted after place and power at their hands, and for unworthy ambition, he nullified his efforts for the education of the people.* Those efforts had, as is usual in such cases, been met with a vile and interested clamour by the clergy and aristocracy. Before this priestly, aristocratic cry, this man of real benevolence quailed with fear; wishing, nevertheless, still to pursue his well-intended purpose, he hoped to instruct the people on matters wherein the self-interests of those who raised the yell against instruction would be little if at all concerned; the command was given to promulgate treatises on the abstruse points of physical science; and thus, as it is ever with this trembling race of trimming politicians, he offended all parties, and benefited none. The sequacious tribe who acted according to his will, received their cue, and were ready to give answers to all who remonstrated. To the faction of priests they were ready to point out, that the matters they propounded were of pure science unconnected with any interests, and involving no liberal consequences fatal to their unhallowed extortions. The blind was too flimsy to deceive the practical selfish sagacity of these men. They have opposed, and still continue to oppose, every endeavour on the part of the Society to disseminate knowledge. To those who had at heart the proper instruction of the people, and who pressed the Committee to face the difficulties, and boldly to come forward with the sort of knowledge really required, the answer was, "Wait; the time will soon come when we may hazard this knowledge; we as well as you are really desirous of imparting it; but you know the prejudices and interests arrayed against us; you are too impatient,—in good time all will be forthcoming." It is a lamentable thing, that the friends of mankind are always met with these vain excuses: that their efforts are paralyzed by these middle measures, that they are ever put off, delayed, tired out, and broken in spirit, by the constant meddling intervention of a set of trembling cowards. Assuredly the people have received sufficient warning, that these temporising, prudent friends, are in reality more mischievous than their most decided open enemies. Never was there a great undertaking planned for the amelioration of the condition of the people, never was there a cheering hope of a wide-spread reform entertained, but in came a body of these feeble-minded pusillanimous hypocrites to mar the beneficial scheme, to fritter it into uselessness, to dash all hope, and paralyse all exertion.

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* When this passage was written the noble person here spoken of had not been long in office; since then his efforts deserve unmingled admiration, and fully redeem all former errors. We have allowed the paragraph to remain, in order to mark our former and our present feeling.

Besides this desire to compromise with those with whom no compromise can be made, besides this fear of the opinion of classes whose opinion ought never to have been consulted, there were in the composition of the Committee fatal obstacles to its success. In the observations which follow, nothing is intended beyond a consideration of these persons in the character of instructors of the people; all that is now sought is, to learn whether they were or were not fitted for the task they undertook. With the individuals in any other than their public capacity, we have, at present, no concern.

The same spirit of compromise which has governed the acts of the Society, presided at its formation. We see men of all parties congregated under one name—the best friends of the people, their bitterest enemies—the staunchest advocates for a free press, the most virulent opponents to all political discussion: Radicals, Tories, Whigs, High Churchmen, Dissenters, are all banded together for the proposed purpose of communicating knowledge. Sir James Scarlett figures in the same list with the profound historian of British India. Captain Basil Hall is a member of a committee of which Mr. Brougham appears as chairman; and Mr. Warburton a brother member. What was to be done with this ill-assorted assembly? How satisfy the libel-hunting propensities of the Whig Attorney General, and yet please those that were real friends of free discussion on all topics? The only way was to avoid all matters on which dispute could arise; avoid all subjects, that ought to have been treated.

Any one who knows how committees of this kind are conducted, is aware that the many names with titles and distinctions attached to them, are mere things of straw, used to give an imposing air to the Society, and to ensure consideration. All that is required by those thus lending the sanction of their names, is, that they be not, what is termed *committed.* The really working machinery is composed of a very few individuals, a few active persons. Unfortunately, there are in societies of this description, many who have little to do, who are busied very little about their personal concerns, and who are glad to derive importance from the exercise of the power attached to the office of committee-man. The men best fitted to the task seldom can give, seldom are willing to give, their time and trouble to following out the details of the plan*; the business, therefore, falls into the hands of the busy, meddling generation who universally congregate where such schemes are in operation. These are usually very prudent people; wishing to conciliate the powerful persons with whom they are accidentally associated—and fearfully anxious not so to conduct themselves, as to call for their interference. They wish to be busy—they wish to be supposed acting with my Lord This, or Sir Something That—they do not desire my Lord This really to act—and they well know that he will not do so, unless their proceedings disturb the sensitive nervousness of the noble personage. They are consequently ever on the alert, ever in a feverish alarm—"This is too strong, that must not be hazarded." "Though true, we dare not put it forward." "We shall lose all our powerful supporters." "Those are dangerous subjects, better leave politics alone. Ours is a very nice harmless society—we now form a comfortable *coterie* of scientific persons; and as for political brawling, we want none of it. We feel very happy as we are, and desire to remain so." But persons who will not brave the interested clamours of the aristocracy, are unfit to be teachers of the people; they who are desirous of maintaining their own ease, ought not to have thrust themselves into the places of better men, and undertaken so important, so arduous a duty. These *littérateurs,* amateur authors; *dilettanti virtuosi,* writing gentlemen, men of nice taste and fastidious criticism, carpers at syllables, affected connoisseurs of style, hunters after polished phrases and elegant periods; these are not the class to educate the million. Bold and masculine understandings—men possessed of a thorough knowledge of the mental and physical wants of the people—men imbued with a high spirit, of undaunted courage, seeking not reputation by their productions, but wishing to instruct, to convey their opinions to the minds of the ignorant—men who assume to themselves the office of popular instructors, not because they obtain some paltry consideration thereby, but because they are seriously intent upon the great end of disseminating knowledge, of promoting virtue and happiness among the people—these are the men alone fit to be popular instructors, alone capable of diffusing useful knowledge.†

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* Be it remembered that no apology is here offered, or intended to be offered, for the indifference, or idleness of any one. To our eyes, there appears a very small distinction between those who from want of firmness and industry, let the ill-intentioned have their own way, and the ill-intentioned themselves. The watchman who sees the thief break in and steal, and yet makes no effort to prevent him, is no better than the thief.

† One name alas! has disappeared from the list of the Committee, which to those who knew the bold, honest, intelligent youth who held it, was

From the commencement of their labours to the present hour, the Committee have exhibited a steady absence of every quality which their office required; and every scheme which they have proposed has afforded additional evidence of their profound ignorance of the temper, feelings, and wants of the people. When it was objected, that the features of the Useful Knowledge Society were unfit for the people, they proposed the notable plan of propounding to them Entertaining Knowledge; and in furtherance of this scheme, they published a volume containing anecdotes of those who had acquired knowledge under difficulties, another on insect architecture, &c. Thus most satisfactorily shewing here as before, either that they did not know the mental wants of the people, or if knowing, would not supply them. By whom are these volumes read? By the mechanics, weavers, labourers? No—but by the children of the educated classes. It is a fatal error in a popular teacher to believe ignorant men possessed of the same feeling, and requiring the same inducements, as children. The careless, reckless gaiety and improvidence of childhood, are not the characteristics of the labouring and uninstructed poor. A painful anxiety is their ever constant attendant; the springing restlessness of infancy is broken down, and succeeded by habits of steady unremitting labour—pleasure unfortunately is not the object of a poor man's life. The great absorbing end of every endeavour, is to provide for his very existence: the horrors of poverty are ever before his eyes, no amusement can chace away the recollection of the fiend: his situation is too painfully oppressive to allow his thoughts to waver; they are concentrated on himself, not with pleasure, but with miserable and harassing reflexions; not in a spirit of gay and buoyant carelessness, but of doubt, dread, and humiliation. This is not the being to be amused by tales, by minute descriptions of a wasp's nest, or the economy of a fly. These things may form a fit *pabulum* for the eager

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some guarantee for the good intentions of the Committee, and eventually for their good conduct. Wealthy, yet ardently desirous of elevating the poorer classes; virtuous, and at the same time, intrepid; instructed, and wishing to make others so; possessing leisure, yet laborious; he exhibited a combination of qualities, which unfortunately for mankind, is of too rare occurrence. His exertions on this Committee are known only to a few—and can never be properly appreciated. The ill-feeling that he braved, the delays and crosses he was obliged to bear—the lukewarm friends he had to cheer, the hidden but steady opponents he had to meet, the intricate workings and chicanery by which from day to day his benevolent plans were thwarted, can be known to, and estimated only by, those friends in whose recollections his memory will ever be in honour; and who from feeling daily the want of his powerful assistance, are daily compelled to remember and to lament his untimely fate.

curiosity of a child, but to the anxious labourer appear, and are, frivolous and unworthy of regard. Had the society been content to have considered themselves in this case as writing elementary treatises for children, perhaps our strictures would not have been called for.

It may fairly be doubted, whether the Committee ever conceived for themselves a plan for the education either of a labouring or an adult population. Not having done so, they have been acting on a vague, undefined sentiment of what was required, and have unsuspectingly been led to confound that education with such as they themselves have received, with such as they are imparting to their own children. They have supposed, that because they would have been interested in the one class of writings when they were children, in the other now that they are men, the uninstructed poor must be so. They have left out of consideration, the vast difference in the situation, in the state and tone of mind, of the poor, and of themselves. Not only are the poor ignorant, and thus unlike those that are termed the upper classes—but they have different sentiments. Their whole character, way of thinking, feeling, are of another description. Their mistakes, prejudices, vices, virtues, are of a nature unlike those of the rich. Any plan of education, therefore, for these people, and more especially for the adult population, must be different from that upon which the upper classes are instructed. Of the manner adopted by those who have attempted through the medium of the society's tracts to convey knowledge, we shall immediately speak—what is now under consideration is the matter, and the mode. By mode, is meant, the order in which the knowledge is conveyed—what portions first, what last; what at this time, what at that. By manner, is meant the bearing of the instructor:, the character, temper, and language he assumes.

Had the Committee understood its mission, one of its first endeavours would have been to obtain a knowledge of the state of the people on these various points. Having carefully obtained, sifted, and classified it, a general plan ought to have been framed and based upon the knowledge so gained. This plan, and the evidence on which it was framed, ought to have been communicated to the writers, so that each might have formed a correct conception of the difficulties in the part of the task undertaken by him; difficulties resulting from the state of the person to be instructed. Nothing of this sort has been done. No rule has been followed, no organization adopted. Heterogeneous subjects have been chosen (always avoiding those really important); each writer has been left to pursue what object he pleased in treating of it; the aids that he might have derived through the means of a powerful body, with respect to a knowledge of the situation of those to whom he was writing, have not been afforded; and the consequence has been a compound of mistake, disorder, and inefficiency almost inconceivable.

Supposing that an individual is to receive a complete education; if sufficient time and expense can be devoted to such a purpose, a plan is adopted, which all along has reference to that end. A wide foundation is laid, vast means of acquiring knowledge are slowly and accurately imparted, and no knowledge is conveyed with the intent of being brought into immediate use in the business of life. A plan of a complete education having been conceived, the object is to fill up that plan; the whole circle which it contains is gone through, before the person being educated is called upon to act. All branches of knowledge are deferred till the period at which they can best be imparted, reference being always had to the complete plan in view. In such cases, the mode, that is the order in which the various portions of science are learned, should be widely different from that pursued where such completeness cannot be expected; and still more dissimilar to that adopted in teaching an adult ignorant and poor. Where a complete education cannot be aimed at, the first inquiry is what may with least evil be omitted: where immediate action on the part of the individual is required, as in the case of the adult, the question ought to be what should first be taught. These questions can alone be determined, on a definite conception of the situation of the party to be instructed. Having, however, once determined that situation, the framing the plan or order would not be difficult. When once framed it should be steadily acted on; but of this kind of regularity and forethought, of even the necessity of such, the Society has afforded no evidence in the matter, the mode, or the manner, of its treatises.

Hitherto the causes of failure mentioned have been peculiar to the Committee; we now come to the *genus irritabile* of authors.

From the observations already hazarded, the reader may probably have perceived the nature of some of the objections to the manner generally adopted by the writers of the Society's works. That manner has two great defects, considering the works as intended to be popular works. The one is, that they are for the most part unintelligible to the readers for whom they are intended; the other, that by the tone assumed, excessive offence has very generally been given to these individuals.

Works of science may now be written for three distinct classes of readers, and with three distinct ends in view. They may first be addressed to the scientific world, and intended to be a scientific exposition of their subject. The works of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, however, were never supposed to be of this description. And if for a moment such a supposition could be entertained, our strictures on them, though of a different character, would be still more condemnatory than at present. They are for the most part written in a style loose, vague, marked by an extreme want of precision, accuracy, and clearness, while the matter is ill-arranged, and the statements often glaringly erroneous. As scientific productions they are generally below mediocrity. But these expositions may be supposed addressed to another class of readers, viz. those not desirous of any very profound investigation of the various branches of science, but wishing to attain a general knowledge of the whole; persons who make the study of physics one part of their general education. And for the purpose of instruction to this extent the treatises of the Society are not ill adapted, though many of them are unfit even for this end, being in a high degree misleading, confused, and ineffective. Their character varies constantly between that of scientific treatises and popular expositions; the persons who composed them, being generally possessed of the knowledge in question, but for the most part without the power of expounding it to an unscientific scholar. Any one may obtain a correct conception of the merely partial efficiency of these works, by comparing them with the popular expositions of Dr. Arnott, who has done more, single-handed, to disseminate physical science among this class of readers, than the whole body of writers for the Society of Useful Knowledge. However, considered as writers for the class in question, let it not be supposed that we wish to decry their labours. They have generally compressed within very narrow limits, much useful instruction. They have placed within the reach of many readers, a vast quantity of knowledge, which otherwise they could not have attained but with great trouble. The various branches of science have been treated each as a separate whole—most of their principles have been brought together in one compact, connected form, and thus the student is saved much labour, expense and vexation, and oftentimes is enabled easily to obtain knowledge, which otherwise he might vainly have sought. Writing for the class now spoken of, the authors have certainly in some of the treatises well conceived their plan, and to a certain extent well executed it—still as general elementary works, from their want of precision, clearness, order, and apt illustration, they are yet far, very far, from any thing approaching to perfection. But if these treatises were intended for works to be addressed to the uninstructed labouring population, they might as well have been written in Arabic. The readers of this class, with some few exceptions, (such as makers of scientific instruments, &c.) can be supposed to derive a benefit from works on physical science, only as a sort of mental exercise. It is generally believed that the mind may be improved by the pursuit of knowledge, even though the knowledge acquired be almost useless: since thereby it is strengthened and prepared for the reception of other knowledge; —that in fact there may be a sort of intellectual gymnastics—nothing being effected by the labour but the strengthening the thing labouring. The mental, like the physical man being invigorated by exercise, to a certain extent this is true; and the mind of the poor labouring man may, though he be little benefited by a knowledge of aerostatics, be cultivated, and he himself improved by the exercise undergone in acquiring it. But there is a preliminary requisite, viz. that the mind shall be made to take the exercise—something must be done to persuade a man to undertake and pursue the task. He must first desire to undertake it, he must then be led forward by easy and intelligible steps to continue it. If the great work of Laplace were placed in the hands of one ignorant of mathematics, he might be able to read the words it contains, and to give the proper names to the various technical signs employed, but not understanding one sentence, he would go through no intellectual labour—his understanding would be unemployed to the same extent as it would be, were he to read a book in a language of which he comprehended not a word. Moreover as this would be tedious as well as useless toil, it is certain that the man would not be persuaded to go through it. But the works of Laplace or Newton are little, if at all more unintelligible to the class of readers now spoken of than the Society's tracts. Supposing, however, that with great labour the propositions may be imperfectly comprehended, this is not sufficient. The ideas they contain should be associated not merely with the words and in the propositions, but with things that are familiar to the individual's senses. The ignorant must be taught by examples, not by generalities. In other words, an analytic not a synthetic method should be pursued. The minds of such persons should be led from a long course of striking examples, to the general proposition which embodies the events common to the whole of the examples—that is, the examples under the general rule should lead to the rule; the rule ought not to conduct the mind to the examples. It should be recollected always, that the main object is not merely to state clearly the knowledge, but to state it in a form at once intelligible and attractive; unless it is intelligible it cannot be attractive, but to make it attractive more is required than to be merely intelligible. "Transformons nos sensations en idées, mais ne sautons pas tout d'un coup des objets sensibles aux objets intellectuels. C'est par les premiers que nous devons arriver aux autres. Dans les premières opérations de l'esprit que les sens soient toujours ses guides. Point d'autre livre que le monde, point d'autre instruction que les faits. L'enfant qui lit ne pense pas, il ne fait que lire; il ne s'instruit pas, il apprend des mots."* This observation though applied to the education of children contains the key to much of the mental instruction of adults. It is certain that books must be employed, under our present supposition; but the books ought to be made to perform the part of the tutor in Emile. They should instruct by facts; all abstractions, or generalizations, not immediately palpable, should be carefully avoided; previous knowledge must not be expected. The examples should carry their lessons with them, and of themselves should suggest the generalization required. The mind by this means is kept on the alert; no great power of application is needed (a power be it observed which it is one of the great, one of the most difficult objects to attain in educating anybody); attention is created, not solicited; interest is excited; and by degrees, the feeble intelligence of the learner is invigorated, and in time is enabled to grapple with, and overcome the difficulty of pursuing truth by the medium of generalities. A remarkable instance of analytic instruction is afforded in the Logic of Dr. Whateley. The work is indeed addressed to the second class of readers as above described, and consequently supposes much knowledge already attained. Yet even when writing to this comparatively instructed body, Dr. Whateley happily conceived it necessary, to begin his work with an analytic outline of his science; and by that, has succeeded in conveying a more easy, complete, and effective conception of it to the mind of his readers, than any other writer on that important subject. To the majority of his readers we are convinced, that even with the assistance of his "analytic outline," "his synthetical compendium" is a matter of difficult comprehension, that it leaves a faint and evanescent impression on their minds, while the former will never be forgotten. For one who has a powerful and cultivated intellect, books of this sort are not needed; the mode of instruction they follow, for one who can pursue with precision and facility the steps of a synthetical statement, is a tedious and roundabout mode—but for any other, cannot be dispensed with. The more uninstructed the scholar, the more simple must be the analysis, the greater must be the part played by mere facts, the less by generalities. This power of simplifying an abstruse subject, one which is ordinarily treated by the medium of general propositions, and not by specific illustration, argues great knowledge and capability in the writer. To do it with precision and completeness requires a very wide and very detailed knowledge, and the exceedingly rare capacity of throwing off entirely the yoke of language, and calling before the mind steadily and vividly the ideas and multitudinous examples for which the words are the inadequate signs. There are few conversant with a science, who cannot expound it scientifically: while those who possess the power of familiarly and yet accurately and completely explaining the more abstruse branches of knowledge, are seldom to be met with. The writers of the Society need not then have disdained the office they undertook, and deemed it beneath their capacity. Unfortunately in the treatises of the Society, while there is often an exceedingly ostentatious care taken to render them intelligible to the uninstructed—generously, for example, to translate Greek and Latin words—and while too often a tone of patronizing superiority is assumed in order sedulously to remove some petty obstruction, (the writers fancying that they became intelligible by means of their condescension), there seldom appears in these productions any capacity of making the really difficult and abstruse points plain and obvious to an uninstructed mind. Scientific forms, and a synthetic manner, are almost invariably pursued; from weakness really, not from strength; and the ignorant, wondering reader is transported to an unknown region, in which all is mystery, all is incomprehensible. Moreover it might be suggested to these writers, that many English words familiar to instructed ears, are not more intelligible to the uninstructed than Latin and Greek; that a work also may be incomprehensible as well by the mode in which the ideas are presented to the mind, as by the phraseology employed; that certain portions of knowledge involve the notion of much previous knowledge; that certain subjects cannot be comprehended but by vigorous intellects, even though much previous knowledge may exist. A child of twelve years old, for example, may be made to understand a very large portion of mathematical science, and yet that child would be totally incapable of understanding the writings of Locke: the abstractions to be found in that master work, his "Essay on the Understanding," are beyond the grasp of a child's intellect, but a man without much science, is perfectly capable of seizing and appreciating the most difficult trains of thought contained in that admirable treatise. Now, supposing it desirable to convey the knowledge of physical science to the multitude, a selection should have carefully been made of such portions, as might be easily communicated, as could be comprehended by uninstructed minds; the whole style of writing should have been to the greatest possible degree simple and familiar—while the manner should have been attractive, without ostentation, and the simple subject matter ought to have been made palpable to feeling and to thought by apt, familiar, and striking examples. This care either in selecting or treating their subjects, has not been manifested by the Society. Amongst the earliest treatises (the 10th) the wisdom of the Society suggested the publication of an account of Lord Bacon's Novum Organum.* Let any one consider the people to be addressed, the difficulties just explained arising from the state of their knowledge and the character of their intellects, and then let him estimate the wisdom evinced by them as to the selection of the subject, and the skill employed by the writer in discoursing on it.

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* Let us change our sensations into ideas, but not suddenly jump from sensible to intellectual objects. It is by the first that we must arrive at the others. In the first operations of the mind, let the senses always be its guide. No other book than the world—no other instruction than facts. The child that reads, does not think; he does nothing but read. He does not instruct himself, he learns words.—*Emile.* Livre III.

Lord Bacon's work, though an era in philosophy, is not a work for a learner, nor is the explanation of the great step he made, a thing which an ignorant man can appreciate. Lord Bacon deserves the gratitude of mankind, but why he deserves it cannot be conceived by a mind not imbued with philosophy. Moreover a great discoverer is not thereby a good teacher, he is usually a very bad teacher, his works are never proper elementary works; the order in which knowledge has been discovered, being seldom, nay never, the order in which when discovered, it ought to be imparted to others. Besides, the discoveries of Bacon are connected with the most intricate workings of the mind, to understand them a very high degree of knowledge in intellectual philosophy is required, and consequently of the multitudes, who have written and spoken about them, few, very few if pressed could satisfactorily explain what he really did discover. So far as relates to the subject; —now as to the manner of treating it. The paper commences with a latin quotation, involving either an error, or a very wide and complicated theory to explain it away; and thus proceeds. And we beg the reader to observe the quantity of information historical, literary, and philosophic, which this very first paragraph presupposes.

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* This instance of the Society's judgment in selection is cited, not from being peculiarly preposterous, but because it was necessary to adduce some example, and this case was as good as any other, being a very fair sample of their usual sagacity.

'"Lord Bacon was the first who taught the proper method of studying the sciences; that is, he pointed out the way in which we should begin, and carry on the pursuit of Knowledge, in order to arrive at truth.* He gave a set of rules by which mankind might deliver themselves from the slavery of names, and from wandering among fanciful systems, and return once more, as little children, to the school of nature. The task he chose was far more useful to the world and honourable to himself, than that of being, like Plato and Aristotle, the author of a new sect:† he undertook to expose the errors of those who had gone before him, and to shew the best way of avoiding them for the future; he had the principal share in pulling down the old building of a false philosophy, and with the skill of a superior architect he laid the foundation, and sketched the plan of another fabric: and gave masterly directions to those who should come after him—how upon the ruins of the first, the temple of science must be erected anew. As in a great army, there are some whose office it is to construct bridges, to cut paths along mountains, and to remove various impediments, so Lord Bacon may be said to have cleared the way to knowledge, and to have marked out the road to truth, and to have left future travellers little else to do than to follow his instructions: he was the miner and sapper of philosophy, the pioneer of nature; and he eminently promoted the dominion of man over the material world. He was the priest of nature's mysteries; and he taught men in what manner they might discover her profoundest secrets, and interpret those laws which nature has received from the great author of all.‡'"

This is nicknamed fine writing, and by people of bad taste is doubtless prodigiously admired; but, as every one must perceive, the whole paragraph is exceedingly allusive; indicating, not stating, a meaning; supposing the reader to know as much as the writer, to be acquainted with the history of Grecian philosophy, with the various theories of modern times, with the difficulties resulting from the process of naming, &c. The passage (which is a type of the whole essay) is not introduced for the purpose of preparing the mind of an uninstructed reader for what is to follow, but serves only as a rhetorical flourish for the entertainment of those who delight in an ambitious and tawdry style.

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* This is not correct. Did not Euclid for example teach the proper way of pursuing mathematical truth? Did not Aristotle investigate correctly, and teach others to do the same, many mental phenomena? Did not Hippocrates point out a path which to this day is followed? What Lord Bacon did do, this writer has no where stated, and it is to be feared, has yet to learn.

† The author of this tract, though he exhibits a very strong desire to be considered a fine writer, has yet much to learn even as regards composition. How can it be correctly said, that a man chuses the task of being the author of a new sect; and yet such is the sense the grammatical construction warrants.

‡ It is unnecessary to multiply instances of the utter unintelligibility of the treatises of the Useful Knowledge Society to uninstructed readers. The task would be wearisome, and could not be completely performed. But should the reader be inclined to satisfy himself, let him see the treatises *passim*. Among a thousand instances of explanations to mean capacities, take the following. "A dome is a vault rising from a circular or elliptical base, and the human skull is in fact, an elliptical surmounted dome, which latter term means that the dome is higher than the radius of its base."—*Animal Mechanics*, p. 7.

The desire to gain literary reputation for themselves is the crying sin of all the Society's writers. One who writes for the people, however, must be little careful about the applause of literary men, but must sacrifice every thing to the end of being read and understood by the uninstructed. He is not to seek after discoveries, to attempt a display of superior knowledge, or to carry science beyond the point at which he finds it. But it is evident, that the various writers of these treatises wrote to gain applause each from his own peculiar *coterie*. They have not set before themselves, as the great end to be attained, the education of the ignorant, but seem invariably to have asked themselves, how can I make myself appear to such and such persons, a clever and instructed writer. The consequence has been, that they have written to their various circles, and not to the people.

In England, unhappily, literary men, as a body, have few feelings in common with the great mass of the people. Our literature has been and still is essentially aristocratic; they who write seek their chief applause from aristocratic circles, and derive from thence their chief reward—and so long as a low ambition shall influence their minds, so long will they prove the mere servants of a dominant class. But if in place of money, a fleeting reputation, and an admittance to fashionable circles, the elevated and honest desire of being a nation's instructors, a hope of raising a popular literature, a literature spreading its wide and paramount and beneficial influence among the whole people, had been their ruling spring of action, and the conscious worth of having contributed to such a work had been their sole expected reward, then would the literary men of England have taken their fit station among the literary bodies of Europe, and would no longer have been ranked with the footboys and servile hirelings of an arrogant *noblesse*. If such a spirit had actuated the body of writers whose works are now under consideration, if they had banded together to rescue the people from the thraldom of ignorance—had boldly determined to brave displeasure, to be careless of immediate renown,—had set before themselves the one great purpose of elevating the moral and intellectual condition of the people, and to it had directed all their efforts, and for it sacrificed all paltry ambition—at this day they might have ruled in that nation, where now they are utterly insignificant; and instead of being classed with the pedagogues of a charity school, might honestly by the power of understanding over understanding, have swayed the determinations and governed the fortunes of millions. This, however, has appeared an object above their ambition. They have been content with the pedagogue's renown, and still bear his character. Long may they continue to enjoy that petty fame they covet—still exhibiting themselves with success as the lions of a drawing-room, as the tiny dictators of their little circles, awing into silence all desperate opposition, and by their authoritative nod guiding the mathematical opinions of a bevy of fluttering belles.

Before we quit the consideration of the Society's labours, let us give them our heartfelt applause for all such good as they have effected; and endeavour to state in general terms the amount and the cause of our disapprobation. Every one must acknowledge, and acknowledge with thanks, the services the Society has rendered, by reducing the price of all publications, and by itself publishing its treatises at a rate so wonderfully cheap. This one circumstance would entitle them to the gratitude of the community, and perhaps it may safely be asserted, that by it alone they have done more good than will be effected by their works in any other manner. Again, their journal of education is the result of a plan nobly conceived, and from the abilities of its conductors gives fair hopes of being a widely useful performance. By their almanacks, the Society has gone far to extinguish a mass of trumpery, that was a disgrace to the country. And their "Farmer's Series" indicates that they are beginning to see the necessity of addressing various classes of people, by means of separate productions. So far as regards their merits.*

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* On all matters, wherein a knowledge of the people was required, the Society has always singularly failed. The following facts and observations on the tables of Insurance for Benefit Societies, published by the Society, are taken from a paper written by a person of great intelligence, and much information on the subject. (The paper was published in the "Law Magazine"). Mr. Courtenay brought into Parliament a bill to regulate Benefit Societies; this bill being opposed by the Societies, the Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to consider the subject, gave permission to the Societies to frame their own bill. Among other observations on the bill, framed in consequence of this permission, the writer says:—"The

The blame which should attach to the Society, may be best conceived, by comparing a general statement of that which their great undertaking required at their hands, with that which they have actually performed.

Their object was to educate the people. But the people are composed of various classes. Therefore an endeavour should have been made to determine those classes; to distinguish their relative wants, moral, intellectual, and physical; and a plan thereon framed, of works to be addressed to them separately.

It will be found, that all the labouring population require as a preliminary to any other instruction, to be enlightened on the circumstances which immediately affect their happiness as labourers. Therefore, this instruction should have first been given to them. This instruction necessarily involves an explication of the necessity for morality, law, and consequently government; therefore, works on these topics ought to have formed part of their very first instruction.

But it appears, that the labouring population differ, relatively

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regulation of the bill of 1819, requiring the certificate of two actuaries, as to the soundness of the construction of the tables of insurance, the rates, and rules for the management of these Societies, has been omitted on the ground that sufficiently correct information is not possessed of the casualties of sickness and mortality occurring amongst the working classes, from which to deduce safe tables. Mr. Brougham and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, took up this subject, and set to work to obtain the information most required. Enough is known of the averages of mortality occurring amongst the higher and middling classes of society, from which to deduce correct tables of the chances of life among them. Little or nothing satisfactory is known of the rate of mortality among the working classes from which to construct safe tables of the chances of life among them, and almost as few data are possessed for determining the probable amount of the nature of the sickness to be provided for by them. There is, however, satisfactory evidence for believing that the chances of sickness and mortality in one class, are double those prevailing in another. Now a table formed from the means of the casualties of two classes, which differed so materially, would obviously be inapplicable to determine correctly the chances occurring in either. Yet most of the tables are made up from the mean of the casualties found to prevail among large classes: the desideratum was, therefore, to obtain information of the amount of sickness and mortality prevalent amongst particular classes, or particular trades, that tables might be formed for the safe government of societies composed of those classes or trades. Such information was not only of immediate and great practical importance, but it was highly desirable in a scientific and philosophic point of view. Yet this was the information which the Society for the promotion of Useful Knowledge, with Mr. Gompertz the actuary and mathematician among them, neglected to provide for in the schedule which they sent about, though their attention had been called to the subject. The very operatives have seen the egregious omission, and we are glad to perceive from the draught of the bill, they have remedied it."

to one another, in their intellectual acquirements; therefore, books suited to various intellects should have been composed for them.

But it also appears, that the labouring classes of the population differ as a body, from the other portions of society, intellectually, and morally: therefore, the task of instructing this class should be kept clearly distinct from educating the other.

The Society of Useful Knowledge, however, may be said to have done none of these things; but has followed an unsettled, confused, ill-digested plan, and consequently has attained a very small portion of the objects proposed to be attained.

Had the Society been content to style itself a Society for the Diffusion of Scientific and Literary Knowledge, among such portions of the people as desire to gain a superficial view of science, and of literature, the strictures they would then have merited, would have been comparatively trifling, and they certainly might have been said to have pursued their end with tolerable success. The Society would not then have raised expectations, which now it has raised, and most miserably disappointed. It would not have stood in the way of other persons who would have come forward to fulfil the purpose, which this affected to have in view; no deceit would have been practised on the public, and no slur would have been cast upon endeavouring to educate the people.

It is, however, asserted by the defenders of the Society's proceedings (and for many of these we have very great respect) 1. that it was impossible for the Society to have made any attempt to spread moral and political knowledge among the people. 2. That it may fairly be agreed that the best way of instructing the poor, is by instructing those immediately above them; and 3. that it is impolitic and unjust to blame the Society, for not having accomplished every thing; that they deserve praise for having done so much, not blame for not having done more. To these assertions it may be answered; 1. that, supposing the Society incapable of distributing this moral and political knowledge among the people, they should not have taken a title, and put forth statements, which induced the world to believe that they could. Let it be understood, however, what is meant by saying, that the Society could not do this. The Society, as constituted, *would* not disseminate political and moral knowledge among the people; most of the influential members were averse to such a proceeding; and those who were desirous of immediately beginning with such instruction were obliged to succumb. The majority of the Society we say *would* not spread this knowledge. The people with great names, and numerous titles, did not like it, and the rest followed like a herd in their train, and yielded to their fears. Is the Society to claim indulgence on this score? Certainly not. They of the minority may, but not the Society. The Society could if it would, but it would not; and for this do we direct towards them the corrective opinion of the public. It remains to be seen, whether political and moral knowledge, may not in spite of all opposition be communicated to the people. If our information be correct, the attempt will soon be made.

2. The second is by far the most specious objection. It has, however, two glaring errors, first, it is not true, secondly, if true, it is nothing to the purpose. The best mode of educating the poor is, to address yourself immediately to them, but in an intelligible form; if the class above educate those below, it is because the class above address themselves to those below in a way that those below can comprehend. But if writers were to do the same, they would effect their object in a straightforward instead of a roundabout course. Moreover, what is there to prevent works being addressed to both classes at the same time? And be it remarked, that the best way of educating the poor as to their condition in life, and as to the means of warding off want and misery, is not, to educate those above them in Dynamics. If the immediately superior class are to instruct those below them, assuredly that superior class ought to know, themselves, that which they are to communicate; but this they did not know, do not know, in spite of the Society's endeavours to instruct them in the physical sciences, in spite of Lord Bacon's Novum Organum, in spite of their treatises on the polarization of light and rigidity of cordage, &c. &c. Admitting the objection for an instant, it appears that the Society have not educated those above, so that they may be instructors of those below; thus the objection falls to the ground. 3. But it appears that the Society have done much, and ought not to be blamed for not having done more. The answer to this is, that praise is given to them for what they have done, blame for what they have left undone, blame for preventing others doing what they have not done. If ten men were drowning, and certain persons in a boat saved two, and might have saved the remaining eight, but let them perish, would not the men in the boat deserve blame for not saving those eight? Moreover, if they pretended to be busy about saving the whole, and thus induced others to believe that there was no need of further assistance, would they not be yet more blame-worthy? This is an exact analogy. The Society with its immense power, might have instructed, that is, pub-

lished works for the instruction of every class, upon all, and particularly on the most important subjects. It has only endeavoured to instruct a few, a very few persons, and that too upon a few and comparatively unimportant subjects. And they besides induced others to relax their efforts to accomplish the object, and have thereby delayed its accomplishment; how then can it be said that they are not blameworthy?

There is one other matter, a matter of neglect, on which the Society, and the now noble person acting as its chairman deserve severe censure. How is it, that they have never endeavoured to persuade the legislature to repeal that disgraceful act, which prohibits the publication without a stamp, of works, the price of which is less than sixpence? How is it that Lord Brougham now in power, does not have it repealed? He railed at it while out of power; has he learned to think differently respecting its merits since his elevation to the Woolsack? A Society so numerous, composed of persons so powerful, might long ere this have effected this beneficial measure, had their inclination seconded their power. But the poor are beneath the consideration of every body. They may languish in want, they may grovel in ignorance, they may be deprived of all rational pastime, but so long as they are peaceable, they are neglected. At the time when they might be led, when an act beneficial to them would be deemed an act of kindness, nothing is done for them; when it is too late, when angry passions have been raised, when they are roused into active hostility against the other classes of society, all is trepidation and hurry, and then when hardly of any service, comes concession. This concession being the result of fear, creates no good feeling in the minds of the poor, but serves only to give them a dangerous lesson; a lesson which now they are willing enough to take, and which can only be counteracted by an honest, bold, and uncompromising endeavour to give them cheap and useful instruction. The friends of good order, they who wish to preserve this country from the horrors of a civil (we had almost said a servile) war must come forward to beat down the obstinacy of the aristocracy; who blind to their own interest and to our's, are creating a spirit of hatred and of vengeance, only to be satisfied by a widespreading pitiless devastation. Let the Society of Useful Knowledge ponder on these things, and endeavour to understand the importance and real object of its mission.

ART. VIII.—*Stories of American Life, by American Writers.* Edited by Mary Russel Mitford. 3 vols. Post 8vo. London. Colburn and Bentley.

AFTER it had become in this country a matter of reproach against the Americans, that they were deficient in works of the imaginative cast, we are now actually publishing selections from their multifarious productions in this department. The choice, too, is not trusted to a nameless *littérateur*, as in a matter of no importance, but the task of selecting and compiling is placed in the hands of a writer, who has greatly distinguished herself by her own original efforts in a similar walk of genius. Miss Mitford has been invited from the study of 'Our Village,' to the consideration of the literature of our new world.

The result of her investigations has very decidedly proved, that if our brethren of the west were not formerly much given to flights of the imagination, it was because they had something else to do. Now that there are numbers of people sufficiently rich to be idle, they are letting their fancies grow: now that the nice operations of judgment are sufficiently cared for by others, the imaginative and poetical may be permitted to roam among the indefinite regions of the wild and wonderful. The progress of civilization enables Jonathan to keep his author: at one time tradesmen wrote their own puffs, but now, as Messrs. Day and Martin remarked respecting their own establishment, "We keep a poet to do this kind of things."

The great abundance of lawyers and newspaper editors in the United States, naturally throws up considerable offshoots of poets and novelists. However paradoxical it may appear, no branch or profession is more addicted to poetry and romance than the law; the tender lawyer, the springing-shoot of an attorney, is by re-action a being of fancy and feeling. In the history of our own literature it will be found, how much we are indebted to an early disgust of the law, or to a lingering love of the Muses, retained even by advanced professors of its mysteries. As for the editors of newspapers, scribblers by profession, they form a standing army of the press in the United States, almost as formidable by their numbers as by their position; and as a man whose trade is writing cannot always be writing politics, the natural relief is, to turn the tide of ink upon the field of poetry. Such being the sources of supply, we shall not be surprised to find, that very soon the native circulating library of Philadelphia rivals that of Burlington-street. They have already their Scott in Cooper; they have their fashionable novelist in the author of Clarence; they have had their Godwin in Browne; and the tribe of annualists is far outshone, by the writers of the stories in the collection before us. Nay, we even learn from one of these Stories of American Life, that the love of scribbling is overrunning the land, and seizes whole families like an epidemic; that manners are rendered stiff and formal, by the apprehension of being booked; and that young ladies dare not open their mouths, lest their aunts should print what they say.

It is very plain, that the authors of fiction in America can never be stopped by the want of a due supply of the materials which usually form either the foundation or the ornaments of this description of literature. In the history of the country, the manners and traditions of the aborigines, and the diversified characteristics of the European descendants, an inexhaustible fund of romance is afforded; the beauty and novelty of the country, its vast forests, its mighty rivers, its infant societies and nascent cities, can never fail to present themselves in a thousand interesting forms to the poetical eye. It is idle too to say, that America has not also her antiquities; not to speak of the vestiges of nations now long since passed away from the face of the earth, surely the early history of its colonization, coeval with our Elizabeths and James-es, may be said to present an air sufficiently venerable for the attention of the antiquarian novelist. The story of its peopling is full of romance, from New England to the Floridas. A more remarkable tale was never told, than that of the settlement of the Massachussets, by the puritanical pilgrims of England; the migration of Penn, and his dealings with the Indians, have been favourite subjects even in this country; and no history presents more terrible or romantic details, than the retributive expedition of Dominique de Goiges of Brittany, to Florida—the individual who crossed the Atlantic, to execute a national vengeance, and who only returned when his spontaneous act of tremendous justice was fully accomplished. Besides all which, the time of the great American war, with all its grand events, its extraordinary characters, and its appalling nature, is now sufficiently remote for the purposes of the fictionist. Tradition still preserves its incidents with freshness, while the lapse of time throws its scenes into that dubious light, so favourable to the speculations of the fancy.

The various writers of these volumes, though it is impossible that they could avail themselves of the whole range of these subjects, have embraced topics almost as widely different, as the sites of their events are separate. Miss Mitford has made the remark with reference to them, that "the scenes described, and the personages introduced, are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilization, from the wild Indian and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain."

The accomplished compiler has not thought proper to assign the different stories to their respective authors, which we think an omission of importance. We are only thus generally, and unsatisfactorily informed of the names of the most popular living writers of the Western World. "Amongst them," she observes, "I am chiefly indebted to Messrs. Verplank, Paulding, Hall, Neal, Barker, Willis, and Stone, and though last, not least, to Miss Sedgwick." There is a pleasure in connecting a peculiar style or distinguished excellence with a name; and we regret we cannot more especially pay our individual debts of gratitude, than to the firm of talent as thus made out by Miss Mitford,—with indeed one exception. There is no mistaking the hand of John Neal, whilom during his sojourn in England a *collaborateur* of half our periodicals, and the author of some half hundred of unreadable romances. "Otterbag the Oneida Chief," the first story in the collection, describing the character and fate of one of the Indian Allies of the Americans in their war against the Mother Country, may be easily distinguished as the production of his broad-pointed pen. No one can mistake his vehemence, his headlong rapidity, his occasional force, and his frequent failure. Mr. Neal is a Yankee gladiator who fights with the air; his position is good, his vigour undeniable, space rings with the sharpness of his blows and the athletic play of his muscles, the only fault is that he has no antagonist, and his most successful hits fall upon the thin atmosphere. In an anthology like the present, he appears to the greatest advantage. He has neither perseverance nor power of flight for a long effort, but it sometimes happens, that a lucky daub from his brush, charged as it is with brilliant colours, by itself constitutes a picture; just as in the sides of rocks, or in the burning coals on the fire, or in the clouds, fantastic but striking imitations of nature and reality may be often detected by the busy eye. The painter of antiquity, who did more by casting his sponge at his canvass than by his most deliberate efforts, strongly reminds us of the author of "Jonathan in England."

The title of "Stories of American Life" might have admitted of the addition of the word "scenery;' for, in fact, one of the distinctions of this very agreeable collection is, that it presents numerous and highly vigorous sketches of North American landscape. We do not know who is the author of the following Canadian picture; but our readers will allow that, whoever he be, there are few *paysagistes* of the old country who can paint with more force. It is taken from the very characteristic story, the "French Village," in the first volume.

'On the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village, which once boasted a numerous population of as happy and as thoughtless souls, as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep boyau, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the boyau was a swamp, which during the summer heats was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypress whose interwoven branches, and close foliage, excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenantless—and there were seasons, when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to wield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the paroquets that chattered among the boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of musquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum, and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile and fever abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of musquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted the gaiety of this happy people. When the musquitoes came, the monsieurs lighted their pipes, and kept up, not only a brisk fire, but a dense smoke, against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet, the fiddler flourished his bow, and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang, and laughed, and fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and of prey.

'Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with innumerable flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety than here and there a huge mound, the venerable monument of departed [illegible]s, or a solitary tree of stunted growth, shattered by the blast, and pining alone in the gay desert. The prospect was bounded by a range of tall bluffs, which overlooked the prairie, covered at some points with groves of timber, and at others exhibiting their naked sides, or high, bald peaks, to the eye of the beholder. Herds of deer might be seen here at sunrise, slyly retiring to their coverts, after rioting away the night on the rich pasturage. Here the lowing kine lived, if not in clover, at least in something equally nutritious; and here might be seen immense droves of French ponies, roaming untamed, the common stock of the village, ready to be reduced to servitude, by any lady or gentleman who chose to take the trouble.'—vol. i. p. 69-72.

In the story of "Unwritten Potery," occurs a description of a favourite spot in United States scenery, mixed up with the feelings which such a magnificent object may be supposed calculated to excite in the beholder. It will be seen, that the sympathy with nature which more especially characterizes English poets and English painters, has been duly propagated among our national descendants. When Wilson the painter exclaimed on viewing a fall of water, "Well done water, by G—d," he had given life and sentient being to a cascade.

'We turned westward, and in a few days entered the valley of the Mohawk. I could write a book upon its sunsets, and the exquisite beauty of its banks and waters, but I must pass it without description. We loitered long and pleasantly upon its graceful windings, and though it won no smile or evidence of exhilaration from Lorraine, I could see that he was interested, and now and then beguiled of his dark thoughts, and I hailed it as a promise of better things.

'On one of the balmiest mornings that ever broke, we descended the rude steps leading to the bed of the Trenton Falls. For some days I had perceived no change in Lorraine, and I began to fear, that the appearances upon which I had built my hopes were but the effect of physical excitement, and that his diseased mind was beyond the skill of nature. We reached the bottom, and stood upon the broad, solid floor, a hundred feet down in the very heart of the rock, and in my first feelings of astonishment, even my interest in his impressions was forgotten; but its sublime grandeur had awakened him, and when I recovered my self-possession, he stood with his hands clasped, and his fine face glowing with surprise and pleasure. His figure had assumed the erect, airy freedom for which he was once remarkable, and as he went on, the alacrity of his step was delightful.

'In a few minutes we stood below the first fall. The whole volume of the river here descends fifty feet at a single leap. The basin which receives it is worn into a deep, circular abyss, and the dizzy whirl and tumult of the water is almost overpowering. We ascended at the side, and at a level with the top of the fall, passed under an immense shelf, overshadowing us almost at the height of a cloud, and advancing a little further, the whole grand sweep of the river was before us. It was a scene of which I had never before any conception, and I confess myself inadequate to describe it. To stand in the bed of a torrent, which flows for miles through a solid rock, at more than a hundred feet below the surface; to look up this tremendous gorge, and see, as far as the eye can stretch, a river rushing on with amazing velocity, leaping at every few rods over a fall, and sinking into whirlpools, and sweeping round projecting rocks constantly and violently; to see this, and then look up as if from the depths of the earth to the giant walls that confine it, piled apparently to the very sky, this is a sensation to which no language that would not seem ridiculous hyperbole could do justice.

'When the first surprise is over, and the mind has become familiar in a degree with the majestic scope of the whole, there is something delightfully tranquillizing in its individual features. We spent the whole day in loitering idly up the stream, stopping at every fall, and every wild sweep of the narrow passes, and resting by the side of every gentle declivity where the water shot smoothly down with a surface as polished as if its arrowy velocity were the sleep of a transparent fountain. There is nothing more beautiful than water. Look at it when you will —in any of its thousand forms in motion or at rest—dripping from the moss of a spring, or leaping in the thunder of a cataract—it has always the same wonderful, surpassing beauty. Its clear transparency, the grace of its every possible motion, the brilliant shine of its foam, and its majestic march in the flood, are matched unitedly by no other element. Who has not "blessed it unaware?" If objects that meet the eye have any effect upon our happiness, water is among the first of human blessings. It is the gladdest thing under heaven. The inspired writers use it constantly as an image for gladness, and "crystal waters" is the beautiful type of the Apocalypse for the joy of the New Jerusalem. I bless God for its daily usefulness; but it is because it is an every-day blessing, that its splendour is unnoticed. Take a child to it, and he claps his little hands with delight; and present it to any one in a new form, and his senses are bewildered. The man of warm imagination, who looks for the first time on Niagara, feels an impulse to leap in, which is almost irresistible. What is it but a delirious fascination,—the same spell which, in the loveliness of a woman, or the glory of a sunset cloud, draws you to the one, and makes you long for the golden wings of the other?

'I trust I shall be forgiven for this digression. It is one of feeling. I have loved the water from my childhood. It has cheated me of my sorrow when a home-sick boy; and I have lain beside it in the summer days when an idle student, and deliciously forgot my dry philosophy. It has always the same pure flow, and the same low music, and is always ready to bear away your thoughts upon its bosom, like the Hindoo's barque of flowers, to an imaginative heaven.'—vol. iii. p. 86-9.

The American life described in these volumes is of three kinds, the historical life, or life sixty years ago; border life, that is, the life of the outer settlements; and city life, which embraces pictures of manners as they exist at this moment in New York, Philadelphia, and the great towns. Sketches of the latter kind are the least interesting here, inasmuch as the manners of good English, and good American society, differ only by shades; and the departure from modes we habitually consider correct, simply communicates an impression of vulgarity or pretension. The distinctions are too minute to be an object of curiosity, and yet considerable enough to offend a fastidious reader. Of this class are the "Scenes in Washington." The historical stories, turning as they do on America in its colonial state, or on the period of its grand resistance, are full of interest by the very nature of their incidents: several of this division are handled with very considerable ability. We may particularize "The Country Cousin," and the "Romance of the Border." The pictures of manners, as they exist on the confines of civilized and savage life, are, however, we confess, the objects of our more especial gratification; and by way of example of the American stories which turn upon them, and which chiefly delight us, we would select such tales as "Pete Featherton," "The Rifle," "The Sick Man Cured." These are experiments in social life; they present man under a new aspect; he is shown to us surrounded by circumstances of an entirely novel kind. He has all the wants of civilized life, amidst all the privations of a savage state, and it is a proud and a pleasant sight, to see him subdue the wide world of the deep forest and lonely prairie to his tastes, his habits, and his necessities. But while the man bends nature to his wishes, he himself necessarily is worked upon in return. He civilizes savage life, and in return becomes half a savage. His constitutional instincts are developed, his natural powers expanded to their greatest stretch, his vigour perpetually exercised, and the whole physical frame is carried to the highest pitch of training, in conjunction with the education, or at least the traditional habits, language and opinions of one of the most artificial people in existence.

The following description of Pete Featherton, a real Kentuck, is the portrait of a being of this description who assuredly is a curious, if not a delightful, phenomenon to behold.

'A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow lay ankle deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air, and the cheerful sun-beams invigorated the animal creation, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking-places.

'The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio, were commencing with the sun, the business of the day. A stout, raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and lugging log after log, erected a pile in the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honours to the stateliest ox. A female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American peasant.

'The breakfast over, Mr. Featherton reached down a long rifle from the rafters, and commenced certain preparations, fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed, and the springs oiled; and the keen eye of the back woodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essayed those coaxing and captivating blandishments, which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport. Every pretext which her ingenuity supplied, was urged with affecting pertinacity;—the wind whistled bleakly over the hills, the snow lay deep in the valleys, the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter, cold weather, his toes might be frost-bitten, and her own hours would be sadly lonesome in his absence. The young hunter smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride, for such she was, and continued his preparations.

'He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last, would not be very likely to prevail. Pete Featherton, as he was familiarly called by his acquaintances, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian, of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion, announced an ardent temperament; his tall form, and bony limbs, indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and tall cheek-bones, evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social,—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and, at times, wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. He loved his wife, was true to his friends, never allowed a bottle to pass untasted, nor turned his back upon a frolic.

'He believed, that the best qualities of all countries were centered in Kentucky; but had a whimsical manner of expressing his national attachments. He was firmly convinced, that the battle of the Thames was the most sanguinary conflict of the age, and extolled Colonel J——n, as "a severe colt."—He would admit that Napoleon was a great genius; but insisted that he was "no part of a priming" to Henry Clay. When entirely "at himself,"—to use his own language,—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, and a better-tempered soul never shouldered a rifle. But let him get a dram too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. It was then that he would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air with the activity of a rope-dancer, and, after uttering a yell, which the most accomplished Winnebago might be proud to own, swear that he was the "best man" in the country, and could "whip his weight in wild cats!" and after many other extravagancies, conclude, that he could "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning."

'In addition to this, which one would think was enough for any reasonable man, Pete would brag, that he had the best rifle, the prettiest wife, and the fastest nag in all Kentucky; and that no man dare say to the contrary. It is but justice to remark, that there was more truth in this last boast, than is usually found on such occasions, and that Pete had no small reason to be proud of his horse, his gun, and his rosy-cheeked companion.

'These, however, were the happy moments, which are few and far between; for every poet will bear us witness, from his own experience, that the human intellect is seldom indulged with those brilliant inspirations, which gleam over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was as listless a soul as one would see of a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling speech, and a deliberate gait, a stoop of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole inward and outward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his manhood—as the panther, with whom he so often compared himself, when his appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

'It will be readily perceived, that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and wrappers of buck-skin: and he was soon accoutred with his quaintly carved powder-horn, pouch, flints, patches, balls, and long knife;—and throwing "Brown Bess"—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth.'—vol. ii. p. 4.

In "The Sick Man Cured," we have a case of hypochondriasis relieved by a resort to the healthy scenes of border life. The application of the remedy is described with much humour. The victim of indigestion, by a change of circumstances, is reduced to farm a clearing that belongs to him in a newly located country: he naturally imagines, that his rough fare will speedily destroy him, and having been long even afraid to move lest he should snap a sinew or dislocate a joint, he looks with dismay on the project of turning his lands to account by personal labour. These delusions are gradually destroyed, by first of all, finding that he does not die; and next, by a fortunate acquaintance with the neighbouring family of Mr. Lightly, a settler who has preceded him in the busy task of locating and clearing. This family, and the impression they make on the hypochondriac patient, are very amusingly described.

It appears that one of the young Lightlys is about to marry and "swarm," to use his father's expression, to whose active mind it has occurred, that such an assistant might be useful to Mr. Ambler, the nervous gentleman and new settler. The arrangement is gladly adopted by the self-supposed sick man, and the happiest consequences ensue, and some of them are thus agreeably narrated.

'My Polyphemus with two eyes, set to work without delay, under the direction of my old man, who talked a great deal, and did nothing; and who, after having given his opinion, was content to follow that of the other. I was busy too, looking on; running about, doing little or nothing; but taking an interest, and sympathising with the lusty labours of the young giant, Ahasuerus, to such a degree, that I have often actually fallen into a violent perspiration, at seeing him lifting up a large stone. Thus I got a great deal of the benefit of hard work, without actually fatiguing myself. By degrees, I came to work a little myself; and when I did not work, I gave my advice, and saw the others work. One day—it was the crisis of my life—one day Ahasuerus and the old man were attempting to raise a rock out of the ground by means of a lever, but their weight was not sufficient. They tried several times, but in vain; whereat the spirit came upon me, and seizing the far end of the lever, I hung upon it with all my might, kicking most manfully all the while. The rock yielded to our united exertions, and rolled out of the ground. It was my victory.

'"We should not have got it out without you," said Ahasuerus.

'"It was all your doing," quoth the old man.

'But, to tell the honest truth, I quaked in the midst of my triumph, lest this unheard-of exertion might have injured a blood-vessel, or strained some of the vital parts. That night I thought, some how or other I felt rather faintish and languid. But it may be I was only a little sleepy; for I fell asleep in five minutes, and did not wake till sun rise. It was some time before I could persuade myself that I was quite well; but being unable fairly to detect any thing to the contrary, I arose and walked forth into the freshness of the morning, and my spirit laughed in concert with the sprightly insects and chirping birds.

'After this I became bolder and bolder until finally, animated by the example of the great Ahasuerus, I one day laid hold of a rock, and rolled it fairly out of its bed. I was astonished at this feat; I had no idea that I could make the least exertion, without suffering for it severely in some way or other. I never could do it before, and what is the reason I can do it now? thought I: I certainly used to feel very faint, on occasion of sometimes drawing a hard cork out of a bottle. My new monitor, experience, whispered me, that this was nothing but apprehension, which, when it becomes a habit, and gains a certain mastery over the mind, produces a sensation allied to faintness. It embarrasses the pulsation, and that occasions a feeling of swooning. The mental causes the physical sensation. I was never so happy in my whole life, as when I received this lesson of experience. I was no longer afraid of dying off hand, of the exertion of drawing a cork.

'Thus we went on during the summer. The salt pork relished wonderfully; the bread and milk became a delicious dessert; and the rocks daily vanished from the meadow, like magic. The autumn now approached, and I bethought myself how I should get through the winter, with so many broken panes, and so many sky lights in the roof of my house. There was neither carpenter nor glazier in ten miles;

and I was at a loss what to do. I spoke to Ahasuerus the Great about it. "If you will get me a few shingles and nails, and some glass and putty, I will do it myself," said he. "If you can do it, so can I," said I, for I began to be a little jealous of Ahasuerus. Accordingly, I procured the materials, and mounting on the roof, went to work zealously. It was a devil of a business; but I got through it at last. It did not look very well, to be sure; but it kept out the rain, the snow, and the keen air. Encouraged at my unaccountable ingenuity as a carpenter, I commenced glazier, and broke six panes of glass off-hand. With the seventh, however, I succeeded; and well it was that I did so, for I had determined this should be the last, and its failure would have for ever satisfied me, that none but a man who had learned the trade of a glazier could put in a pane of glass. As it was, I passed from the extreme of depression and vexation to that of exaltation and vanity.'

We should be glad to prolong our extracts from this tale, for the author goes on to a very striking enumeration of the pleasures afforded by the aspect of solitary nature, and does not omit to interpolate some agreeable anecdotes of Mr. Ambler's progressive steps towards a cure, under the sanatory influence of border life. But our limits are already exceeded.

Such is the nature of the entertainment and instruction to be obtained from these volumes: it is vain to expect that the English reader, amidst the voluminous issues of the London Press, can have much leisure or opportunity to seek among the American importations for objects of literary gratification; we therefore heartily applaud the idea of thus selecting from time to time the more happy efforts of Transatlantic genius—and congratulate the compiler upon the successful exercise of her discriminative powers. When next we consider one of her undertakings, it will probably lie in a higher but not more useful walk of intellectual occupation.

Art. IX.—*Hieroglyphics.* Published by the Royal Society of Literature, Part V. London. 1830.

THE magnificent remains of antiquity which adorn the valley of the Nile have for ages past been the admiration of all that beheld them. The Pyramids of Jîzah have been long since placed by universal consent among the select Wonders of the World. The monuments of Upper Egypt were less known, but they were equally calculated to delight and astonish the visitant. Scarcely was it possible for even the rudest peasant to gaze without emotion on those enormous masses of masonry, which, having survived the lapse of so many centuries, and the devast ation of so many conquerors, still point out the sites of the principal edifices of ancient Thebes; on the groups of figures, many of them of gigantic size, which are sculptured on their sides; and on the colossal statues and obelisks, which seem to guard the approach to them. To the eye of cultivated taste a new source of wonder was opened in the exquisite symmetry which pervades every part of these buildings; in the accuracy of the proportions, and the delicacy of the execution of the sculptures; and in the richness and freshness of the colouring in those parts that had been painted. The attention of the closer observer was riveted by the multitude of different figures, of which the sculptures were composed; by the variety of features and habits, of attitudes and employments, that was observable among them; and by the strangeness of the scenery, by which they were sometimes surrounded. Few penetrated the vast and gloomy excavations, in which the mighty dead had been deposited; but they who did so were awe-struck with the solemnity of those silent chambers, at the same time that they were delighted with their gorgeous magnificence.

Until within the last few years, however, a painful sensation of ignorance was ever mingled with the gratification, which the sight of these wonders was so well calculated to produce in the mind of the beholder. The history, and even the names of those mighty sovereigns, by whom they had been constructed, were, as well as the time of their construction, wholly unknown. The half-savage Arabs, whose habitations are now polluting the palaces and temples of the once proud capital of Egypt, were on these subjects scarcely worse informed than the most enlightened antiquarians of Europe. The former ascribed all without distinction to "old king Pharaoh;" the latter might know, indeed, that this ill-understood title was borne by a succession of princes, who must have reigned, at the lowest computation, for upwards of fourteen hundred years; but to which of these kings, or to what portion of this long interval of time, they should ascribe each or any of the monuments, they were wholly ignorant. The guesses that were hazarded by some had but little plausibility when they were published; and we now know that they could hardly have been more unlucky. The most magnificent of the temples, which, it was presumed, must have been the most recent, and have probably been erected at a period when the barbarous architecture of the ancient Egyptians had been improved by their intercourse with the polished Grecians, are, it is now ascertained, the work of the very oldest times, long before the period when Greece could have anything elegant to teach to her neighbours. On the other hand, the temples of Dendera and Esneh, to which the French Savans, some thirty years ago, from arguments founded on the supposed positions of the equinoctial points in Zodiacs figured upon them, attributed a most incredible antiquity, have been proved to be among the most recent of all the monuments, having been constructed in the time of the Roman Emperors.

But the veil by which the ancient monarchs of Egypt and all their concerns have so long been hidden, is now withdrawn; and though, as we have sometimes seen in theatric representations, a lingering mist continues to shroud those objects which were formerly totally concealed by it; that mist is evidently clearing away, and we can already distinguish through it the shadowy forms of a long line of princes, extending back into the most remote antiquity, and adorned by military exploits and architectural monuments, such as few sovereigns of any age or country have surpassed.

We are not going to engage in the controversy, which national vanity will in all probability render a very protracted one, whether it is to our late lamented countryman Dr. Young, or to M. Champollion, that the world is most indebted for that new light which has broken in upon us within the last dozen years; which has already enabled us to pronounce with certainty on a vast number of questions, respecting which the profoundest ignorance had previously prevailed; and which holds forth to us a prospect of farther information to an extent that can scarcely be estimated too largely. What we intend to do at present is to give, in a condensed form, and without the parade of learned discussion, the substance of the information which has been acquired from time to time, by the deciphering of hieroglyphical legends, respecting the ancient Egyptian Kings, and the principal monuments of each of them that are extant. We are the more desirous of doing this, because the English public can no where meet with this information collected together; nor with some of it, indeed, in any form; and because such of our cotemporaries as have undertaken to give it, have been extremely incorrect in the most important particulars.

The dynasty of kings to which the most magnificent of the Egyptian monuments are now attributed, is a very ancient one. It reigned in Thebes, in Upper Egypt, from three to four thousand years ago. We cannot state the precise period; for the inscriptions that have been hitherto discovered have rather illustrated the history and the genealogy of these monarchs than their chronology. We know the number of years in the reigns of some, but not of all of them; and if we knew it for all, we should still want a common point to connect the series of their reigns with some known era. It is probable that this desideratum may be supplied, it is impossible to say how soon, through the intervention of the Sothiacal period, which, we know, commenced, possibly for the second time, in the 1323rd year before our era. If any given year of that period could be identified with a year of any king's reign, it would be easy to assign the year before Christ when that reign commenced. Hitherto, however, this has not been done; and we must be content to suspend our curiosity. It has been suggested that the lengths of the reigns of the different sovereigns might be known from the canon of Manetho, to whose 18th and 19th dynasties these Theban kings have been assumed to belong. But though we should admit this assumption, it can be of no avail to us beyond the first twelve or thirteen reigns in the 18th dynasty. The lengths of the subsequent ones are so discordantly set down in the different copies of Manetho, and in all the copies they are so inconsistent, both with the totals as assigned by him, and with the surer testimony of the monuments, that we must for the present dismiss them from consideration. The genuine text of Manetho may possibly be restored by the help of hieroglyphical legends; but, in the absence of the latter, the corrupted copies of Manetho that we now possess are absolutely useless as a substitute.

We must relinquish, then, for the present, the prospect of having the chronology of this line of sovereigns satisfactorily settled; and we must be content with determining the order of their succession, which we are enabled in great measure to do for a period of several hundred years. For this we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Wilkinson, the accurate copyist of most of the inscriptions contained in the work before us. In the year 1827, he took a new and most correct copy of the genealogical table of Abydos, first discovered by Mr. Bankes in 1818; and he also discovered and copied at Thebes several other lists of royal *prænomens,* the re-discovery of which M. Champollion has since announced. All these lists are presented to us at one view in the 98th plate of this collection. The table of Abydos appears from this last copy to have contained the prænomens of at least fifty, and probably fifty-four or fifty-eight, of the reputed ancestors of Rameses the Great. But, before we proceed further, we must explain to the uninitiated reader what a royal prænomen is.

The titles of the ancient Egyptian kings were numerous and fulsome, as those of oriental despots have always been. Several of these were borne by all of them indiscriminately, and were employed or omitted in each case, apparently according to the caprice of the designer, or the space that he was desirous of filling up. There were some titles, however, which were peculiar to each sovereign, and which were probably selected by him at the commencement of his reign, to distinguish him from his predecessors. One at least of these peculiar groups of titles was invariably used to describe the sovereign; and if the designer was not limited in space, they were all employed. The first consisted always of the figure of Horus (or Apollo, according to Hermapion) followed by certain epithets or qualifications, which were frequently inclosed in a banner or ornamented square. The second groupe was enclosed in an oval shield, or cartouche; and uniformly commenced with a solar disk, signifying "the Sun," and read, it has been supposed, "Pharao." After this were certain other epithets, or qualifications. This cartouche with its contents is what is called "the *Prænomen.*" Another cartouche which usually followed this, contained what is generally considered to be the historic name of the sovereign, often attended by additional titles. For distinction's sake this cartouche is called "the *Name.*" The indiscriminate titles which were occasionally prefixed to the prænomen were different from those prefixed to the name. The latter were "lord of the diadems," "son of the Sun," "—who loves him," "—who honours him," and a few others; the former were more numerous; we need only mention the most frequent; "king" and "lord of the world." As a specimen of the manner in which these titles were accumulated, may be given the following, which is one of the most modest series that has been met with. It occurs on one of the columns of the temple of Amun at Elephantine: "The HORUS [powerful and *reigning in truth*] the good God, lord of the world (the SUN, lord of truth) the son of the Sun, who loves him, (AMENOTHPH, *the moderator of the pure region) may he live* like the Sun for ever!" For the translation given of the last qualification there is only the *ipse dixit* of M. Champollion. We accordingly print it, and some other clauses, the meaning of which is not absolutely certain, in the italic character; and we wish we could prevail on the gentleman that we have just named to adopt a similar course in his future works. The silly affectation of being able to translate with certainty all that he finds written in hieroglyphical characters has involved him in such a labyrinth of contradictions, retractions, and corrections, as to have led many to doubt—unreasonably indeed, but not unnaturally—whether he has attained to certainty with respect to any hieroglyphics whatsoever. The truth is, that the interpretation of very many of these characters does not rest on the authority of M. Champollion or of any other individual, but of sure principles of deciphering; and that it is as little likely to be shaken by any future discoveries as the meaning of Greek or Hebrew words can be. With other characters the case is very different; we have only probability, and that, sometimes, of a very feeble degree, to guide us in their interpretation; and this ought to be candidly stated, and the distinction, wherever it occurs, pointed out.

The connexion which exists between the titles of the banner, the prænomen, and the historic name, enables us, generally speaking, to determine the latter when either of the former is given, provided that we have once seen the complete titles. The number of kings of whom these complete titles are known, has for some time past been considerable; and M. Champollion, in the course of his recent journey, has, no doubt, considerably enlarged it. We trust that he will at an early period publish as complete a list of them as he can; accompanied, if he pleases, with his own translation of the titles, but at all events in the original hieroglyphics. The value of such a table would be very great; not only in cases of mutilation, where the other titles remain legible, while the name is not so; but also because, when only a single cartouche was employed to designate a king, as in the catalogues at Abydos and elsewhere, the prænomen, which was peculiar to him, was used; not the name, which might be common to him with other sovereigns. Our method of distinguishing kings of the same name by the addition of the ordinal numerals does not appear to have been used by the Egyptians.

We have already stated, that the prænomens which precede that of Rameses the Great, in the table of Abydos, are fifty at least. Fifty generations, averaging thirty years at the least, and terminating 14 or 15 centuries before the Christian era, would give to the Egyptian monarchy a most portentous antiquity indeed; could we only be sure that all the sovereigns enumerated had really existed. Of this, however, there is no proof; nor is it so likely that the genealogists of Rameses should possess records extending through so long a period, as that they should enjoy that inventive talent, which has in all ages distinguished their fraternity. We ought to observe that the sixteen prænomens which precede that of Rameses are perfectly legible; before these are eight or more that are defaced; then thirteen legible ones in an upper row. The remainder are wanting. Now we have the sure testimony of cotemporary monuments, that the last sixteen are the titles of real kings; but we are not aware that any similar evidence exists with respect to any of the other thirteen. Of course it cannot exist with respect to the intermediate ones which have been defaced; but neither can the want of it afford any presumption *against* their being real prænomens. It would be extremely improbable that the mutilation of the table, evidently the result of accident, should have occurred at that precise point, where the fictitious names of sovereigns ceased, and the real ones began; nor is it at all unlikely that the earliest kings, whose real names and order were preserved to the time of Rameses, should have left no monuments behind them,—none at least which have remained to our times. We cannot, therefore, think that the first king whose name appears in the second line of the table of Abydos, was the actual founder of the monarchy. But we consider it an open question, on which each person is at liberty to form his own conjecture, how many generations he was removed from him; and in the mean time, for convenience sake, we will take leave to call this prince No. I, and to designate his successors in the genealogical table in a similar manner; the great Rameses being No. XVII, and the subsequent prænomens, obtained by Mr. Wilkinson, at Medinet Abou, continuing the series to No. XXI. This method, no doubt, has its inconveniences; but it possesses the paramount advantage of being independent of all hypotheses, in reference either to the canon of Manetho, or to the mode of translating certain prænomens. The mischief arising from such hypotheses has been but too apparent to every one who has watched the progress of discovery in the Hieroglyphical field. M. Champollion may palliate the matter as he will; but there is scarcely a paragraph of his original statements with respect to the early Pharaohs, which he has not been compelled to modify or to abandon.

It was some years ago a favourite notion with this gentleman, and it was eagerly embraced by the retailers of his opinions in this country, that under the 16th dynasty of Manetho, prior to the conquest of Egypt by the Shepherds, it had attained to a very high degree of civilization; and that many fine buildings had been constructed; most of which, indeed, had been destroyed by those barbarians; but of which parts were preserved, that were considered by the monarchs of the 18th dynasty as worthy of being incorporated in their most splendid works. The solitary instance on which this theory was grounded was a portion of the sanctuary of Karnac, which appeared to be the work of a king Mandouei, who was supposed to have been a most ancient and mighty conqueror, the Osymandyas of Diodorus. Other monuments of this king remained, which unquestionably indicated a very high degree of civilization at the time when he lived. Respecting that time, however, M. Champollion appears to have laboured under a most extraordinary delusion. It is now, thanks to Mr. Wilkinson, ascertained that he was the grandson of Rameses the Great. We will notice him, by and by, as our No. XIX. It follows that this supposed most ancient part of the temple of Karnac, is in reality one of the latest additions to it. This phantasm of an ancient king being removed, we know of no grounds for supposing that Egypt had attained to a high degree of civilization, prior to the age of the Thothmoses and the Amenothphs, and had then relapsed into comparative barbarism. On the contrary, the monuments appear rather to indicate a constantly progressive improvement, from a period long prior to that which is accounted the commencement of the 18th dynasty.

Having premised this, we proceed to speak of the several monarchs in their order. Of Nos. I and II, we know nothing more than that their prænomens are engraved on a rock between Assouan and Philœ. This inscription, which is certainly a cotemporary one, is perhaps the very oldest, certainly among the oldest, that is in existence. It cannot have been cut much less than 4,000 years before the present time. No. III was called Usortasen. The name is the same with that of the builder of the obelisk at Heliopolis; but the prænomen is different. M. Champollion supposes that obelisk to have been erected about 800 years before our era; but he thinks that a small statue in the Louvre was intended to represent the ancient Usortasen. If so, and we think the conjecture a probable one, the hieroglyphical name of his father, No. II, is given; but the characters have not all of them been satisfactorily deciphered. This king is most remarkable for having been the favourite ancestor of No. X, who dedicated to him one of the temples at Samne, in Nubia; and whose prænomen is found prefixed to his, in a manner that puzzled Mr. Salt and others, who supposed the latter to be a name. At first sight, it certainly has that appearance; but on examining the hieroglyphical context, we find some such phrase as " King, No. X, beloved by the good God, No. III."

With respect to the next two Nos., and again to No. VIII, difficulties appear to exist, which with our present scanty information we will not attempt to explain, and which, consequently, we need not delay to state. No. VI and his queen bore the same name, which seems to be Ahmosis, and which was also the name of the queen of No. VII. From this coincidence, and the conspicuous manner in which this latter female is generally represented as accompanying her husband, we should suppose her to have been the daughter of the preceding sovereign; and either to have been the sole heiress of the crown, or, according to the Egyptian custom, to have married her brother. Her husband Amenothph and she, are commemorated on many minor monuments, in the British Museum and elsewhere. In one of these they are represented as receiving divine honours from No. XVI;—a circumstance on which, as all the Egyptian kings were deified, more stress has perhaps been laid than it deserved. It has been supposed that these honours were paid by his descendants to No. VII, as the founder of their dynasty, and the conqueror of the barbarous Shepherds. He has accordingly been identified with the Amosis, or Tethmosis of Manetho, who commenced the 18th dynasty.

M. Champollion calls No. VIII Thothmosis I, and his queen Ahmosis. As we have already stated, however, there are difficulties respecting this number, which we do not mean to dilate on. According to the same authority, No. IX was another Thothmosis, who was succeeded by his sister, called Amense. The son of this queen was Thothmosis III, No. X. His father, according to M. Champollion, was a private individual named Thothmosis; but we are much inclined to suspect that Amense was the widow, as well as the sister, of No. IX, and that No. X was their son. It is pretty certain that he dated the years of his reign from the death of No. IX, which he would scarcely have done on any other supposition. But, be this as it may, this queen Amense took for her second husband one Amenenthe, who governed the kingdom as regent for her and her son, until his attaining his majority. So at least M. Champollion has stated as the result of his observations; and, ignorant as we are of their precise nature, we must for the present be satisfied with it.

No. X was a more distinguished monarch, as far at least as respects architectural monuments, than any of his predecessors. We have already mentioned the temples at Samne, erected by him in the southern part of Nubia; they are, we believe, the most ancient in that country. He built the sanctuary of the great temple at Karnac, on the walls of which are a sort of annals of his reign, specifying the number of the slain, and that of the captives, with the amount of booty taken, in his several battles. He also erected the obelisks that are now at Alexandria, commonly called " Cleopatra's needles." These are, so far as we know, the first obelisks that were ever made; they are certainly the oldest that are now in existence.* There can be little doubt that this king was the Mœris of Herodotus and Diodorus, to whom they attribute the digging of the celebrated artificial lake which bore his name, and the building of some magnificent works at Memphis which are now destroyed. We know indeed, that this king assumed the title of "Lover of the Sun," which in the old Egyptian language would be Mæ-Ra, or Mæ-Phra. The first differs in termination only, from the name given by Herodotus; the last may perhaps be the Mephres of Manetho, who is placed by him three descents from the founder of the dynasty.

No. XI was a Second Amenothph; he made some trifling additions to his father's works, and commenced the temple of Hassaya in Nubia. His son, No. XII, Thothmosis IV, completed this temple, and erected the obelisk which is now at the Lateran in Rome. His great work, however, was the Sphinx in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids of Jîzah which has been so often described. The front of it was cleared from sand by Captain Caviglia, at an expense of 800*l.* or 900*l.* He discovered a pair of enormous paws of masonry, and between them a tablet; the inscription on which was copied by Mr. Salt, and appears to be a dedication of the monster by this king to the deity, whom M. Champollion calls "Atmou;" but Hermapion, if we have his text correct, "Heron." The wife, or one of the wives, of this king, the mother of No. XIII, was called, according to M. Champollion, Maut-hem-Va.

The next king was the Third Amenothph, or, as he is commonly called, Memnon. His monuments appear to be more numerous than those of any other monarch of this dynasty, with the exception of the great Rameses. His statues and *scarabæi* are everywhere to be met with. Among his greater works we will only mention the temple of Amun at Elephantine; that of Soleb at the extremity of Nubia; the most ancient parts of the temple of Luxor, the Memnonium, and the celebrated Colossus, at Thebes. In one of the Greek inscriptions on this last monument we have as an *alias* for Memnon, the name Phamenoph, that is "the Amenoph." Manetho places "Amenophis or Memnon" three descents from "Mephres;" which accords with the supposition that the former was No. XIII, and the latter No. X; and which indeed is the most weighty argument that has been adduced in support of it. The queen of this Amenothph was called Taia.

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* Since the above was written, we are given to understand, that the obelisk of Heliopolis (or Matarea) is supposed by some writers in this country to be the work of a king Usortasen yet more ancient than our No. III; and not of the prince to whom we have, in the former part of this article, attributed it on the authority of M. Champollion. The comparative rudeness of the sculptures certainly favours this supposition.

The hieroglyphical name of the next king, No. XIV, not having been deciphered, he is called Horus; that name following that of Amenophis in the catalogue of Manetho. He made some additions to his father's works at Thebes; and there are some smaller monuments to his honour in the British Museum. There is also a remarkable monument of this king in the museum at Turin, on which M. Champollion bestowed much attention at an early period of his career. It contains a decree for paying certain honours to him and to a female named Tmaumot, or Mautmot; who was first supposed by that gentleman to be the daughter that succeeded Horus, the Acherres of Manetho; but whom he has since ascertained to be his wife. The real name of his daughter and successor (for Manetho's statement is confirmed in that particular) he now states to be Thaoser. She was married, and her husband bore the title of king; but she seems to have retained the supreme power in her own hand. The name of this subordinate sovereign is, according to the same authority, Menephtha Siphtha. They had probably no children, as we find the brother of Thaoser, who is called Rameses I, the No. XV of our series, succeeding her on the throne. It is not impossible that he was the Sasyches, who is mentioned by Diodorus, as having reigned about this time; and his monuments may have been the less permanent, but more honourable ones, of useful legislation. To the next prænomen, No. XVI, two names are found attached, which are thought to be those of two brothers who reigned in succession. The first is Ousireei, to whom the tomb belonged that was opened by Belzoni, and of which a model was exhibited in London. The other is Mandouei I, who erected the obelisk which is now standing at the Porta del Popolo at Rome, and who is represented on the tablet which we have already mentioned in speaking of No. VII.

We now come to No. XVII, the Second, or Great, Rameses, and the most illustrious of this royal line. Whatever coincidence we have hitherto found between the canon of Manetho and the list of kings obtained by deciphering the monumental inscriptions, is here broken off. There is none of Manetho's kings, that can correspond with this mighty conqueror. In the place where his name ought to appear with a very long reign over against it, we find an Armais who reigned four years, followed by a Rameses who reigned little more than one. M. Champollion at first supposed this Rameses to be the founder of the 19th dynasty; but that supposition is quite irreconcileable with the order of kings determined by the catalogue at Medinet Abou, and we know not what supposition he can now make, that will uphold the credit of Manetho without being inconsistent with the monuments. But though we are not able to identify the Egyptian hero with any of Manetho's kings, there can be no doubt that he was the Sesoosis of Diodorus; who, it is worthy of notice, is said to have lived seven generations after Mœris, the very interval that occurs between our No. X and No. XVII; we need scarcely add that he was the Sesostris of Herodotus. Of course, however, we do not mean to vouch for all the statements that have been made respecting him by either of these writers; some of which, we need scarcely inform our readers, are incredible enough. We are also disposed to identify this king, *to a certain extent*, with the Osymandyas of Diodorus. We mean to say, that, while we consider the account given of that monarch by Diodorus to be fabulous, we believe the actions attributed to him to have been those of Sesostris,—disguised indeed and exaggerated, and transferred to a more remote era: and we can have no doubt that the building, which was shown to the Greek historian as the tomb of Osymandyas, was the work of the great Rameses.

It would be quite impossible for us to enumerate the monuments of this king that are extant, nor is it easy to make a selection. We should place first the hypostyle hall, and some other additions that he made to the temple of Karnac. The rapture with which all who have visited this edifice speak of it is remarkable. "I was lost," says poor Belzoni, "in a mass of colossal objects, every one of which was more than sufficient, of itself alone, to attract my whole attention. How can I describe my sensations at that moment! I seemed alone in the midst of all that is most sacred in the world; a forest of enormous columns adorned all round with beautiful figures, and various ornaments from the top to the bottom; the graceful shape of the lotus, which forms their capitals, so well proportioned to the columns, that it gives to the view the most pleasing effect; the gates, the walls, the pedestals, and the architraves, also adorned in every part with symbolical figures in basso relievo and intaglio, representing battles, processions, triumphs, feasts, offerings and sacrifices; ...these altogether had such an effect upon my soul, as to separate me in imagination from the rest of mortals, exalt me on high over all, and cause me to forget entirely the trifles and follies of life. I was happy for a whole day, which escaped like a flash of lightning." M. Champollion speaks of this edifice as "the conception of one a hundred feet high." "The imagination," he says, "which, in Europe, rises far above our porticos, sinks abashed at the foot of the 140 columns of the Hypostyle hall at Karnac." Many parts of the neighbouring palace, or temple, of Luxor, which is scarcely inferior to that of Karnac in magnificence, are the work of the same king; so are the great obelisks that are there. We have already mentioned "the tomb of Osymandyas." We can refer to no other of his works in Egypt but the palace of Abydos, where the great genealogical table was placed, the lowest line of which was entirely occupied by the prœnomen and name of this king, repeated above a dozen times. Many of the Nubian temples were constructed by him; among others those of Seboua, Derri, Girshe, Ipsambol, cleared from sand by Belzoni, and Beit-el-Waly, or Galabshe. Most of these are cut out of the rock; and several of them are covered with sculptures, representing the military exploits of Rameses.

We might occupy a great deal of space in describing these sculptures, some of which are copied in the work before us. In one place the king is represented in his chariot, pursuing his barbarian enemies, and in the act of discharging an arrow against them; he is followed by two of his sons in similar chariots. In another place he is represented seated on his throne, with the spoils of the conquered brought before him. Among these we can easily distinguish the camelopard, the ostrich, the ape and other animals. We might discuss at great length the names and the countries of the several people, who appear as vanquished; but we fear we have already extended this article too far; and, to say the truth, we are far from feeling convinced by anything that we have seen on the subject. There can, however, be no doubt entertained that Sesostris was one of the greatest of conquerors, and that his empire, if he retained under his dominion all the countries that he over-ran, was among the most extensive that have ever existed. We will only add respecting this king, that while he uniformly bore the one *name*, "the beloved by Amun, RAMESES;" he used with it two different *prænomens*, sometimes simply, "THE SUN, *champion* (or *guardian*) of truth," sometimes this title with the additional one of "*approved* (or *preferred*) by the Sun." He also varied the titles of his banner; sometimes he styled himself "the Horus powerful and loving truth;" sometimes he substituted for the last qualification "the son of Atmou (or Heron.)" This circumstance has given rise to much confusion, and has occasioned his actions to be attributed, until very lately, to two different kings, one the son of Mandouei, the other the supposed head of the 19th dynasty, several generations posterior to him.

Rameses the Great is stated by M. Champollion to have had by his different wives somewhere about fifty sons. A younger one succeeded him, who has been called Mænuphtha; but this is not the name represented by the hieroglyphical characters. He made some additions to his father's works; and his name is found along with his father's on some monuments in the British Museum. No. XIX was Mandouei the Second, formerly accounted the First. We have already noticed his addition to the temple of Karnac; there is a colossal statue of him at Turin, and a smaller one in London. On these and other monuments of his a remarkable phenomenon has been noticed, the cause of which is yet involved in mystery. His name, which consists of the figure of the god Mandou, with the addition of a double vowel, has been in almost every instance defaced by the hammering out of the divine figure. This mutilation extended to the name of his predecessor, Mandouei I, on the obelisk of the Porta del Popolo. It could scarcely have been intended as an insult to the deity represented; it is probable, therefore, that the monarch of whom we are now treating, gave some deep offence to the nation, or to the priests who may have had the custody of the monuments; and that in revenge they endeavoured, by the destruction of his name, to obliterate his memory.

No. XX was called, according to M. Champollion, Ramerri. His reign was probably very short, so as not to allow him time for what appears to have been a principal work of all the sovereigns of this race,—the construction of a tomb. His remains were consigned to that of his predecessor—but not, it will be recollected, his ancestor—Queen Thaoser; the sculptures on which were hastily altered, so as to adapt it for its new tenant. No. XXI was a Rameses, another mighty conqueror, whose actions might almost vie with those of his great ancestor, No. XVII. He has been called Rameses Mæ-Amun; a name which is objectionable, as implying his identity with the king so called by Manetho, but which includes a title which he actually bore. His prænomen was, in fact, "The Sun, *guardian* (or *champion*) of truth, loving Amun," which last qualification was in the old Egyptian language Mæ-Amun. The name in his second cartouche was "Rameses, the warlike god." In all the articles on Egyptian history which have hitherto appeared in our cotemporaries, this king has been placed two generations prior to Rameses the Great. He built the palace of Medinet Abou, on the western bank of the Nile, at Thebes. His sarcophagus is now in the Louvre; the cover of it is at Cambridge; and "the mighty dust" which it once contained, into what new combinations has it entered?

We must here conclude our catalogue. It is stated by

M. Champollion that three sons of this monarch governed Egypt in succession. There is then an interval, we cannot say of what length, before we arrive at Shishonk, who reigned in the beginning of the tenth century before our era. Of the subsequent kings we have at present no room to speak; nor is the information that could be given concerning them of the most satisfactory kind.

We have now done; and we trust that we have said enough to excite, if not to satisfy, the curiosity of our readers, on the subject of which we have treated. We believe our article will be found to contain a correct outline of the monumental history of Egypt for several centuries; and though we may expect that every year will afford us additional information, and thus render our account imperfect; we cannot anticipate that it will prove, like those of others that we could name, erroneous. We have been careful to state nothing, without an intimation of doubt, respecting which there is not conclusive evidence. On two interesting questions,—respecting the Hykshos or shepherds of Manetho, and respecting the period of the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, we have purposely abstained from offering any opinion, reserving ourselves till we obtain fuller information.

Art. X.—*Mothers and Daughters; a Tale of the Year* 1830.—London: Colburn and Bentley; 3 vol. 12mo, 1831.

IT is vain to lament the decline and fall at particular seasons of particular species of literature. The modes of exhibiting talent and of amusing the world are not arbitrary; literature has its currents and tides like the sea, which no man can either guide or resist. There are writers who are eternally regretting the absence of dramatic genius, and wonder how it happens that no good plays are produced. Can such persons explain why such a luxurious crop of dramatists sprang up in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. Why do not poets write epics now: why do not essayists compose Spectators and Tatlers? Why is it that the whole power of human fancy is turned upon novels and romances? The truth is, that there is an aptitude to existing circumstances in all these forms of composition, which, as it is probably formed of numerous and not obvious elements, escapes the vulgar observer. Each form of literature, as it becomes generally adopted and followed, is moulded by the spirit of the age and is in perfect harmony with it. The fruits of the earth are not more strictly governed by the climates they are produced in, than are the various forms of literature. The influence of circumstances may be seen in the very exterior of the volumes which are, as it were, the corporeal part of letters. When printing was unknown, writings were enveloped in a roll of papyrus or parchment. After its discovery flat sheets were compacted together with thongs of leather, and the treasures of genius shut up in a strong box of boards and brazen clasps. Few copies were printed, the paper was thick, and consequently difficult to fold; and reading was slow; hence the huge folio. As literature became more diffused and the love of it more general, it became desirable to render books more portable; hence the reduction to quarto. The octavo form was the next stage; and now we live in the age of duodecimo. ‹ Since every body reads and must have books not in one place but wherever a man moves to, his companions must move with him, the most commodious size is therefore adopted. Since all ranks must buy books, we love necessarily the cheapest form, which is the duodecimo. Formerly readers went to the book, now the book comes to them. Formerly men travelled over a page, now the whole line may be embraced by the eye in a glance. The folio used to be affixed to an inclined plane, now the duodecimo goes into the pocket. Never was the hackneyed because beautiful quotation of Cicero in his defence of Archias in praise of letters so borne out by the fact as it now is. Books are a never-failing resource and perpetual companions; if we go abroad they are in the travelling trunk, if we go into the country they are in the carriage pockets, if we are sick they lie by the couch, when we go to bed they are put under the pillow, at breakfast if the table be baccalaurean, they elbow the muffins: in the summer's evening we read them in the garden, in the winter's night by the fire-side: when the candles are lighted, then we seek out the little duodecimo and raise the voice in concert with the harmonious music of the "loud-hissing urn."

When Shakespeare was a link-boy (if he ever was), or when Pepys put on his best velvet coat to see a stage play at the Bull or the Bear, the mode of spending the afternoon was a comedy and the Mall: hence the clouds of little 4to plays which distinguish all that century. Now we subscribe to Ebers or make one in a book-club, lie on a sofa and read the new novel, a pleasure considered by the poet Gray paradisaical; hence the whole armies of duodecimo recruits in uniform of blue faced with brown.

Let us not suppose, that the spirit of literature is less influenced by the changes of manners, art, wealth, and the diffusion of education and an almost universal passion for literature, than in its corporeal shape; and as much as either, is the mode or form of composition, whether it be epic or lyric, verse or prose, Ariosto or Scott, affected by the revolution in men's circumstances. The novel, for example, is essentially the creature of a most artificial and complicated system of society. A very simple state affords no materials to the novelist; manners are uniform, measures are open to all, manœuvring is unnecessary, objects are common property, and events are few; the passions are strong and they may lead to catastrophes, but such catastrophes are the legitimate subject of tragedy. The nearest approach to the novel among the Greeks is Plutarch's Lives, and all must allow that it is not a very near one. We make no account of the erotic tales, which resemble the novel in no one point. Ancient society was a plain and ordinary structure, modern society is a machine of the most complicated kind; not only is there wheel within wheel, but there are works of different ages, proceeding on different principles and acted upon by different forces. Novels are sometimes sections of this curious machine on various scales, sometimes they are developed descriptions of parts, and sometimes they are confined to an examination of a nest of springs and wheels in an especial corner.

The particular class of society which has most attracted the attention of the novelist, is naturally the highest, for various reasons: first, we are all disposed to look upwards and to pay more attention to that which regards the ranks above us than any other: therefore, as the highest thus concentrates the gaze of all, the novelist is assured a larger audience. Again the highest class is the centre round which radiate the intrigues and manœuvres of inferior grades; being the most influential persons and the most independent, they naturally become the model of others in all those matters which are considered arbitrary in society, and are thus, if for no other reason, the legitimate subjects of the novelist. Moreover, as all novels turn upon love, intrigue, or some play of the passions, and as this class by their wealthy leisure and the nature of their education are the most given to unbridled indulgence of the propensities of nature or the fashionable tastes of the day, they are thus also the most favourable and fruitful materials for the novelist to work upon. These are some of the reasons for the greater number of works of fiction turning upon the higher ranks of life.

Another very active cause in the propagation of the novel of high life is, that no other class possesses so many shades of difference in itself as does this class. In no other is there such an active canvass kept up for superiority of one kind or another:

for distinction *in* it, there are innumerable candidates—for the distinction to be *of* it or to get into it, the crowd of competitors is equally great, and this species of border life is as fruitful to the novel, as that other border life is to the romance. Thus the society of fashionable life presents to the contemplator, a kind of extensive table-land on which a great drama is played with much earnestness and perpetual bustle, by actors qualified by every species of talent, and who are gazed upon by a vast crowd of spectators, the inhabitants of the declivities and vallies, with a great and natural interest. We need not be surprised that, under these circumstances, the drama has an abundance of critics who regard the performance with earnestness, and hold up particular parts of it, some for ridicule and some for admiration, all for the general amusement.

The play of envy and jealousy in a lower sphere is simply treated with contempt: when, however, the contending parties bear high names, and manœuvre for objects little in themselves but which acquire an adscititious importance by being the exclusive property of a certain rank, pettiness is dignified in the eyes of the vulgar, and the real nature of the contest concealed. If a couple of grocer's daughters were setting their caps as it is called in circles not the most exalted, against a neighbouring hatter, the tale of their mamma's perseverance, or the young lady's anxiety, would not be listened to; but when the fair candidates are striving for a duchy, and they themselves are the progeny of a peer, the story is developed with great minuteness, and people take great delight in watching the issue of the enterprise. The absurd difficulty of getting admission to Almack's has been the subject of numerous novels, and thousands in these enlightened days have read them with interest. Who would care if the question were between the *elegantes* of St. Mary Axe or Fleet-street, and the scene a dance at the Globe or the London Tavern. What is the real difference? the feelings are exactly the same, the same triumph, the same pain, the object equally futile, the means of success sometimes equally disgraceful—The verses of the Satiric poet equally apply to both:

Alas! what anxious toil has won
  Perchance their fleeting triumph here;
What bitter joy when all was done,
  And entrance granted with a sneer.

But pride its food from pain shall borrow;
  And those to-night's neglect shall gall,
Will fly o'er half the town to-morrow,
  To boast of Almack's charming ball.

Still the description, animated and dramatic as it frequently is of all these follies, with the advantage of names which save the picture from a sneer, is frequently at least amusing, and as such worthy of attention from the guardians of the public taste. The play of petty passions, and the struggle for petty triumphs, are sometimes entertaining, and sometimes, perhaps, painful to persons too anxious for the dignity of human nature. The most curious, and to us the most pleasing parts of such works, are the sketches of character they contain, and which are often drawn, in good specimens of this class of books, with great truth and brilliancy. In the present state of manners there is no social atmosphere better calculated to draw forth the eccentricities and peculiarities of the natural genius, than the fashionable life in London, with its opportunities, its excitements, its independence, and its habits of self-indulgence. It is recruited from all parts of the kingdom; its heroes do not endure long, but they crowd a great deal of existence into a brief space; since talent greatly contributes to the relief of *ennui*, it is either possessed by the legitimate votaries of fashion, or it is procured; wealth is as common as the air we breathe, and the true fashionable scarcely considers that it is alienable, for he lives as if it were inexhaustible, and, long after it has disappeared, proceeds as if unconscious of the loss. Circumstances do not repress or mould his dispositions, they are of a kind to permit the character to grow as it lists; like an experiment in an exhausted receiver, external accidents do not interfere with its natural tendencies.

One of the most successful of these sketch-books of the fashionable amateur of the manners and morals of high life, is the book whose title we have inscribed over this article—Mothers and Daughters. Its main subject is a kind of husband-hunt on the part of a selfish widow of fashion, in behalf of a pair of lovely daughters, who have been duly educated for the chase. The object of female life in all ranks is, to get married to some one of the same class, who can and will bear the responsibility of supporting a wife and family.* Now as in the present manner of living, this is an enterprise requiring some courage, and, as women are educated, not always attended with an increase of happiness at all in proportion to the expense, men are frequently lazy on the subject, and often indisposed to give up their bachelor ease and independence; hence young ladies hang on hand, the market becomes over-stocked, and the competition brisk. But if this be the case in the middle ranks, what must it be in the upper classes, where only one man in a family can marry, and all the women are marriageable. Owing to the absurd law of primogeniture, the eldest son is pursued by a hue and cry of damsels, while the youngest are termed 'detrimentals' and other bad names, and avoided by 'mothers and daughters' as more dangerous company than the plague. The younger son, until he is provided for by the state in a commissionership or secretaryship, necessarily contrives to live upon his hundred and twenty pounds a-year, and his cornetcy in the guards. Marriage in such circumstances would be insanity. It is sometimes, however, perpetrated, and then a noble duke, uncle or cousin, is constrained to increase the maintenance to four or five hundred, and the happy pair are compelled to live in 'a dampery' at Chiswick, or in the language of the newspaper, a 'genteel cottage residence,' until the Government is alarmed into quartering the young couple on the State, by a distant allusion to Aldborough or Old Sarum. A comfortable little establishment at Chiswick or Kensington, may not perhaps be considered the lowest state of human misery; but the views of such persons must be taken into account. Not to be of a certain set, is to be extinct; to move without a carriage, impossible; not to live in a certain style, is to be sneered at, pitied, forgotten; the tortures of the inquisition are not bitterer than the supercilious 'How do,' or 'I thought you were dead,' of a flourishing fashionable to his friend reduced upon marriage; it is better to retire 'from life on prussic acid.' *Quæ cum ita sint*, as the Ciceronians say, it must be very evident how immeasurable is the distance between one brother and another; and since there are dozens of disposable girls for one marrying man, how keen must be the chase, when the view holla! is given that a marrying man is heaving in sight. Marriage comes to be considered the end of life, and all education is considered with a view to that object alone: for this all parties are given and taken, for this a young lady rides every day, for this she inflames the bills of the milliner, for this she waltzes, gallopades, sings, plays, draws, in short—exists. Season after season she exhibits her charms, displays the same accomplishments, re-commences the flirtations doomed to end in nothing, till 'hope deferred,' late hours, and a London atmosphere, begin to dye pearly-white orange-colour, and waste the luxurious plumpness of one-and-twenty into the crow-footed, nip-nosed spareness of thirty. The perfumer with his *eau végétale*, and the milliner with her fulling, and quilling, and puckering, come in to supply the retiring graces of nature, and with their aid the campaign is re-opened, with a more desperate determination to succeed; inferior game is marked down, and before eight-and-twenty or thirty winters have done their worst, Lady Mary condescends to a match, which ten years before would have thrown her into hysterics. The kind of hopes that keep young ladies alive in this chase, are thus described by the lively author of this history :—

> 'Among all these mental delusions, those of the ball-haunting young ladies are by far the most accountable and the most excuseable. There is always a bright succession of heirs-apparent to renew their speculations. Every spring, Oxford—and Cambridge—and the grand tour—refresh the fashionable hotels with their quota of silly boys, eager to be ruined or to be married, as the weakness of their heads or hearts may predominate. Every autumn carries a few paralytic fathers and gouty old uncles to their marble homes; and new Viscounts and inheriting Baronets spring up like champignons, to be devoured by the tender famine of damsels on their preferment. We will therefore forgive the sanguine earnestness with which every girl, on arriving in London for the season, firmly believes that it will be her last;—that some young nobleman who has been acting charades with her every evening during the Christmas holidays, is only waiting for the familiar facilities of a May-Fair ball-room to hazard his proposals; and that the white crape dress quilled by the fairy fingers of Maradan, which hangs beside her dressing-table in tempting preparation for the evening's ball, will complete the conquest which her "witchery of noble horsemanship" has more than half achieved in the course of the morning, beside the translucent waves of the glassy Serpentine.'—vol. iii. pp. 12, 13.

"Mothers and Daughters" includes three generations: we have the rash marriage of the mother, Lady Maria De Vesci, to a poor man with expectations, because she could get no other; and which, since it ended in an elopement, was always called a love-match, though the whole had been a matter of strict calculation; and next there is the career of her two beautiful daughters, whom she *chaperones* in vain through many seasons of London life, supported at times by the most brilliant chances, but all ultimately terminating in disappointed vanity, bad temper, and ill looks. Many of the scenes in this history are drawn with great spirit, and the complexion of the society which the author paints is caught with great felicity. If of all the books of the kind we were required to select the one which most faithfully records the maxims, the motives, the principles, the manners, and the style of true fashionables,—by which is meant, not the wealthy, nor the titled, nor the distinguished by service, or by place, or by power, for these are very different things from the fashionable set or sets of London,—we should certainly lay our hands on these volumes.

In the extracts which we shall select we shall make a point of taking those passages only which illustrate the moral condition of a large and influential class of society, and at the same time afford amusement by the liveliness and ability of the author.

The following character is a portrait of a General de Vesci, concerning whose rise and condition we need not add any thing to the luminous details below.

'General de Vesci, the opulent uncle of Lady Maria Willingham, was one of those empty, pompous, good-looking, well-intentioned men, who make excellent governors of Colonies under the influence of a shrewd secretary and learned judge; provided they have sufficient interest in the Cabinet at home to varnish over an occasional blunder, and sufficient temperance of mind to bear with a ministerial reproof or two, conveyed in a private letter.

'The General was a worthy, upright man, incapable of an ignoble action; but he had been accustomed for so many years to have his movements and measures suggested to him by a beetle-browed, quill-in-hand man, whose discourse was strengthened by inexhaustible arguments, and precedents, and legal admonitions, that he felt himself exceedingly puzzled on his return to England, after a colonial exile of forty years, to order his own boots or discharge his own butler.

'Under these circumstances, it would have been a merciful interposition had the destinies bestowed upon him an active, intelligent, managing wife—such, for instance, as his own niece, Lady Maria. But one of those strange inconsistencies, so prevalent in the assortment of human wedlock, had matched him with one of the most inert, lazy, dozy, amiable nonentities in the world. It was seldom that poor Mrs. De Vesci appeared thoroughly awake; and if such an appurtenance as a mind had originally been allotted to her, she had certainly mislaid it in her childhood, and passed the remainder of her life in learning to dispense with its influence. With her easy-chair, however, her fat lap-dog, and her *vinaigrette*, she was as happy as a soulless body can be.

'Now this total deficiency of energy was the more remarkable, inasmuch as the sleeping beauty was sprung from a race of human fidgets, who regarded tranquillity, whether moral or physical, as a state of most demoralized stagnation. The Westlands were a very numerous family, who were not only in perpetual motion, but all their movements had an ascending impetus. Place a Westland in the profound darkness of some bucketless well, and you would have found him in ten minutes standing high and dry beside the brink;—to use an expression of that sarcastic traveller, Jefferson Hogg, "they were always knocking their foreheads against the sky." It was "my brother, the Commissioner"—"my cousin, the Chairman"—"my uncle, the Director"—"my nephew, the Secretary"—it was Sir Thomas Westland—Sir Robert—Sir Arthur—Sir Hew!—After these explanations, it is unnecessary to add that the Westlands were a Caledonian clan; that they had risen on each other's shoulders; that the Commissioner underwrote the Director, and the Chairman endorsed the Secretary. The legend of the French coin, "*Union fait Force*," had elevated them into the highest public consideration.'

'In allying himself with such a family, Major De Vesci—he was then only a poor honourable—had overlooked the temptations of birth and beauty, in favour of those of interest and shrewdness. He felt persuaded that Miss Westland's uncles, cousins, and nephews, would push him on in his profession, and in this he was not disappointed; and that Miss Westland's comely self would prove a stirring, manœuvring, aspiring woman, ready and willing to scold his servants and legislate his affairs. But in this he decidedly reckoned without his hostess. It was fortunate for his love of ease that his rise was sufficiently rapid to afford him the succour of aides-de-camp during the war, and secretaries, clerks, registrars, and particularly privy-councillors, during the piping times of peace. Notwithstanding his connexion with the Westland dynasty, government took very good care that he should have neither opportunity nor excuse for acting or judging for himself; but he wore his regimentals on public days with a very good grace, and sat at the head of his table in a manner which proved highly conciliatory to the whole colony.

'Like every human thing beside connected with the house of Westland, General De Vesci, without anxiety and without exertion—nay, almost insensibly, found that he had acquired a very handsome fortune by eating currie and drinking salt-petred claret. For forty years these avocations, and the catastrophic curtailment of his military pigtail, had been his only exertions; yet, through some error authorised by the genius of finance, he had become possessed of vested funds to the amount of ten thousand a-year. The Lieutenant-Governor assured him that it was impossible he could have accumulated so large a sum of money, without at the same time acquiring a liver complaint; and having lent, with officious and official cunning, "A Treatise on blue pill," to Mrs. De Vesci, the devoted couple soon began to see visions of Cheltenham, and to dream dreams of Portland-place. In process of purser's despatches, the worthy Governor's resignation was received and accepted in Downing-street; and Colonel Document, C. B.—the proprietor of the treatise—was appointed to reign in his stead.'—vol. i. p. 247-252.

This consequential but inoffensive general having heard that the Duke of Lisborough is paying attention to one of the young ladies his relations, and for whom in fact these young ladies are laying all sorts of traps, he conceives that he ought to bring his diplomacy into the field, and he straightway proceeds to action, to the horror and dismay of the Mother and Daughters, who are well aware that the bird will be off on the very first suspicion of bird-lime. It must be observed, that General de Vesci, though an Honourable, of an ancient family, and with a superior fortune, and living in what is called good style, that is spending ten thousand a-year after certain rules, is not of the fashionable order, and consequently only short of a non-entity by the use his carriage and house may be put to by poorer but more fashionable relations.

'On the following morning long before the exterior residue of its eggs and French rolls had been removed from the breakfast-table in Seymour-street, the General entered the room with a very admonitory air. He listened impatiently to Lady Maria's account of a dinner at Lord Lorimer's the day before; and in the midst of her anticipation of Mrs. Grandison's ball that evening, he burst forth into a preconcerted harangue, admitting of no interruption. So widely, indeed, did its arguments extend—so much did he say of the claims of kindred, of personal affection, family alliances, and his own especial predilection for herself and her daughters—that Lady Maria immediately decided her uncle was come to announce the signature of his will;—and even the girls, who were in sanguine expectation of a morning visit from the Duke of Lisborough, and who were therefore in an agony of anxiety to go and put the finishing stroke to their toilet, judged it advisable to assume a sentimental air, and linger patiently over their coffee-cups.

'Words, therefore, are insufficient to depict the consternation which pervaded the countenances of the three, when General De Vesci unexpectedly diverged into the views he had recently imbibed from the Westland clan; setting forth his intentions of immediate interference, and insinuating some trifling displeasure that his opinions on the subject had not been already consulted.

'Claudia and Eleanor telegraphed a look of despair across the table, while Lady Maria mildly attempted to moderate the excess of his zeal.

'"My dear Sir," she exclaimed, "can you for a moment suppose, that had the Duke's attentions to my daughter assumed any thing beyond the form of common courtesy, you would have been permitted to remain in ignorance of the affair? Oh! my dear, dear uncle! you must surely be too well persuaded of my poor girl's grateful affection towards you to indulge in such an allusion. The Duke of Lisborough has done no more than pay us ordinary attention in requital of former hospitality;—but the world is *so* jealous—*so* ill-natured!"

'"I perceive nothing jealous or ill-natured in projecting an alliance between the Duke and Miss Willingham."

'"*You*, my dear General, you, who know so much of the world—of the great world—cannot fail to recognize that this sort of premature report is almost prohibitory of the event; and that the most delicate forbearance is requisite in conducting an affair, which the interest of so many different persons is leagued to circumvent."

'"That is the *very* consideration, my dear Maria, which induces me to come forward at the present juncture. I believe I may say it without compliment to myself, that I, who have so long been engaged in a diplomatic career—I, who have had the responsibilities of government—his Majesty's representative government—hanging upon my hands—can pretend to the adjustment of a negociation of this description far better than even yourself."

'"But no *negociation* has been yet thought of, dear uncle," impatiently interrupted Eleanor.

'The General waved an angry negative with his ungloved hand.

'"Nor will *ever* be, Miss Eleanor, without some effort on my part. As your nearest male relative, it becomes a duty incumbent on myself to see that no improper trifling in the Duke of Lisborough's conduct throws a slur upon any female connected, however remotely, with the family of De Vesci. I shall therefore take some strong and immediate measure towards an explanation."

'Claudius and Eleanor silently hazarded a glance of sympathy towards each other.

'"Or perhaps I should acknowledge—for *we* official men"—with a self-important smile—"we official men are not in the habit of hanging fire on such occasions—perhaps I should candidly avow—that I have already taken it."

'"Good Heavens, Sir!" ejaculated the usually impassive Claudia, suddenly rising and clasping her hands, "what *have* you done?"

'"And without so much as consulting us," added Eleanor, with indignation.

'"My dear nieces, I trust I require no suggestion from yourselves, or *any* one, relative to the line of conduct to be pursued on an occasion involving a point of family honour.—I have simply done my duty!"

'"Well, Sir?" faintly inquired Lady Maria. The General drew himself up with an air of considerable dignity. "I have invited the Duke of Lisborough to dinner on the 4th of next month!"

'Relieved by this very unexpected announcement, the girls gazed upon each other with a smile of mutual congratulation. Still, although the evil was of a very minor kind, they felt that it *was* an evil. They were well aware that the Duke was by no means in the habit of wandering from his own orbit; or rather, that living as the centre of attraction to a little sphere of his own, and possessing the power of commanding pleasure and amusement according to the suggestion of his personal whims, he seldom placed himself at the mercy of other people's invitations. But regrets were vain—the deed was done; and it only remained for them to qualify, by their own ingenuity, its appalling consequences.

'"But my dear General!" observed Lady Maria, with as much courtesy as she could assume, while boiling with indignation; "your acquaintance in town is at present so very limited—you have as yet taken so little trouble towards the renewal of your former connexions, that I cannot conceive how you will ever make out a party to meet the Duke of Lisborough. You must be aware that he confines himself to a very exclusive set."

'"In honouring my dinner-table with his presence, he extends it for the occasion to *my* guests, whoever they may be; and I trust they are never of a class to reflect discredit on his Grace."

'"*Discredit!* oh! dear no, Sir! But fashion you know, my dear uncle, fashion is a most arbitrary, a most peremptory code."

'"I conceive, Madam, that a certain rank in life is sufficient to elevate one wholly above its influence. Fashion, Lady Maria, may become a badge of distinction to an upstart such as a Mr. Brummell; but I presume to imagine that persons of rank, such as the Duke of Lisborough and General de Vesci, are exempted from so contemptible a tax."

Eleanor shrugged her shoulders, and left the table in despair.

' " Besides, your Ladyship appears to forget that his Grace is as closely my relative as your own."

' " I am well aware that there is some remote connexion between the Lortons and De Vescis; but *our* acquaintance with the Duke arose from frequent meetings on the Continent, where we moved in the same circle."

' " *Remote* connexion? Surely you are not ignorant that James, the thirteenth Duke of Lisborough, was son to Lord Adolphus Lorton, by Mildred the daughter of John, fourth Earl of Chesterville, whose grandmother was a De Vesci? REMOTE connexion!—I was explaining the whole affair the other morning at Brookes's to Lord Robert Lorton; by whose air and address, by the way, I was by no means captivated. He has all the coldness and listlessness of the late Duke, without any of his graceful dignity. While I was talking to him, there came up a very elegant young man, who requested his Lordship to present him to me as a near relative of your late mother, Lady de Vesci's;—a Mr. Lorimer, a very respectful, agreeable, modest young gentleman. He spoke of having recently made your acquaintance; and I invited him to visit me in Portman-square."

' " I consider Mr. Frederick Lorimer a very forward person," said Lady Maria pettishly, while Eleanor re-seated herself at the table. " I have no idea of younger brothers presuming upon family connexion to push themselves into one's society. There is nothing so disadvantageous as to have a parcel of detrimentals loitering and lounging about a house frequented by young ladies of a marrying age. But to return to your dinner, General. *Whom* do you think of inviting to meet the Duke?"

' " Yourselves, of course; and the ladies of a party once settled, the men become of minor importance. I can easily fill up my table."

' " Pardon me, dear Sir—the male guests of a dinner-party are by far the most difficult to adjust to the taste of their own sex. To form an unpleasant female acquaintance is an affair of minor moment;—but to be forced into collision with a vulgar or obscure man, would be martyrdom to a person so fastidious as the Duke."

' " I flatter myself Mrs. De Vesci's family is neither vulgar nor obscure. I shall invite all the Westlands."

' " Good God! you surely do not think of such a thing! Men who were never dreamt of on the southern side of Oxford-street!"

' " Lady Maria Willingham, you forget yourself. Sir Hew Westland is a distinguished officer in his Majesty's service——"

' " Of whom one never hears, except in the newspaper-list of a *levée* —or on occasion of a frame-breaking at Nottingham."

' " Sir Thomas Westland, Madam, is a Director of the Honourable East India Company."

‘ Lady Maria groaned.

‘ “ Sir Phillip is a banker of considerable eminence, and is, moreover, married to the niece of the late Attorney General.”

‘ “ My dear uncle,” interrupted Eleanor, who was less in awe of the General than either her mother or sister: “ what are all these people to the Duke? He never heard of them, nor *will* ever hear of them in the course of his existence! Except in such places as Bedford-square, or Devonshire-place, the Westland family rank among the nonentities of the earth. Invite them to meet your stock-broker, your solicitor, or your physician, and they will pass for High Mightinesses;—their names and designations will maintain them. But in a certain set, to be unknown is to be infamous. The Duke of Lisborough never finds himself among strangers; and he would consider it an affront to be invited among a tribe of Hottentots like the Westlands.”

‘ “ Upon *my* word, Miss Eleanor,” the General began——

‘ “ Dearest Nelly! how can you be so imprudent?” interrupted Claudia.

‘ “ It is much better to speak out, in such a crisis,” persisted Eleanor Willingham bluntly. “ My uncle’s only wish on this occasion is to benefit ourselves; he is not aware of the Duke’s fastidious and supercilious ways; and it is much more candid to forewarn him of the truth.”

‘ General De Vesci, who was really a kindhearted man, appeared pacified by this explanation, and inclined to treat the whole business jocosely.

‘ “ Well—my fair counsellor!—and *you*, who are so well versed in the art and science of dinner-giving—what amendment do *you* suggest? Who, of all my acquaintance, are fine enough to be admitted into our scheme?”

‘ “ Oh! you must give mamma *carte blanche*, and she will arrange it all with Mrs. De Vesci.”

‘ “ In the mean time, you will allow me to learn the names of my future guests.”

‘ “ Oh! there is the new Neapolitan ambassador, Prince Agostino Sciarrha, on whom you called yesterday. The Princess is our particular friend, and a very charming woman. *They*, I am sure, will be delighted to come; and they will bring one of their *attachés*, who is a great *protégé* of the Duke of Lisborough’s, the Duca di Villa Armagnano.”

‘ The General, who was a great lover of great names, became somewhat appeased by this euphonious promise. “ And your relations, the Lorimers, Lady Maria?—Lord Lorimer left his card on me at the beginning of the season, and her Ladyship and Mrs. De Vesci have exchanged visits;—only Annabella is so unobservant that she never can be made to distinguish Lady Lorimer from her daughters. How many of the family ought I to include in the invitation?”

‘ “ The Lorimers! They are as *mauvais ton* as the Westlands!—They belong to a class of the nobility who are utterly unknown in the fashionable world;—who lend themselves out as stars, to all the vulgar second-rate parties; and affect to be too wise or too good for the *beau monde,* which despises them. If you like, you can invite the eldest son. He lives very little with his own family, and will probably achieve better things;—he is considered a rising young man."

' " And Mr. Frederick ? "

' " A younger brother who is not in Parliament, and who neither writes books, nor is considered attached to some leading woman of fashion, is a mere blank," said Lady Maria, angrily. " Pray, Sir, spare us the infliction of any such Mr. Johns and Mr. Thomases. You are acquainted with Mr. Russell—Beau Russell, I mean. Ask *him,* and Sir Comyne Wallace, whom I presented to you at the Opera. Old Lord Hopemell is not a bad style of man, although rather out of date;—and I should think the Duke would not object to meet Lord Masterton, the ex-Governor-General, although they differ so widely in politics. But, at all events, Sir, you can wait till you receive the Duke's answer;—it is by no means certain at present that he will accept your invitation."

' " By heavens! you are all Lisborough mad! " exclaimed the General, closing his snuff-box with an irritable jerk, and taking up his hat in a pet. " I might have invited half the Royal Family, with a quarter the fuss."

' " The Royal family! I should think so," reiterated Eleanor, flippantly. " Who ever thought of comparing the Royal family in point of *fashion* with the Duke of Lisborough ? "

' " Stark mad! " muttered the General, pulling his hat over his brows, and leaving the house. " Poor unfortunate girls! Their residence on the Continent has deprived them of even the moderate portion of understanding they received as their birthright. His Grace, in marrying Claudia, will do well to provide strait-waistcoats for the whole family.' "—vol. i. p. 261-76.

The following scene between a dull country baronet (all are dull that are not fashionable) and his wife, exhibits the miseries of keeping a carriage, as well as the importance of that vehicle, nay its indispensability, and the manœuvring to get the use of one if fortune has not blessed the fashionable so far.—

' " I really wonder," observed Sir Joseph Willingham to his lady, as he sat sipping a fiery vinous decoction called Port, some weeks after the arrival of his late brother's family, " that Lady Maria, with her very limited income, should have made up her mind to settle in London. I can understand her finding herself thoroughly tired of the dirty comfortless ways of the Continent; but I should really have thought that Bath or Brighton, or Cheltenham, or some cheap watering place, where amusement may be had at a reasonable rate, and no horses are required, would have far better suited her purpose: but, as I always say, it is useless to attempt deciding on the views of other people."

'"Oh! as to Lady Maria's views, they are far more evident, than easy to influence. London is the most profitable matrimonial market, and London must therefore forward her speculations, at any cost."

'"But my nieces might have made a very comfortable match at Brighton. She herself picked up my brother at Ramsgate."

'"Considering her moderate jointure, and her daughters want of fortune, I doubt whether Lady Maria considers her own marriage a favourable precedent. For her girls, at all events, she entertains much higher pretensions; and she is so far justifiable, that they certainly boast a degree of beauty and elegance such as, in her best days, never fell to *her* share. I suspect she intends them to form very splendid alliances; to effect which, she has certainly chosen the most advantageous ground."

'"Why yes," said Sir Joseph, looking complacently round his gloomy dining-room, "all men of distinction may certainly be found in the metropolis at one time or other of the year: and they are right—they would otherwise exile themselves beyond the limits of the spread of knowledge and the march of intellect. Do you know, my dear Sophia, if *I* were to remain at Heddeston myself all the year round, I really think I should end with becoming a very dull fellow."

'Lady W. sneered over her dried cherries; while Mary, after playing with her spoon a minute or two, to disguise her embarrassment, observed, "And Lady Maria has so many personal connexions in town, so many noble relatives, who will of course assist in forwarding her views!"

'"When her little girl was left isolated in England, I never perceived that any of her Ladyship's illustrious clan troubled themselves to show her the least civility, unless it were old General De Vesci and his somniferous wife; and I am sure, during poor Sir Charles's time, Heddeston Court used to be filled from September till March with nothing but De Vescis and Lorimers."

'"Lorimers?"

'"Old Lady De Vesci was a Lorimer."

'"Any relation to Charles's Eton friend?"

'"Grand aunt, I believe."

'"Ah! I dare say she will find all these people civil enough as far as occasionally chaperoning her daughters, or giving them opera tickets, or the pattern of a dress," said Sir Joseph.

'"Or lending their carriage to Lady Maria," significantly interposed Lady Willingham, with an interrogatory glance at her husband.

'"If you mean, Sophia, that her Ladyship is likely to consider *mine* at her disposal, I beg to observe that she deceives herself altogether. If she chooses to gratify her own vanity by settling in London on fifteen hundred a year, (for I leave her the full allowance for my three nieces, although I undertake Minnie's school expenses as if she were a child of our own)——"

'"And so she *is*," said both Lady W. and Mary, in a low tone.

'"Why it is solely her own affair. In that three hundred a year she must be aware that I have done my utmost—ay, and as the father of a family, more than many would have done, considering the slights she marked towards us all during Sir Claude's and Sir Charles's lifetime. I trust I understand my duty towards the widow of my brother," continued Sir Joseph, solemnly, "and I trust I have strength of mind faithfully to fulfil it; but as to having my horses out night and day to please her, it is a thing I will never do—*never!* I consider it incumbent upon every man—more especially one who has officiated as a Christian minister—to be unceasing in his tender mercies towards the brute creation. What is it Cowper says——"

'"Never mind what Cowper says; in this instance your own opinions and determinations are far more to the purpose."

'"Well, my dear! *my* determination is that *you* may take Lady Maria or my nieces out shopping whenever it suits you (except into the City or the Strand of a Monday, on account of scratching the carriage against the market waggons); but if she should ever take the liberty of applying for my equipage as an independent loan, you will have the goodness to reply, that it is entirely against my principles to distress my horses: and you may add, Sophia—" he looked askance over his wine-glass to see how the assertion *took* with his spouse —"that I am tolerably positive in my opinions, when they have been once seriously formed. You know I refused Mary and yourself the gratification of the Wenster archery meeting last year, because Anthony thought the horses wanted physicking, and that the pull was too great."

'"Very true," replied Lady Willingham mildly, and with a full remembrance that the objection had arisen entirely on her *own* part. "But you need not make yourself prematurely uneasy, my love, for the De Vescis have taken a house in Portman-square to be near Lady Maria; and you know the General has a superb set of horses, and several carriages, and——"

"Mighty absurd! for his fortune at the utmost is ten thousand a year! which does not go far, where there is a place in the country, a borough, and a house in town to be kept up. To be sure the General is not a family man, which *I* find to my cost makes a considerable difference in one's calculations."

'"Then old Lady Monteagle is in town this year, with her daughter Lady Dynevour. They have both carriages and can occupy but one."

'"Ay, ay! But you will find that neither of them will be very solicitous to lend the other to Lady Maria Willingham. You women understand one another's manœuvres so well; you know so perfectly what it is to keep a pair of wretched horses shivering in the cold, while you are tumbling over drawers of ribbons which you never intend to buy, and matching silks which you have already purchased at some other shop;—to say nothing of hearing them cough in the street half the night, while you are finishing your toilet, or engaged with a last half hour of scandal at some Dowager's rout." Sir

> Joseph chuckled, for he felt that he had been more than commonly witty and eloquent.
>
> ' "And then, you know, Sophia, an old woman like Lady Monteagle is always under the dominion of a parcel of grey-headed servants; and you are well aware that her ladyship no more dare ask either of her drunken footmen, or her fat coachman, to go out at night, than she dare venture herself. It is not every one who is so thoroughly the master of his establishment as *I* am." '—vol. i. pp. 117-124.

The next passage will instruct us in what is meant by an ill-assorted dinner-party. In a circle where all men and women are pursuing an end or playing a game, it is natural they should be disconcerted at being paired off with persons whom they can make subservient to no design. To do the honours of such a house is to understand the game of each visitor, and to place them in such a position that they may play it. In ordinary, people are put together on the principle of mutual entertainment or instruction; in the circles here described the only principle is interest, so that under the guise of enjoyment and the mask of pleasure a regular trade is driven.

> 'Nor were men and things better distributed among the residue of the guests! Lady Grayfield, instead of the ranting Frenchman who had so much excited her curiosity, and whom she was rather intent upon reforming from the evil of his ways (and means), was seated next to 'Conversation'-Russell; who was favouring her with an account of some of Champollion's latest discoveries, and with his own private theory of Mummyology. He had many learned wonders to tell of Egypt; culled from Denon and Dr. Young, the *Zauberflöte,* Mrs. Charles Lushington, Bankes, Legh, Belzoni—and the inedited memoirs of Ben D' Lhi Badalli Hazarrah, the Morocco Envoy to the Court of Spain! He had a brother who had served with Abercrombie —a cousin who had been Consul at Alexandria; he criticised Anastasius, and sneered at the Epicurean; and, until his mouth was stopped with some excellent *filets de levraut au jus d'orange amer,* Lady Grayfield fairly wished him under the base of the Great Pyramid, or following the descending current of the Nile towards the Great Cataract.
>
> 'Nor were the Willingham girls more fortunate in their destination. Having been made aware by Lady Robert Lorton that they were to encounter the trying rivalship of the young and lovely Barringhursts, they had called in every art of the toilet to their own aid. The slight tinge of *rouge végétal superfin,* which was to simulate the blush of maiden modesty—the profuse ringlets of jetty hue and silken softness, which were to flow in dishevelled grace around their brows—the shoulders bared to the extreme verge of decent endurance—the laboured smile—the elaborate plaitings and gatherings and puffings which purported to disguise the absence of many a youthful charm

and girlish grace—such were the superfluous beauties in which they had arrayed themselves to compete with the inimitable captivations of a perfectly artless demeanor, and a perfectly simple costume. Claudia and Eleanor might have been worshipped as the very queens of fashion; but Lucy and Georgiana, as the humblest and loveliest of their handmaidens, would have won every idolater from the shrine.

'Had the Willinghams, however, boasted their brightest attractions of *auld lang syne*—the smiles of their very earliest days of establishment-hunting—all, on the present occasion, would have proved in vain. Claudia was seated beside Henry Mulgrave, whom she detested as a younger brother, unless when he was useful in exhibiting her voice to advantage by the relief of his own beautiful tenor; and poor Eleanor was utterly extinguished between Lord Barringhurst and Lord Robert Lorton, who with the exquisite politeness of married Englishmen, discussed the Emigration Question by a cross-fire over her plate, during three courses and the dessert!—Such are the *contre-temps* of a dinner-party composed of ill-assorted persons! —vol. iii. pp. 246-9.'

The painter naturally becomes interested in his subject, more especially when he has succeeded: the author has fallen a little in love with the people, he would only sketch: he has run some risk of being considered an advocate instead of a satirist. The fashionables are almost uniformly witty and agreeable, the unfashionables stupid and disagreeable; so that a novice might fall into the mistake of supposing that the term fashionable was a name for all that was *élite* in wit, talent, and rank. Several individuals who ought to be considered as the most respectable people in the book, are undoubtedly the most absurd. Very excellent and very wealthy folk ambitious of distinction in a circle where they are least calculated to shine, and whose wives and daughters would gladly alienate the paternal acres or the paternal vote for a ticket to a party, would do well to look into this work, where they will see how they are regarded by the gods of their idolatry.

The following is a sketch of a banker married to a lady of fashion:

'I have met Mrs. Grandison repeatedly in the course of the morning, braving the censures of the world on Lord Cosmo's arm. However *she* has some excuse; for fool as she is in her self-exposure, her husband is the far greater ninny.

'"It is really diverting to see poor little fussy, stuffy, simpering Mr. Grandison, trudging about with his wife's Cachemere on his arm; delighted, the fine ladies see, that Bessy has a Lord for her lover, and is as bad as themselves."

'"Oh! Bessy Grandison's lover, for the time being, is always the object of her husband's idolatry. Grandison is so proud when he can seize his arm in St. James's-street, or cash his drafts, or exercise his horses, or laugh at his witticisms! In Lisborough's reign, I remember he made himself running footman to the whole family; I used to send him down in the rain to King-street, whenever Willis forgot to forward my tickets; and as to Charlotte Grayfield, she made him subscribe to every charitable institution from Bayswater to Moor-fields, and procure a Pomeranian puppy for her from his correspondent at Riga.—You cannot imagine how he loved us all."

'" I suppose he will purchase a majority for Lord Cosmo, or pay off his balance at Crockford's."

'" It will surprise me infinitely if Somerset does not become disgusted with Mrs. Grandison long before he gets credit enough with the little banker to settle even with his tailor.—vol. ii. pp. 242-3." '

And next we have a conversation in the Park in which the principal speaker is Sir William Wyndham, a country gentleman of great influence in his county, and one of the most distinguished of the county members of parliament. It will be seen that such persons are produced simply that they may be laughed at.

'Eleanor was delighted by this very unexpected triumph. She overheard the absurdity of the Duke of Lisborough's choice the topic of universal satire. Wolryche protested that Maraban was engaged in inventing satin leading-strings, and Mechlin bibs and tuckers for her Grace's *trousseau* ;—and Henry Mulgrave deposed to having seen the model of a *bonbonnière* at Rundell's, on which the finest diamonds of the Lorton casket were to be set for her use. All the men of the party were congregated round Claudia; and a place was consequently vacant at her own fair side for the monopoly of Sir William Wyndham, whose red face, blue coat and buff waistcoat she soon saw advancing towards her, and who listened with some impatience to the Lisborough debate.

'" Don't you think it very hard, Miss Willingham," said he, with a solemn air and emphasis, "that a man can't marry according to his own liking, without being hauled over the coals in this sort of way?

'" Hauled over the coals!" reiterated Eleanor to whom the domestic idioms of England were not particularly familiar.

'" Without being brought to book by persons who have no right either to meddle or make in the business?"

'Eleanor, who was aware that her honourable friend was one of the most eminent "country-gentlemen speakers" in the House, found herself rather puzzled by his eloquence.

'" For my own part," resumed Sir William, "I own myself to be Downright Dunstable; and what I say is, that where friends are agreeable, and the young lady not averse, there is nothing like making hay while the sun shines; and if the world chooses to have its laugh —why let it. If I could be married to-morrow after my own choosing, by Jupiter, I should care no more for the jeers of my club, than for a hard rain after harvest."

' "The Duke of Lisborough has made a choice extremely gratifying to his family and friends," observed Eleanor Willingham, anxious that the proposal, which she feared would follow the preamble, should be made in a somewhat less public position. "Lady Anastasia Burgoyne is a niece of his sister, Lady Grayfield's, and the Duke has known her from her infancy."

' "Ay—ay;—training and pedigree all in her favour!—to judge of the kitling you should know something of the cat and her breed. A vastly sensible woman is that Lady Grayfield—no flummery about her.—I sit next pew to her at church; and I observe that she is not ashamed of making her responses as audible as the clerk's."

' "It is fortunate that all the congregation are not equally fond of hearing their own voices," said Eleanor.

' "For my own part," continued Sir William, replying to his own train of reflections, "I *will* say, that I abominate the sight of a real high-flying woman of fashion, with her rouge, and *écarté*, and flirting, and what not. Now, there's that daughter of my worthy neighbour, Lady Monteagle—Lady Stapylford I mean;—a fine kettle of fish *she* has made of it! For full ten years after Margaret Monteagle married, it was Lady Stapylford here—Lady Stapylford there—who but Lady Stapylford!—Lady Stapylford's new chariot at the birth-day—Lady Stapylford's masked balls—Lady Stapylford's diamonds at Carlton House—were as regular matters for newspaper discussion as the Slave Trade, or the annual debate on Emancipation. And all this time, how was her family going on, I should like to know?—My Lord was either at Newmarket, or playing hundred-guinea whist, by daylight, at Brooke's;—her hopeful son was tying fireworks to his tutor's pig-tail; and her half-starved servants, baulked of their board-wages, were forced to live on the venison and pine-apple left from her Ladyship's entertainments. The consequence is, that the Stapylford estate is mortgaged up to its ears; and when the young Lord comes of age, he will be obliged to sell his fine Yorkshire property, or completely strip the Stapylford Park woods to clear off his own scores with the Jews. And so much for the management of a woman of fashion."

' "By your own account," said Eleanor, laughing at his vehemence, "the blame, in this instance, lies chiefly with the *gentlemen* of the family."

' "A bad wife is sure to make a bad husband. If the sun won't shine, a fig for the crop."

' "The present Lord Stapylford is a very fine young man."

" *Fine?*—a mere milksop; looks just like Madame Vestris in boy's clothes in a farce. *Fine?*—a mere frivolous silk-worm!"

' "You do not appear partial to the family. I am surprised, however, to hear you tax Lord Stapylford with effeminacy; for we hear of him constantly at Melton, at prize-fights, and steeple-chases. Lady Monteagle's chief complaint against her grandson is, that he prefers a rat-hunt to the opera."

' "That is just a lady's idea of manliness!—A lad, like Stapylford, has a whole stable of hunters put off upon him, which he cannot ride, either by some rogue of a horse-dealer, or some greater rogue of a fashionable friend; and down he goes to Melton to have them broke, or broke down, by all the crack riders of the hunt; while *he* stays at home, drinking iced whiskey punch, and playing hazard;—having paid through the nose, with *post obit* bonds, for a stud which he scarce even sees till it comes to the hammer in a Spring sale at Tattersall's."

Miss Willingham, who perceived that Mr. Tichborne was lending a sly ear to this delicate investigation, would gladly have changed the topic of discourse; but Sir William seldom bestowed his attention, except upon the mute arguments of his own mill-wheel of a mind.

'"As to the prize-fights, rat-hunts, and steeple-chases, the boy knows as much about them as you do. He is taken there by his cursed rascals of tuft-hunting toadies—like a pigeon in a trap—only to be made a mark of; and is brought back in a hack tandem, to an eight o'clock dinner at Long's, prating about Jacko Mackacko, and a loser by some thousands on the long odds."

'A sneer that passed between Tichborne and Lord Cosmo, as the echoes of this neat and appropriate discourse reached their ears, brought a blush of shame to the cheek of Eleanor Willingham. "When I become Lady Wyndham," thought she, "I must certainly borrow Papageno's padlock, to secure those boorish lips. At all events I will take care to amend his taste for riding in the Park, or commenting upon the movements of civilized Christians."

'"What party is that before us?" inquired Eleanor, aloud, of Lord Cosmo Somerset, resolved to divert the conversation into another channel.

'"Oh! that is Lady Radborne—obliged to hold on her hat while she bends her ear to poor old prosing Lord Botherby, whom she worships because his grand-daughter is a patroness of Almack's. I would hazard a bet that he is favouring her ladyship with a topographical plan of the riots of eighty; or resuscitating some pithy observation of 'my esteemed friend, the late Charles Wyndham."

'"And that noisy set who are making a coasting tour of the Serpentine?"

'"Do you not recognize old Lorimer, on his yeomanry charger, and his little pee-wits of daughters on their ponies? He looks like a solemn seventy-four, convoying a fleet of cockle shells!"

'"Or like a gray gander, protecting his covey of goslings," replied Eleanor. "At the distance of a mile one might identify the cackling of the Lorimer gamut."

'"I always fancied the Miss Lorimers were particular friends of your's!" interposed the astonished Sir William.

'"They *are* friends, and distant cousins," replied Eleanor calmly; "which is the reason I take the liberty of abusing them. I should be sorry to leave the foibles of my family in the hands of strangers.—vol. ii. pp. 63-71."'

We must end here: they who wish to follow the husband-chase in all its details must apply to the book itself, and they will be rewarded for the expenditure of a few leisure hours. The mysteries of fashion are laid open with an unsparing and a dexterous hand. We may see how young men of high family and small income spend many thousands a year; how official personages neglect their wives and lose them; how intriguing governesses oust their mistresses and marry their lords; and how vulgar people fight their way to the very apex of fashion; all these and many more curious phenomena in high life are described in these pages by the pen of a writer who seldom flags. If Horace were to re-appear he would write in prose, and such novels as "Mothers and Daughters" would not be unworthy occupation for his trenchant pen.

Art. XI.—*Quarterly Review, No. LXXXVIII; Article on 'Parliamentary Reform.'*

WHEN voyagers are engaged in some important enterprise, like that of Captains Ross and Parry and their crews, two things are permanently interesting to themselves and friends,—their musings during the attempt, and their reflexions afterwards. The following Remarks were commenced on the day when, after four months delay in port, the commanders of the Whig bomb and Russell pink loosed topsails for our first stretch into the narrows of Reform. So heaven speed the good ships, and send us all safe to add the ending.

Concerning the causes and motives of this final movement, scarcely any man present doubts,—though there are a few that maintain an argument upon the subject,—that it arose from the impossibility of staying where we were. Some who had got Esquimaux wives, and had otherwise made themselves comfortable with whale's fat and bear's meat, insisted that our moving was wholly needless, and that it was better to stay here year after year, than to take advantage of the season to weather a point upon our passage. But most of the crew were of a contrary feeling; being of opinion that the stores of these individuals had been collected by frauds on the remainder, and that their fat and comfort would do nothing for the rest. So that there was great cheering among the hands, when they were really turned up to make a start; though some think that after all, the other party will in some way contrive to run us back to Blubber Bay, and have another year's enjoyment with their squaws. But whether they do or not, a move is a move; and if we are blown back tomorrow, we shall at all events have got over the old wives notion, that there was some necessity for staying here for ever.

This is a fair enough representation of the state of things. And now to employ the time, in making an overhaul of the arguments of the 'stationary party,' as opposed to the party of the movement, who got very little of the whale's tail and are sick of what they had, and who mean and design, vow and promise, and swear by all gods naval and terrestrial, to stand by these or any other commanders, who will push forward boldly and honestly, and give us a chance, if it be ten years hence, of reaching some place of christian comfort, and getting rid of the soup and *pemmican* diet we have so long been doomed to.

And first among the party for sitting still, as in duty bound, appears the Quarterly Review. It made a woeful failure, in advising the retrograde movement of the Bourbons; and now attempts to mend it, by an Article born out of due course of nature, directed against the progress of reform at home. And first it is in a state of most innocent wonderment, as to the cause and origin of the 'sudden chaos of unanimity' displayed in demanding Parliamentary Reform. It is strange that it never occurred to the benevolent inquirer, that it was because every body wanted it. But the preferred solution is, that it was the '*dread of physical force*.' There is sometimes more truth in the suggestions of an adversary than at first appears; for it is an easy thing for an adversary to stumble on the opponent's truth, and mistake it for his own. It is perfectly and undeniably true, that

> 'through certain strainers well refined,'

the fear of physical force is what in this as in other cases, must bring men justice. All justice, politically speaking, is but a compromise of clashing wills, in that which will obtain the greatest number of voluntary adherents, as the rule which shall be applicable to themselves. Thieves go to the wall, because there are more men interested in honesty than thieving; and the thing they virtually fear, is not that the honest men should write books against them, but that they should buy a rope, and build a gallows, and come upon them with a greater force of fists, or staves, or regulation musquets, than the rogues can muster to reply. The judge upon the bench, sits there by virtue of the dread of physical force. The losing defendant or the defeated plaintiff, pockets up his opinion of his wrongs, and submits with what grace he may to the verdict of a jury, because he knows there is a jury of more than twelve behind, whom it would be useless to resist. The old, avowed, constitutional reason, why the Horse Guards never rode down the liberties of the subject, is agreed to be, that in the long run it would be a bad military movement. There is no use in combating the fact, that the submission of the greater physical power, must be with the consent of the greater physical power; that is, that in some form and shape, the strongest must see greater advantages in submitting themselves to the supposed rule, than in attempting to subvert it. Free governments are simply an invention for bringing the clashing interests into unison without violence; for making the government direct what the people will obey, and the people obey what the government shall direct. This is not Radicalism; it is good Whiggery of 1688. If it is denied, and there is a new light, let it be known and the answer shall be forthcoming.

It is therefore unmeaning and entirely beside the mark, to state that the present occasion differs from any other occasion where justice has been demanded and obtained, in the circumstance that the dread of physical force is virtually at the bottom. It is as true, as that men work for fear of want. But there is a vast difference in the degree of proximity with which this fear may press in different instances. As far as the fear of the holder of one hundred thousand a year who is afraid of wanting two, is from that of the beggar whose life depends upon the night's receipt,—so far is the dread of physical force which operates in the instances adduced, from the naked dread of violence with which the adversary would confound it. One is a dread speculative, precautionary, remote; the other is a dread which can only be incurred by those who have been successful in setting precaution at defiance.

But another point advanced is, that events upon the Continent have given strength to the apprehensions, however remote or near, of physical force.' It is true; it is very true. And therefore politicians of any sanity, must make a step also, in conceding to the principle that has thus gained strength. '*Don't reef your topsails; it would be conceding to physical force;*' this is the Tory seamanship. Where the gale came from, Heaven that sent it knows. Whether the recommendation of the Quarterly Reviewers, and the demolition of the Bourbons consequent thereon, had any connexion with the burning of Persepolis, or were portion of some great cycle of events of which mankind has not existed long enough to calculate the orbit, are things which will perhaps be known, when we can calculate the winds and bring the storms under the registration of an almanack. But till that time comes, the pilot must be content to know there is a gale, and stoop [illegible] exercise his art in subordination to the facts that meet him.' The people were patient once; they are not above half as patient now. Will the thing be mended by refusing to recognize the fact? It is perfectly true, that the British people have been trampled on, in exact proportion as the people were trampled on in other countries. They read it in their statute book and in their newspapers, in their purse and in their store, in their pension list and in their sinecures, and above all in the thousand-and-one inventions for restraining them in all branches of their trade and honest gains for the benefit of a monopolizing few. They submitted to this, among other reasons, because a minister of their free and fortunate country told them the situation of things abroad was such as to leave no hope of successful resistance to oppression at home. The possibility [illegible] actual resistance fell below zero by the successes of the Cossack arms, and the possibility of virtual opposition to injury fell with it by the same quantity. It is therefore no object of wonder to sane men, that with the removal of the pressure, the pitch of men's hopes should rise. The allies of the English absolutists have been utterly routed at Paris, beaten again at Brussels, defied in Italy, held at bay in Poland;—on what one principle do they maintain that they ought to be feared as heretofore? Nobody submitted to their oppressions, but through dread of physical force;—did they ever imagine there was any more delicate bond between themselves and the community? When men and women were massacred at Manchester, for doing what in these amended times is not only permitted but a virtue, did they dream it was love for the sabrers, that produced an after compliance with their mandates? It is not politic that they should harp much on the subject of physical force; lest they wake recollections which are best kept down, when an odious enemy is on the point of being at the mercy of the wronged.

The great failing of the absolutists,—the point on which the fallacy of their judgment is viewed with the most commiseration by their opponents,—is in believing that the nation under their system had attained to 'a high degree of prosperity,' or that any body besides themselves can be found to think so. The true state of the case, and that which makes the desperation of their cause, is that every body except themselves has an intimate and saving faith that their system, instead of tending to the prosperity of the country, was all compact of plans and devices for ensuring its unhappiness. To borrow Paley's metaphor, the persuasion of the public is, that what they dwell upon as the essential and inseparable component of a wholesome constitution, was in reality [illegible] great gland for the formation of gout and misery,—a complicated organization of which evil was the beginning, the middle, and the end, and in which not the least sensible part of the mischief was, that a necessity was to be imposed upon us all, of cheering it as if we really believed it to be wholesomeness. Their 'settled order of the constitution' meant nothing but the settled order of monstrous imposthumated ills, which every body would have got rid of if they could, and will get rid of when they can. Of course those who profited by the ills, were an exception to the opinion; but there was nobody else. All men were inwardly banded together against what was obtruded upon them as good; and waited only for time and opportunity to throw it off like a vermin-haunted garment, which necessity for a while might have compelled them to endure. The last French revolution was mainly undertaken and carried through, from dread and horror of having something like the constitution of the English borough-holders imposed upon that country; and this consummation was not a little promoted, by those who in England held out their supplicating hands to the French people, and begged them like the sinner in the Gospel, of all things not to 'come into this place.' That what the borough-holders contend for, is dear and venerable to themselves, is what they are at perfect liberty to tell each other; but to every body else, it is the object of unmeasured hate and scorn,—the chain, the load, the nuisance, which men think of on waking in the morning, and pass the day in devising how they shall abate.

In fact the Tories never had any idea how hateful their system was to all the really powerful portions of the community. They maintained a sort of *in-and-in* communication with each other, and spirited one another up to believe that all who were their adversaries were base and to be despised. Words sank under them in their efforts to display their measureless contempt for every thing that was opposed to them; and now the public from all quarters, with the beadles and constituted authorities in full uniform at their head, are running in upon them as at the last hour of a parish sheep-biter. This is what the thing has come to. And much they appear to marvel at the parish unanimity; as not discerning, that though all men may not be agreed upon what is to be done henceforth for evermore, there is a most perilous accordance upon one preliminary, which is that *their* power shall be made an end of. They ask with infantine simplicity, whether parliament is less competent to perform its functions now, than it was a year ago. The answer of the English people, with the majestic vision of the Attorney General at its head, is that as far as *they* have been able to effect it, parliament has always performed its functions ill. The mischief is not of the growth of yesterday; the people of England, or some of them, can read history and keep an account; and if they wish for abridged versions, the Index to the Statute Book during the times of Tory domination since 1792 may supply the one, and the amount of debt the other. That the nation has 'attained a high degree of prosperity' under the system which it is intended to remove, is what the nation does not believe. On the contrary its firm faith,—the faith of all who have not an interest in the abuse transcending their portion of the suffering,—is that the nation has been wronged and shortened of its just prosperity, to an extent unparalleled in the range of history. It would be no excuse for a banker's clerk to say to his principal, 'Sir you have attained to a high degree of prosperity, under the system I have pursued of robbing you every night I could.' The question is not of what was left, but what was taken. The matter in debate is, whether the Tories did not pursue an organized system of injustice; whether in their several provinces, and according to the different capacities that heaven might have given them, they did not set up a wheel within a wheel, and frame all manner of machines, from a hand-bucket to a high-pressure steam-engine, to pump up the moisture of the state and pour it into their peculiar tubs and individual reservoirs;—whether they did not keep open shop, for the delivery of a portion of the public spoil to every body who would give valuable assistance in return, and whether they did not make the country one nest of jobbers, where the labour and the patrimonies of the operative and middle classes were turned over by a constant and uniform operation, into the possession of the parties engaging in the plot. And yet they profess to doubt whether their opponents produce any 'strong *primâ facie* case of practical expediency.' *This* is the expediency; that men should keep their own. The defendants lie under a grievous practical mistake; it is *we* that are the 'conservative,' and *they* that make the revolution in men's goods and chattels. It is *they* who have arranged and perfected a machinery, by which no man can call any thing his own, except during the brief period the wheel takes in turning round. The whole 'conservative' is at this moment in full march upon them; and the men babble about keeping up their right of wrong. They swear that they will stand upon their property, and not give up their pick-lock keys;—and that they will die in the last ditch, in defence of their *jemmies* 'and all that is dear to them.' The whole thing which they defend, is something which every body but themselves considers as an outrage upon society,—as one of those flagrant wrongs which it is the object of the formation of society to put down. It may be that the accused deny this; or even that they affirm with the weight of their individual influence and responsibility, that they have been the authors of all good,—that in them and their benevolent exertions the community has lived and had its being. But what effect can this have on the question of their permanence, if every body else is of the contrary opinion? Every defendant thinks well of himself; but the ticklish point is what opinion may be formed of him by those by whom he must stand or fall. But, say the defendants, we have a power; we can vote; and because we are in the legislature, by our votes the country must abide. To which one answer is, that this could not go on for ever. The string would crack; though it may not be determinable precisely when. All such strings have cracked, since the foundation of the world; there is no instance upon record, where a party has become odious to the community at large, that sooner or later this has not taken place. But there is a nearer road than this; you will *not* vote; you will desert before the matter comes to any thing like this mark, or at least so many of you as will decide the question. The waiters upon Providence will all receive a timely hint to go over; and if it does not reach them this month, it will in some other. There is no danger or possibility, of a party deserted by the community, permanently holding together in the manner supposed. The dry-rot will be in its timbers, and one after another will moulder and give way; and though there may be some pieces of tough tory mahogany that nothing can change or alter, they will only be reserved for the glory of going down together in the gulph of a minority. It is a provision of nature, that in a government where the community at large possesses a certain portion of influence, a party which has incurred a certain quantity of odium shall go down quietly, without danger of necessitating a popular convulsion to secure its fate.

Much has been spoken of 'anomalies,' and the folly of altering a practice of ancient standing for the sake 'of symmetry and system.' The answer is, that the alterations are not made for the sake of symmetry and system; but because the system as it stands, tends directly to produce evil. 'It is desirable that a ship should be water-tight; would you therefore for the sake of system, stop a hole in the bottom? A rope leads the wrong way, and draws forward what ought to be drawn aft; would any man in his senses think of correcting such an anomaly? Remember how pleasantly you have sailed with four feet water in the hold; and reflect upon the weakness of human judgment, and the probability there is that the leak was what was keeping you afloat. Attempt no violent innovations. We are to look to the end and not to the instrument; and how do you know, that if the leak were to be stopped, you might not go down like a shot? Depend on it, the leak is nothing but an anomaly. As you value the lessons of experience, keep up your anomalies.' Such are the recommendations of the old school of pilots. It remains to be seen how far the modern crew will give into the reasoning.

When an argument is brought forward on a public question and proves to be a fallacy, the respondent is not answerable for any degree of undesirableness which may exist about the agitation of the question. He answers, because the answer is demanded; he replies, because the community at large is virtually challenged for a reply. In the present case there appears to be a fallacy in the defence offered to the attacks stated to have been made on the pensions on the civil list.

> 'These pensions, limited by the bill submitted to parliament in November last to the annual sum of 139,000*l.* for the present reign, form one of the charges on that fund which is granted to the crown for the maintenance of its splendour and dignity, *in exchange for its hereditary revenue*. It may, or it may not be, fit that this portion of the fund should be placed at the sovereign's disposal. The sum may be too large, or it may be too small: but, having once been appropriated, the fund ceases to be under the control of parliament; it stands, thenceforth, on the footing of private property; the pensions charged on it are merely so many emanations of the royal bounty; and, however expedient it may be, that their general amount should be reconsidered and regulated whenever, by the demise of the crown, the civil list generally comes under review, the manner and details of their distribution can be no just concern of the public; and even though it may be that a sound discretion has not always governed that distribution, though it may be that pensions have been occasionally bestowed on improper grounds, or even from improper motives, there, surely, is a principle of common decency which ought to protect these benevolences of the crown from a scrutiny, which, to say the least, is not usually applied to the gifts or charities of private individuals.'—*Quarterly Review, No. LXXXVIII, p.* 567.

The foundation of this somewhat lengthy argument, is the same as of one which should propose that the territorial revenues of the archbishopric of Canterbury should be given away in pensions by the receiver, and a new revenue found for the archbishop by the public. If a king, William of Nassau for example, had a revenue derived from crown lands or otherwise, it was because he was king, and in return for being king. The crown lands, like every other source of revenue, were secured to him for the purpose of keeping up his state and dignity, and not of giving away to dowagers distinct from those objects. If the king thinks the dowagers are his state and dignity, he has an undoubted right so to determine; but no right can thence arise for the Quarterly Reviewers to charge us twice for the state and dignity. The fallacy consists in asserting, that what is called the hereditary revenue of the crown, or may have been given in exchange for it, was not given for any public purpose; and that the crown may dissipate this on objects avowedly not public, and charge the amount again upon the people.

After allowing that 'the main cause with us of the increase of the public burdens has always been *war*,' it is an evasion to shift the reason to an assertion that 'war is a favourite amusement with the people of England.' It is true enough, that 'there are not wanting those who impute all our past wars to the boroughmongers;' but it is no kind of answer to this imputation, to say that there are also those who assert 'that if the people were fairly represented in parliament, we should have wars no more,' or even to move the question whether 'abstinence from wars of aggression or ambition is one of the characteristics of free states.' This is all what in a hare is called doubling. The unanswered truth is, that the public burdens have been increased by wars made by and for those who are styled the boroughmongers. Every body knows what pains they were obliged to take to get up and maintain those wars;—how many they hanged, how many beheaded, how many drew the bowels out of, how many they transported, for the one and sole purpose of preventing men from meeting together to oppose such wars, and to communicate the knowledge of the profound folly and injustice of their origin and continuance. If a parliament subject to popular influences had engaged in wars, it would at least have engaged in wars for popular interests and not against them. It would certainly not have engaged in them for the purpose of keeping up the power of fingering the public purse, and of abandoning it only when it had become difficult to find the means of discovering any thing more to take. This power of fingering the public purse, is what is denominated '*protecting the people from themselves*,'—preserving them, to wit, from the ignorant impatience of parting with their money, which they might otherwise give way to.

It requires little observation to be convinced, that this pretext of 'protecting the people from themselves,' as advanced to prove the necessity of lodging the power of taking money in a certain number of proprietors of rotten boroughs, is on a par with a plan which should propose to preserve travellers from the self-indulgence which some men are apt to give way to in their various halts and resting-places, by establishing a protecting corps of gentlemen of the road who should ease them of the means of evil. The proof that one party are unable to take care of themselves, and that the other are the proper judges of how far they may be trusted to their own discretion, is as absolutely absent in one case as in the other. Not one of the party to be protected, can be found consenting to the plan. Nothing ever made the necessity visible to any man's optics, except the personal prospect of being one of the party that were to profit by it. Nobody has ever asked the borough-mongers to take care of him; it is a purely volunteer piece of charity, as far as regards every body but themselves; a simple act of supererogation, deduction made of the gratification which virtuous efforts produce to the performer. Imagine a political teacher standing up and saying, 'Whoever will be saved, it is in the first place necessary that he make himself some rotten boroughs.' Calculate the probability of demonstrating, to any man in full possession of his natural faculties, that a step towards a proper representation, is to introduce a number of individuals who shall represent nobody but themselves. This is all the holy ground of politics; the sacred precincts of unreason, within which it would be sacrilege for common sense to set its foot.

There have been mail coaches and other means of communication in this country far too long, to allow it to be in any sense politic or prudent for an adversary to declare that '*a war against property is the real principle and the only serious pursuit of radicalism.*' Such an assertion might produce some effect where the proceedings of one part of the community were a mystery to the others; but can never operate where all men act in the face of an inquiring public and an informing press. It is true there are various plants in the garden of radicalism, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; but it is stoutly denied, that any single class ever moved or contemplated a war against property. On the contrary, let but the just occasion come, and they will all rise upon a whistle, in defence of every body's property and their own. They have property to defend as well as other people; and they mean to do it. The fear is only with those, who are rich by taking other people's property. The Radicals are, and it is well known always have been, intrinsically conservative; it is a mere invention of the enemy, which says they ever wanted to take away any property, except the property in wrong. Even on the debated points most pompously brought forward by the Quarterly Review, some of the most urgent arguments for the side the Review would probably call the right, have proceeded from portions of that body. There may be differences of opinion among the Radicals, and as is almost a necessary consequence, some of them may be wrong. But the charge against the early Christians of cultivating licentiousness and sacrificing children, was not more futile, groundless, and it may be added undangerous, than that advanced against the Radicals of being engaged in a war against property. The mistake is an easy one; it is not a 'feud of the house of *Want* against the house of *Have,*' but against the house of '*Take.*' Radicalism is simply a rising up of the industrious classes of society, in union with many of the middle ranks and some of the higher, for the protection of property against those who want to take it away by means of rotten boroughs. The complainants say, that they are thin on the ribs by reason of rotten boroughs. They beg that they may be allowed to send a deputation to the House of Commons, and that a Committee may be appointed to feel and to report. They say that they die in holes and corners, and have nothing but sorrel in their insides when they are deceased; and they offer to prove before the Honourable House, that their heart's blood has gone to paint the noses of the boroughmongers. They utterly deny that they are well at all; but that on the contrary, as one also of their own poets has said,

> 'Hungry bellies, empty purse,
> May be better, can't be worse.'

It is an awful state of society when large masses become poetical in this metre. Objections may be raised by the critics; but it is not the poet laureate that will write such verses down. To these complainants are joined the middle classes; who have at last found out, that though they did not individually die of hunger within the year, they were put into the list of bankrupts, which is a thing almost as abhorrent to their nature. The middle classes, powerful by their intelligence as by their numbers, have weighed and sifted the argument, and come to the conclusion that rotten boroughs are an invention, by hook or by crook, to make their money over to the fraternity of boroughholders. All these divisions have fairly committed themselves. There is scarcely an honest or independent man among them, who has not in some way or other been guilty of *Lèse*-Toryism. If they were to fail in their object through any want of energy in themselves, they know they would be decimated. They are fully aware, that they would be subjected to all the horrors of a restoration. Pious tories would lie awake all night, and have a revelation of a gagging-bill towards morning. The energetic among them have already begun a subscription for the French Guards, who failed in the attempt to put down the press and establish despotism at Paris. There is no difficulty in knowing to what purposes they would apply our own Guards, if they would obey their call.*

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* Upon this subject nothing can be done more effectual than to give literal extracts from the forms of subscription as published in the newspaper which boasts itself the organ of the opponents of Reform. Nobody can avoid seeing that the *animus* is to impress upon the British soldiery the duty of putting down the liberties of their country if ever they should be told. It is not intended to dispute the right of individuals to subscribe for any purpose they think proper; but it is maintained that others have a right to regulate their own actions in consequence. It is distinctly impressed on every individual to whom this statement may come, that the fact of a subscription having been got up for the unsuccessful troops of the expelled dynasty of France, in such terms and under such feelings as are below presented, makes an additional reason why every man of common foresight should redouble his efforts to preserve himself and family from the personal danger and misery of a failure in the ministerial plan of Reform. The known moderation, and aversion to unnecessary violence, of the conductors of this Review, it is hoped will give increased weight to their present recommendation.

The following extracts are from the Morning Post, during the week beginning with the 8th of March, 1831.

'THE ROYAL GUARDS OF FRANCE.—It is with high gratification we refer our Readers to the First List of Subscriptions (annexed to the Advertisement in a preceding column, and received in the course of a few days), for the Relief of these brave and faithful Soldiers, whose unmerited privations and sufferings are an eternal disgrace to the Government of France.

'The following Donations which came to hand yesterday, are included in the general Advertisement list:—

FROM A CAPTAIN,

'Who requests the acceptance of 5*l.* in aid of the Fund for the Relief of the late brave and loyal French Royal Guard.

FROM A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

'Sir—I enclose two guineas for the Relief of the brave Royal Guards of France—a tribute to their valour, constancy, and loyalty, under the most trying circumstances.'

FROM A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

'As a tribute to military fidelity.—10*l.*

FROM A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

'In aid of the Subscription to the Fund for the Relief of the French Guards, who as soldiers nobly performed their duty.—10*l.*

[with many others.]

If the intention was to intimate that the British army would be to be depended on in the supposed possibility of an attempt to put down public freedom and establish despotism like that in Paris, the writer takes leave to declare, on the credit of twenty-five years acquaintance with the officers and soldiers of that army, that there are not two officers and twenty men per

The last paragraph of the Quarterly Review is full of dark sentences; yet, unless its meaning has been greatly misunderstood, it bears upon the horrors which might be expected from a return of Tory domination. Was it really intended to state, that any body holding the situation of a Judge attempted to stipulate, before he would discharge his office, that the hangman should not be disappointed of his fees by the mercy of the crown? Now let us, the *hangees* that are to be, sift and examine this position. We are told habitually that judges are disinterested people; that they perform coldly and impassionately a painful office; that they are to be preserved by all possible means from any feeling in the results of their decisions, and are to approach as nearly as possible to the imperturbability of a steel-yard; and that we are not to be hanged after all, till the crown has further considered, whether mercy can be extended consistently with the safety of the community. Yet here is a distinct intimation, that the intermediate depositaries of justice attempted a bargain with the crown, for surrendering its prerogative of revision, and refused to act unless they might be permitted to carry a halter in their pockets. No honest man can hesitate to avow his belief, that an individual who, by supposition, could have been guilty of such an atrocity, ought to dangle at the end of his own string;—what possible motive, therefore, can the Quarterly Review have at this moment, for holding forth such a libel on the judges and the crown, without proof and by the mere fiat of its imagination. But this is what its party, if it had the power, not only *would* do, but even now complains was not carried into execution. The lesson is an important one, and will not be lost upon the public. It may be very doubtful whether the boroughmongers, if they got the upper hand, would succeed in finding a Jefferies upon the bench; but it is certain that they would *try* to find something incomparably more atrocious and detestable than Jefferies himself has ever been painted by his enemies.

A word has been dropped in one place upon 'republicans.' This may lead to a profitable explanation. There would be no doubt of the Quarterly Review being right if it believed, that there are numerous classes of persons in this country, who have

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regiment who would act in furtherance of such an attempt from the moment there was time to be aware of its nature. They would do as they did in 1688; "Eyes Centre" and go over in squadron. There is nothing new in this; it is the constitutional security contemplated by the oracles of British law. The recognition of such a certainty, is the basis of the existing compact by which the direction of the army is committed to the crown.

The same journal has thought fit to menace the Lord Chancellor with the army. It may depend on it, if ever the question is raised, the army will be with the Lord Chancellor.

the same intimate persuasion that republican government is intrinsically the best calculated for the welfare of the governed, that they have that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. There is no more secret in this, than in there being men who read geometry. These are not times for persecuting for an opinion; and if speculative absolutists go unburned, republicans may. But then these same individuals are among the last who would refuse to use the road between London and Edinburgh, till all the crooked was made straight and the rough places plain. They see clearly that the impediment to republican institutions in England, is the legitimate wealth and influence of the aristocracy,—the wealth and influence which they derived from sources antecedent to the present condition of society, and which they brought with them when they submitted to the compact by which they rose from plundering barons into the hereditary leaders of a free people; and this arrangement necessitates a king, for the public safety. Not that they would pay a sixpence, either by fraud or consent, towards keeping up the wealth of the aristocracy; but finding it there, they are content to take it as it is. And they are not convinced, that a government of this form is not capable of discharging the offices expected from it by the community. If any body will convince them of that fact, they will act accordingly. But in the mean time they wish to go on as they are; they desire, and they think they see, the favourable solution of the problem, whether a constitutional monarchy is competent to the purposes of good government. But then their coalition manifestly depends upon the government being good. If it is not to be good, then all these classes are in a state of virtual or avowed hostility. It is for the government to chuse, whether it will have them on its side or not. They are here, ready to do all that can fairly be required of them; but if they are to be told that they are odious and monsters, because they believe a republic to be abstractedly the best form of government, they will consider the hostility as an avowal that it is intended the government shall be bad. Republicanism, hurts nobody that is honest. The fear and outcry against republics in foreign countries, is only like the outcry of a parish which should say to its neighbours, 'One thing we must particularly request of you, as essential to maintaining the relations of peace and amity; and that is, that in your parish there shall be no accounts. We cannot stand accounts; we can endure any thing but accounts.' The government which keeps up a bugbear opposition to republics in other countries, or sacrifices fair political advantages to such an apprehension, declares in language that cannot be mistaken, that it has something bad to protect at home. There is no warfare between republics, and *just* monarchical governments; the interminable hostility is with the *unjust*. On this point, perhaps, the existing ministry have committed the greatest error,—and every body commits some,— that has befallen during their tenure of office. It was an object of serious national importance, that a government should have been established in Belgium which would have been interested in maintaining its independence. Every body knew that the natural tendency of the Belgians was to republican institutions, and that it was only kept down by the sentiment of weakness, and the desire of some shopkeepers of Brussels to live on the expenses of a king. A word from the English ministry would have established a government which would have struggled to the last against all fusion with any foreign power. This chance was thrown away, through the paltry dread of seeing an honest government so near home. If excuses can be found in the fact that circumstances were not the same as now, it would not yet be too late to change the policy.[*]

It may perhaps be unfair in the actual position of things, to compare past acts too narrowly with what may be hoped here-

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[*] Before leaving the Quarterly Review, it appears necessary to notice a passage in a preceding number, though on a subject not immediately connected with the present.

In the Quarterly Review for January 1831, is the passage which is given in the left-hand column below with the answer on the right.

'But this was the age of innovation and experiment. Even Jeremy Bentham's illustrious project of manufacturing rogues and harlots into honest men and women was taken up by the government upon a great scale; and on the fetid and unwholesome swamp, which the projector had purchased for his Utopian seminary, a Penitentiary was erected, at a cost which might have sufficed for founding and endowing a third university, or establishing a colony in Australia upon a nobler foundation than any modern colony that has ever proceeded from Europe. There it stands —a monument at once of Jeremy's philosophico-philofelon-philanthropy, of national folly, and of the futility of all such schemes of reformation. Well would it be if this were the only price which the nation has paid—or is likely to pay—for its lessons in Jeremy-Benthamism!' — *Quarterly Review, No. LXXXVII, p.* 277.	In 1792 Mr. Bentham gave a plan to the government for building a Penitentiary on 80 acres of land in Battersea Rise, which had been allotted to that purpose in virtue of an Act of Parliament arising out of a proposal which originated with Sir William Blackstone and Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland). A jury valued the land at about 6000*l*. Mr. Bentham's plan was to contain a thousand prisoners, at an expense of 27*l*. a head; and they were to be maintained by contract, at 12*l*. a head per annum. The plan was accepted by government; but afterwards it appeared there was an obstacle, which obstacle was the personal dislike of the reigning sovereign to Mr. Bentham. The end was, that the plan was not carried into effect; and that the government built their own Penitentiary, in their own place, (which the Quarterly Review says is a fetid swamp), and at an expense which has been estimated at 1000*l*. a head for each prisoner.

The only observation which will be added is, that a political party is badly led, whose leaders compromise it by mis-statements like the above.

after. There is no doubt that the estrangement which had long been growing between the Whigs and the community at large, has, by one energetic step into the right, been removed and made as if it had never been existent. There are few political differences, not based in positive ill intent on either side, which are not extinguishable by such an effort. The Whigs are now as they were in 1688, the acknowledged leaders of the community against the common enemy. If office is their wish,—and with their habits and political education there is no reason why it should not,—they may hold it for ever and for ever, and set up the Ultra-Liberals, (as perhaps they call them in their penetralia), as a constitutional opposition. This last class includes the numerical majority of the community, and has no defect of ability for such a duty; though, with a single exception, they have no more desire for office, than Mr. Bentham has to be Lord Chancellor. It is not desired to be hard upon honest men for non-essential differences; but the supporters of absolute power in all countries, the advocates for putting down the press by means of military fidelity, the men who call the principles of freedom an infection and liberty a disease, may be squeezed out of all power and influence to an eternity of hopelessness. The Ultra-Liberals, if that be their name, make no compact as to what they will wish for afterwards; the theory of their being an opposition, implies that they will wish for something which the ministers do not. But this they will be pledged for, that all they desire shall be pursued by legitimate and moderate means, and that they and their adherents count on nothing but that gradual and wholesome cession to the progress of public opinion, which makes at once the glory and the safety of a free country.

Since the above was prepared for printing, the ministers have had the ingenuity to put themselves into a minority upon a matter of detail. As has happened before now, the errors of the leaders must be repaired by the exertions of the followers. There is a regular combination of all the interests, which ride in coaches at the expense of the industrious and middle classes; and the fact creates an additional demand on every individual of those classes, to demonstrate his sentiments by all the means which providence has placed at his disposal. The Tories are of that order of spirits, which are not cast out without fasting and prayer. They will struggle to the last, like a bear robbed of her whelps; they will display the natural fury which the ancients called *στοργὴ*, in defence of the inheritance of their younger children. The thing will not go on without a dissolution; but it will, with that. To settle it without, would be an injustice to the commons.—Who, that could command a corporal's guard, would have contrived to get beaten on the Friday on a Timber question? It seems fated that the world shall know, how much was owing to the feeling of the country, and how little to skill. 'Honest' they may be, 'as ever broke bread;' but still, as Dogberry stipulates, 'all men are not alike!'

The second reading has been carried by a majority of one. A miss is as good as a mile; and the effects of the former blunder will probably be got over.

ART. XII.—*The Book of the Seasons; or the Calendar of Nature.* By William Howitt. 12mo. London: Colburn and Bentley. 1831.

THIS is a book on the *revolutions* of nature; its peaceful spirit and enchanting subject, afford a relief from the agitating and feverish interest excited by revolutions of a different character. It may be recommended as a sedative after a stormy political debate; it will refresh the wearied spirit, like the balmy air of a summer's evening: just as physicians recommend the wasting patient, poisoned by the mephitic vapours of a town, to try the restorative agency of a visit to his native spot, so would we recommend the occasional perusal of a 'season' of our amiable Howitt, to the disturbed reformer with a burning brow, and a rapid pulse, and a palpitating heart, too anxious for the public weal to estimate private woe, too intent upon watching the aspect of public opinion, to spare a moment to save his own constitution from wreck.

Almanacks were a few years ago among the most backward species of literature; such works as the present are likely to place them in the front rank of periodical productions. It is the "Almanack of Nature," by a poet and a naturalist, an eloquent writer and a close observer. The pleasures of the country are innumerable to those who have been taught how to enjoy them, and teaching is as necessary in observing nature as it is in learning to dance; and they are not only innumerable, but they are of the purest description, promotive of health, and what is of great consequence to remark, not inconsistent with other and active pursuits. They are here very agreeably explained, pointed out, and developed, under the head of each month, and as far as is consistent with the space afforded by one small volume.

We have already had a calendar of nature from the pen of an able and eminent writer, but this is the first calendar written with the enthusiasm of the poet combined with the accuracy of an observer. White's "Natural History of Selborne," now a classical work, and in its latest edition, with the notes of Sir Wm. Jardine, is a most valuable addition to the naturalist's library. But the letters of White derive their value from the nicety of the observations made upon objects common to the experience of almost every body, and to the simplicity of spirit, and the neatness and clearness of style in which they were conveyed to his correspondents. Mr. White was not a poet; he was an unconscious lover of nature; he never sung her praises, celebrated her beauties, or invited the world to come and worship at her shrine; he registered her phenomena, and described her ways.

The "Journal of a Naturalist," which has been given to the world, is an interesting and valuable work. Many curious remarks are made in the spirit of Gilbert White himself; many valuable facts are collected, some from the author's own experience, some from that of others; and on the whole we place a high value upon the work. But here again the author was not a poet, nor did he look upon the woods, and hills, and streams, with a poet's eye. He moralizes nature, and 'finds sermons' in all her productions. Not so William Howitt: he too is a scientific observer, and will probably be more so in time. But he is more; he is the priest of his goddess, arrayed, it is true, in a garb of great plainness and simplicity, but still he is animated by a warm spirit of devotion, and is never weary of filling her temples with incense.

The plan of the "Calendar" is, to commence each month by a general description of its character and phenomena in prose, not without however many verses, some from the pen of William, some from that of Mary his wife, to whom the volume is affectionately (we were going to say dutifully) dedicated. Then follows an account of the rural occupations of the month, the state of the floral, entomological, ornithological, and other divisions of the kingdoms of nature; together with lists of the flowers in bloom, the planets in their prime, or of the coming and going of the migratory birds; the whole of which is interspersed with remarks of a very miscellaneous character; some are humorous, some poetical, some antiquarian, some are matters of fact, and many relate to the condition and character of the peasantry and poor, terms unhappily too nearly synonymous.

Of the quality of the remarks and descriptions, which compose the bulk of the volume, we will enable the reader to judge in the most agreeable manner.

A portion of the lively description of March will shew with what spirit and accuracy the different arbitrary divisions of the year are depicted.

'March is a rude, and sometimes boisterous month, possessing many of the characteristics of winter, yet awakening sensations perhaps more delicious than the two following spring months, for it gives us the first announcement and taste of spring. What can equal the delight of our hearts at the very first glimpse of spring—the first springing of buds and green herbs. It is like a new life infused into our bosoms. A spirit of tenderness, a burst of freshness, and luxury of feeling possesses us: and let fifty springs have broken upon us, *this* joy, unlike many joys of time, is not an atom impaired. Are we not young? Are we not boys? Do we not break, by the power of awakened thoughts, into all the rapturous scenes of all our happier years? There is something in the freshness of the soil—in the mossy bank—the balmy air—the voices of birds—the early and delicious flowers, that we have seen and felt *only* in *childhood* and *spring*.

'There are frequently mornings in March, when a lover of Nature may enjoy, in a stroll, sensations not to be exceeded, or perhaps equalled, by any thing which the full glory of summer can awaken:—mornings which tempt us to cast the memory of winter, or the fear of its return, out of our thoughts. The air is mild and balmy, with, now and then, a cool gush by no means unpleasant, but, on the contrary, contributing towards that cheering and peculiar feeling which we experience only in spring. The sky is clear; the sun flings abroad not only a gladdening splendour, but an almost summer glow. The world seems suddenly aroused to hope and enjoyment. The fields are assuming a vernal greenness—the buds are swelling in the hedges—the banks are displaying amidst the brown remains of last year's vegetation, the luxuriant weeds of this. There are arums, ground-ivy, chervil, the glaucous leaves and burnished flowers of the pilewort,

The first gilt thing
That wears the trembling pearls of spring;

and many other fresh and early bursts of greenery. All unexpectedly, too, in some embowered lane, you are arrested by the delicious odour of violets, those sweetest of Flora's children, which have furnished so many pretty allusions to the poets, and which are not yet exhausted: they are like true friends, we do not know half their sweetness till they have felt the sunshine of our kindness; and again, they are like the pleasures of our childhood, the earliest and the most beautiful. Now, however, they are to be seen in all their glory—blue and white—modestly peering through their thick, clustering leaves. The lark is carolling in the blue fields of air; the blackbird and thrush are again shouting and replying to each other, from the tops of the highest trees. As you pass cottages, they have caught the happy infection: there are windows thrown open, and doors standing a-jar. The inhabitants are in their gardens, some clearing away rubbish, some turning up the light and fresh-smelling soil amongst the tufts of snowdrops and rows of bright yellow crocuses, which every where abound; and the children, ten to one, are peeping into the first birds'-nest of the season—the hedge-sparrow's, with its four sea-green eggs, snugly but unwisely built in the pile of old pea-rods.

'In the fields labourers are plashing and trimming the hedges, and in all directions are teams at plough. You smell the wholesome, and, I may truly say, aromatic soil, as it is turned up to the sun, brown and rich, the whole country over. It is delightful, as you pass along deep hollow lanes, or are hidden in copses, to hear the tinkling gears of the horses, and the clear voices of the lads calling to them. It is not less pleasant to catch the busy caw of the rookery, and the first meek cry of the young lambs. The hares are hopping about the fields, the excitement of the season overcoming their habitual timidity. The bees are revelling in the yellow catkins of the sallow. The harmless English snake is seen again curled up, like a little coil of rope, with its head in the centre, on sunny, green banks. The woods, though yet unadorned with their leafy garniture, are beautiful to look on;—they seem flushed with life. Their boughs are of a clear and glossy lead colour, and the tree-tops are rich with the vigorous hues of brown, red, and purple; and, if you plunge into their solitudes, there are symptoms of revivification under your feet—the springing mercury and green blades of the blue-bells—and perhaps above you, the early nest of the missel-thrush, perched between the boughs of a young oak, to tinge your thoughts with the anticipation of summer. These are mornings not to be neglected by the lover of Nature, and if not neglected, then not forgotten; for they will stir the springs of memory, and make us live over again times and seasons that we cannot, for the pleasure and purity of our spirits, live over too much.'—pp. 62-67.

The praise of mountains is one of the many occasions on which the poetical enthusiasm of the author breaks out in the course of his registration of the natural signs of the times.

'At this season of the year the ascents of our own mountains are become most practicable. The heat of summer has dried up the moisture with which winter rains saturate the spongy turf of the hollows; and the atmosphere, clear and settled, admits of the most extensive prospects. Whoever has not ascended our mountains knows little of the beauties of this beautiful island. Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain-flowers, the glowing moss, the richly-tinted lichens at his feet; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated sod, and of the spicy shrubs; and heard the bleat of the flock across their solitary expanses, and the wild cry of the mountain-plover, the raven, or the eagle; and seen the rich and russet hues of distant slopes and eminences, the livid gashes of ravines and precipices, the white glittering line of falling waters, and the cloud tumultuously whirling round the lofty summit; and then stood panting on that summit, and beheld the clouds alternately gather and break over a thousand giant peaks and ridges of every varied hue—but all silent as images of eternity; and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, and smoking towns, and wide lands to the very ocean, in all their gleaming and reposing beauty, knows nothing of the treasures of pictorial wealth which his own country possesses.

'But when we let loose the imagination from even these splendid scenes, and give it free charter to range through the far more glorious ridges of continental mountains, through Alps, Apennines, or Andes, how is it possessed and absorbed by all the awful magnificence of their scenery and character! The sky-ward and inaccessible pinnacles, the

Palaces where nature thrones
Sublimity in icy halls!

the dark Alpine forests, the savage rocks and precipices, the fearful and unfathomable chasms filled with the sound of ever-precipitating waters; the cloud, the silence, the avalanche, the cavernous gloom, the terrible visitations of heaven's concentrated lightning, darkness and thunder; or the sweeter features of living, rushing streams, spicy odours of flower and shrub, fresh spirit-elating breezes sounding through the dark pine grove; the ever-varying lights and shadows, and aerial hues; the wide prospects, and, above all, the simple inhabitants!

'We delight to think of the people of mountainous regions; we please our imaginations with their picturesque and quiet abodes; with their peaceful secluded lives, striking and unvarying costumes, and primitive manners. We involuntarily give to the mountaineer heroic and elevated qualities. He lives amongst noble objects, and must imbibe some of their nobility; he lives amongst the elements of poetry, and must be poetical; he lives where his fellow-beings are far, far separated from their kind, and surrounded by the sternness and the perils of savage nature; his social affections must therefore be proportionably concentrated, his home-ties lively and strong; but, more than all, he lives within the barriers, the strong holds, the very last refuge which Nature herself has reared to preserve alive liberty in the earth, to preserve to man his highest hopes, his noblest emotions, his dearest treasures, his faith, his freedom, his hearth, and home. How glorious do those mountain-ridges appear when we look upon them as the unconquerable abodes of free hearts; as the stern, heaven-built walls from which the few, the feeble, the persecuted, the despised the helpless child, the delicate woman, have from age to age, in their last perils, in all their weaknesses and emergencies, when power and cruelty were ready to swallow them up, looked down, and beheld the million waves of despotism break at their feet;—have seen the rage of murderous armies and tyrants, the blasting spirit of ambition, fanaticism, and cruching domination recoil from their bases in despair. "Thanks be to God for mountains!" is often the exclamation of my heart as I trace the History of the World. From age to age, they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbed in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortures of their fellow men.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold!

was the burning exclamation of Milton's agonized and indignant spirit, as he beheld those sacred bulwarks of freedom for once violated by the disturbing demons of the earth; and the sound of his fiery and lamenting appeal to Heaven will be echoed in every generous soul to the end of time.'—pp. 324-8.

Mr. Howitt, like all thinking and amiable men, unperverted by aristocratical prejudices, is a lover of the poor, and a sympathizer in their wants and pleasures. Both in this character and that of an admirer of nature, and a wanderer among its scenes, he has felt deeply the injustice which has been done to the unrepresented and the misrepresented poor, by the almost universal stopping-up of the foot-paths in the country—one of the hateful consequences we believe of the hateful game-laws. In the following extract, which is only a portion of what he writes on the subject, he has eloquently bewailed the loss, and condemns the wrong in the spirit of a man and a freeman.

'But, without a jest, stiles and foot-paths are vanishing every where. There is nothing upon which the advance of wealth and population has made so serious an inroad. As land has increased in value, wastes and heaths have been parcelled out and inclosed, but seldom have foot-paths been left. The poet and the naturalist, who before had, perhaps, the greatest real property in them, have had no allotment. They have been totally driven out of the promised land. Goldsmith complained in his day, that

The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth:
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.

'And it is but too true that the pressure of contiguous pride has driven farther, from that day to this, the public from the rich man's lands. "They make a solitude and call it peace." Even the quiet and picturesque foot-path that led across his fields or stole along his wood-side, giving to the poor man with his burden a cooler and nearer cut to the village, is become a nuisance. One would have thought that the rustic labourer, with his scythe on his shoulder, or his bill-hook and hedging-mittens in his hand, the cottage-dame in her black bonnet and scarlet cloak, the neat village maiden, in the sweetness of health and simplicity, or the boy strolling along full of life and curiosity, might have had sufficient interest in themselves, for a cultivated taste not merely to tolerate, but to welcome—passing occasionally at a distance across the park or wood, as objects agreeably enlivening the stately solitude of the hall. But they have not; and what is more, *they* are commonly the most jealous of pedestrian trespassers, who seldom visit their own estates, but permit the seasons to scatter their charms around their villas and rural possessions without the heart to enjoy, or even the presence to behold them. How often have I myself been arrested in some long-frequented dale,—in some spot endeared by its own beauties and the fascinations of memory—by a board exhibiting in giant characters, "STOPPED BY AN ORDER OF SESSIONS," and denouncing the terrors of the law upon trespassers! This is a little too much. I would not be querulous for the poor against the rich. I would not teach them to look with an envious and covetous eye upon their villas, lawns, cattle, and equipage; but when the path of immemorial usage is closed, when the little streak, almost as fine as a mathematical line, along the wealthy man's ample field is grudgingly erased, it is impossible not to feel indignation at the pitiful monopoly. Is there no village champion to be found, bold enough to put in his protest against these encroachments,—to assert the public right?—for a right it is, as authentic as that by which the land is itself held, and as clearly acknowledged by the laws. Is there no local "Hampden with dauntless breast" to "withstand the petty tyrants of the fields" and to save our good old foot-paths? If not, we shall in a few years be doomed to the highways and the hedges; to look, like Dives, from a sultry region of turnpikes, into a pleasant one of verdure and foliage which we may not approach. Already, the stranger, if he lose his way, is in jeopardy of falling into the horrid fangs of a steel trap; the botanist enters a wood to gather a flower, and is shot with a spring-gun; death haunts our dells and copses, and the poet complains, in regretful notes, that he

> Wanders away to the field and glen,
> Far as he may for the gentlemen.'—pp. 237-241.

It will be seen that we are warm friends of Mr. Howitt. We heartily recommend his little book to general notice, and stake our critical reputation upon the favourable result of a perusal. We suppose that it is the intention of the author to continue it annually; and we have no doubt that though the more general descriptions and observations are not likely to be either repeated or excelled, yet that much that is useful and curious might be added to the practical or experimental part. We would suggest to his consideration, whether an extension and improvement of the 'Diary' form would not be a convenient method of continuing the work. We can conceive a plan of this description, which, supposing Mr. Howitt is continuing his studies, or would associate others with him, might greatly conduce to the desirable result of generally extending a love of natural history and of affording interesting information to the students of it, not thereby excluding the ordinary observer and lover of its beauties.

ART. XIII.—1. *Professional Morality in 1831; or the Lawyer's Defence of Medical Quackery; in which John St. John Long's discoveries are examined, and his claims to the confidence of the British Public are criticised, by a Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, &c.* Second Edition. John Wilson, 16, Princes Street, Soho.

2. *Discoveries in the Science and Art of Healing by John St. John Long, Esq. M.R.S.L.; M.R.A.S. &c; together with the evidence upon which the author claims the confidence of the Country, and remarks on the evidence in the case of the late Miss Cashin.*—Second Edition. London.

IT excites the smile of contemptuous pity to witness the tumult and the terror which one enterprising and crafty Quack can raise in this land of science and of schoolmasters;—to see the pomposity and the parade with which the druggist of a single nostrum is chased from county to county, and hunted down like some monster of unquenchable rapacity, amid all our colleges of health and all our boast of enlightenment. It is said that we have medical charters, and medical corporations, and medical councils; that we have our presidents, privileges, and prerogatives, and that the English faculty constitute an integral part of the liege subjects of his Britannic Majesty. But were we to judge by what we see and hear, by the number of empirics with which we are infested, by the silence of the law on the offences they commit, and by the very general encouragement which they obtain from our enlightened countrymen — one would imagine that medicine was nothing better than a game of chances which every fool may gain at, and that physicians are little better than useless encumbrances, which merit neither protection nor reward.

Has John Bull actually lost every species of consistency? His costly equipages, his gilded roofs, his soft and smiling comforts; his love of ease, his life-insurances, his ten thousand schemes of pleasure,—all bespeak a man, who neither courts death nor danger. If a finger fester, or a tooth ache, or a wandering pain shoot across the frame, and agitate his smooth stream of simpering luxury, all is dread and darkness and dismay; and yet this same effeminate son of pleasure, who so sedulously seeks after every thing which makes life happy, will run in the hour of sickness and disease to the most illiterate retailer of some secret charm, to the most ignorant vender of patent health in Christendom, in preference to the educated and experienced medical practitioner! Is this consistency, or common sense, or common prudence? Is it part and parcel, John, with your other conduct? When you are well and require *no* care, you are careful and cautious to a fault; you bandage and bolster and bottle up your health with the anxiety of a very miser. Your whole frame trembles at the funeral knell of some neighbouring church-yard, and you sicken with fearful anticipation at the solemnity of the passing bier which carries the remains of your departed friend to his narrow house. All this you do when you are *well,* when your house stands firmly and your sun shines strongly;—but *when the hour of danger comes,* and disease lays its burning hand upon your very seat of life, you listen to the voice of some ignorant pretender, and passing by those who should know and do know, if any thing can be known in your case, you commit that life, of which you are in all other respects so careful, into the keeping of the knave who promises you most, without caring how little or how much it lies within his power to perform!

Were you thus to act, John, in selecting pilots for your ships, or partners for your firms, or lawyers for your advocates, your general conduct were its own key, and in such case your ships and firms might be full as valuable as yourself. But when you will not intrust your cargo to any but the most skilful captain; when you ransack kindred, country and connexion for advantageous partners; when to secure your rights, you purchase at the highest price the highest talent at the bar, what delusive witchcraft broods upon your judgment and palsies its discernment of self and sense, of interest and prudence, when health requires reparation, or life stands endangered by disease?

But the fact is, that the public generally are grossly ignorant of medicine as a science. They can judge with some degree of accuracy of a religious principle, or of a moral sentiment. They can detect inconclusive argument and disingenuous declamation; and, therefore, they can decide with tolerable aptness upon the merits of a pulpit orator. Or they can judge of a Lawyer's eloquence and language. They can form an opinion of his style, his zeal, his ardour and address, and although they cannot always be supposed capable of estimating the correctness of his positions or the legality of his points, they can generally repose in safety on his education protecting him from gross ignorance, and on the discernment of the court in detecting slighter errors. They can, therefore, somewhat judge of the pretensions of a Clergyman, or the merits of a Lawyer; but they cannot form any adequate estimate of the acquirements and claims of a medical practitioner: and yet neither the Parson nor the Lawyer can practise their professions without the necessary credentials, while the Quack can set the legislature at defiance, so long as he steers clear of murder or of manslaughter. Considered as a science medicine cannot be understood by any who have not been duly prepared by previous study. The principles, on which its practical details are founded, are to such wrapped in mystery. The foundation on which it reposes, is laid so deep and so distant from superficial observation, that it cannot be discovered by an uneducated mind. The phenomena and laws of life, the minute structure and complicated functions of an unseen and mysterious mechanism, require to be carefully studied and fully understood, ere the nature or treatment of disease can be appreciated. It is, therefore, useless to call upon the public to defend the faculty. They are neither judges of the promises or performances of Quackery. To prepare them to sit in judgment upon the claims of medical advisers to confidence, intellect and knowledge must be much further advanced along their march to perfection. They must first know the composition of the animal frame, the laws and characters of its functions, the seats and sources of its disorders, the various morbific agents by which it is influenced, the numberless signs by which its disorders are distinguished, the operation of opposite and active medicine, and the endless modifications of temperament, habit, and constitution. To teach them all this, it will probably be admitted, would require them to be sent, *en masse*, to our school of medicine; but as this is a postulatum of such difficult attainment that it can never be obtained, it is vain to call upon the public to protect our Surgeons and Physicians from abuse, to separate false from honest claims, and to preserve their lives from the hazardous experiments of men, of whose performances and promises they are equally unqualified to judge.

We are, therefore, ready to maintain, that the present outcry which is so generally raised by the profession against the public, for encouraging such ignorant empirics as St. John Long, is perfectly groundless. It presumes that the public are judges of medical attainments, that they can discern merit in matters of which they are wholly ignorant; but there never was a more mistaken presumption. It is truly marvellous to perceive how ignorant of the plainest elements of rational medicine the great mass of society are at the present hour; although there is scarcely a house or a family in the land, which does not boast of some wonder-working nostrum, of some secret specific, or some matronly doctress, who physics every form of disease from colds to consumptions. They never seem to suspect, that the human frame is a living piece of mechanism; that its organs are somewhat more complicated than the wheels of a steam-carriage, and that its movements are somewhat less mechanical. Beyond rhubarb and jalap, castor oil and peppermint, they know absolutely nothing of physic; and as to the nature of disease they are totally incapable of forming a conception of its character. Beyond a few nursery rules and family recipes, which one mother hands down to another, nine tenths of the unprofessional world are in a state of greater ignorance on the science of medicine than on any other science whatsoever. How, then, may we ask, can the public be appealed to as umpires between Physicians and Empirics? How can they weigh the relative value of their pretensions, or accurately settle their respective claims? Success—even great and frequent success—cannot guide them. The weakest constitution may rectify itself without assistance, cures may frequently arise from some circumstance perfectly unconnected with the treatment; and diseases, which have baffled the most talented endeavours, may ultimately disappear of their own accord. The grossest ignorance may be rendered successful by some favourable accident, and the greatest skill may be defeated by some unexpected circumstance. Hence merit in medical science can scarcely be said to have its test, and it often withers in the shade neglected and unobserved, when presumptuous impudence is plucking its fruits and reaping the harvest which its very labours may have raised. Success will occasionally crown adventure, and no degree of science can rescue talent from the caprice of circumstances. Constitutions will ever vary with climate, with age, with occupation, and with habit; and medicines must proportionately vary in effect. These sources of fallacy and disappointment, although known in the abstract, cannot be precisely estimated in the individual cases. Were all constitutions of the same cast, and all diseases of the same character; did physicians always possess medicines of unchanging strength, and were these medicines invariably productive of the same result; then success were a criterion and the very safest criterion of skill, and ignorance would constitute its own cure. Cause and consequence would be inseparably linked together, and the physician could anticipate as certainly how each case must terminate, as he could pronounce upon the intermediate steps through which it would pass. When that happy era in the history of medicine shall arrive, there will neither be quacks nor quackery, secret nostrums nor enterprising empirics. We shall neither require laws for its protection from imposture, nor penalties for its vindication from insult. Every patient will be treated with mathematical exactness, and life and health will be doled out of the granaries of science with the precision of weight and the equity of measure.

Were any additional facts required to show that the public cannot be their own guardians against quackery, it is the success which St. John Long's system has met with in England. There, probably, never was such a barefaced and shameless tissue of nonsense, concocted by one individual, before given to the world under the title of *Discoveries.* If the two positions which constitute the groundwork of this mass of balderdash, cannot be seen to be absurdities of the first order by every man, who has considerately examined them, we should wholly despair of teaching those, who cannot twaddle over this "asses' bridge," to arrange the knives and forks on a dinner-table. The first statement is, that *all diseases* depend upon the presence and action of an *acrid fluid like mercury;* the second is, that this semimercurial-fluid can be discovered in any part of the body by a certain liniment, which has not only the power of extracting this fluid, but *which will only act upon such parts of the body as contain it.* These are the two foundation-stones of the house that Jack built; and if they are not laid down in untempered mortar, we acknowledge ourselves wholly ignorant of the merest elements of architecture? We put it to the common-sense of a common reader, whether it is to be conceived that active inflammation of the lungs, arising from luxurious food, little exercise and a robust constitution, can depend upon the same cause, or be cured by the same remedies as the last stage of consumption, where the lungs are ulcerated, where the strength is exhausted, and where the powers of life are sinking beneath perpetual and profuse evacuation? We put it to common sense, whether it be rational that a disease, where every thing is activity, vigour and strength, can be safely, not to say speedily, or successfully, treated by the same plan which is adapted to remove an affection, where every thing is inactivity, langour, and debility? Again, we put it to common sense, whether it be rational to suppose that any liniment could be formed by the ingenuity of man, which possessed the incomprehensible properties of omniscience and omnipotence,—of detecting the seat of every disease however latent and obscure, of passing harmlessly over every portion of the skin which was unaffected by disease, and of fixing upon such parts only as contained acrid matter, and required cure? We confidently appeal to the records of quackery, voluminous and fertile of absurdity as they are, whether two more gross and gratuitous assertions were ever before made by any man, with the hope of having them believed; and we appeal with equal confidence to the records of credulity, degrading and disgraceful as they are, whether ever before two such naked bastards of science have been so generally adopted by society, as the legitimate offspring of truth and honesty. The encouragement, which this ignorant pretender has received in England, reflects disgrace upon our nation's character, and we are averse from giving such an epithet as it merits to the conduct of those, who are not satisfied with being duped by him themselves, but strain every nerve to identify his character and interest with their own. The Edinburgh Graduate, who has given us a full and, in our opinion, an unanswerable exposé of this individual's ignorance in the Pamphlet which stands at the head of this article, characterizes his entire system in the following terms:—

> 'Long has no *nosology*, because he has no varieties of disease; he requires no table of *symptoms*, because the poison which induces every evil is always in the constitution, if not in a sensible at least in a latent form; he requires no chapter of *causes*, because one solitary agent accounts for every thing; he requires no *diagnosis*, because whatever organ or texture is attacked the disease is still the same; he requires no *prognosis*, because he can extract disease by extracting the stamina which produce it; and he requires no *Pharmacopeia*, beyond a bottle of acid, camphor, oil of turpentine, and lard. *Anatomy* is of no use, because he requires to consult neither the texture nor functions of the human body:—*Pathology* is unnecessary, for his omnipotent liniment regards neither the seat, extent, nor inveteracy of the disease:—*Chemistry* is superfluous, for he has neither to watch the changes which occur in the composition of the animal fluids, nor to study the properties, action, and doses of drugs. In short, he reduces a complicated science to two simple ideas, which the most uneducated intellect can comprehend. Did we not daily witness around us the very grossest forms of imposition, and were we not hourly presented with such proofs of the ignorance and credulity of the public, as no one who did not witness them could credit, it would strike us with astonishment, that such a system of medicine, as we have now reviewed, could obtain a single reader, and that such a blundering brazen-faced blockhead as John Long evidently is, could have drawn around him from almost every corner of the empire patients of wealth, rank and influence. It is truly marvellous, that in England, the very nursery of science, where mind is most assiduously and successfully cultivated; that in London, where medicine stands on a higher pinnacle of honour than in any other city in the world, and where such acuteness and discernment of mind are manifested in all the ordinary affairs of common life—an illiterate man could have openly thrown off the garb of a painter, and without going through any preliminary process could have had the impudence of sitting down in the very midst of our physicians, where he was surrounded by our colleges, encompassed by our literati, and hourly subject to exposure. But it is more marvellous still, that, so circumstanced, and so qualified, he should have succeeded in imposing upon the credulity of the greatest idiot, or have persuaded even

a child to believe that he could extract from its head an acrid fluid like mercury, which was the cause of every corporeal evil; and that the liniment, by which this extraction was performed, would act upon diseased parts only. Without expecting much from John Bull, one would have hoped that these two assertions might have shaken credulity, and alarmed suspicion; but it appeared, upon the late trial, that even these monstrous absurdities had their proselytes; and that the conviction which they had inspired was so deeply and so indelibly impressed, that it could even withstand the sacred and solemn ordeal of an oath!"—p. 76.

The system of Long, like the system of other empirics, is founded upon the credulity of ignorance, and the prejudices of unenlightened minds. It has no pretensions even to common sense, although it talks of its discoveries. None of its principles are derived from nature, none of its practices are built upon experience. A dislocated hip-joint is to be restored to its socket by the self-same liniment which extracts the acrid fluid from the brain of some infuriated maniac! A dilapidated constitution is patched up by the same materials which are employed to depress the vigour of active disease; and the peccant fluid which mars the face of beauty with pimples and blotches, rots our lungs, hardens our livers, and muddles our brains?

When, therefore, the gross absurdity of this man's system is viewed in connection with its unbounded comprehensiveness, we may wonder less that a few should have fallen victims to its ignorant pretensions, than that it should have done so little known evil. It has been artfully constructed to apply with equal accuracy to the young and healthy, to the diseased and old. The aged and worn out constitution need not despair of aid, and the youthful and robust require it. The victim of complicated wretchedness it invites with as friendly a welcome as the subject of a single malady; and the dying have nothing to fear although abandoned by the faculty, because the dead only are those whom it does not undertake to save. If we are ill it makes us well, if we are well it makes us better, and if we cannot be made better it prevents us from becoming worse, so that both the diseased and healthy are alike objects of its care; and a system which makes every man its patient, can be surpassed by none in the extensive range of its philanthropy, however nearly it may be approached in making this benevolence effective. A tissue of inconsistencies so gross and glaring, it may require some apology for noticing; but the popularity of Long, the evil he has done, and the injury he may still commit, may, perhaps, cover criticism while exposing it. In the

Pamphlet, from which we have already quoted, the reader who desires to become more intimately acquainted with this man's incompetency and impudence, will find both these corner-stones of quackery laid naked and defenceless to his view, and to it we shall, therefore, refer for further information on the subject.

If, then, we may despair of looking to the public for the protection of the faculty, some more attainable plan must be adopted. If we cannot make all men study physic, we can make all quacks respect law. If the public cannot defend themselves against false pretensions, false pretenders can be punished for deceit. If the Schoolmaster cannot cure the public of credulity, the judge can condemn the man who takes advantage of it. If we cannot make all fools wise, we can compel all wise men to be honest. In this way the evils of the present system will be removed as effectually as by the other, and with much less trouble and expense. Whether we banish credulity from the land, or those who practise on it, matters little; the ultimate effect is exactly the same, and the cause of justice will be as ably, if not more equitably maintained. The man who has embarked his all in his profession, who has consecrated to the cause of science his youth, his patrimony, his prospects, and talents, who has ransacked every storehouse of learning in quest of knowledge, and has made every source of information tributary to the advancement of his art,—he will be defended in his just and dearly-purchased rights, and he will be encouraged to proceed in the path of benevolent ambition. The public will likewise be protected. Their lives will not be subjected to every ignorant and mercenary experiment, their constitutions will not be made the medium of an illegal commerce, and their health will not be offered up at the shrine of Mammon. And the arrogant empiric, who pretends to knowledge which he never acquired, and boasts of discoveries which he never made, will be stripped of his stolen ornaments, and driven back to that station in society from which he had emerged. The least enlightened governments in Europe have the medical profession honourably protected by efficient laws. Even in Italy, Prussia, and Spain, the medical practitioner is under the protection of the state; and in countries more similar to our own in law and constitution, quackery is a thing that is only known in name. Thus in Denmark, the nation's health is intrusted to twelve medical officers selected by the government, who constitute what is called the Council of Health. Six of these officers are surgeons belonging to the academy of Surgery, and six are Physicians taken from the University. This council is invested with the authority of examining all candidates for the profession, of conferring upon them diplomas and degrees, and protecting them in the discharge of their professional duties. The government apply to it when their navy or army require medical officers, the people look to it as to their authorized guardians of life and health, and no empiric can attempt to sell or administer his nostrums, without soliciting its permission. The liberality with which medical Hospitals are endowed in that country and upon the Continent generally, with which medical pupils are assisted in their education, and medical science is generally promoted, leave the faculty of England but little indebted to our Government for the care with which it fosters one of the most invaluable sciences which can occupy the attention of a philanthropic mind. The class-rooms and hospital wards of Denmark are equally open to their pupils; and whenever talent appears, it is not only encouraged at home, but after it has acquired all the information which it can collect from its native Institutions, it is liberally pensioned and sent abroad, to enrich upon its return the parent state with all the new facts and known discoveries which can be obtained from other nations.

The advantages of such a liberal and enlightened system are too numerous and too palpable to require comment. Aristocracy cannot overpower desert with its prescriptive rights; poverty cannot exclude talent from being useful in the state. No distinctions are conferred which merit does not sanction, competition is rendered fair by being made general, science is extricated from the snares of nepotism, and rewards are appointed by no rule but that of equity. The people look with confidence to their medical practitioners, the medical practitioner looks with confidence to the state for protection; and the state so respects the claims of the one to security from fraud, and those of the other to defence against encroachment, that none are licensed to treat disease who are not well qualified, and those are punished who dare to treat it without a license. *They* wait not for acts of ignorance, instances of rashness, or examples of neglect. They do not tolerate the quack, until he commits murder, or is guilty of manslaughter. They save life by arresting him on his first appearance; they prevent evil by cutting off the cause. He is judged by them ignorant and rash and negligent, in his very attempt to practise a profession which he has not studied; negligent, because he sets at naught science and study; ignorant, because he has never prepared himself by education for the duties he undertakes; and rash, because, without knowledge either of medicines or diseases, he attempts to administer the one and to treat the other. No other and more specific items of proof are requisite to disqualify him. As a quack he is ignorant, and being ignorant he is rash. If chance have revealed to him any medicine of importance, he sometimes may procure a license from the council of health to administer it under certain restrictions, and *after they have satisfied themselves of its innocuous qualities;* he can call for an examination without any respect to the number of years and classes he has attended, or if refused, he can demand an examination of the Council, and should his medical attainments be found sufficient to entitle him to a Diploma, they refuse not to license him to practise, although he may neither have studied during a certain number of seasons, in a certain number of classes, or under a certain number of chosen lecturers. In this way he may get his secret stamped with the arms of legitimacy, and, by proving his knowledge of disease, procure his passport to public confidence.

Now who can call this inquisitorial or unjust? Is it unjust to the regularly-educated practitioner, who has duly qualified in all the departments of his profession, and claims support upon the soundness and sufficiency of his acquirements? Is it unjust to the public, who cannot judge of medical attainments, and whose lives must be endangered unless defended by proper professional authority? Is it unjust to the quack himself, whose gross ignorance of the profession he espouses will expose him to a heavier and more decisive punishment if he be suffered to proceed? And is it unfavourable to the interests of medicine to purify it of ignorant presumption, which, taking advantage of the people's prejudices, palms upon them well-known medicines under mysterious names, and dazzles them with extravagant promises which gratify the heart, while they blindfold the judgment? Surely it is wise to have proper tribunals, before which the pretensions of all claimants to practise medicine may be fairly and fully investigated. Without such public tests, it is utterly vain to imagine that the public health can be secured from empiricism. By what principle either divine or human are we sanctioned to have a nation's dearest interests exposed to unfeeling and barbarous knavery? We sedulously watch over its goods and chattels; we carefully guard its gold and silver; we punish no form of crime with such implacable severity as theft and robbery. Nothing can be more strict than our laws on all these points, and yet we have no law to protect health and life! We hunt the thief from city to city, and we set high rewards upon his head; we prosecute the swindler until justice is satisfied upon him; we track with desolation the path of the highwayman, and we brand with darkest infamy the extortioner and knave; and yet the empiric can walk up and down the very centre of our land unquestioned and untouched! He can practise upon credulity in open day, can confound simplicity by extravagant pretensions, can subject life to every form of experiment which the caprice of speculation may suggest, and can send his victims to their graves after having picked their pockets, unscathed and unmolested, without the fear of disapprobation, or the dread of punishment.

Medicine is either valueless and undeserving of protection, or it should be made more a subject of concern to the government. The physician is either a supernumerary officer in the state, or his education and claims should receive some respect and obtain some recompense. Did we judge by what passes before us in the present day, we should say that it is as easy to make *discoveries in the art and science of healing*, as it is to work a problem in mathematics or a rule in fractions. Every old wife has got her healing balsam and her omnipotent elixir. Every village has its favorite quack, and every quack selects some class of diseases or some system of organs, which he can treat and cure with as dead a certainty, as though he were repairing an old chair, or renovating a weather-beaten mansion. Time and talent and study would seem to be of no earthly use in the cultivation of medicine. She reveals herself to babes and fools, while she lies concealed in mystery from the wise and prudent. She enriches painters and paupers with the hidden treasures of her influence, while she starves with neglect those who industriously cultivate her acquaintance. She delights in leading the barber and the bone-setter into her inmost penetralia, and unveiling before them the choicest mysteries of her art; while the regular surgeon and physician are kept drudging at the outworks, where neither learning can be crowned with discovery, nor labour with reward. Whether Esculapius were twice married, his Biographer neglects to mention; but such conduct would be worthy of any step-father. Were physic a tissue of lying fables—were it a blind game of chances and of accidents—had it not one principle based upon science, nor one practice charactered by success—did its station in the scale of liberal professions repose upon the whims of fancy, or depend upon the fortunes of a dice-box—it could not be more shamefully neglected, or more vulgarly interfered with. The man, who attempts to practise law, must procure credentials, and the gospel-moved spirit, which fancies it has received a call to evangelize the earth, will not be suffered to rescue us *even gratuitously* from the error of our ways without a licence; but we may be bled and blistered, purged and physicked, stuffed and stiffened, by every discontented pauper, who dislikes his workhouse, and prefers the society of Countesses, Lords and Commoners to shaving chins or making baskets. Can any state of things be better calculated to render the regular practitioner indifferent about his profession? If ignorance will be patronized sooner than knowledge, if imposition will be defended sooner than honesty, if confidence will be reposed in men who have neither general nor professional education to recommend them, while the enlightened advocate of science is left the victim of his honesty, because he will not promise what he is unable to perform, nor practise upon the prejudices and passions of the public,—what motive can a surgeon or physician, have to waste life and fortune in the investigation of disease, and to devote every resource which learning can discovers to alleviate and diminish the miseries of our nature? We deprive him of every stimulus to exertion—we disgust him with his profession, and we encourage him to punish us for our injustice by taking advantage of those weaknesses, which he finds it impossible to overcome.

If there be any use in our medical charters, if there be any duty devolving upon such corporate bodies as the College of Physicians, or the College of Surgeons, surely it is that of protecting the different branches of the faculty, of which they constitute the heads, from the innovations of empiricism and the inroads of abuse. They were at first chartered for that purpose, they are now supported with that view; and if it be true in law as it certainly is in fact, "that the best-educated man in the county and the humblest bone-setter in the remotest village stand upon precisely the same footing as the President of the College of Physicians, or the President of the College of Surgeons, or the President of the most distinguished College in the united kingdom," and that such a man as St. John Long "must stand in a court of criminal judicature, exactly in the same situation as would the President of the College of Physicians, or the President of the College of Surgeons," and that "the humblest and the highest ought to occupy precisely the same situation," then we think that there can be one opinion only as to the necessity of doing utterly away with such an anomalous state of things, and of extricating the medical profession from a condition of wretchedness, which is as injurious to the public as it is degrading to themselves. If the worthy Barons, who stated this to be the present law, stated it, as we believe they did, advisedly, then our charters are of no more value than waste parchment. Where are the powers with which they are armed, where are the privileges they confer? It is true that they prevent such regular surgeons and physicians from practising within London and its vicinities, as do not purchase their permission. It is true, that they even prosecute such as are refractory on this point to the utmost penalty which their power can inflict. And it is very true, that they have thus prevented many excellent and worthy physicians from exercising their talents for the benefit of society, because they refused to enter this select aristocracy. All this is true enough, and as *such services to the state* could be only done under the cover and with the authority of a charter, it is not to be disputed that these medical corporations have been any thing but inactive and inefficient bodies. But we would beg permission to ask, whether such charters promote general science or personal interest. Does it promote science to persecute and punish well and unexceptionably educated practitioners, while the ignorant pretender is permitted to proceed unnoticed and unencumbered? Is the public good the object of such persecutions? What injury can such men do to the public health? Is it to be imagined that the mere disqualifying circumstance of not paying fifty or twenty guineas to purchase gowns and wigs for a few Presidents and Fellows, can render such men more ignorant and more dangerous and less efficient attendants on disease, than painters and basket-makers? Our charters protect monopoly, not science: they punish non-conforming practitioners, not the ignorant: they watch over individual interests, not the general good: they care neither for talents, nor attainments, nor experience, nor merit—but for corporate rights and personal privileges: they never prosecute ignorance, nor negligence, nor rashness, nor knavery—but talent which cures disease without their sanction, and *extra limites* acquirements, commonly endanger their private interests! In what instance have they ever prosecuted one of their own Members for improper treatment, or for deficient knowledge; or when have they ever saved the public from the abuses of one Empiric? The fact is that in medicine as in merchandize there exists one and the same spirit of monopoly. There is an aristocracy in physic as there is in politics. We have our Whigs and our Tories, our Lords and our Commons, our privileged few, and our hard-working many, our close boroughs and our select vestries, our self-elected councils, our chartered prerogatives and every modification of abuse which the most aristocratic heart could desire.

Now, as this is the age of justice, the period of the Reformation; as the interests of the *nine-tenths* of our population are making their way through the opposition of the *tithe;* as our close boroughs are to be thrown open, and our rotten boroughs to be cleansed, and our political monopolies all sacrificed to the general-good; in short, as this is *the day of the many*, why may not the besom of reform come across the floors of our medical halls and colleges, after it has swept the Courts and Councils of our Inns of Law? The Courts in Westminster are not far distant from *Charing Cross*, and Lincoln's Inn is an old and familiar neighbour of the *Surgeons'-Hall*. If any thing under heaven deserve liberty and protection, it is science. The slave may be too poor to purchase freedom, and the freeman may be too unprincipled to merit it. Money may ingloriously rust within the coffers of avarice; titles may flow exclusively in the current of aristocratic blood; privilege, property, influence and rank, may be circumscribed within the limits of a favoured few. All these and such things as these may be kept in chains, and doomed to serve the interests of ascendant power; but science is naturally a freewoman, and never can be made a slave. She knows nothing of noble, or even of royal blood. She acknowledges no hereditary aristocracy, nor civil charters. She has been nursed in the lap of freedom, and nourished by the tree of liberty. She lives and breathes and has her being in the atmosphere of equal rights. Her lords owe not their peerage to any law of entail. Her distinctions, and honours and rewards are won and conferred without respect to family, or fortune, or blood, or birth. The privileges she bestows should be as unshackled as the wind of heaven, and if we are to have exclusive Charters and self-elected Courts and Councils, and all the other appendages of a medical aristocracy, let their object be the protection of medicine from fraud, and the defence of the nation against imposture. *Such as they are at present, they are decidedly injurious to the best interests of the profession.* They cannot suppress quackery, but they may suppress science. They cannot prevent an uneducated empiric, who never studied medicine for a week, nor mastered the alphabet of his mother tongue; but they can prevent an unlicensed physician, although he may be a Haller in learning, or a Sydenham in experience. They can protect a certain class of the profession from the intrusions of all who do not, by paying into the favoured firm, purchase a share in its proceeds; but they cannot protect the public from the inroads of a single quack, nor from the gross and mercenary experiments of ignorance and presumption. The best qualified physician London ever saw, cannot prescribe for disease without the permission of the College; and yet every truck-man or coal-heaver can treat every patient who may offer, without molestation or control!

Now we put it to a just and enlightened government, should these things be? Should we have laws to discourage the enlightened practitioner, and none to discountenance the illiterate quack? Should a man in all respects professionally qualified, be rendered useless to science and society, because he may not consent to subscribe to laws of which he disapproves; while the man, who never did qualify, and is grossly ignorant, can defraud credulity, delude the simple by false promises, and endanger the public health by active medicines which he indiscriminately employs for all diseases, in all constitutions, and under all circumstances, and which he can neither control when violent, nor remove the consequences they produce when misapplied? Is not this giving favour and countenance to quackery, and do not government annually give their sanctions to the same system, by selling patents and protections to every vender of mysterious balsams, vegetable pills, elixirs of life, and an entire *pharmacopœia* of *unknown and unexamined* nostrums? Is this not raising empiricism on the vantage ground over professional attainment? Is not the empiric rendered by such conduct a more unencumbered practitioner, and a less responsible agent than the physician? Without any claims does it not give him more consequence? Destitute of pretensions, does it not reward him with a higher perquisite? Without any knowledge, does it not repose upon him with greater confidence? Although a thousand times more calculated to injure, does it not leave him less trammelled by conditions? And although presuming upon duties which he never studied, and upon privileges which he never earned, does not the law regard him with a more indulgent eye than the man who has purchased these privileges with his patrimony, and prepared for these duties by his education?

We believe it was formerly the law, that if a person, not duly authorised to be a physician or surgeon, undertook to cure a patient, who, notwithstanding died, he was considered guilty of felony. But now nothing save the most shameful ignorance—*crassa ignorantia*—can bring such a person in any degree within the authority of the law, and we must acknowledge our conviction to be, that even gross ignorance does not render him punishable; for if some cases of malpractice be examined which have been brought before a criminal judicature, it would appear, that if whatever skill the quack may possess be employed in the treatment of his patient, notwithstanding he never previously qualified to undertake the treatment of disease, and may betray the very *crassissama* of ignorance in his treatment, so that the patient die, he should be acquitted! Thus, a man who had never qualified by any previous education, engaged in the practice of midwifery, and in one case, mistaking the uterus or womb for the placenta or after-birth, he actually dragged and persevered in dragging at this organ, until a mass of it came away, and the woman died; yet he was acquitted! Now, we should wish to know if gross ignorance renders a man who practises medicine subject to punishment, what meaning we are to attach to the term *gross?* Can we make this monosyllable more expressive than by putting it into the superlative degree? and if the mistake which the above midwife committed, does not pertain to the superlative degree, we have wholly forgotten the rules of comparison. Again, in the late case of Mrs. Lloyd, it was sworn that St. John Long told that lady when she first consulted him, that the nervous affection of her throat arose from extensive disease of the lungs, which he described as being full of small ulcers. This statement was surely exciting enough to awaken the apprehensions of a mind cast in a stronger mould than that of a female. She, therefore, placed herself under his care, and he applied his liniment on her chest over these diseased lungs, until a wound was inflicted measuring twenty inches long, ten broad, and two deep, of which the lady died. Yet upon examination after death there was not a speck of disease in any part of these organs! Here, then, was a wound of unparalleled extent even in the records of the bloodiest campaign, made upon a most healthy chest, to remove a disease of the throat by curing ulcerated lungs, although these lungs were perfectly healthy, and the disease of the throat, which was referred to the lungs, was a trifling nervous affection, as common in boarding schools and nurseries as coughs and colds. And this man was also acquitted by an English jury!

Could we but call Johnson from beneath the lettered flags of Westminster Abbey, and show him how in these days of knowledge we construe ignorance, he would have no great reason for inquiring how many editions his Dictionary had reached. For our part we totally despair, after all that we have read and seen, of ever again finding any quack during the present state of law guilty of ignorance. This word has either lost its primitive etymology, or we are become ashamed, after the journey of the schoolmaster, to admit that there is any such thing as ignorance in the land. For, although a man char almost to cinders the half of a lady's body, with the view of curing an affection of the throat by curing a disease of the lungs, which were perfectly healthy, he is neither ignorant nor rash! It is perfectly ludicrous to ascribe Mrs. Lloyd's death to her removal from the care of Long, who never studied medicine, and who has been only five years practising it, into the hands of a practitioner, who was regularly educated at first, and has spent seven years in its experience; more especially when we consider that Long did every thing in his power to persuade her at his last visit to permit another application of the very liniment which induced the sore. In no portion of his *Discoveries* does he state that the same application, which scalds and corrodes the flesh, has the opposite virtue of curing it; on the contrary he contends, "that it is equally illogical in deduction, as it is unphilosophical in principle, to argue that good should be derived from evil, as that nourishment and healing properties are to be educed from poison and acrimonious acids." As the Edinburgh Graduate argues,

"Had the College of Physicians themselves selected a case for the purpose of givng the death blow to this individual's career, they could not have chosen one which presents fewer sources of error, or demonstrated the effects of his system with greater force and perspicuity. Although forty years of age, Mrs. Lloyd was exempt from every disease, save a slight nervous affection, to which the stoutest and healthiest ladies are commonly obnoxious. Although the inhabitant of a country which is proverbial for pulmonary affections, her lungs were not only healthy at the period of her death, but were free from every vestige of prior disorder. Every internal organ was sound; 'the body generally was extremely fat;' and the medical gentlemen who so carefully inspected it, could not refrain from observing, 'that in their professional researches they have seldom seen a body, that had lived for forty years, with internal structures so generally healthy, and so fine in their proportions.' It is, therefore, obvious to a demonstration that Mrs. Lloyd would now have been alive and active, and in the full enjoyment of robust health, had she not been 'persuaded by her family to apply to Mr. St. John Long,' although 'recommended not to do so,' by those whose opinion should have been of greater weight. Well, when she went to him, foolishly imagining that his rubefacient elixir might make her better, and implicitly crediting what the dissection proved to be a false and ignorant statement, 'that her hysterics arose from extensive disease of the lungs,' in an unlucky moment she permitted the 'rubber' of this kind and gentle liniment to commence his work of death; and in five short days was she hurled from the possession of every earthly blessing, into such a state of agony and disease, as was only to be removed by the sacrifice of life! If such cases as this, and that of Miss Cashin, cannot succeed in opening the eyes of the public; if events so full of tragedy cannot awaken them from the slumber of indifference; if they can see, not only the delicate and the diseased led openly to death, but even the healthy and the robust deluded into the belief that they have got some lurking malady, which requires only time and opportunity to destroy them—I know of no argument within my reach, I know of no remonstrance that I can make, which holds out the faintest prospect of success!"—p. 58.

It is truly ludicrous to talk of the quack's being entitled to exculpation when his patient dies, because he exercised his best skill to save him. It is little short of nonsense to talk of a man, who knows nothing of medicine or disease, being innocent of his patient's death, because he knew nothing and therefore could do nothing. On this principle the man who undertakes to steer our ships although he was never taught navigation, yet if he do all he can to keep them from the rocks,—is blameless. By the same principle the man, who undertakes to lead our armies to the field although he was never taught tactics, yet if he do all he can to gain the victory, though every life may be butchered and the battle may be lost—is blameless. By the same principle the man who takes charge of our suit although he was never taught law, yet if he do all he can to give us good advice, though our estates may be lost and we may be reduced to beggary —is blameless. None of these cases are worse than those we are endeavouring to expose. Neither the pilot, nor the commander, nor the solicitor, should be prosecuted for the lives and property which have been sacrificed to their unfounded pretensions and unpardonable ignorance; on the same principle which exculpates an illiterate quack for dragging the uterus out of the body of a woman, because he thought it was the placenta, or for burning the flesh off half the body, because he thought there was disease in the lungs.

The motive which induces a barber to become a surgeon cannot be a consciousness of his ability to cure diseases which the faculty has failed to remedy, because he has not prepared himself by any previous education; neither can his motive be an honest wish to save lives which would otherwise be lost, because he would then endeavour to effect his object by attentively studying the duties he undertakes. The man who is this day a coal-heaver and the next day a practitioner of medicine, can be influenced by one motive only; and if such a man can be shown to have lost a life *which ordinary knowledge must have saved,* we acknowledge that the difference between the crime thus committed and highway robbery seems to us to consist much less in essence than degree. The highwayman destroys his prey to procure his purse, and *therefore* he is hanged; but the empiric destroys his patient because his ignorance renders him incompetent to save him, *therefore* he is acquitted! The one robs you with intent to kill, the other kills you with intent to rob; and this, it would seem, makes all the difference between guilt and innocence! It must appear evident to every one that our laws on this subject are most wretchedly defective, and a host of arguments, which cannot be surpassed in cogency and number, calls upon government to remedy an evil, which has now grown too important to be any longer overlooked. It is to our physicians and our surgeons that the nation looks for relief from sickness, and for protection from disease. They are regarded as the legitimate and competent guardians of the public health, and as such they should either be armed with the authority of the law to protect it, or the law should defend them and the public health, by precise and specific enactments. Every man pretending to practise physic in any form, without being able to furnish sufficient evidence of his professional acquirements, should be punishable by imprisonment or fine; and if life be endangered or destroyed before he may be discovered, the mildest sentence should be transportation for fourteen years in the former case, and for life in the latter. In this way we feel confident that quackery might be eradicated from England, the medical profession might be cleansed from one of the foulest stains which now disfigure it, and the nation's health would be protected from the groundless pretensions of ignorant and designing men, whose only motive in practising mysteries, which they are unwilling to reveal, is that they may avoid exposure, and defraud credulity. After delusive promises have been made and listened to, after simplicity has become the victim of empiricism, and after childless fathers and fatherless children have learned wisdom by experience, it is too late to interfere. All this evil should be prevented. It is not after quackery has slain its thousands, and exposed itself, that it should call the attention of the law. It may then be fined and imprisoned, or transported; but what reparation is all this to the violated families, whose health it has desolated, and whose happiness it has destroyed? Will this restore to them their wives, and their children, and their friends? Will this raise its victims from their shrouds, or recompense society for the mischief it has committed? It should be prevented from endangering life, rather than punished for destroying it. The law should be qualified to grapple with it ere it becomes criminal. Its very appearance in open day should render it indictable. Its very pretensions to treat disease without studying it, and to administer medicines without knowing them, should bring it within the grasp of punishment, and it should not be necessary to withhold our censure of what is primarily and fundamentally worthy of punishment, until ignorance have occasioned death, and the quack have rendered himself guilty of manslaughter.

Art. XIV.—*The Anatomy of Society.* By Augustus St. John, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1830. Bull.

PROPERTY may be compared to a fall of snow; if it were to descend equally and impartially on all to-day, to-morrow it would be in heaps; the snow that fell in a warm valley would be melted; on the frigid hill tops it would remain in virgin whiteness till the arrival of summer; on the level plains we should see it accumulated in huge drifts, leaving the land bare in places, and loading it in others. So it would be with money, were the whole stock in the country divided equally between every individual in it. It would soon drift.

Persons into whose possession it has drifted, have no uneasiness about the security of their subsistence; their hands are not to labour, but to spend; the industrious world is at their command. This difference of circumstances sets a wide distinction between the spending and the getting class.

If property has remained long in the same family—or in other words, if the successive spenders have not spent too much, the idea of property becomes connected with the idea of a particular family, and the labour-sellers get into the habit of looking upon this family of labour-buyers or labour-commanders, as something peculiar—as entitled by birth or descent to some superiority. This is the meaning of the word "gentleman:" a gentleman is one who is not under the necessity of doing any thing, and whose ancestors for several generations have done nothing.

The upper classes consist chiefly of persons of this class, the lower classes are those who must do something to live: an upper-class man goes to bed as he got up in the morning; a lower-class man has changed the world to some small extent; out of a block of wood he has made a chair or a table; out of a piece of cloth, a coat; out of a brute lump of iron, several horse-shoes.

The upper-class men depending on no one, and doing as they like, naturally form a high opinion of themselves; the lower-class men are too busy to put their thoughts in the shape of opinion; and besides, they necessarily incline to bow to the purchasers of their labour, and the possessors of that choice metal, the smallest portion of which would go far to pay for a whole day of their lives. Thus it comes to pass that the do-nothings become greatly conceited, and the much-doers greatly contemned.

But as people get tired of doing nothing, and must amuse themselves, the upper classes, both by way of amusing themselves and more effectually securing possession of the "drift," take it into their heads to make the laws. In making these laws they have several things to attend to; first, they must punish with various penalties, from death to cart-whipping, all those who may disturb them in any of their enjoyments; next, they must prevent the lower classes from cutting each other's throats, for thereby they would lose one or more of their labourers; next, as these labour-sellers often make more money than is absolutely necessary to subsistence, they ordain that all such sums shall be paid into the state-chest, to which they (the do-nothings) alone have access; and in order more effectually to distinguish the do-nothings from the much-doers, they direct that they shall wear certain badges, be called by certain titles, and be exempt from the burthens imposed upon others.

In this state of things it is clear that the "drift" is kept secure in the class to which it belongs, or should it by possibility shift, as in some cases of melting, or otherwise disappearing, it is renewed out of the state-chest; for it is held, that there is something shocking in the fact of a do-nothing ever falling into the ranks of a much-doer. For a man who never made any thing, except perhaps a bad law, to be compelled to make a shoe or a gate, would be held by the whole class of do-nothings as perfectly horrible.

By an examination of the laws of a people, it may be clearly seen which class has made them. If in the law of high roads it be forbidden that a plantation should grow by the hedge-side in a common farm, but the same plantation be permitted in a park, to the injury of the road, it is thence clear that park-owners have made the law. If privileges are accumulated by any particular set, we may be sure that it is this set which has been employed in law-making.

Those who have long been in the habit of making laws, become to be considered as the only right law-makers, and as it has been seen that the do-nothings not only make laws, but also are the chief opinion-formers, and esteem themselves greatly, it necessarily follows that the greater part of mankind view them in their own light, and take them at their own value. This is the plan which has been pursued; by means of it a very few have long had the command of the whole world. Being in possession of some power to begin with, they have multiplied it a thousand-fold by means of law and opinion, just as the mechanician increases his power by the wheel or the lever.

Deference for the do-nothings is no where carried to a higher pitch than it is in England: every sign or symptom of doing nothing is respected; a white hand would be bowed over, whereas the broad and brawny fist, speaking of a vast treasure of labour laid out for the use of mankind, would be sneered at as vulgar: a delicate complexion is genteel; its being a-kin to disease is forgiven for the sake of its connexion with the do-nothings, robustness is low. In Wallachia and Moldavia the boyars used to pretend to be unable to walk, for the same reason: a prince always moved supported by a person on each side, by way of living crutches.

The complexion of the public opinion is, in this respect, suffused over our literature, and in no department more visibly displayed than in that popular branch of it—the Novel. The novel is now read by all classes, and is, perhaps, more relished by those that can read of the lower orders than even the upper ranks: and it may without fear of mistake be considered as a tolerably just mirror of the popular prejudices. Now, in the novel we always find that the interest of the story turns upon members of the aristocracy: for the service of the novel a new batch of peers is always created; baronets are part of the common stock in trade; and if an untitled individual is ever introduced, he is always a gentleman of a very ancient family, the possessor of a mansion of great antiquity, and descended from many generations of do-nothings. The hero or heroine, if they are not of the upper ranks to begin with, always turn out to be so at last; it is a denouement of a sufficient interest, if he who has always been supposed a plain Mister, ends in being proved to the satisfaction of all a My Lord. The romance writers would appear to have followed Tarquin's advice, and cut off all the tallest poppies for the composition of their *dramatis personæ*: their hands are all trumps: it might be supposed from them, that nothing existed under the rank of a gentleman, were it not that they are obliged to introduce tradesmen and others ministering to the wants of the true men; the old story of little china dandled in the arms of crockery.

The newspapers also in this point faithfully represent the national tendency. The most trivial movements of the do-nothings are faithfully recorded; instead of doing nothing, look at the broad sheet, and it might be supposed they did every thing and were every thing. Here is a marriage in high life, and there is a long obituary of a man loaded with titles, whose distinction seems to have been, that he had freer access to the state-chest than any other: in this column we have a list of arrivals, in that a list of dinners, in the next a long enumeration of the horses they are training to run for their amusement. If a do-nothing discovers that a do-nothing who lived a thousand years ago, from whom he is descended, was called Lord Barbecue instead of Mr. Barbecue, he proceeds to get himself called Lord instead of Mr. Barbecue, and the newspaper is filled with learned arguments on the subject, and with reports as to what the Lord Chancellor thought on the chain of evidence. If a titled do-nothing has run away with another do-nothing's wife,—for men must be doing something,—the noise is far greater than in the case of a mere lower-class man, and the newspaper is especially copious on the subject.

The great and titled do-nothings have acquired among the vulgar, that is the many, the name of "Corinthians," from their forming the capital or top of the social pillar. This is true, not only generally but particularly: what society or institution exists without possessing by way of ornament several titled do-nothings? They are almost considered an essential in every association of whatever kind: no public meeting is expected to effect its object without a great do-nothing in the chair: parties interested do not look out for a man of the highest character, or the most extensive information, for a chairman, they canvass among the house of lords, and when they find an illustrious idler, not too fond of other kinds of amusement, to preside like king Log, they are wondrously pleased, and expect great things from the public meeting.

That Great Britain is the most aristocratical country in the world, has been a received opinion on the Continent for some time; but it was reserved for M. de Stael, who lately wrote a book on this country, to find out that the "lower orders" were proud of their upper class, and in short, gloried in their chains. This astonished the young Frenchman; but we have long known it, and they who understand the nature of opinion, and observe how many means the aristocracy of an ignorant people have of moulding it, need not marvel to find that at this moment the annihilation of the privileges and titles of the hereditary legislators would be generally esteemed the utter destruction of the British constitution, and the extinction of all rational liberty.

We took up the book entitled "The Anatomy of Society," under the expectation of seeing the moral springs of the social machine laid open; but were utterly disappointed at finding a parcel of essays on anything or nothing. The title led us, however, into the dissection of one morbid part of the body politic, and it may serve as a hint for more able and less busy anatomists.

ART. XV.—*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England.* Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4. By J. D'Israeli.—London. 1828—30.

IMMERSION in disputes of mere detail, and forgetfulness of all political principle, form the character of most historical writings in this country, not less than of most public transactions; how else could the grand struggle between Charles the First and his Parliament have escaped becoming by this time a completely settled affair? How else could that momentous epoch, on which a rational judgment may be formed from the first truths of social science, continue through two centuries the subject of vain cavil, and of never-ending controversy? It is by no means the least drawback on the benefits of being what is termed by Mr. Coleridge "an historical people," that the rallying points and war-whoops of faction, are bequeathed from one generation to another. The "pious, peaceful Prebendary," feels his soul disquieted within him, by aspersions on Laud; the sinecurist's jobs avail him nothing, till the acts of the Long Parliament perish in obloquy; while reformers feel themselves put upon the work of supererogation, of vindicating the conduct of Hampden and of Pym.

It is the chivalrous design of Mr. D'Israeli, to purge the views of all parties on the reign of the First Charles, with the "euphrasy and rue" of secret history; and to reinstate the memory of the monarch, at the expense of the prime movers of the Commons. May his enterprise be prosperous—so far as it is rational! Meanwhile, as a preliminary process to an estimate in what points and in what measure his Commentaries really deserve the character of a supplement to general history, it may be well to sketch those features of the period which his statements and researches chiefly bear upon.

There are epochs of exhaustion in the ruling powers of a nation—epochs such as Montesquieu has classed as those of corruption in the principle of its government—but of which his system aids us hardly in any degree to discriminate the various causes and consequences. Corruption may be predicated, in vague and general language, of any form of government, of which the privileged functionaries have become unfit, from any cause, to conduct its operations. But this unfitness may be absolute, or relative, or mixed in its nature. It may proceed from positive vice and depravation of the ruling class, from the loss of its comparative importance in the social scale, or from both these causes in conjunction. In every case of the kind, corruption may be said to have taken place; inasmuch as decomposition of the social organization has begun, and is preparing a new union of its elements. But the widely-varying nature of each case is what determines whether the social revolution shall be finally completed in the sense of absolute power, or of a popular form of government.

The revolutionary element was stirring through all Europe at the period of the utter decline of feudalism; but in England alone it found a substance fully prepared for its workings. In other countries, all the power that was lost to the great vassals, was engulphed in the vast Maelstrom of the monarchy, and the people bought exemption from the caprice of many masters, at the price of passive obedience to the mandates of one. But in England the exhaustion of the feudal aristocracy, and its subsequent reduction to the ranks of mere courtiership, were coincident with the rise of an independent class of gentry and commons, ready to inherit and enhance the demands of the old barons and burghers in Parliament, like them to set a price on their supplies to the monarch, and to wring from his necessities new concessions and new franchises. The germs of popular influence had been silently maturing since the reign of Henry the Seventh; when enactments, which had filed away the feudal bonds of property, had favoured the increase and circulation of wealth, of which the instruments were individual industry and enterprise, and which were further promoted by the opening of new channels of trade. Amongst a people raised above the wants of absolute dependence, the Reformation found a focus for its animating beams. Even the persecution of its followers on the Continent served to swell the growing spirit and commercial wealth of England; and that aptitude for politic improvement, which like causes had produced in the Spanish Netherlands, in this country happily underwent few blighting influences from the fraud of foreign rulers, and the force of foreign armies.

In the absence of effective foreign obstacles to improvement, a sufficient fund of domestic opposition was not wanting. The doctrines of the Reformation heralded the new and fearful strife of mind with mechanism—of conscience and inquiry with established institutions. As the initiative in prompting innovation had been taken by the spirit of religious reform, so the main front of resistance to "a thorough reformation," was intrusted to the ranks of the episcopal establishment. Enough has been said of the tyranny and cruelty of the measures to which the secular arm of government was guided by that body; but not quite enough, perhaps, of the true motives of that policy, which the blind bigotry of Charles the First empowered it to adopt.

Hence besides the charge of oppression, which has justly weighed on its conduct, that of mere wanton caprice, which is by no means equally grounded, has by some accounts been made to attach to it. The scheme of universal conformity, in civil as in ecclesiastical matters, simultaneously and steadily pursued by Laud in England, by Strafford in Ireland, and, though not with the same precipitate zeal, by Hamilton in Scotland, was, whatever disproportion might exist between its ends and means, at least sufficiently definite and consequent in its outline. Its utter impracticability as a plan of permanent policy, and the violence of the methods which were necessary to gain for it even an insecure and temporary footing, resulted from the fact, that the main props of its existence had been buried in the ruins of a by-gone age. Of these props the firmest had been that form of priestly power, which was, once and for ever, shattered to its base by the Reformation. This was designed to be re-edified under the patronage of Charles, with the view of making the national Church the central organ of government. It was not perceived how totally the means to such an end had been extinguished with the glory of Catholicism. Traditions of dominion often surround its ancient residence, even after all substantial power has flown to new depositories. Who can wonder that "remembrance should be taken for hope" by the established Church, in the reign of Charles the First, when it is witnessed at the present day, that the brief career of Laud is still regarded in the light of a bright example by a certain party, on account of the delusive glare which his measures threw for a moment on the pinnacles of that edifice which they were soon to scatter in ruin.

This hopeful scheme of ascendancy over the spirit of one age, by the aid of influences belonging to another, was pursued with perfect consistency through religion into politics. It has been much at heart with all who have apologized for the tyrannies of Charles the First, to throw upon the popular side the whole blame of aggression. And undoubtedly the growth, however peaceable, of a new power, which demands a new position in the commonwealth, may be regarded as a species of aggression on the stationary masses which surround it. Such a power was that of the Commons in the reign of Charles the First—a body, which in weight of social position, far exceeded that of the higher aristocracy. 'The wealthiest men in the country' [we are quoting Mr. D'Israeli] 'now composed the House of Commons. A Lord, who probably considered that property, or as it was then usually called "propriety," was the true balance of power, estimated that they were able to buy the upper House, his Majesty only excepted. The aristocracy of wealth had already begun to form a new class in the community, influenced by new interests, new principles, and a new spirit of independence.' [Vol. ii. p. 86]. If the claim of such a class as this, to possess that power in reality which in form it found allotted as its portion, and the perfectly legal measure in support of that claim, of setting a price upon its subsidies to the monarch, is to be looked upon in the light of an aggression, such aggressions were undoubtedly repeated from the first to the last parliament of Charles. History has recorded how they were met. As the cry of those called Puritans for a "thorough reformation" was responded to by a modified revival of the splendour and severities of Catholicism, so the legislative demand for constitutional securities was resented by recurring to the exercise of an obsolete and odious prerogative.

The customary apology for the government of Charles, on the score of the unprecedented nature of its difficulties, would be more complete, if any period in the progress of a nation could be found exempt from difficulties of exactly the same description; those, namely, which proceed from the necessity of watching the constant changes which take place in the relations to each other of those classes which compose the body politic, of ceasing to rely on forms and names which have outlived their hour of influence and utility, and of moulding every nascent power to the purposes of the commonwealth, under whatever uncouth aspect it may happen to display itself. It must not be forgotten, that if the difficulties of Government were, at this particular crisis, of extraordinary magnitude, it was at least in part owing to that mal-administration, which their pressure is so frequently alleged to excuse. The assistance of the Commons might at first have been secured by the explicit recognition of their legal rights and privileges; it was only the experienced insufficiency of these, which induced them to insist on new concessions and securities.

If the foregoing observations have been warranted by the leading facts of history at the crisis before us, the conclusions to be drawn from them are not likely to be shaken by any "secret" intelligence in the hands of Mr. D'Israeli. Nevertheless we are far from having any wish to depreciate the interest of the field which he has chosen for cultivation. Had he confined himself to the task, for which he is eminently fitted, of extracting curious and characteristic anecdotes from contemporary documents and archives, his undertaking would have deserved unmixed encouragement, though hardly the highest rank in historiography. But Mr. D'Israeli must not complain of his critics, if the sallies against the works of graver historians which he wanders from his path to indulge, as well as the boast of freedom from their partialities which he makes for his own desultory pages, should be requited with a somewhat sharper censorship of his labours, than such labours would have otherwise appeared to demand.

The historical style of the Author has been moulded on that of Hume, whose designation is with him "the philosophical historian," and after whose example he aims to sway the judgment of his readers, by imparting an air of interest and of ridicule to the personal descriptions of the opposite parties. This is not perhaps beneath the proper scope of an historical *hors d'œuvre* like the present, but is futile as a motive of decision on the grand and leading principles at issue. The shortest and most summary mode of dealing with it is, to waste no time in criticising the pictures set before us of the polish of the Court and the uncouthness of the Puritans, but when the raree-show is over, to demand What then? Is it new that there should be something imposing and attractive in the incidents of hereditary monarchy; or has it now been for the first time discovered, that the popular mode of apprehending high and mysterious subjects will have features of grotesqueness and absurdity? Let it further be conceded, that the royalists had many adherents who were hardly surpassed for liberality of views in any party, and that the lower class of combatants on the other side had no distinct conception of the cause which they were fighting for. Again we would demand—what then? A rational inquirer will not form his views of the contest from a scrutiny of some individual characters on either side, but from an insight into the principles which, consciously or unconsciously, were the real ground of difference betwixt them, and from a knowledge of the tendency of the opposite lines of conduct, which were finally enforced on both by the nature of their position.

It cannot, however, be looked upon as a matter of indifference, that justice should be done to the great personages of history. On the one hand it is a pregnant piece of instruction to all actors in the tragic drama of politics, to be taught by every page of past experience, that where the espousal of a bad cause is not prompted by unhappy dispositions in its followers, it is tolerably sure at length to excite such dispositions, or at least deprive the outward course of conduct of all visible appearance of rectitude. On the other hand it is a cheering and invigorating spectacle, to find the great promoters of the onward march of humanity, not unworthy by their lives to take the names of Truth, and Liberty, and Conscience on their lips. In order to afford examples of both kinds, we must place ourselves more often in a posture of antagonism against the volatile pages of our author, than, considering the amusement they have given us, we should choose to do from any slighter motive.

It must be owned, that in selecting his ground of apology for Charles, Mr. D'Israeli has shown dexterity, which would do him infinite credit in any ordinary case of criminal pleadings.

> 'The result of our researches,' he says, 'must be, that the arbitrary mode of levying supplies, without the aid of Parliament, when Parliament refused to aid, does not prove, as is usually assumed, any preference in Charles to tyrannical modes of raising money. Had Charles been a tyrant, like other tyrants, he would have opened a much shorter and absolute way.'—vol. ii. p. 29.

What a subtlety truly forensic is employed in thus evading the most weighty part of the charge against the memory of Charles, which consists, not in his ever having chosen the shortest way to his ends, but in his never having been brought to believe the seemingly simple axiom, that a straight line is the shortest way from one point to another. It cannot be a matter of doubt that his invincible propensity to falsehood contributed more to bring him to the block, than his most lawless acts of arbitrary violence. Deceit breeds more resentment than most injuries; and the character which inspires distrust is more directly ruinous than that which rouses anger or aversion. Nor can it be said, that this fatal habit was formed amidst the 'difficulties,' which serve to screen so much of his other misconduct. Long before the struggle with his subjects at home, his duplicity had made enemies of the two great powers of the continent. Nay, in his earliest public acts, while he was yet Prince of Wales, it displayed itself as disgracefully as at any subsequent period. His sanction and avouchment of the falsities of Buckingham, which precipitated war with Spain, and which swindled one short hour of popularity for that favourite—the only hour he ever enjoyed in his life—inevitably brought upon the Prince a share of that odium, which soon rushed with tenfold fury from its short restraint on his minion.

But Charles was not a tyrant; 'if he had been one,' says our author, 'he would have reigned like other despots.' [Vol. iii., p. 30.] The answer is in three words, that "he could not." Omnipotence alone can be supposed to act by the force of irresistible volition—all human power requires some sort of instruments; and those which Charles was forced to have recourse to, were far from being reduced to the simplicity so desirable for the purposes of despotism. He endeavoured, indeed, to import a body of regular troops from the Continent;

but contented himself for the rest with the support of the church militant, and of the sages of the Law, which was described by Justice Crawley as "itself an old and trusty servant of the king—his instrument or means which he useth to govern his people by." In the spirit of that philosophy which ascribes all earthly evil to the inherent and incurable malignity of matter, whatever fell short of despotism in the government of Charles may be imputed to the weakness of the tools which he had to work with, or the hardness of the stuff which he had to work upon. It was hardly to be hoped of the most timid and servile judges, that they should give an explicit sanction to all the claims of a prerogative which went to supersede their legal ministry altogether. Far less could they be expected to give way to the full swing of the hierarchical jurisdiction, which not only pretended to impose its prohibitions as a bar on their proceedings, but threatened to extend its province over all civil, as well as all clerical causes. If Laud and Strafford, however, had but gained time to complete their design of thorough government in Church and State, the common lawyers would not long have been suffered "to monopolise all, to be governed by their year-books,*" and a shorter way than England had yet seen, would have been opened to the tyranny of Charles.

If Mr. D'Israeli's apologies for the monarch are thus impotent, the defence which he sets up for Strafford may be fairly said to overstep the modesty of toryism. "It may yet be a question, are his words, "whether Strafford ever considered that his Sovereign was this absolute tyrant." This is a second specimen of evasion of the question which is really at issue. What Strafford thought of his Sovereign, is most subdolously substituted for what Strafford's self contributed to make him. Can the former point require or repay scrutiny, when the latter has been placed beyond controversy? Let us suppose for a moment that it can. That Strafford thought his sovereign wished to possess what Strafford sold his energies so basely to obtain for him, is evident from the acts on which the whole of his honest reputation had been founded. The most prominent of these were, the refusal to comply with demands of money made by the King, without consent of Parliament, and his exertions in support of the Petition of Right, which declared all such exactions to be contrary to law. In enforcing, therefore, the levying of ship-money in his county, and exhorting the extension of the lawless power which levied it to the raising of a standing body of land-forces, he stood convicted on the evidence of his former self, and setting his Irish Government out of the question, of that conspiracy, of which he was accused on his trial, against the fundamental laws of the kingdom. Nor, in his case, does there exist a single one of the excuses which may be made for passionate loyalty or even for ordinary apostacy. He was not like Laud, attached to the throne as a creature of its bounty, impelled by every motive of personal, as of corporate ambition, to contend for the divine right of royalty, as the sole fount of hierarchical domination. He was not, like Hyde, stopped short in the career of innovation by adherence to established forms in church, and in state. In the maturity of a penetrating intellect, in the full bloom of a popular reputation, he wheeled round on every principle which that intellect had discovered, and on every act by which that reputation had been merited. History offers numerous examples of apostacy essentially as base as that of Strafford; but few, if the expression is allowable, of apostacy performed with such deliberate suddenness. The only visible trace of his former conduct and connexions was, a deep envenomed hatred of whatever assumed the air of public spirit, or of patriotic action: he paid as little regard to the rights and privileges of the order he had entered as of that which he had quitted; and it can only be laid to the charge of circumstances, aided by his own vindictiveness and violence, and not to any scrupulous infirmity of purpose, if he did not reduce England to the same degree of servitude as Richelieu (his great model) had established in France. The evidence of this design is rather confirmed than weakened by the known advice of Strafford, to retain the use of parliaments. The meetings of these bodies were, according to his project, to be guarded with such jealous precautions, as would have rendered them mere voting machines, incapable of any collective strength or common object. 'As for restraining any private meetings,' he says in his Letters, 'either before, or during parliament, saving only publicly in the house, I fully rest in the same opinion, and shall be very watchful and attentive therein, as a means which may rid us of a great trouble, and prevent many stones of offence, which otherwise might, by malignant spirits, be cast in among us.'

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* Strafford's Letters i. 201.

The fate of this illustrious malefactor gives our author an occasion of exerting his ingenuity, if not in the discovery, at least in the revival, of an additional imputation on the managers of his trial, to the common-place and sweeping ones of cruelty and iniquity which have been showered upon their whole course of procedure. There is a curious inconsistency in his language on the subject. While he calls the duke of Bedford's ineffectual efforts at this time to render palatable to Charles the bitter pill of a popular ministry, 'a noble attempt to conciliate parties,' he insinuates against Pym and Hampden, the odious charge of apostacy, and for what?—why, for adhesion to this '*noble attempt.*' He states, (on the authority of Charles's declarations!) that one item in the catalogue of compromises, which the popular party were ready to make on their entrance into office, was an undertaking to save the life of Strafford. It were charity to the monarch to extend to this assertion the discredit due to his royal word so frequently. For what must be the character of a master, who would sacrifice the life of an old servant to feelings of mere personal distaste to new ones?—whose measures too, he felt himself compelled to pass, though he chose not to accept their services. On the other hand, how can the (alleged) proposals of Hampden, Pym and others, be tortured into evidence of apostacy? These proposals may be justified on precisely the same grounds as were by them supported to justify the sentence passed on Strafford. The tacit if not open vindication of that sentence, was undoubtedly less the legal evidence brought against its object, than the political danger dreaded from the possible recovery of his influence in the councils of Charles. This danger would at least have been lessened by the formation of a popular ministry; and in exactly the same ratio, would have been lessened the prevailing self-defensive zeal for capital execution. On the nature of that measure, as it appears to calmer judges, it is not within our present scope to enter; and the reader may be referred to Mr. Hallam for the most complete and equitable statement of it. Against our Author's somewhat partial view of the subject, it may be well to enforce his own repeated caution against judging acts, and character, by the lights of a later period. It may be true that aspirations to high places in the present day, most frequently proceed from very ordinary motives; but to transfer to the times of Charles I. results from the phenomena of a long-established government, argues ignorance, or forgetfulness of the causes which had recently thrown, and threaten again to throw, the helm of state under the guidance of individual will and ambition.

Insinuations of a similar kind to those which in the foregoing case have been hinted by Mr. D'Israeli against particular passages in the conduct of the popular leaders, are, in the chapter which he devotes to "The First Patriots," trained to creep over the whole political characters of Eliot, of Pym, and of Hampden. With regard to the two latter eminent personages, his 'zealous labours' deserve no other notice than a smile—so indifferent are the authorities, so inadequate the bases, on which he piles his well-intended edifice of detraction. Forsooth, 'he has been informed of papers in the possession of a family of the highest respectability, which will shew' (he says) 'that Hampden had long lived in a state of civil warfare with his neighbour, the sheriff of the County. It is probable these papers may relate to quarrels about levying the sixpence in the pound on Hampden's estate, for which he was cessed.' A trifling inquisition in comparison with this, it were 'to trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole.' On evidence even more complete, if possible, the character of Pym is said, by our Author, to have 'incurred the taint of suspicion of having taken a heavy bribe from the French minister.' This charge is written down from recollection, and Mr. D'Israeli cannot immediately recover his authority. Probably not; but there is no great cause to fret about it. Had the authority been recovered, it is not extremely likely that much weight would have been added to the assertion. Suppose, for example, the authority relied on should be Clarendon's, of whose unscrupulous mode of slandering his opponents we have given sundry samples on a former occasion! Was the mantle of his indolent idol Hume around our author, that he could not leave his sofa, and take down from his shelves those richly-bound relics of 'the Chancellor of human nature,' which (it were doing him foul injury to question) are in his library? Or did he doubt "the confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," accruing to the lightest breath of rumour, when honoured by being twice inscribed in the History of the Rebellion? For we cannot, and we will not, for a moment suppose, that Mr. D'Israeli's forgetfulness of so common an authority, one too on which he places such implicit reliance, can have been caused by any desire to state as a fact believed in Pym's life-time, what even Clarendon only classes amongst 'other things which were confidently reported of him afterwards' —that is to say, at some indefinite period, and by some anonymous libel of the royalists. If this method of estimating character be adopted, not an honest name will be left in English history. It is a method wholly and equally unwarrantable, against whichever side it be directed; and we should scorn ourselves, if we were not equally ready to denounce it, when employed on Hyde or Falkland, as on Pym or on Hampden.

But however Mr. D'Israeli may have sinned against the memory of the greatest men in our history, the offences of his work in this department may be considered more than amply atoned for, by the inestimable documents which his sketch of

Sir John Eliot has been the means of making public, through Lord Eliot, his descendant. This nobleman, in order to correct some mistakes which had been made by Mr. D'Israeli with regard to his illustrious ancestor, amongst which were his statements that Sir John was a man of a new family, and most probably of ruined fortunes, has furnished Mr. D'Israeli with a series of correspondence, for the most part dated from the Tower, in which the lineaments of a truly majestic mind have been preserved to us—a mind 'tried and purified by tyrannous persecution. Several letters of Hampden form a part of this collection, of which the value is the greater, as they are probably the only relics extant from his pen; and all of which Mr. D'Israeli's good taste has induced him to transcribe, and to insert at the end of his volumes. 'They delight us,' he observes, 'from the charm of his manner, and the strong feelings which evidently dictated them. They are usually complimentary or consolatory; some bear a deeper interest, and all are stamped with the character of a superior mind.'

'The following,' says our Author, 'is a literary letter, replete with delicate hints and nervous criticism: it conveys a high notion of the good taste and good sense of Hampden.'

'HAMPDEN TO SIR JOHN ELIOT.

'Sir,—You shall receave the booke I promised by the bearer's immediate hand. For the other papers, I presume to take a little, and but a little respite. I have looked upon that rare piece only with a superficial view, or at first sight, to take the aspect, and proportion in the whole: after, with a more accurate eye, to take out the lineaments of every part. 'Twere rashness in me, therefore, to discover any judgment before I have ground to make one. This I discerne, that 'tis as complete an image of the patterne as can be drawne by lines. A lively character of a large minde. The subject, method, and expressions, excellent and homogeniall, and to say truth, (sweet heart,) somewhat exceeding my commendations: my words cannot render them to the life; yet, to shew my ingenuity rather than wit, would not a less modell have given a full representation of that subject? Not by diminution but by contraction of parts. I desire to learne, I dare not say. The variations upon each particular seem many. All I confess excellent. The fountains are full; the channel narrow; that may be the cause, or that the author imitated Virgil, who made more verses by many than he intended to write, to extract a just number. Had I seen all this, I could easily have told him make fewer; but if he had bade me tell which he should have spared, I had been apposed: so say I, of these expressions. And that to satisfy you, not myselfe, but that by obeying you in a command so contrary to my own disposition, you may measure how large a power you have over

Hampden, June 20, 1631. J. HAMPDEN."

The next 'is a curious letter of one of the country gentlemen of Sir John's party, who gives an account of the Commissioners for loan-money.' He 'would not be complimented out of his money,' and exults on 'holding his hands fast in his pocket.'

'MR. SCAWEN TO SIR JOHN ELIOT.

'The seconde fearfull commission is now passed, and since by your servant you are pleased to demand it of me, I will present you with the relation of the progresse of it.

'We were all called together (but in severall days following) at Bodmin. After the commission was read, we were like to depart without as much as any speech offered us; much tyme was spent in straining courtesy between the son and the father, and I think we had bin deprived of the expectation had not the courtier brought down some of his court-phrases in exchange for the mony. I interpreted their long silence to the best, thinking they meant by it, that they thought the matter such as no Cornish man would open his mouth in it, and therefore fittest for a stranger, who, for aught that I could perceive, directed his words more to those that should have spoken, than to us that should have heard.

'We were directed the first day, that such as would not compound, should give their answers in writing; a course which, if they had held thorough, would have proved little to their advantage. The hundred of East was first called in, which, (making choice of the pistors and men fittest for composition) they made pretty store of mony, till St. Germans, according to the direction giving their several papers, had shewn the way of non-composition, (for of twenty-eight returned, not one compounded). Landrake and Landulph followed the president, upon which they thought it best to finish that day's service without calling out that one hundred. The West hundred had not many: Pyder and Stratton very few; Powder somewhat more; but the greatest proportion raised came from Penrith and Kerrier, Trigg and Lesnewth, they being under the command of the Castle, they thought it not wisdom to hold out. The total amounts to not more than 2000 pounds, of which the most of it comes from the meaner sort of people, and such as, I presume, scarce have the value. Some with great words and threatenings some with persuasions (wherein Sir B. did all) were drawne to it. I was like to have been complimented out of my mony; but that knowing with whom I had to deal, I held, whilst I talked with them, my hands fast in my pocket.

'You will wonder to hear what things we had here returned for Knights: but that nothing is now to be wondered at.

'If any thing lie here wherein I may serve you, I shall take it an honour to be commanded; and be assured, that as you suffer for others, so there are some others that suffer for you, amongst which is

'Your servant, W. S.'

Our last extract shall be made from a letter of Sir John Eliot himself to his sons, which Mr. D'Israeli, with a suitable sense of its value, and of the solemn emphasis given it by the writer's situation, most judiciously has not ventured to curtail. Our compulsory submission to the will of the god Terminus necessitates a different procedure; but even the following fragment from the relics of a great mind, will require neither comment nor commendation with those readers, in whom it will but echo the strain of their own experienced consciousness; and the letter, from beginning to end, is well worth the perusal of those, who like the youths to whom it was written, may require introductory lectures to the grand lesson of life.

'It is a fine history, well studied, the observation of ourselves, the exact view of our own actions to examine what has past, it begets a great knowledge of particulars, taking of all kindes; and gives a larger advantage to your judgments truly to discriminate, for it carries a full prospect to the hart which opens the intention, and through that simplicity is seene the principle of each motion which shadows or dissembles for us the good or evil. From thence having the trew knowledge of particulars what we have done and how; and the judgment upon that, what our workes are to us; then come we to reflect upon ourselves for the censure [judgment] of any action wherein every little error is discovered, every obliquity is seene, which by the reprehension of the conscience (the most awfull of tribunals) being brought to a secret confession, drawes a free repentance and submission for the fault, and soe is reduced to conformity again: this fruite has the study of ourselves, besides many other benefitts. The varietie of continngeancies and accidents, in our persons, in our fortunes, in our friends, are as so many lectures of philosophie, showing the doubtful being and possession we have here, the uncertainty of our friends, the mutability of our fortunes, the anxieties of our lives, the changes and vicissitudes they are subject to, which make up that conclusion in divinity that we are but pilgrims and strangers in this world; and therefore should not love it, but our rest and habitation must be elsewhere.

'If I should take occasion from myself to dilate this point more fully, what a catalogue could I give of instances of all sorts! What a contiguity of sufferings of which there is yet no end! Should those evills be complained? Should I make lamentation of these crosses? Should I conceave the worse of my condition in the study of myself that my adversities oppose me? Noe! I may not—(and yet I will not be so stoical as not to think them evils, I will not do that prejudice to virtue by detraction of her adversaries). They are evills, for I doe confess them, but of that nature and soe followed, soe neighbouring upon good, as they are noe cause of sorrow, but of joy; seeing whose enemies they make us, enemies of fortune, enemies of the world, enemies of their children, and to know for whom we suffer; for Him that is their enemy, for Him that can command them whose agents only and instruments they are to work his trials on us, which may render us more perfect and acceptable to himself, should these enforce a sorrow which are the true touches of his favour, and not affect us rather with the higher apprehension of our happiness.?

'Amonst my many obligations to my Creator, which prove the infinity of his mercies, that like a full stream have been always flowing on me, there is none concerning this life wherein I have found more pleasure or advantage than in these trialls and afflictions (and I may not limitt it soe narrowly within the confines of this life which I hope shall extend much further) the operations they have had, the new effects they worke, the discoveries they make upon ourselves, upon others, upon all; shewing the scope of our intentions, the summe of our indeavours, the strength of all our actions to be vanitie; how can it then but leave an impression in our harts, that we are nearest unto happiness when we are furthest off from them, I meane the vaine intentions of this world, the fruitless labours, and indeavours that they move, from which nothing soe faithfully delivers us as the crosses and afflictions that we meet, those mastering checks and contraventions that like torrents break down all outward hopes? This speculation of the vanitie of this world does not only shew a happiness in those crosses by the exemption which we gain, but infers a further benefit in that by a nearer contemplation of ourselves, of what we doe consist, what original we had, to what end we were directed, and in this He whose image is upon us, to whom we doe belong, what materials we are of; that, besides the bodie (which only is obnoxious to these troubles) the better part of our composition is the soule, whose freedom is not subject to anie authoritie without us, but depends wholly on the disposition of the Maker, who framed it for himself, and therefore gave it substance incompatible of all power and dominion but his own.'—pp. 518, 519, 520.

Having already sufficiently indicated the principal points for censure in the volumes before us, it is but due to justice to point out the sort of merits which the reader may expect from it, and which render it, in spite of all its blemishes, highly useful, as illustrative of the most momentous crisis in our history. Much material which had scornfully been rejected by the builders of the lofty page of history, is here arranged with the author's well-known faculty for catering to the taste of general readers, and offers besides a fund of characteristic traits of the period to the view of the more earnest inquirer. Incidents and actions which had floated before the mind without conveying to it any distinct image, when presented in a cold and colourless outline, and half buried under general reflections, acquire new life, and fix themselves indelibly in the memory, when delineated with more minute touches of the then existing characters and scenery. And sometimes, it cannot be denied, events are placed in a new light, by a nearer view of their accessories, which had been viewed with too exclusive partiality, through the medium of a preconceived theory. Notwithstanding all the recent contributions, by justly celebrated writers, to this portion of English history, and the highly spirited aids which have been afforded to their labours by the pens of distinguished foreigners, the reign of Charles the First has not as yet been recorded in a manner combining soundness of philosophy with satisfying fullness of detail. It cannot be said that the volumes before us do what remained to be done; it must however be owned, that they furnish very ample *Mémoires pour servir* to some yet unwritten annals of this period. Until the edifice of History shall be reared on a broader basis, such supplementary publications will form a necessary outwork to it.

Art. XVI.—1. *Considerations on the value and importance of the British North American Provinces, &c.* By Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., K.S.C., C.B. &c.—London. Murray. 1831.

2. *Observations on the proposed alteration of the Timber Duties: with Remarks on the Pamphlet of Sir Howard Douglas.* By John Revans.—London. Richardson, Cheapside. 1831.

IN the Thirteenth Number of this Review the question of the timber-duties levied by Great Britain was discussed at considerable length. The conclusions to which the arguments and facts then adduced, necessarily led, have since been often controverted; but at last, in spite of opposition, the present ministers will undoubtedly pursue the course, which so long since we strenuously recommended.

It appeared then, and time has not lessened the truth of the conclusions, that by the existing duties on timber, an enormous loss was sustained by this country, amounting, as then demonstrated, to one million annually; the cause of this loss being the great price, and bad quality of North American timber, as compared with those of the Baltic timber:—That our shipping interest was in reality injured by the use of this bad and dear material; seeing that our great superiority of skill and science was rendered of no avail through the increased expense induced by the employment of American timber:—That moreover the colonies derived no benefit from this forced trade; that in fact the colonies were greatly injured by it, speaking in a commercial and a national sense; and that consequently the duties which alone kept alive this pernicious traffic ought at once to be abolished.

The measure proposed by the government would in fact have the effect here desired; the relative difference of the duties on

American and Baltic timber being somewhat altered, the trade in timber with America would be annihilated.

As was to be expected, this has raised up opposition from various quarters; and certain persons taking upon themselves the character of advocates of the colonial and shipping interests have been especially vehement in their reprehension of the proposed alteration, uttering doleful lamentations over the consequent destruction of our colonies, the ruin of our commercial shipping, and, by necessity, the utter overthrow of our naval power. Among those who have taken the colonies under their protection, the most prominent by his station is Sir Howard Douglas, late Governor of New Brunswick; who, in a pamphlet (the title of which is placed at the head of the present observations) has poured forth his soul in wailing over the coming desolation of our colonies, and the necessarily immediate annihilation of the British Empire.

Sir Howard Douglas having been governor of a colony, people are led to imagine that he must understand the interests of the colonists, and that he is capable of estimating the effects of a legislative measure upon those interests; in other words they fancy that an ignorant soldier by crossing the Atlantic, and living two or three years in a distant, half civilized community, surrounded by cringing officials, as ignorant as himself, is at once converted into an intelligent statesman. In his pamphlet, short as it is, Sir Howard Douglas has made manifest several very important matters as regards himself; the most remarkable of which, are that he has an itch for fine writing, being ignorant of grammar; that he wishes to pass for a statesman, without knowing the simplest rudiments of legislative science; and that he pretends to information respecting the colony he governed, evincing, at the same time, the most profound ignorance of every thing connected with it. That, in short, he has presumptuously thrust himself into a discussion, having no other qualification for the task he has undertaken than an unflinching hardihood in assertion, and a happy carelessness as to becoming ridiculous.

The second work, placed at the head of this article, has saved us the trouble of answering at any length, the statements of Sir H. Douglas; and to it we must refer the reader for a complete and simple refutation of the manifold errors of the gallant general. In the mean time, a few passing remarks may here be hazarded.

The argument which may with no small difficulty be extracted from the declamation of Sir H. Douglas, is as follows:—

'The colonies are of the utmost importance to Great Britain, because they take proportionally more of our produce than the United States.

'The timber-trade alone enables the colonists to buy our produce.

'The timber-trade will be annihilated by the proposed measure, and by it consequently England will be ruined.'

To say nothing of the strange logic here evinced, let us examine some of the statements upon which these propositions are grounded.

In page seven it is stated, "that the population of the North American Colonies amounts to 1,000,000." This population is divided as follows: Canadas 810,000, Nova Scotia 145,000, and New Brunswick 45,000. It is asserted in the same page, "that in 1828, the amount of British manufactures was about 2,000,000*l.*" Now it happens that during the last year, a fair average year, there were imported into Canada goods to the value only of 800,000*l.* Of this, as is well known to those who know any thing about the trade of Canada, a very large portion is smuggled into the United States; the quantity, therefore, really consumed by Canada must be considerably less than 800,000*l.* But Canada is by far richer than the other two provinces even compared with the difference of population. The people of Canada may be supposed therefore to consume more in proportion to their numbers, than the people of the other two provinces. How comes it then, that 810,000 Canadians consume the value only of 800,000*l.*; but that 190,000 people of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick consume 1,200,000*l.*? We should be glad to discover how this dsicrepancy can be explained?

The source of Sir Howard Douglas's information respecting the exports, have been parliamentary papers—but from these he has carelessly quoted. The exports from Great Britain to British North America, in the year 1827, amounted to 1,557,834*l.*: and the Foreign imports into the same colonies 277,522*l.*, making together 1,835,356*l.* But the British productions, even at the official value, were not above a million and a half.

Again it is asserted at page eight, "that in the year 1828, the British tonnage trading to the British North American Provinces was 400,841 tons, navigated by at least 25,000 seamen."

Mr. Revans answers this assertion, by the following statement:—

> 'The average of the tonnage from Canada, for the United Kingdom, in the years 1828, 1829, 1830, was 202,902 tons; this, added to that of the lower ports, which is somewhat less than that from Canada, makes, altogether, 405,804. But it must be remembered, that a ship makes two voyages, so that this tonnage must be divided

by two, which makes, of tonnage employed, 202,902 tons. The average tonnage of the ships employed in this trade is 350 tons; this makes the number of ships about 580, and the crews, each ship having about twelve men, would amount to about 6,960.

'This calculation nearly coincides with the Custom-house returns of Canada, considering Canada one-half the trade. I have not those returns complete for 1830, but for the years 1828 and 1829 I have. In those years the quantity of tonnage, as will be seen by the note below,* gives an average equal to 1830.

Years.	Vessels cleared out for Great Britain.	Crew.	Average of two Years.	
			Vessels.	Crew.
1828....	617	7742	595	8845
1829....	574	9909†		

'But ships, upon an average, make two voyages, so that the ships and the crews actually employed are, ships 287, and crews 4,422, and add a like number for the lower ports,‡ it will make, ships 595, crews 8,845.

'In spite of these data, open to every one, and capable of no dispute, Sir Howard Douglas boldly asserts that "the British tonnage trading to the British North-American provinces in the year 1828, was 400,841 tons, navigated by at least 25,000 seamen, which is nearly one-fifth of the whole foreign trade of the country."—p. 8.

'This is a specimen of the care usually employed by Sir Howard Douglas, and a good instance on which to ground our respect for his opinions. Surely he knew (certainly he ought to have known) that ships make two voyages a year, and that, consequently, the number of ships can only be gained by dividing the numbers of those clearing inwards or outwards by two: and he ought to have been careful, when mentioning the tonnage entering and clearing out from the various ports of those countries, to have separated such as are employed in trading to and from the West Indies, and to and from the country ports, from those trading with Great Britain.'—pp. 19, 20.

But putting aside these calculations, which serve only to confuse, let us inquire distinctly; 1. what is the injury likely to accrue to the English manufacturer? 2. what is likely to fall upon the colony? and 3. what on the shipping interest?

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* The tonnage in 1828 was 176,589—1829, was 225,717, and, in 1830, 206,152.

† This difference in the relative numbers of the crews is a curious circumstance, for which I am unable to account. Probably it arises from an error at the Custom-house.

‡ By a Parliamentary return of 1827, which shews the quantity of timber, &c. imported into Great Britain from the lower ports, it would appear, that the amount of shipping employed between the lower ports of North America and Great Britain, does not exceed two-thirds of that employed between Canada and Great Britain. My estimate for the lower ports is, therefore, excessive.

The quantity sold depends upon the power of others to buy; but it is asserted, 1st, that the colonies will lose all power to buy; 2nd, that the Baltic people will take nothing but gold; and, that consequently the English manufacturer will lose a market exactly equal to the sum now expended in timber.

At present, however, the power of the colonies is dependent upon timber, upon corn, and upon ashes. The timber-trade being annihilated, only such portion of power can be lost as depends upon that trade; but will it so be lost? Is Sir Howard Douglas so utterly ignorant of North America, as not to know that that country has great power of growing corn? Does he not know that the colonists can sell, and have sold wheat in the market in England, at a remunerating price? And does he not know, that the application of capital to agricultural pursuits is a blessing; while lumbering is a curse to the country? In the article above alluded to, and in Mr. Revans's pamphlet, the causes of these different effects are explained; and to that article, and the work of Mr. Revans, the reader desirous of understanding the matter is referred. However, it may here be observed, that the capital now employed in lumbering, would without difficulty be at once transferred to agricultural employments; that the returns to that capital would enable the colonists to purchase the goods they now purchase; and that while these returns would at once give them this power, they would, from the difference in the moral effect on the people arising from agricultural and lumbering pursuits, eventually and rapidly improve the condition of the colony; and thus increase instead of diminish the power of the people to purchase our commodities. The following paragraph from a letter of a large landed-proprietor of Canada, a seigneur of that country, as quoted by Mr. Revans, p. 9, fully bears out the above remarks. He says, in answer to some observations on the proposed alterations, "I never politically blamed your opinion respecting the timber trade of Canada. I knew it to be correct, and am certain that the present measures will tend to increase the internal prosperity of the country. But speaking as a merchant, I think it will injure commerce, and greatly diminish the capital invested in that particular trade; from which since no sale can be found for timber no benefit will be derived; that has nothing to do, however, with the interior of the country. Wheat must ultimately be the staple article; and all great landed-proprietors must rejoice at the present measure." We all know, that the commerce in timber will be injured, will be destroyed; but what Sir Howard does not seem to know is, that the prosperity of the country, and consequently its purchasing power will be increased thereby.

There is a notion prevalent among persons having a smattering of knowledge respecting the North American colonies that land is cleared by lumbering; and from a passage of Sir Howard Douglas's pamphlet, we are led to believe that he entertains the same notion. "The pursuits of the emigrant are, it is true, essentially agricultural; but let it not be overlooked, that agricultural operations in a country covered with forests, must commence, and be accompanied by the operations of the lumberer." [p. 19.] In answer to this, it may be asserted, that the operations of the lumberer have not the slightest connexion with those of clearing land. They are totally distinct operations, and any one who asserts the contrary, proves satisfactorily without further evidence, that he is totally ignorant of the whole business of North American lumbering and agriculture. To clear land is to cut down *all* the trees; to lumber, to pick out at various exceedingly distant places certain oak and pine trees. One tree perhaps in ten millions may serve the lumberer, and while he is fitting it for his purpose, he obstructs, and does not favour the clearer. To one who is conversant in these matters, and we speak on the authority of a person who for years took part in them, the assertion of Sir Howard Douglas appears absolutely ridiculous, and shews that a man may be long in a country without knowing the most familiar matters of every-day occurrence. How could Sir Howard trust himself to talk on a subject respecting which he is is so deplorably ignorant?

But how is it proved that the Baltic lumberer will not take our produce in return for his wood? By the fact that he has not bought our produce. But why has he not bought our produce? Because he had not the means. Do we pay for Swedish iron in money? Supposing the Baltic merchant to take money, what would happen? Would he eat his money? would he wear it? He would purchase with it the commodities he wanted, and those could be, and would be most cheaply furnished by England. And can that money have been procured in England, except by the sale of some kind of British produce to somebody? Suppose the Baltic man would take only Turkey coffee; would any body object to a transit trade in Turkey coffee? why then in gold or silver? The truth is, that the market for our produce would be materially increased by the measure. The North American Colonies would still have the purchasing power they now have, and the Baltic people would have acquired a power, which they had not before; Sir Howard Douglas's nonsense about money is too ridiculous to need further answer. Mr. Revans's observations on this, however, are too pertinent to be omitted.

'The reason why the northern countries have not bought our goods is, as before stated, that they *could* not do so; and, assuredly, it is strange to draw a conclusion respecting their future purchases from the past time, when they were totally unable to purchase. We are about to give them a means—we are going to create a purchasing power, and then we are told that no purchases will follow, because, when they were unable, they did not purchase.

'But there is a still more dreadful evil yet behind. The people of the Baltic will take nothing but money. The people of the Baltic, it is to be supposed, use money as other people do,—to purchase commodities; I presume they do not eat it, or wear it, or sleep in it; but, if they buy commodities, is it not notorious that we can compete with every people on the face of the globe in the manufacture of almost all commodities,—or, rather, reversing the expression, no people on earth can compete with us? This, then, is an inducement for the Baltic trader to buy of us. Where will he get his linens, cottons, woollens, and hardware, so cheap and so good as from the English market? Is it, then, probable that he will go to any other? Will he not, as the North-American colonists have done, purchase our goods with the timber he has manufactured, and thus obtain, at a cheap rate, goods that he could not otherwise acquire?

'But it may be asked, how comes it that, though the Baltic trader gains a purchasing power, which he had not before, the American colonist loses none? Why is not the colonist to be placed in the situation of the Baltic trader previous to the new act? Simply, because the capabilities of the countries are different; and it is to be hoped, that our conduct with respect to them will be different also. The countries of the Baltic, from which the timber comes, are poor in agricultural capability; and, even were they the most capable in the world, we have excluded their produce. But this is not the case with our colonies; they are fertile above most other countries, and their produce has been wisely admitted. Thus, we do not destroy their purchasing power, while we create one for the Baltic.'—p. 32.

But the shipping interest,—will not that be injured? Certainly not to an extent worth consideration. Of the whole shipping now employed in the North American trade, about two-thirds are employed in carrying timber. The remaining one-third carry ashes and corn; by the change in the trade more corn will be grown, and more corn-ships will be required. Such as are thrown out of colonial employment may and will be employed in the new Baltic trade, some few will be unemployed; but these few will be the worst, and how nearly worthless these are is well known to the trade, a ship never being employed in carrying timber till she is good for nothing else.

This measure is the very best of the proposed alterations of the ministers, and, had space permitted, we could have shown how in a multitude of forms, lasting benefit would be conferred by it on the community at large. Let it be recollected, however, that, besides obtaining a large increase in the revenue, there would be saved by the change to the people of Great Britain something approaching to one million annually.

While this article was going through the press, the boroughmongers, aided by the interested shipowners, contrived for factious purposes to defeat the ministers in this salutary measure. Thus, another instance has been added to the thousands already existing of the profligate selfishness of that oligarchy which has so long domineered over the nation. Careless of the people's welfare, careless of every honest feeling, solely intent on the one purpose of weakening the influence of a reforming ministry, they have not scrupled to saddle the nation with an enormous expense, and to defeat a measure for lessening taxation, and improving the resources of the country. How long are we to be governed with partial, and not by general views; how long are the interests of the governed to be the only objects which are steadily neglected?

ART. XVII.—*Speech of the Marquis* WIELOPOLSKI, *at the Public Dinner given at the Crown and Anchor on the 9th of March 1831, to celebrate the Polish Revolution.* Translated from the French Manuscript.—London. Ridgway.

POLAND is *not* defeated. Our base domestic enemies, the friends of tyranny every where because they hope to bring it to our homes and to our hearths,—who when it please the gods to bring them to those mills of theirs which 'grind slow but grind small,' shall be comminuted into something less than the impalpable,—these inward traitors and house vermin exulted in the persuasion that while a gallant man was addressing an assemblage of freemen as the representative of his country, that country was already overwhelmed by the barbarian. It was a mean falsehood,—concocted by one arbitrary government to help another; a foul invention of the devil's own, after the manner of the father whom they serve, and propagated joyfully by their relations in all degrees, for the chance of checking or procrastinating the progress of freedom in some portion of the earth.

Poland still stands; but where is *young France*? Sunk in disgrace in comparison of which the occupation of her capital by barbarians was glory and romantic honour. Buried under a load of shame, to which a priest-ridden lieutenant of the Cossacks in the Tuileries was dignity and happiness. There was no consent; the body cannot be dishonoured, the seat of violation is in the mind; the brave men our brothers fought with, were not to blame. There is no disgrace in being militarily conquered after resisting to the last. No man is ashamed of Laon or Montmartre; or creeps into a corner to conceal the fact of having fought for France at Mont St. Jean. Frenchmen were not pointed at through Europe, for having been overpowered by the forces of foreign despots after a great military misfortune. Submitting to treachery at home, is what brings with it personal degradation; it is this which will make Frenchmen hear in the streets of London, 'V'là un français!—*qui n'a pas consenti à l'occupation de l'Italie!*'

After the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the French were told they were to have a throne with republican institutions. It is not quite clear who said this, or where; but it was enough for the drawers that the bill was put in circulation, though neither the acceptors nor endorsers were very plainly to be made out. When the bill became due, it appeared that republican institutions meant the Chamber of Charles X. But time had been gained, which was what the drawers wanted. The fowling-pieces that had won the three days, had been returned into their nooks; and an impulse which had been fifteen years in collecting, was not likely to be renewed at a moment's warning. Here then was fraud the first, upon that always practicable and always cheated victim the community. The men of the restoration came forth, and looked smooth things; and the honest citizens who had expelled the foreign usurpation, trusted to '*les habiles*,' and '*les habiles*' as might be expected, showed their ability by catering for themselves. All men began to see, that the new government was playing into the hands of the old legitimacy, and that its object was to do no more than should prevent the nation from overthrowing it like its predecessor, and offer all the people were defrauded of, as a bribe to obtain the tolerance of the legitimates. It was to be put to the moderation of the lawful sovereigns, whether they would be content with three-fourths of the old misgovernment in France, or run the risk of what might happen in the endeavour to secure the whole. The rulers by the grace of God, gave tardy and uncertain symptoms of consent. That is to say, they did not march on France, because they were not ready. Each party dissimulated for time; the absolutes to prepare their field batteries, and the others to gain the hold in France which should save them from the ejectment they feared. But as the plot thickened, the inherent object of the French government became apparent. It opposed the destruction of the absolute governments of the Peninsula, when a simple leaving them to their fate would have effected their removal. In this manner it secured a strong diversion in the South, whenever the time should come for inviting the French people to make terms. But a stronger case soon arose. The Colossus of the North put its legions in movement upon Paris. The advanced guard of the invading army turned round at Warsaw, and declared for France. Whereon the government, '*les habiles*,' sent word to the Poles that they were obliged to them, that they wished them well, but the system of the generals of the citizen king was to wait till the Russians arrived at Dijon and the army of the faith was at Toulouse. A more manifest military treachery never beamed upon the world. There is not a squadron of horse or a company of foot, where the corporals would not put the captain in confinement and carry him to camp for judgment, on a similar act of gross complicity with the enemy. But even this was not all. In the earlier stages of the proceeding, it had suited the government to use great words. They were necessary at that moment to keep up the adherence of the people; and therefore the government declared, that 'France would not consent' to the interference of foreigners any where. It declined a crusade for the purpose of giving all discontented nations the mastery over their domestic oppressors; but it engaged that it would prevent the introduction of foreigners to settle the dispute. The interest the French nation had in this, was manifest and clear; but it was the nation which had the interest, and the interest of the government was on the other side. The time for proving whether the declaration was truth or fraud, speedily arrived. Many of the oppressed portions of Europe, trusting to the manifest motives the French people had for not uttering a bullying falsehood through the organ of its government, set themselves in opposition to their domestic tyrants, and looked to France for the fulfilment of her promise. And now see how the land of gallant men and beautiful women is to escape out of the difficulty. '*France will not consent*'—says the representative of Gallic honour—meant '*France will not give it in writing that she is pleased with the conclusion.*' In this state the affair stands at present; and it remains to be proved whether the Punic faith of the ministry is the measure of the honour of individuals in the land of the tricolor.

The one, simple inference from the totality of the conduct of the French government since July, is that it is negotiating for the moment when it may advise the French people to capitulate. If the French mean to do so, they had better do it now; for they would get better terms, than when Dijon is in the hands of the enemy. It is more than probable, that at the present moment the legitimate sovereigns would be content with the restoration of the Duc de Bordeaux, and Alsace. It cannot be expected, that when they have had the trouble of conquering Poland and Italy, they will be satisfied with so little. At this instant the French would get full allowance for all the chances they consented to give up; but when those chances have been surrendered one by one by the agency of their government, they cannot pretend to charge the Holy Allies with them again. It is the mere calculation of a profit-and-loss account, whether they will gain more by surrendering point-blank now, receiving proper compensation for the allies they abandon and the chances they give up (and England perhaps would interfere to obtain them fair play);—or whether they will try the chances after their allies have been overpowered piece-meal, and forced to service in the ranks of the enemy.

It is true that war is an evil; but war is to prevent war. War in the country of allies abroad, to prevent war without allies at home. No man sits down to have his throat cut, in order to escape the danger of resistance; it is only governments, acting for other people, that give into such absurdity. The point for the French people to determine is, not whether they will go without war altogether, but whether they will encounter the honourable risks of war, to escape the dishonourable certainties of submission to barbarians. Nobody supposes the French nation will bow to these, without a war at last; the question therefore is, whether it shall make war with success abroad, or war without success at home, after its leaders have surrendered all the good positions to the enemy. If the Poles and Italians are overpowered through French desertion, they are to blame if they do not enter France in the rear of the Cossacks, and take what compensation they are able out of the chattels of the recreants. Men are not to be deceived for nothing; and if the French make themselves odious through Europe by treachery, retribution will take its own time to make them sensible of their fault.

It was precisely in this way, that the government of Louis XVI. went to its destruction, and brought his particular head to the block. The thing that has been, is the thing that shall be; except in so far as the latter part may be modified by the spirit of the age, into an occupancy of one of the many mansions in the heaven of Holyrood. The first citizen-monarchy made all manner of promises to the people; and it is not certain that in the ardour of the moment it did not intend to keep them. But it quickly found metal more attractive. It had the option of going forwards and standing, and it chose to go backwards and fall. Evidence was soon given, that it was operating in the interest of the foreigner, and that the tears of joy were in bottle, and the handkerchiefs steeped in lavender, which were to be used when the Austrians should enter by the Barrière de Clichy. The present government probably contemplates a kind of *mezzo termine.* It means to say at the proper moment, 'You see that all the great positions are in the hands of the enemy; your allies have all submitted, Europe in arms is at your doors; and here are we, citizen king as we are, ready to make the best possible terms either for ourselves or for our cousin.' What tears of rapture there will be, what waving of handkerchiefs, what hoisting of table-cloths with mustard on them or without, the day the white and Russian flags appear together on the column of the brave! This is what the French new army is brought to Paris to protect. Young men in these days love a whole skin; the way to maintain a dishonourable peace, is to appeal to the recruits that would have to make the war.

Does any body love war? If he does, he is a beast and not a man. But war is the choice of minor evils; and when this choice is offered, it may lawfully be embraced with joy. War is the voluntary risking of one member of a family, to keep the Cossack out of his sister's bedchamber. The man who declines doing this, had better hold the door and make the best bargain he can for himself, when the enemy has crossed the Rhine of his threshold, and invested the fortresses of his porch and his fireside.

One of the most important parts of the Speech of the Polish Envoy, is that which relates to the obligations on the present British Ministry to maintain their character for consistency by supporting the cause of Poland, and the comparative facilities for its execution. If the Ministers have any reliance on the good opinion of the friends of liberty throughout the country, the intimations contained in it will not be without effect.

'I need not now go back further than the Congress of Vienna, where your country was represented by the late Lord Castlereagh. You belong to a nation, Gentlemen, which knows how to render justice to all. We too in Poland like to do the same. We cannot but be pleased with the efforts of Lord Castlereagh in our favour; there are documents to prove his good intentions. A noble Duke, and another noble Lord, were also present at Vienna on the part of this country.

It is said, that they manifested opinions the most favourable to our cause, and of which the Poles entertain the most grateful sense. They encountered difficulties that arose from another quarter. Russia then occupied the greater portion of the Polish territory, and formally refused to make restitution. The illustrious persons I have mentioned, were then reproached by the opposition with not having done enough for our cause. The speeches pronounced in the House of Commons, by a noble Lord, who now presides in another august assembly, are still fresh in memory. Those who then formed the Opposition, now form the Ministry." And how great the change that has since been operated, in respect to the position of Poland! The dangers with which Europe has been menaced, on the part of Russia, posterior to the Congress of Vienna, have been augmented by the war in Turkey, and the well known designs of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg against France and Belgium. Hence, there are new reasons for desiring the re-establishment of Poland. Is this re-establishment more difficult to effect at the present moment than at the period of the Congress of Vienna? Most certainly, Gentlemen, the very reverse. To effect this object, then, it would have been necessary to make war with Russia. At the present moment this war is already made by the Poles themselves, who, by an extraordinary effort, have succeeded in arresting in their territory the colossus, while on the way to the very centre of Europe, in order to crush civilization. The question now is, only not to abandon the Poles in this struggle, in which they are contesting for the liberty and independence of nations. What course will your Government pursue?—This we know, that it is composed of men who respect public opinion, who have even shown, too, that they ask its support. Gentlemen, the public opinion of England can do much for us. With all the calmness and maturity by which your counsels are characterized, examine our cause in all its bearings; form your opinion thereupon, and then announce it candidly, announce it in every way. The Poles will never ask any thing unreasonable; habituated as they are to sacrifice themselves for others, they are still very far from demanding that other nations should sacrifice themselves in their cause; but they have a right to hope, and they do hope, most firmly, that they shall not be abandoned in the hour of their utmost need. What, then, is to be the future destiny of my country? Let us form a judgment of it from the past. After every new reverse that seemed to threaten to annihilate her for ever, Poland has risen, superior to this reverse, and invigorated by calamity. Gentlemen, I have already said, that our liberty and yours were contemporary. You have shown yourselves great, by preserving this birthright, and by developing it, by strengthening it; ours has been wrested from us: but, Gentlemen, as a Pole, I can look every Englishman in the face without blushing: in the slavery we have been compelled to undergo, we have not lost our time, we have been learning to re-conquer our liberty, and preserve our national honour,—the honour of John Sobieski, the saviour of Vienna; the honour of Kosciuszko, Dombrowski, Poniatowski, which has been found entire in the honour of Radziwil, and the warriors whom he commanded. We have been learning to preserve your esteem.'

'We firmly believe, that to destroy the existence of Poland, it will be necessary to exterminate the very last of the Poles. But this, we trust, Europe will not suffer; we believe that the opinion of the people will have the effect of making it impossible that governments should not afford us succour.'

'Gentlemen, as to myself, individually, I am of opinion, that the question now, is, not of the option of supporting or abandoning us, but of an option as to the manner in which that succour can be afforded. There is, besides, a species of succour that the people can afford us, independently of their Government. We have placed at the disposal of our country, all our blood, and all our fortunes; we are led to hope that our friends will consecrate a portion of their's to succour and support us. Already have our generous friends, the French, set the example, by numerous collections and subscriptions that have been opened; doubtless, the English will not suffer themselves to be out-stripped in the race of generosity. In depositing their offerings upon the altar of our liberty, not only will they afford us a substantial succour, they will also give a new proof, a yet untried manifestation of their sympathy for our cause,—a cause as noble, as it is unfortunate.'—pp. 13—17.

It is one thing for men to blame political opponents, and another to act justly themselves. After the Lords Castlereagh and Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington have been reproached for not doing enough for Poland when she was under the yoke, the country will be curious to note the precise quantity of what a reforming Ministry does for her now she is in arms.

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